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THE ELLIS LLWYD JONES HALL

THE

Dramatic Works

OF

BEN JONSON,

AND

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:

THE FIRST

Printed from the Text,

AND

WITH THE NOTES OF PETER WHALLEY;

THE LATTER,

From the Text, and with the Notes

OF

THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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THE ELLIS LLWYD JONES HALL.

LOVE'S CURE;

OR,

THE MARTIAL MAID.

A COMEDY.

This Play is by Gardiner, in his Commendatory Verses, ascribed to Fletcher singly; but the Prologue speaks of it as the production of both authors, although again the Epilogue takes notice of but one. There never were any alterations made in this Comedy, nor has it been acted for many years past.

PROLOGUE, AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

Statues and pictures challenge price and fame,
If they can justly boast and prove they came
From Phidias or Appelles. None deny,
Poets and painters hold a sympathy; [grace,
Yet their works may decay, and lose their
Receiving blemish in their limbs or face;
When the mind's art has this preheminence,
She still retaineth her first excellence.
Then why should not this dear piece be esteem'd
Child to the richest fancies that e'er teem'd?
When not their meanest offspring, that came forth,
But bore the image of their fathers' worth.
Beaumont's, and Fletcher's, whose desert out-weighs
The best applause, and their least sprig of bays
Is worthy Phœbus; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty:
The more you take, the more you do them right;
And we will thank you for your own delight.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Assistant, *or Governor.*
Vitelli, *a young Gentleman, enemy to Alvarez.*
Lamoral, *a fighting Gallant, friend to Vitelli.*
Anastro, *an honest Gentleman, friend to Vitelli.*
Alvarez, *enemy to Vitelli.*
Syavedra, *friend to Alvarez.*
Lucio, *Son to Alvarez, brought up as a Woman.*
Alguazier, *a sharking panderly Constable.*
Pachieco, *a Cobler,*
Mendoza, *a Botcher,* } *of worship.*
Metaldi, *a Smith,*
Lazarillo, *Pachieco's hungry Servant.*
Bobadilla, *Steward to Alvarez.*
Herald.
Officer.

Women.

Eugenia, *a virtuous Lady, Wife to Don Alvarez.*
Clara, *the* Martial Maid, *Daughter to Alvarez, enamoured of Vitelli.*
Genevora, *Sister to Vitelli, in love with Lucio.*
Malroda, *a wanton Mistress of Vitelli.*

SCENE, *Sevil,*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, and Anastro.

Vitelli. ALVAREZ pardon'd?

Ana. And return'd.

Lam. I saw him land
At St. Lucar's; and such a general welcome
Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,
Had with the easy people prepar'd for him,
As if by his command alone, and fortune,
Holland, with those Low Provinces that hold out
Against the arch-duke, were again compell'd
With their obedience to give up their lives
To be at his devotion.

Vit. You amaze me! [Sevil
For tho' I've heard, that when he fled from
To save his life (then forfeited to law
For murdering don Pedro, my dear uncle),
His extreme wants enforc'd him to take pay
I' th' army, sat down then before Ostend;
'Twas never yet reported, by whose favour
He durst presume to entertain a thought
Of coming home with pardon.

Ana. 'Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wish far from our enemies.

Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the infanta's letters,
Assisted by the arch-duke's, to king Philip,
Have not alone secur'd him from the rigour
Of our Castilian justice, but return'd him
A free man, and in grace.

Vit. By what curs'd means
Could such a fugitive arise unto [more
The knowledge of their highnesses? Much
(Though known), to stand but in the least degree
Of favour with them?

Lam. To give satisfaction
To your demand (tho' to praise him I hate,
Can yield me small contentment), I will tell you,
And truly; since, should I detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in myself.
Briefly to pass his tedious pilgrimage
For sixteen years, a banish'd guilty man,
And to forget the storms, th' affrights, the horrors,
His constancy, not fortune overcame,
I bring him, with his little son, grown man
(Tho' 'twas said here he took a daughter with him),
To Ostend's bloody siege, that stage of war,
Wherein the flower of many nations acted,
And the whole Christian world spectators were;
There by his son (or were he by adoption
Or Nature his) a brave scene was presented,
Which I make choice to speak of, since from that
The good success of Alvarez had beginning.

Vit. So I love virtue in an enemy,
That I desire in the relation of [yourself
This young man's glorious deed, you'll keep
A friend to truth, and it.

Lam. Such was my purpose.
The town being oft assaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud defendants to a sally,
Weary of ease, don Inigo Peralta,
Son to the general of our Castile forces,
All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their walls,
From whence the musqueteers play'd thick upon him; [ger
Yet he, brave youth, as careless of the dan-
As careful of his honour, drew his sword,
And waving it about his head, as if
He dar'd one spirited like himself to trial
Of single valour, he made his retreat,
With such a slow, and yet majestic[1] pace,
As if he still call'd loud, "Dare none come on?"
When suddenly, from a postern of the town
Two gallant horsemen issued, and o'ertook
The army looking on, yet not a man [him,
That durst relieve the rash adventurer;
Which Lucio, son to Alvarez, then seeing,
As in the vant-guard he sat bravely mounted,
(Or were it pity of the youth's misfortune,
Care to preserve the honour of his country,
Or bold desire to get himself a name),
He made his brave horse like a whirlwind bear him
Among the combatants; and in a moment
Discharg'd his petronel, with such sure aim,
That of the adverse party from his horse
One tumbled dead; then wheeling round, and drawing
A falchion, swift as lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one strong blow,
In view of the amazed town and camp,
He struck him dead, and brought Peralta off
With double honour to himself.

Vit. 'Twas brave!
But the success of this?

Lam. The camp receiv'd him
With acclamations of joy and welcome;
And for addition to the fair reward
(Being a massy chain of gold giv'n to him
By young Peralta's father), he was brought
To the infanta's presence, kiss'd her hand,
And from that lady (greater in her goodness
Than her high birth) had this encouragement:

[1] *And* yet *majestic pace.*] Sympson objects to the word *yet*, and would read, ——— a slow, and *that* majestic, pace.

" Go on, young man! Yet, not to feed thy valour
" With hope of recompense to come from me,
" For present satisfaction of what's past,
" Ask any thing that's fit for me to give
" And thee to take, and be assur'd of it."
Ana. Excellent princess!
Vit. And stil'd worthily
The heart-blood, nay, the soul of soldiers.
But what was his request?
Lam. That the repeal
Of Alvarez makes plain: He humbly begg'd
His father's pardon, and so movingly
Told the sad story of your uncle's death,
That the infanta wept; and instantly
Granting his suit, working the arch-duke to it,
Their letters were directed to the king,
With whom they so prevail'd, that Alvarez
Was freely pardon'd.
Vit. 'Tis not in the king
To make that good.
Ana. Not in the king? What subject
Dares contradict his pow'r?
Vit. In this I dare,
And will; and not call his prerogative
In question, nor presume to limit it.
I know he is the master of his laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honour:
And since (forgetting my brave uncle's merits,
And many services, under duke d'Alva)
He suffers him to fall, wresting from justice
The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
I'll fill with this Astrea's empty hand, [king's.
And in my just wreak make this arm the
My deadly hate to Alvarez, and his house,
Which as I grew in years hath still encreas'd
(As if it call'd on Time to make me man),
Slept while it had no object for her fury,
But a weak woman, and her talk'd-of daughter; [sight[2],
But now, since there are quarries worth her
Both in the father and his hopeful son,
I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full
With both their hearts: to further which,
your friendship, [deeds
And oaths[3]! Will your assistance let your
Make answer to me? Useless are all words,
'Till you have writ performance with your swords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bobadilla and Lucio.

Lucio. Go, fetch my work. This ruff was not well starch'd,
So tell the maid; 't has too much blue in it:
And look you that the partridge and the pullen [ther
Have clean meat and fresh water, or my mo-
Is like to hear on't. [there ever
Bob. Oh, good St. Jaques, help me! Was
Such an hermaphrodite heard of? Would any
Wench living, that should hear and see what I do, [man lies
Be wrought to believe, that the best of a
Under this petticoat, and that a cod-piece
Were far fitter here, than a pinn'd placket?
Lucio. You had best talk filthily, do; I have a tongue
To tell my mother, as well as ears to hear
Your ribaldry.
Bob. Nay, you have ten women's tongues
That way, I am sure! Why, my young master,
Or mistress, madam, don, or what you will,
What the devil have you to do with pullen or partridge?
Or to sit pricking on a clout all day?
You have a better needle, I know, and might
Make better work, if you had grace to use it.
Lucio. Why, how dare you speak this before me, sirrah? [what I speak?
Bob. Nay, rather, why dare not you do
Tho' my lady, your mother, for fear of
Vitelli and his faction, hath [kept you
Brought you up like her daughter, and has
These twenty years (which is ever since
You were born) a close prisoner within doors;
Yet since you are a man, and are as well
Provided as other men are, methinks [flesh
You should have the same motions of the
As other cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.
Lucio. Indeed, you have cause to love those wanton motions,
They having holpe you to an excellent whipping[4],

[2] *Quarries, worth her* sight.] This *sight*, though it is not altogether void of sense, discontinues the chain of metaphors taken from falconry. Our business then must be to join it again (a thing not hard to be done), by changing one letter, and adding another, thus:

But now, since there are quarries, worth her *flight*.

Mr. Seward concurred too in the same correction. *Sympson.*

[3] ——— *to further which, your friendship,*
And oaths; will your assistance, let your deeds.] Thus point the two last editions, and the first not a great deal better. Had the editors of any of the copies understood this passage, they would have taken better care in the punctuation, and given the text as Mr. Seward and myself have done in the present edition. *Sympson.*

These gentlemen point,

——— to further which, your friendship,
And oaths, will your assistance: let, &c.

We think they have quite mistaken the passage, and hope we have been more successful in presenting the meaning of the poet.

[4] *They having* hope *you to un*—] Amended in 1750.

For doing something (I but put you in mind of it) [mother
With th' Indian maid, the governor sent my
From Mexico.
Bob. Why, I but
Taught her a Spanish trick in charity, [live
And holpe the king to a subject, that may
To take grave Maurice prisoner[5], and that was [as you
More good to the state than a thousand such
Are ever like to do. And I will tell you
(In a fatherly care of the infant, I speak it)
If he live (as bless the babe, in passion I
Remember him!) to your years, shall he spend his time
In pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming,
As you do? No; he shall to the wars,
Use his Spanish pike, tho' with the danger of the lash, [vok'd,
As his father has done; and when he is pro-
As I am now, draw his toledo desperately,
As——
Lucio. You will not kill me? Oh!
Bob. I knew this
Would silence him. How he hides his eyes!
If he were a wench now, as he seems, what an
Advantage had I, drawing two toledos
When one can do this! But—Oh me, my lady! [jest.
I must put up.—Young master, I did but
Oh, Custom, what hast thou made of him!

Enter Eugenia and Servant.

Eug. For bringing this, be still my friend; no more
A servant to me.
Bob. What's the matter?
Eug. Here,
E'en here, where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my Alvarez' return, [thoughts
I will kneel down; and may those holy
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhop'd-for blessing, Heav'n's kind
Hath pour'd upon me! [hand
Lucio. Let my duty, mádam,
Presume, if you have cause of joy, to entreat
I may share in it. [him yet[6].
Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted
Eug. Thou shalt: but first kneel with me, Lucio,
No more Posthumia now! thou hast a father,
A father living to take off that name, [dead,
Which my too-credulous fears, that he was
Bestow'd upon thee. Thou shalt see him, Lucio,
And make him young again by seeing thee,
Who only hadst a being in my womb
When he went from me, Lucio. Oh, my joys
So far transport me, that I must forget
The ornaments of matrons, modesty,
And grave behaviour! But let all forgive me,
If in th' expression of my soul's best comfort,
Tho' old, I do a while forget mine age,
And play the wanton in the entertainment
Of those delights I have so long despair'd of!
Lucio. Shall I then see my father?
Eug. This hour, Lucio;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth, a man.
This womanish disguise, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off, [from me,
And change those qualities thou didst learn
For masculine virtues; for which seek no tutor,
But let thy father's actions be thy precepts.
And for thee, Zancho, now expect reward
For thy true service. [learn
Bob. Shall I?—You hear, fellow Stephano?
To know me more respectively! How dost
Thou think I shall become the steward's chair? ha!
Will not these slender haunches shew well with
A gold chain[7] and a night-cap after supper[8],
When I take the accounts?
Eug. Haste, and take down those blacks with which my chamber [mourn'd,
Hath like the widow, her said mistress,
And hang up for it the rich Persian arras,
Us'd on my wedding-night; for this to me
Shall be a second marriage! Send for music,
And will the cooks to use their best of cun-
To please the palate. [ning
Bob. Will your ladyship have
A potatoe-pie[9]? 'Tis a good stirring dish
For an old lady, after a long Lent.

[5] *To take* grave *Maurice prisoner.*] *Grave* is printed in the last editions with a great letter and in *Italics*, as if it was a proper name, whereas it is an epithet only, and a characteristic of prince Maurice of Nassau, who after performing great actions against the Spaniards, is said to have died of grief, on account of the siege of Breda. *Strada de Bello Belgico*, though a bigotted Jesuit, and extremely prejudiced against the Protestants, gives prince Maurice the following character: *Ille illi Mauritius est, à nobis sæpe, nec sine fortis et* cauti *Ducis laude memorandus;* i. e. This is that Maurice whom we shall often speak of, and never without the character of a brave and *cautious* general. *Seward.*

[6] ——— *how I frighted him* yet.
Eug. Thou shalt.] Sympson thinks it undoubted that we should read,
——— how I frighted him.
Eug. That thou shalt.

[7] *Chain.*] See note 3, on the Lovers' Progress.

[8] *With a chain, and* gold *night-cap.*] Corrected from Sympson's conjecture.

[9] Potatoe-*pie.*] See note 36, on the Loyal Subject.

Eug.

Eug. Begone, I say! Why, sir, you can go faster? [practise

Bob. I could, madam; but I am now to The steward's pace; that's the reward I look for.

Every man must fashion his gait according To his calling: you, fellow Stephano, may walk faster,

To overtake preferment; so, usher me.

Lucio. Pray, madam, let the waistcoat I last wrought

Be made up for my father! I will have A cap, and boot-hose, suitable to it.

Eug. Of that [now

We'll think hereafter, Lucio: our thoughts Must have no object but thy father's wel-To which, thy help! [come;

Lucio. With humble gladness, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alvarez and Clara.

Alv. Where lost we Syavedra?

Clara. He was met,

Ent'ring the city, by some gentlemen, Kinsmen, as he said, of his own, with whom For compliment-sake (for so I think he term'd it)

He was compell'd to stay; tho' I much wonder A man that knows to do, and has done well I' th' head of his troop, when the bold foe charg'd home,

Can learn so suddenly t' abuse his time In apish entertainment. For my part, (By all the glorious rewards of war), I'd rather meet ten enemies i' th' field, [on All sworn to fetch my head, than be brought To change an hour's discourse with one of Smooth city-fools, or tissue-cavaliers [these (The only gallants, as they wisely think), To get a jewel, or a wanton kiss From a court-lip, tho' painted.

Alv. My love Clara,

(For Lucio is a name thou must forget, With Lucio's bold behaviour), tho' thy breed-ing [cuse

I' th' camp, may plead something in the ex-Of thy rough manners, custom having chang'd (Tho' not thy sex) the softness of thy nature, And Fortune, then a cruel step-dame to thee, Impos'd upon thy tender sweetness burdens Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack

The sinews of a man, not born a soldier; Yet, now she smiles, and like a nat'ral mother Looks gently on thee, Clara, entertain Her proffer'd bounties with a willing bosom: Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword; [alter'd)

Thy beauty (which e'en Belgia hath not Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my Clara, Than that has been (tho' never us'd but no-And know thus much—— [bly):

Clara. Sir, I know only that It stands not with my duty to gain-say you In any thing: I must and will put on [wish What fashion you think best, tho' I could I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather [*Musick.*

To be what you are, Clara; entring here, As you were born, a woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, and Servants.

Eug. Let choice musick,

In the best voice that e'er touch'd human ear (For joy hath tied my tongue up), speak your welcome!

Alv. My soul (for thou giv'st new life to my spirit) [*Embraces her.*

Myriads of joy, though short in number of Thy virtues, fall on thee! Oh, my Eugenia, Th' assurance that I do embrace thee, makes My twenty years of sorrow but a dream; And by the nectar which I take from these, I feel my age restor'd, and, like old Æson, Grow young again.

Eug. My lord, long wish'd-for, welcome! 'Tis a sweet briefness! yet in that short word All pleasures which I may call mine begin, And may they long encrease, before they find A second period! Let mine eyes now surfeit On this so wish'd-for object, and my lips Yet modestly pay back the parting kiss You trusted with them, when you fled from Sevil, [she?

With little Clara, my sweet daughter! Lives Yet I could chide myself, having you here, For being so covetous of all joys at once, T' enquire for her; you being, alone, to me My Clara, Lucio, my lord, myself, Nay, more than all the world!

Alv. As you to me are.

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the story [safety!

Of your past dangers, now you're here in It will give relish, and fresh appetite To my delights, if such delights can cloy me. Yet do not, Alvarez! let me first yield you Account of my life in your absence, and Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd The jewel left lock'd up within my womb, When you, in being forc'd to leave your Suffer'd a civil death. [country,

Alv. Do, my Eugenia;

'Tis that I most desire to hear.

Eug. Then know——

Alv. What noise is that?

[*Within clashing of swords.*

Syav. [*within*] If you are noble enemies, Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly!

Vit. [*within*] Stand off! I am too many of myself.

Enter Bobadilla.

Bob. Murder, murder, murder! Your friend, my lord,

Don Syavedra is set upon in the streets, By your enemies, Vitelli and his faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him! Draw thy sword,

And follow me! [*Exit.*

Clara.

Clara. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occasion once more to use it. [*Exit.*
Bob. Nay, hold not me, madam! If I do
any hurt, hang me. [into
Luc. Oh, I am dead with fear! Let's fly
Your closet, mother.
Eug. No hour of my life
Secure of danger? Heav'n be merciful,
Or now at once dispatch me!

Enter Vitelli, pursued by Alvarez and Syavedra, Clara beating off Anastro.

Clara. Follow him!
Leave me to keep these off.
Alv. Assault my friend,
So near my house?
Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Tho' 'twere a temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the priest, and thou the sacrifice,
I'll offer to my uncle.
Alv. Haste thou to him,
And say I sent thee!
Clara. 'Twas put bravely by———
And that; yet he comes on, and boldly; rare
I' th' wars, where emulation and example
Join to encrease the courage, and make less
The danger! valour, and true resolution
Never appear'd so lovely—brave again!
Sure he is more than man; and if he fall,
The best of virtue, fortitude, would die with
And can I suffer it? forgive me, duty! [him:
So I love valour, as I will protect it
Against my father, and redeem it, tho'
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
Vit. Come on!
All is not lost yet: you shall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.
Clara. Fear me not! [sword
Thy worth has took me prisoner, and my
For this time knows thee only for a friend,
And to all else I turn the point of it.
Syav. Defend your father's enemy?
Alv. Art thou mad? [lour, which
Clara. Are ye men rather? Shall that va-
Begot you lawful honour in the wars, [tard
Prove now the parent of an infamous bas-
So foul, yet so long-liv'd, as murder will
Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone,
With your own dangers only, purchas'd glory
From multitudes of enemies, not allowing
Those nearest to you to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Against a single opposite? Hath the mercy
Of the great king, but newly wash'd away
The blood, that with the forfeit of your life
Cleav'd to your name and family, like an
In this again to set a deeper dye upon [ulcer,
Your infamy? You'll say he is your foe,
And by his rashness call'd on his own ruin;
Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and
honour [place
Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the
Where now he is, your house, which by the
Of hospitable duty should protect him; [laws
Have you been twenty years a stranger to't,
To make your entrance now in blood? or
think you [be
Your countryman, a true-born Spaniard, will
An off'ring fit to please the genius of it?
No; in this I'll presume to teach my father,
And this first act of disobedience shall
Confirm I am most dutiful.
Alv. I'm pleas'd
With what I dare not give allowance to.—
Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?
Clara. Set free
A noble enemy: come not on! by Heaven,
You pass to him thro' me! The way is open.
Farewell! when next I meet you, do not
look for
A friend, but a vow'd foe; I see you worthy,
And therefore now preserve you, for the ho-
Of my sword only. [nour
Vit. Were this man a friend, [foe
How would he win me, that being my vow'd
Deserves so well! I thank you for my life;
But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
Hereafter to consider. [*Exit.*
Alv. Quit thy fear;
All danger is blown over: I have letters
To th' governor, i' th' king's name, to secure us
From such attempts hereafter; yet we need
not [dread others;
That have such strong guards of our own,
And, to encrease thy comfort, know, this
young man,
Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,
Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter
Clara.
Eug. A thousand blessings in that word!
Alv. The reason
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure
I will impart unto you: wonder not
At what you've seen her do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honour.
Eug. I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my Alvarez: you, in a man,
Have giv'n to me a daughter; in a woman,
I give to you a son: this was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought
up
Diff'rent from what he was, as you did Clara,
And with the like success; as she appears
Alter'd by custom, more than woman, he,
Transform'd by his soft life, is less than man.
Alv. Fortune in this gives ample satisfaction
For all our sorrows past.
Lucio. My dearest sister!
Clara. Kind brother!
Alv. Now our mutual care must be
Employ'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, lost by custom:
To you I give my Clara, and receive
My Lucio to my charge; and we'll contend,
With loving industry, who soonest can
Turn this man woman, or this woman man.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Pachieco and Lazarillo.

Pach. BOY, my cloak and rapier! it fits not
A gentleman of my rank to walk the streets
In *querpo*.
Laz. Nay, you are a very rank gentleman, Signor. I am very hungry; they tell me
In Sevil here, I look like an eel, [smith
With a man's head; and your neighbour the
Here hard by, would have borrow'd me the other day [angle-rod.
To have fish'd with me, because h' had lost his
Pach. Oh, happy thou, Lazarillo, being the cause [lean
Of other men's wits, as in thine own! Live
And witty still: oppress not thy stomach
Too much: gross feeders, great sleepers; great sleepers, fat bodies;
Fat bodies, lean brains! No, Lazarillo;
I will make thee immortal, change thy humanity
Into deity, for I will teach thee
To live upon nothing.
Laz. Faith, signor,
I am immortal then already, or very
Near it, for I do live upon little or nothing.
Belike that is the reason the poets are said
To be immortal; for some of them live
Upon their wits, which is indeed as good
As little or nothing. But, good master, let me
Be mortal still, and let us go to supper.
Pach. Be abstinent; shew not the corruption of
Thy generation: he that feeds shall die,
Therefore, he that feeds not shall live.
Laz. Ay, but how long
Shall he live? There's the question.
Pach. As long as he
Can without feeding. Didst thou read of the Miraculous maid in Flanders—
Laz. No, nor of
Any maid else; for the miracle of virginity
Now-a-days ceases, ere the virgin
Can read virginity!
Pach. She that liv'd three years
Without any other sustenance than
The smell of a rose? [her guts shrunk
Laz. I heard of her, signor; but they say
All into lutestrings, and her nether parts
Cling'd together like a serpent's tail; so that
Tho' she continued a woman still [ster.
Above the girdle, beneath yet she was mon-
Pach. So are most women, believe it.
Laz. Nay all women, signor,
That can live only upon the smell of a rose.
Pach. No part of the history is fabulous.
Laz. I think rather,
No part of the fable is historical.
But for all this, sir, my rebellious stomach
Will not let me be immortal: I will be
As immortal as mortal hunger will suffer.
Put me to a certain stint, sir! allow me
But a red herring a day!
Pach. *O, de Dios!*
Wouldst thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?
Laz. He that eats nothing but a red herring a-day
Shall ne'er be broiled for the devil's rasher:
A pilchard, signor, a sardina[10], an olive,
That I may be a philosopher first,
And immortal after.
Pach. Patience, Lazarillo!
Let contemplation be thy food awhile:
I say unto thee,
One pease was a soldier's provant a whole day
At the destruction of Jerusalem.

Enter Metaldi and Mendoza.

Laz. Ay, an it were any where but at
The destruction of a place, I'll be hang'd.
Met. Signor Pachieco Alasto,
My most ingenious cobler of Sevil,
The *bonos noxios* to your signory!
Pach. Signor Metaldi de Forgio!
My most famous smith, and man of metal, I
Return your courtesy ten-fold, and do
Humble my bonnet beneath the shoe-sole
Of your congie. The like to you,
Signor Mendoza Pediculo de Vermini,
My most exquisite hose-heeler!
Laz. Here's a greeting
Betwixt a cobler, a smith, and a botcher!
They all belong to the foot, which makes them stand
So much upon their gentry.
Mend. Signor Lazarillo!
Laz. Ah, signor, *sì!* Nay, we are all signors
Here in Spain, from the jakes-farmer to the grandee,
Or adelantado. This botcher looks [now,
As if he were dough-bak'd; a little butter
And I could eat him like an oaten cake!
His father's diet was new cheese and onions
When he got him: what a scallion-fac'd rascal 'tis? [stand
Met. But why, signor Pachieco, do you
So much on the priority, and antiquity
Of your quality (as you call it) in comparison
Of ours?
Mend. Ay; your reason for that.
Pach. Why, thou iron-pated smith, and thou
Woollen-witted hose-heeler, hear what I
Will speak indifferently, and according
To antient writers, of our three professions;
And let the upright Lazarillo be
Both judge and moderator!

[10] *A surdiny.*] See note 4 on Love's Pilgrimage. *Sympson.*

Laz. Still am I
The most immortally hungry that may be!
Pach. Suppose thou wilt derive thy pedigree,
Like some of the old heroes (as Hercules,
Æneas, Achilles), lineally from [father,
The gods, making Saturn thy great-grand-
And Vulcan thy father—Vulcan was a god—
Laz. He'll make Vulcan your godfather by-and-by. [block-head,
Pach. Yet, I say, Saturn was a crabbed
And Vulcan a limping horn-head; for Venus his wife [dren:
Was a strumpet, and Mars begat all her chil-
Therefore, however, thy original [ther[11],
Must of necessity spring from bastardy. Fur-
What can shew a more deject spirit in man, than [feet,
To lay his hands under every one's horses'
To do him service, as thou dost?—For thee,
I will be brief; thou dost botch, and not mend,
Thou art a hider of enormities,
Viz. scabs, chilblains, and kib'd heels;
Much prone thou art to sects, and heresies,
Disturbing state and government; for how canst thou
Be a sound member in the commonwealth,
That art so subject to stitches in the ankles?
Blush and be silent then, oh, ye mechanicks!
Compare no more with the politick cobler!
For coblers, in old time, have prophesied;
What may they do now then, that have
Every day waxed better and better?
Have we not the length of every man's foot?
Are we not daily menders? Yea, and what
Not horse-menders— [menders?
Laz. Nor manners-menders.
Pach. But soal-menders: [man,
Oh, divine coblers! Do we not, like the wise
Spin our own threads (or our wives for us)?
Do we not, by our sowing the hide, reap the beef?
Are not we of the gentle-craft, whilst both you
Are but crafts-men? You will say, you fear
Neither iron nor steel, and what you get is wrought
Out of the fire; I must answer you again tho',
All this is but forgery. You may likewise say,
A man's a man, that has but a hose on his head:
I must likewise answer, that man is a botcher
That has a heel'd hose on his head. To conclude,
There can be no comparison with
The cobler, who is all in all [and ends
In the commonwealth, has his politick eye
On every man's steps that walks, and whose course shall
Be lasting to the world's end.
Met. I give place:
The wit of man is wonderful! Thou [thee
Hast hit the nail on the head, and I will give
Six pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch shoe again.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier.

Pach. Who's this? Oh, our Alguazier; as arrant a knave
As e'er wore one head under two offices;
He is one side Alguazier.
Met. The other side Serjeant.
Mend. That's both sides carrion, I am sure.
Pach. This is he [and lodges 'em
Apprehends whores in the way of justice,
In his own house, in the way of profit. He with him
Is the grand don Vitelli, 'twixt whom and
Fernando Alvarez the mortal hatred is:
He is indeed my don's bawd, and does
At this present lodge a famous courtezan
Of his, lately come from Madrid. [ask:
Vit. Let her want nothing, signor, she can
What loss or injury you may sustain
I will repair, and recompense your love:
Only that fellow's coming I mislike,
And did fore-warn her of him. Bear her this,
With my best love; at night I'll visit her.
Alg. I rest your lordship's servant!
Vit. Good ev'n, signors!— [thee
Oh, Alvarez, thou hast brought a son with
Both brightens and obscures our nation,
Whose pure strong beams on us shoot like the sun's
On baser fires. I would to Heav'n my blood
Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate hand,
That with mine honour I might emulate,
Not persecute such virtue! I will see him,
Tho' with the hazard of my life; no rest
In my contentious spirits can I find
'Till I have gratified him in like kind. [*Exit.*
Alg. I know ye not! what are ye? Hence, ye base besognios[12]!
Pach. Marry, Cazzo! Signor Alguazier, d'you not know us?
Why, we are your honest neighbours,
The cobler, smith, and botcher, that have so often

[11] *Farther, what can be a more deject spirit.*] I cannot help thinking but the judicious reader will wish, with me, that the authors had wrote, *what can shew*, &c. *Sympson.*

[12] *Besognios.*] This appears to be a word of contempt, which perhaps will receive some explanation from the following passage in Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 85. "It may "bee thought that every mercinarie man and common hireling (taken up for a while, or "serving a small season) is a souldier fit to be registred, or honoured among the renouned "sort of warlike people. For such numbers of *bezoingnies* or necessarie instruments for "the time, are to fall to their occupation when the service is ended, and not to live idely "or looke for imbrasing." *R.*

Besognios seem to mean the lower rank, people in want, and of base condition; so, *besoin*, French, *need, want.*

Sat snoring cheek by joll, with your signory,
In rug at midnight.
Laz. Nay, good signor,
Be not angry; you must understand, a cat
And such an officer see best in the dark.
Met. By this hand,
I could find in my heart to shoe his head!
Pach. Why then we know you, signor! Thou mungril, [beadle,
Begot at midnight, at the gaol-gate, by a
On a catchpole's wife, are not you he that was
Whipt out of Toledo for perjury?
Mend. Next,
Condemn'd to the gallies for pilfery,
To the bull's pizzle?
Met. And after call'd
To the Inquisition, for apostacy? [durst
Pach. Are not you he that, rather than you
Go an industrious voyage, being press'd,
To the islands, skulk'd till the fleet was gone, and then
Earn'd your rial a-day by squiring punks
And punklings up and down the city?
Laz. Are not you
A Portuguese born, descended o' the Moors,
And came hither into Sevil with your master,
An arrant tailor, in your red bonnet,
And your blue jacket lousy; tho' now
Your block-head be cover'd with the Spanish block,
And your lashed shoulders with a velvet-pee.
Pach. Are not you he that have been of thirty callings, [first,
Yet ne'er a one lawful? that being a chandler
Profess'd sincerity, and would sell no man
Mustard to his beef on the Sabbath, and yet
Hypocrisy all your life-time? [sold
Met. Are not you he, that were since
A surgeon to the stews, and undertook
To cure, what the church itself could not, strumpets?
That rise to your office by being a great don's bawd?
Laz. That commit men nightly, offenceless, for the gain
Of a groat a prisoner, which your beadle seems
To put up, when you share three-pence?
Mend. Are not you he
That is a kisser of men, in drunkenness,
And a betrayer in sobriety?
Alg. Diabolo! They'll rail me into the Again. [gallies
Pach. Yes, signor, thou art even he
We speak of all this while. Thou mayst, by thy place now,
Lay us by the heels, 'tis true; but take heed;
Be wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own head;
For never was there such an anatomy, [fore,
As we shall make thee then; be wise there-
Oh, thou child of the night! Be friends, and shake hands. [redder:
Thou art a proper man, if thy beard were
Remember thy worshipful function,
A constable; tho' thou turn'st day into night,
And night into day, what of that? Watch less,
And pray more: gird thy bear-skin (*viz.* thy rug-gown) [go
To thy loins; take thy staff in thy hand, and
Forth at midnight[13]; let not thy mittens abate
The talons of thy authority[14], but gripe
Theft and whoredom, wheresoever thou meet'st 'em; [safely
Bear 'em away like a tempest, and lodge 'em
In thine own house.
Laz. Would you have whores and thieves
Lodg'd in such a house?
Pach. They ever do so;
I have found a thief or a whore there, [me.
When the whole suburbs could not furnish
Laz. But why do they lodge there?
Pach. That they may be [usually,
Safe and forth-coming; for in the morning
The thief is sent to the gaol, and the whore prostrates
Herself to the justice.
Mend. Admirable Pachieco!
Met. Thou cobler of Christendom!
Alg. There is no railing with these rogues:
I will close with 'em, 'till I can cry quittance.
Why, signors, and my honest neighbours, will ye [is
Impute that as a neglect of my friends, which
An imperfection in me? I have been
Sand-blind from my infancy; to make you
You shall sup with me. [amends
Laz. Shall we sup with ye, sir? [tleman
O' my conscience, they have wrong'd the gen-
Extremely.
Alg. And after supper, I have
A project to employ you in, shall make you
Drink and eat merrily this month. I am
A little knavish; why, and do not I know all
You to be knaves?
Pach. I grant you, we are all
Knaves, and will be your knaves; but oh, while you live,
Take heed of being a proud knave!
Alg. On then, pass; [bear out me.
I will bear out my staff, and my staff shall
Laz. Oh, Lazarillo, thou art going to supper! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucio and Bobadilla.

Lucio. Pray be not angry.
Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry.
Diabolo! what should you do in the kitchen?
Cannot the cooks lick their fingers without
Your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage, [Lucio?
Except your dog's head be in the pot? Don
Don Quot-Quean, don Spinster; wear
A petticoat still, and put on your smock a' Monday;

[13] *Gird thy bear-skin* (viz. *thy rug-gown*) *to thy loins; take thy staff in thy hand, and go forth at midnight.*] These words are found only in the first folio.

[14] *That is,* Let not thy mittens be the same to thy talons, as a button is to a foil. *Sympson.*

I will have a baby o'clouts made for it, like
A great girl! Nay, if you will needs be starching
Of ruffs, and sowing of black-work, I will
Of a mild and loving tutor, become a tyrant:
Your father has committed you to my charge,
And I will make a man or a mouse on you.
Lucio. What would you have me do? This scurvy sword [Pish! look,
So galls my thigh, I would it were burnt!—
This cloak will ne'er keep on; these boots too hide-bound,
Make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen,
And my spurs jingle like a morris-dancer:
Lord, how my head aches with this roguish
This masculine attire is most uneasy; [hat!
I'm bound up in it; I had rather walk
In folio again, loose, like a woman.
Bob. In *foolio*, had you not? [parents!
Thou mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy
Thou tender leg of lamb! Oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers!
Is this a gait for the young cavalier,
Don Lucio, son and heir to Alvarez?
Has it a corn? or does it walk on conscience,
It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways!
Suppose me now your father's foe, Vitelli,
And spying you i'th' street, thus I advance:
I twist my beard, and then I draw my sword.
Lucio. Alas!
Bob. And thus accost thee: Traiterous brat,
How durst thou thus confront me? impious twig
Of that old stock, dew'd with my kinsman's gore,
Draw! for I'll quarter thee in pieces four.
Lucio. Nay, prithee Bobadilla, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy sword. I will not meddle with you.
Ay, justle me, I care not, I'll not draw;
Pray be a quiet man.
Bob. D'ye hear? answer me,
As you would do don Vitelli, or I'll be
So bold as to lay the pommel of my sword
Over the hilts of your head!—My name's
And I'll have the wall. [Vitelli,
Lucio. Why then,
I'll have the kennel: what a coil you keep?
Signor, what happen'd 'twixt my sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the world;
No fault of mine, nor will I justify
My father's crimes: forget, sir, and forgive,
'Tis Christianity. I pray put up your sword;
I'll give you any satisfaction,
That may become a gentleman. However,
I hope you're bred to more humanity,
Than to revenge my father's wrong on me,
That crave your love and peace. Law-you-now, Zancho,
Would not this quiet him, were he ten Vitellis?
Bob. Oh, craven-chicken of a cock o' th' game!
Well, what remedy? Did thy father see this,
O' my conscience, he would cut off thy masculine
Gender, crop thine ears, beat out thine eyes,
And set thee in one of the pear-trees for a scare-crow!
As I am Vitelli, I am satisfied;
But as I am Bobadilla Spindola Zancho,
Steward of the house, and thy father's servant,
I could find in my heart to lop off
The hinder part of thy face, or to
Beat all thy teeth into thy mouth! Oh, thou
Whey-blooded milksop, I'll wait upon thee no longer; [ways, sir;
Thou shalt ev'n wait upon me. Come your
I shall take a little pains with you else.

Enter Clara.

Clara. Where art thou, brother Lucio?—Ran, tan tan ta,
Ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan!
Oh, I shall no more see those golden days!
These cloaths will never fadge with me: a pox
O' this filthy fardingale, this hip-hape!—Brother, [fin'd,
Why are women's haunches only limited, con-
Hoop'd in as 'twere, with these same scurvy, vardingales? [most subject
Bob. Because women's haunches only are
To display and fly out.
Clara. Bobadilla, rogue, ten ducats,
I hit the prepuce of thy cod-piece!
Lucio. Hold,
If you love my life, sister! I am not
Zancho Bobadilla; I am your brother, Lucio.
What a fright you have put me in!
Clara. Brother? and wherefore thus?
Lucio. Why, master steward here, signor Zancho, [use me,
Made me change: he does nothing but mis-
And call me coward, and swear I shall
Wait upon him.
Bob. Well! I do no more [away tho'!
Than I have authority for.—'Would I were
For she's as much too manish, as he
Too womanish: I dare not meddle with her;
Yet I must set a good face on it, if I had it.—
I have like charge of you, madam; I
Am as well to mollify you, as to
Qualify him. What have you to do with
Armors, and pistols, and javelins, and swords,
And such tools? Remember, mistress, Nature
Hath given you a sheath only, to signify
Women are to put up men's weapons, not
To draw them!—Look you now, is this a fit
Trot for a gentlewoman? You shall see
The court-ladies move like goddesses, as if
They trod air: they will swim you their measures
Like whiting-mops, as if their feet were finns,
And the hinges of their knees oil'd. Do they
Love to ride great horses, as you do? no;
They love to ride great asses sooner. Faith,
I know not what to say t'ye both: custom hath
Turn'd Nature topsy-turvy in you.
Clara. Nay,
But, master steward!
Bob. You cannot trot so fast,
But he ambles as slowly.

Clara.

Clara. Signor Spindle!
Will you hear me?
Bob. He that shall come to
Bestride your virginity, had better be
A-foot o'er the dragon.
Clara. Very well!
Bob. Did ever
Spanish lady pace so?
Clara. Hold these a little!
Lucio. I'll not touch 'em, I. [your pate,
Clara. First do I break your office o'er
You dog-skin-fac'd rogue, pilcher, you Poor-
Which I will beat to stock-fish. [John!
Lucio. Sister!
Bob. Madam! [talk'd to, ha?
Clara. You cittern-head! who have you
You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanc'd cur!
Bob. By this hand, I'll bang your brother
I get him alone. [for this, when
Clara. How! Kick him, Lucio!
He shall kick you, Bob, spite o' thy nose; that's flat.
Kick him, I say, or I will cut thy head off!
Bob. Softly, you had best!
Clara. Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous-visag'd knave,
Thou false and peremptory steward, pray!
For I will hang thee up in thine own chain!
Lucio. Good sister, do not choak him.
Bob. Murder! murder! [*Exit.*
Clara. Well! I shall meet w' ye.—Lucio, who bought this? [one,
'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs
Spain's champion ne'er us'd truer; with this staff
Old Alvarez has led up men so close,
They could almost spit in the cannon's mouth;
Whilst I with that, and this, well mounted[15], skirr'd [sire,
A horse-troop thro' and thro', like swift de-
And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and
Like bleeding shads. [gash'd
Lucio. Bless us, sister Clara,
How desperately you talk! What d'ye call
This gun? a dag?
Clara. I'll give't thee; a French petronel.
You never saw my Barbary, the infanta
Bestow'd upon me, as yet, Lucio:
Walk down, and see it.
Lucio. What, into the stable? [there
Not I; the jades will kick: the poor groom
Was almost spoil'd the other day.
Clara. Fy on thee!
Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Lucio. When will you be a woman?

Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.

Clara. 'Would I were none!
But Nature's privy seal assures me one.
Alv. Thou anger'st me! Can strong habitual custom [manners,
Work with such magick on the mind and
In spite of sex and Nature? Find out, sirrah,
Some skilful fighter.
Bob. Yes, sir.
Alv. I will rectify
And redeem either's proper inclination,
Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new-mould 'em.
Bob. Believe your eyes, sir; I tell you, we wash an Ethiop. [*Exit.*
Clara. I strike it, for ten ducats.
Alv. How now, Clara,
Your breeches on still? and your petticoat
Not yet off, Lucio? art thou not gelt?
Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee,
That lay here lieger[16], in the last great frost?
Art not thou, Clara, turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
I'll have you search'd; by Heaven, I strongly doubt!

[15] *—and this, well mounted,* scour'd
A horse-troop through and through.—] The old folio reads *scurr'd*, which I take to be only a false spelling of a better word, viz. *skirr'd:* thus Shakespear in Macbeth, act v. scene 3.

Send out more horses; *skir* the country round.

To *skir* is *velitari*, to fight as the light-horse do, from whence the substantive *skirmish*.

In Henry V. Shakespear uses the word for *flying swiftly*, tho' from an enemy. The king says of the French horse, act iv. scene 13.

He'll make 'em *skir* away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

No reader of taste wou'd bear the change of the word *skir*, which is perfectly poetical, as the sound is an echo to the sense, for *scour;* and Fletcher has not suffered much less by the change. *Seward.*

[16] *That* lay *here* lieger.] So, in Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 4to. 1592. "Indeed, I have been *lieger* in my time in London, and have play'd many madde prancks, "for which cause you may apparently see I am made a curtall; for the pillory (in the sight "of a great many good and sufficient witnesses) hath eaten off booth my eares, and now, "sir, this rope-maker hunteth me heere with his halters."—And in the Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurse, by Middleton and Dekkar,

"What durst move you, sir,
"To think me whoorish? a name which I'de teare out
"From the hye Germaine's throat, *if it lay ledger* there!
"To dispatch privy slanders against mee!" *R.*

Dr. Johnson says, *leger* is derived from the Dutch *legger;* and signifies, "Any thing that "lies in a place; as, a *leger* ambassador, a resident; a *leger*-book, a book that lies in the "compting-house."

We must have these things mended. Come, go in! [*Exit.*

Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.

Bob. With Lucio, say you? There he's for you.
Vit. And there's for thee. [*Strikes him.*
Bob. I thank you. You have now bought
A little advice of me: if you chance
To have conference with that lady there,
Be very civil, or look to your head!
She has ten nails, and you have but two eyes:
If any foolish hot motions should chance
To rise in the horizon, under your equinoctial there,
Qualify it as well as you can, for I fear
The elevation of your pole will not
Agree with the horoscope of her constitution:
She is Bell and the Dragon, I assure you. [*Exit.*

Vit. Are you the Lucio, sir, that sav'd Vitelli?
Lucio. Not I, indeed, sir; I did never brabble;
There walks that Lucio metamorphosed. [*Exit.*

Vit. D' you mock me?
Clara. No, he does not: I am that
Supposed Lucio that was, but Clara
That is, and daughter unto Alvarez.
Vit. Amazement daunts me! 'Would my life were riddles,
So you were still my fair expositor!
Protected by a lady from my death?
Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my cheek from this discovery!
Oh, you, the fairest soldier I e'er saw,
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious—
Clara. Sir, guard yourself; you're in your enemies house,
And may be injur'd.
Vit. 'Tis impossible:
Foe, nor oppressing odds, dares prove Vitelli,
If Clara side him, and will call him friend.
I would the diff'rence of our bloods were such
As might with any shift be wip'd away!
Or 'would to Heav'n yourself were all your name;
That, having lost blood by you, I might hope
To raise blood from you! But my black-wing'd fate
Hovers aversely over that fond hope;
And he whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter[17]
And sister of his enemy, wears a sword
To rip the father and the brother up: [mine,
Thus you, that sav'd this wretched life of
Have sav'd it to the ruin of your friends.
That my affections should promiscuously
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiss your hand!
Clara. You're treacherous,
And come to do me mischief.
Vit. Speak on still;
Your words are falser, fair, than my intents,
And each sweet accent far more treach'rous; for
Tho' you speak ill of me, you speak so well
I do desire to hear you.
Clara. Pray be gone;
Or, kill me if you please.
Vit. Oh, neither can I:
For, to be gone were to destroy my life;
And to kill you were to destroy my soul.
I am in love, yet must not be in love!
I'll get away apace. Yet, valiant lady,
Such gratitude to honour I do owe,
And such obedience to your memory,
That if you will bestow something, that I
May wear about me, it shall bind my wrath,
My most invet'rate wrath, from all attempts,
'Till you and I meet next.
Clara. A favour, sir?
Why, I'll give you good counsel.
Vit. That already
You have bestow'd; a ribbon, or a glove—
Clara. Nay, those are tokens for a waiting-maid
To trim the butler with. [*Gives him a ring.*
Vit. Your feather—
Clara. Fy!
The wenches give them to the serving-men.
Vit. That little ring—
Clara. 'Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would have you faster.
Vit. Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.
Clara. This smile; my good opinion; or myself!
But that, it seems, you like not. [*Smiles.*
Vit. Yes; so well,
When any smiles, I will remember yours;
Your good opinion shall in weight poize me
Against a thousand ill; lastly, yourself,
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I will wear you till the table break.
So, whitest angels guard you!
Clara. Stay, sir; I
I have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not disdain to wear.
Vit. What's that?
Clara. This sword.—
I never heard a man speak till this hour:
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The lioness hath met a tamer here: [*Aside.*
Fy, how his tongue chimes!—What was I saying?
Oh, this favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your foes
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me! I've kept it long,
And value it, next my virginity.—
But, good, return it; for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it should have me too.

[17] *Thus* gratifies *the daughter.*] This *gratifies* seems to come in oddly; for what gratification does Vitelli make Clara here? He gives her good words, 'tis true, and sets off the service she had done him at her first appearance on the stage; but this ought rather to be called a panegyrick, than a gratification, and who knows but the authors might have given it ——— thus *glorifies* the daughter. *Sympson.*

Vit.

Vit. 'Would that were possible; but, alas, 'tis not:
Yet this assure yourself, most-honour'd Clara,
I'll not infringe an article of breath
My vow hath offer'd t' you; nor from this part
Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart.
[*Exit.*

Clara. Oh, leave me living!—What new exercise
Is crept into my breast, that blancheth clean
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and must learn to fight
A softer sweeter battle than with swords.
I'm sick methinks; but the disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth. I warrant, love
Is very like this, that folks talk of so;
I skill not what it is, yet sure e'en here,
E'en in my heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the essence on't, nor name.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Malr. HE must not? nor he shall not? who shall let him? [dom!
You, politick Diego, with your face of wis-
Don Blirt! The pox upon your aphorisms,
Your grave and sage-ale physiognomy!
Do not I know thee for the Alguazier,
Whose dunghill all the parish scavengers
Could never rid? Thou comedy to men,
Whose serious folly is a butt for all [wit,
To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not
Nor heart, to answer, or be angry!

Alg. Lady! [supported by

Malr. Peace, peace, you rotten rogue,
A staff of rott'ner office! Dare you check
Any's accesses that I will allow?
Piorato is my friend, and visits me
In lawful sort, t' espouse me as his wife;
And who will cross, or shall, our interviews?
You know me, sirrah, for no chambermaid,
That cast her belly and her wastecoat lately.
Thou think'st thy constableship is much! not so;
I am ten offices to thee: ay, thy house,
Thy house and office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My house-of-office is maintain'd i'th' garden!
Go to! I know you; and I have contriv'd
(You're a delinquent), but I have contriv'd
A poison, tho' not in the third degree:
I can say, black's your eye, though it be grey;
I have conniv'd at this your friend, and you;
But what is got by this connivency?
I like his feature well[18]; a proper man,
Of good discourse, fine conversation,
Valiant, and a great carrier of the business,
Sweet-breasted[19] as the nightingale or thrush:
Yet I must tell you, you forget yourself;
My lord Vitelli's love, and maintenance,
Deserves no other Jack i'th' box, but he.
What tho' he gather'd first the golden fruit,
And blew your pigs-coat up into a blister,
When you did wait at court upon his mother;
Has he not well provided for the bairn?
Beside, what profit reap I by the other?
If you will have me serve your pleasure, lady,
Your pleasure must accommodate my service;
As good be virtuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my knav'ry; all the world would be
Good, prosper'd goodness like to villainy.
I am the king's vicegerent by my place;
His right lieutenant in mine own precinct.

Malr. Thou'rt a right rascal in all men's precincts!
Yet now, my pair of twins, of fool and knave,
Look, we are friends; there's gold for thee: admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my don,
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wise:
Thou shalt be my bawd, and my officer;
Thy children shall eat still, my good night-owl,
And thy old wife sell andirons to the court,
Be countenanc'd by the dons, and wear a hood, [mother,
Nay, keep my garden-house; I'll call her
Thee father, my good poisonous red-hair'd
And gold shall daily be thy sacrifice, [deel,
Wrought from a fertile island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an Indian queen.

Alg. And I will be thy devil, thou my
With which I'll catch the world. [flesh,

Malr. Fill some tobacco,
And bring it in. If Piorato come
Before my don, admit him; if my don
Before my love, conduct him, my dear devil! [*Exit.*

Alg. I will, my dear flesh.—First come, first serv'd: well said!—
Oh, equal Heav'n, how wisely thou disposest
Thy several gifts! One's born a great rich fool,
For the subordinate knave to work upon;
Another's poor, with wit's addition,
Which well or ill us'd, builds a living up,
And that too from the sire oft descends;
Only fair Virtue, by traduction

[18] *I like his* feather *well.*] Amended in 1750.

[19] *Sweet breasted.*] See note 28, on the Pilgrim.

Never

Never succeeds[20], and seldom meets success:
What have I then to do with't? My free will,
Left me by Heaven, makes me or good or ill.
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Than piety, and my star's confluence
Enforce my disposition to affect [tise
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will prac-
War, and grow that way great; religious,
And that way good! My chief felicity
Is wealth, the nurse of sensuality;
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and claw a strum-
pet's itch. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Piorato and Bobadilla.

Pio. To say, sir, I will wait upon your
Were not to understand myself. [lord,
Bob. To say, sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to understand my lord.
Pio. I'll meet him [to render
Some half-hour hence, and doubt not but
His son a man again: the cure is easy;
I have done divers.
Bob. Women do you mean, sir? [spark
Pio. Cures I do mean. Be there but one
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my discourse I'll blow it to a flame,
And with my practice into action.
I have had one so full of childish fear,
And womanish-hearted, sent to my advice,
He durst not draw a knife to cut his meat.
Bob. And how, sir, did you help him?
Pio. Sir, I kept him
Seven days in a dark room by candle-light,
A plenteous table spread, with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a case of keen broad knives
Upon the board, and he so watch'd he might
not
Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it:
And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.
Bob. Good!
Pio. Then for ten days did I diet him
Only with burnt pork, sir, and gammons of
A pill of caviare now and then, [bacon;
Which breeds choler adust, you know—
Bob. 'Tis true. [and cold crudities,
Pio. And to purge phlegmatick humour,
In all that time he drank me *aqua-fortis*,
And nothing else but——
Bob. Aqua-vitæ, signor;
For *aqua-fortis* poisons.
Pio. Aqua-fortis,
I say again: What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
Bob. Your patience, sir! [stomach.
By your good patience, h' had a huge cold
Pio. I fired it, and gave him then three
sweats
In the Artillery-Yard, three drilling days;
And now he'll shoot a gun, and draw a sword,
And fight, with any man in Christendom.
Bob. A receipt for a coward! I'll be bold
To write your good prescription. [sir;
Pio. Sir, hereafter
You shall, and underneath it put *probatum.*—
Is your chain right?
Bob. It is both right and just, sir;
For, tho' I am a steward, I did get it
With no man's wrong.
Pio. You are witty.
Bob. So, so. [rash
Could you not cure one, sir, of being too
And over-daring? (there now's my disease)
Fool-hardy, as they say? for that in sooth
I am.
Pio. Most easily.
Bob. How?
Pio. To make you drunk, sir, [twice
With small beer once a day, and beat you
'Till you be bruis'd all over; if that help not,
Knock out your brains.
Bob. This is strong physick, signor,
And never will agree with my weak body:
I find the med'cine worse than the malady,
And therefore will remain fool-hardy still.
You'll come, sir?
Pio. As I am a gentleman. [his word
Bob. A man o' th' sword should never break
Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, sir,
A complimental visitation
To offer to a mistress lodg'd here by.
Bob. A gentlewoman?
Pio. Yes, sir.
Bob. Fair, and comely?
Pio. Oh, sir, the paragon, the nonpareil
Of Sevil, the most wealthy mine of Spain,
For beauty and perfection.
Bob. Say you so?
Might not a man entreat a courtesy,
To walk along with you, signor, to peruse
This dainty mine, tho' not to dig in't, signor
Hauh—I hope you'll not deny me, being
stranger;
Tho' I'm a steward, I am flesh and blood,
And frail as other men.
Pio. Sir, blow your nose!
I dare not, for the world: no; she is kept
By a great don, Vitelli.
Bob. How!
Pio. 'Tis true. [Vitell
Bob. See, things will veer about! This do
Am I to seek now, to deliver letters [you
From my young mistress Clara; and, I te
Under the rose (because you are a stranger,
And my especial friend), I doubt there is
A little foolish love betwixt the parties,
Unknown unto my lord.
Pio. Happy discovery!
My fruit begins to ripen.—Hark you, sir!
I would not wish you now to give those le
ters;
But home, and ope this to madonna Clara,
Which when I come I'll justify, and relate
More amply and particularly.

[20] *Never* succeeds.] *i. e.* Never follows by *succession.*

Bob. I approve [*manos!*
Your counsel, and will practise it. *Bazi los*
Here's two chewres chewr'd[21]! When Wisdom is employ'd, [signor!
'Tis ever thus.—Your more acquaintance,
I say not better, lest you think I thought not
Yours good enough. [*Exit.*

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your servant, excellent steward!
'Would all the dons in Spain had no more brains! [*monsieur!*
Here comes the Alguazier: *Dieu vous guarde,*
Is my cuz stirring yet?
Alg. Your cuz, good cousin?
A whore is like a fool, a-kin to all [signor,
The gallants in the town. Your cuz, good
Is gone abroad, sir, with her other cousin,
My lord Vitelli; since when there hath been
Some dozen cousins here to enquire for her.
Pio. She's greatly allied, sir.
Alg. Marry is she, sir;
Come of a lusty kindred! The truth is,
I must connive no more; no more admittance
Must I consent to: my good lord has threaten'd me,
And you must pardon——
Pio. Out upon thee, man! [grave?
Turn honest in thine age? one foot i' th'
Thou shalt not wrong thyself so for a million.
Look, thou three-headed Cerberus (for wit
I mean), here is one sop, and two, and three;
For ev'ry chap a bit!
Alg. Ay, marry, sir!—
Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking on you, 'faith, this hour,
Where, what I said—Go to! she loves your valour;
Oh, and your musick most abominably!
She is within, sir, and alone.—What mean you? [*Piorato changes sides.*
Pio. That is your sergeant's side, I take it, sir;
Now I endure your constable's much better:
There is less danger in't; for one, you know,
Is a tame harmless monster in the light,
The sergeant, salvage both by day and night.
Alg. I will call her to you for that.
Pio. No, I'll
Charm her.
Alg. She's come.
Pio. My spirit!

Enter Malroda.

Malr. Oh, my sweet!
Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet!

SONG.

Pio. Turn, turn, thy beauteous face away,
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh, envious light, fly, fly, begone,
Come, night, and piece two breasts as one; [dreams.
When what love does, we will repeat in
Yet, thy eyes open, who can day hence fright? [night!
Let but their lids fall, and it will be

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your fortitude,
And you to temperance. Ah, ye pretty pair!
'Twere sin to sunder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and day and night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
You know my place else. [*Exit.*
Malr. No, you will not marry;
You are a courtier, and can sing, my love,
And want no mistresses; but yet I care not.
I'll love you still, and when I'm dead for you,
Then you'll believe my truth.
Pio. You kill me, fair!
It is my lesson that you speak. Have I
In any circumstance deserv'd this doubt?
I am not like your false and perjur'd don,
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his
And yet attempts in way of marriage [faith;
A lady not far off.
Malr. How's that?
Pio. 'Tis so;
And therefore, mistress, now the time is come
You may demand his promise; and I swear
To marry you with speed.
Malr. And with that gold
Which don Vitelli gives, you'll walk some voyage[22],
And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag, [lord.
How you o'er-reach'd a whore, and gull'd a
Pio. You anger me extremely! Fare you well! [me
What should I say to be believ'd? Expose
To any hazard; or, like jealous Juno,
Th' incensed step-mother of Hercules,

[21] *Here's two* chewres chewr'd.] That is, *Here are two businesses dispatched. Chewre* may be a South Country word for *business;* but in the North we should say,

Here's two *chares char'd.*

So in Noble Kinsmen we have the same word, act iii. scene 2. the Gaoler's Daughter, speaking of Palamon, says,

All's *char'd* when he is gone. No, no, I lie,
My father's to be hang'd for his escape, &c. *Sympson.*

[22] Walk *some voyage.*] Voyage is now improperly applied only to journies at sea; but it properly signifies a journey either by land or sea, as the French use the word *voyage.* The word *journey* is derived from *jour*, the day; voyage is from *voye*, *via*, the *way*; and here is used in its proper signification. *Seward.*

Design

Design me labours most impossible[23],
I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; so at last
You will believe me.
Malr. Come; we're friends; I do!
I'm thine; walk in. My lord has sent me
outsides, [sad.
But thou shalt have 'em; the colours are too
Pio. 'Faith, mistress, I want cloaths in-
Malr. I have [deed.
Some gold too, for my servant.
Pio. And I have
A better metal for my mistress. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several doors.

Alg. Undone!—Wit, now or never help
me!—My master?
He'll cut my throat!—I'm a dead constable!
And he'll not be hang'd neither; there's the
grief.—
The party, sir, is here——
Vit. What?
Alg. He was here [him;
(I cry your lordship mercy!) but I rattled
I told him here were no companions
For such debauch'd, and poor-condition'd fel-
lows;
I bid him venture not so desp'rately
The cropping of his ears, slitting his nose,
Or being gelt——
Vit. 'Twas well done.
Alg. Please your honour,
I told him there were stews; and then at last
Swore three or four great oaths she was re-
mov'd,
Which I did think I might, in conscience,
Being for your lordship.
Vit. What became of him?
Alg. Faith, sir, he went away with a flea
in's ear,
Like a poor cur, clapping his trundle tail
Betwixt his legs.—A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi
ha!—Now, luck!

Enter Malroda and Piorato.

Malr. 'Tis he; do as I told thee; ble
thee, signor!—
Oh, my dear lord.
Vit. Malroda? what, alone? [panie
Malr. She never is alone, that is accom
With noble thoughts, my lord; and mine ar
Being only of your lordship. [such
Vit. Pretty lass! [done; but 'faith
Malr. Oh, my good lord, my picture
It is not like. Nay, this way, sir! the light
Strikes best upon it here.
Pio. Excellent wench! [*Exi*
Alg. I am glad the danger's o'er. [*Exi*
Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Natur
Could make but once.
Malr. All's clear; another tune
You must hear from me now.—Vitelli, thou'r
A most perfidious and a perjur'd man,
As ever did usurp nobility!
Vit. What mean'st thou, Mal?
Malr. Leave your betraying smiles,
And change the tunes of your enticing tongu
To penitential prayers; for I am great
In labour, e'en with anger, big with-child
Of woman's rage[24], bigger than when m
womb
Was pregnant by thee! Go, seducer, fly
Out of the world; let me the last wretch b
Dishonour'd by thee! Touch me not: I loat
My very heart, because thou lay'st there long
A woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering outside of you all!
'Would I had honestly been match'd to som
Poor country swain, ere known the vanity
Of court! peace then had been my portion
Nor had been cozen'd by an hour's pomp,
To be a whore unto my dying day!
Vit. Oh, th' uncomfortable ways such wo
men have[25]! [surano
Their different speech and meaning, no as
In what they say or do: dissemblers

[23] *Labours most impossible.*] This place, at first sight, appears to be a contradiction for if the labours were impossible, they could not be done either by Piorato or Hercules *Most*, I take it here, should be wrote thus:

——— Labours 'most impossible,

i. e. almost. The using of a simple for a compound word, is frequent in our poets; and we have it again in this very play, act v. scene 2.

—— being by your beams of beauty *form'd, i. e.* inform'd. *Sympson.*

This is refinement. The labours of Hercules were enjoined as supposed impossibilities *Almost impossible*, is a poor phrase indeed. Poetry is not logick or mathematicks.

[24] ——— *for I am great*
In labour, e'en with anger, big with child
Of woman's rage.——] Here we have a strange anticlimax, she is *in labour* with anger and yet only *big* with child of rage. The editor possibly might be the author of this incon sistency, who seeing the line wrote

——— E'en with anger big with child, &c.

thought that the measure was deficient, and so might out of his own head give us *in labour* to make up the deficiency: but he did not see the inconsistency of this addition, which makes the place nonsense. *Sympson.*

[25] *Oh, th'* uncomfortable *ways such women have.*] Seward thinks *uncomfortable* a corrup tion, and that we should read *unstable.*

E'e

E'en in their prayers, as if the weeping Greek
That flatter'd Troy a-fire, had been their Adam;
Liars, as if their mother had been made
Only of all the falshood of the man,
Dispos'd into that rib? Do I know this,
And more; nay, all that can concern this sex,
With the true end of my creation?
Can I with rational discourse sometimes
Advance my spirit into Heav'n, before
It has shook hands with my body, and yet
Suffer my filthy flesh to master it, [blindly
With sight of such fair frail beguiling objects?
When I am absent, easily I resolve
Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o'er me, e'en to actual sin;
Yet when I meet again those sorcerer's eyes,
Their beams my hardest resolutions thaw,
As if that cakes of ice and July met;
And her sighs, powerful as the violent north,
Like a light feather twirl me round about,
And leave me in mine own low state again.—
What ail'st thou? Prithee, weep not!—Oh, those tears, [raise
If they were true, and rightly spent, would
A flowery spring i' th' midst of January;
Celestial ministers with chrystal cups
Would stoop to save 'em for immortal drink!
But from this passion—Why all this?

Malr. D'you ask?
You're marrying! having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters must be my burdens now, to live;
And fitting me yourself for carts and beadles,
You leave me to 'em! And who, of all the world,
But the virago, your great arch-foe's daughter?
But on! I care not, this poor rush! 'Twill breed [laugh;
An excellent comedy; ha! ha! It makes me
I cannot chuse. The best is, some report
It is a match for fear, not love, o' your side.

Vit. Why, how the devil knows she that I saw [witch?
This lady? are all whores piec'd with some
I will be merry.—'Faith, 'tis true, sweetheart,
I am to marry——

Malr. Are you? You base lord!
By Heav'n, I'll pistol thee.

Vit. A roaring whore?— [by.
Take heed! there's a correction-house hard
You ha' learn'd this o' your swordman, that I warn'd you of, [whereas
Your fencers, and your drunkards. But
You upbraid me with oaths, why, I must tell you [vow'd,
I ne'er promis'd you marriage, nor have
But said I'd love you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you swore:
And how you've fail'd of that, sweetheart, you know. [you well!
You fain would shew your power; but, fare
I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.

Malr. Nor I my bosom for a Turk. D'ye hear?
Go! and the devil take me, if ever
I see you more! I was too true.

Vit. Come; pish!
That devil take the falsest of us two!

Malr. Amen! [self:

Vit. You're an ill clerk, and curse your-
Madness transports you. I confess, I drew you [not
Unto my will; but you must know that must
Make me dote on the habit of my sin:
I will, to settle you to your content,
Be master of my word. And yet he lied,
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you slave me to your tyranny
So cruelly, I shall not dare to look
Or speak to other women? make me not
Your smock's monopoly. Come, let's be friends!
Look, here's a jewel for thee: I will come
At night, and——

Malr. What? I'faith you shall not, sir.

Vit. I'faith and troth, and verily, but I will. [rail?

Malr. Half-drunk, to make a noise, and

Vit. No, no;
Sober, and dieted for th' nonce. I'm thine!
I've won the day.

Malr. The night, tho', shall he mine.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clara and Bobadilla.

Clara. What said he, sirrah? [not,

Bob. Little or nothing. Faith, I saw him
Nor will not: He doth love a strumpet, mistress, [stable's nose:
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the con-
It shall be justified by the gentleman,
Your brother's master, that is now within
A-practising. There are your letters! Come,
You shall not cast yourself away, while I live;
Nor will I venture my right-worshipful place
In such a business. Here's your mother (down!) [low—I wish,
And he that loves you; another 'gates fel-
If you had any grace——

Clara. Well, rogue!

Bob. I'll in,
To see don Lucio manage: He will make
A pretty piece of flesh, I promise you;
He does already handle's weapon finely. [*Exit.*

Enter Eugenia and Syavedra.

Eug. She knows your love, sir, and the full allowance
Her father and myself approve it with;
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some impression by her alteration:
She sighs, and says *forsooth*, and cries *heigh-ho!*
She'll take ill words o' th' steward, and the
Yet answer affably, and modestly; [servants,
Things, sir, not usual with her. There she is;
Change some few words.

Syav. Madam, I am bound t'you.
How now, fair mistress? working?

Clara. Yes, forsooth;
Learning to live another day.
Syav. That needs not. [does;
Clara. No, forsooth? by my truly, but it
We know not what we may come to.
Eug. 'Tis strange! [play.
Syav. Come, I've begg'd leave for you to
Clara. Forsooth,
'Tis ill for a fair lady to be idle. [that.
Syav. Sh' had better be well busied, I know
Turtle, methinks you mourn; shall I sit by
you? [gone;
Clara. If you be weary, sir, y' had best be
I work not a true stitch, now you're my mate.
Syav. If I be so, I must do more then side
you[26].
Clara. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.
Syav. Shall we bill?
Clara. Oh, no, forsooth.
Syav. Being so fair, my Clara,
Why d'you delight in black-work?
Clara. Oh, white sir,
The fairest ladies like the blackest men:
I ever lov'd the colour; all black things
Are least subject to change.
Syav. Why, I do love [faces
A black thing too; and the most beauteous
Have oftnest of them; as the blackest eyes,
Jet-arched brows, such hair. I'll kiss your
hand. [my mother
Clara. 'Twill hinder me my work, sir; and
Will chide me if I do not do my task.
Syav. Your mother, nor your father shall
chide.—You [rul'd,
Might have a prettier task, would you be
And look with open eyes.
Clara. I stare upon you,
And broadly see you; a wondrous proper man!
Yet 'twere a greater task for me to love you,
Than I shall ever work, sir, in seven year.
Plague o' this stitching! I had rather feel
Two, than sow one.—This rogue has given
me a stitch [shall prick you!
Clean cross my heart. Good faith, sir, I
Syav. In gooder faith, I would prick you
again! [the man's foolish!
Clara. Now you grow troublesome! Pish,
Syav. Pray wear these trifles.
Clara. Neither you, nor trifles:
You are a trifle; wear yourself, sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
Syav. Come, you're deceiv'd in me; I will
Nor fast, nor die for you. [not wake,
Clara. Goose, be not you deceiv'd!
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.
Eug. Her old fit! [will break
Syav. Sure, this is not the way.——Nay, I
Your melancholy——
Clara. I shall break your pate then.
Away, you sanguine scabbard!
Eug. Out upon thee!
Thou'lt break my heart, I'm sure.

Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Syav. She's not yet tame. [you here
Alv. On, sir! put home! or I shall goad
With this old fox of mine, that will bite better.
Oh, the brave age is gone! In my young days
A chevalier would stock[27] a needle's point
Three times together strait i' th' hams; or
Give you new garters? [shall I
Bob. Fai.h, old master, there
Is little hope; the linen sure was dank
He was begot in, he's so faint and cold!
Ev'n send him to Toledo, there to study;
For he will never fadge with these Toledos.
Bear y' up your point there, pick his teeth!
Oh, base! [—Bear
Pio. Fy! you're the most untoward scholar!
Your body gracefully; what a posture's there!
You lie too open-breasted.
Lucio. Oh!
Pio. You would
Never make a good statesman.
Lucio. Pray no more! [need not
I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore
The practice of these dang'rous qualities:
I do not mean to live by't, for I trust
You'll leave me better able.
Alv. Not a button!
Eugenia, let's go get us a new heir.
Eug. Ay, by my troth, your daughter's as
untoward. [thee, ere
Alv. I'll break thee bone by bone, and bake
I will ha' such a wooden son to inherit.—
Take him a good knock; see how that will
work.
Pio. Now for your life, signor!
Lucio. Oh, alas, I'm kill'd!
My eye is out! Look, father! Zancho!
I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.
Clara. 'Heart, ne'er a rogue in Spain shall
wrong my brother,
Whilst I can hold a sword.
Pio. Hold, madam, madam!
Alv. Clara!
Eug. Daughter!
Bob. Mistress!
Pio. Bradamante!
Hold, hold, I pray. [sure!—
Alv. The devil's in her, o' th' other side
There's gold for you.—They have chang'd
what-ye-cal't's. [ment,
Will no cure help? Well, I have one experi-
And if that fail, I'll hang him; there's an end
on't.
Come you along with me! and you, sir!
Bob. Now are you going to drowning.
[*Exeunt Alv. Eug. Lucio, and Bob.*
Syav. I'll e'en along with ye; she's too
great a lady,

[26] ——*I must do more* then, *side you.*] We should certainly read, *I must do more* than *side you.*

[27] Stock *a needle's point.*] Seward would read *strike* for *stock*; and Sympson, *stick.*

For

For me, and would prove more than my match. [*Exit.*
Clara. You're he, spoke of Vitelli to the steward? [me for't.
Pio. Yes; and, I thank you, you have beat
Clara. But are you sure you do not wrong
Pio. Sure? [him?
So sure, that if you please venture yourself,
I'll shew you him and his cockatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.
Clara. Will you? By Heaven, sir,
You shall endear me ever; and I ask
You mercy!
Pio. You were somewhat boisterous.
Clara. There's gold to make y' amends; and for this pains,
I'll gratify you further. I'll but mask me,
And walk along w'ye. Faith, let's make a night on't! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi, and Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on, my brave water-spaniels! you
That hunt ducks in the night, and hide more knavery
Under your gowns than your betters! Observe my precepts,
And edify by my doctrine. At yond corner
Will I set you: If drunkards molest the street,
And fall to brabbling, knock you down the malefactors, [bring them
And take you up their cloaks and hats, and
To me; they are lawful prisoners, and must
Be ransom'd ere they receive liberty. What
You are to execute upon occasion, [else
You sufficiently know, and therefore I
Abbreviate my lecture.
Met. We
Are wise enough, and warm enough.
Mend. Vice this night
Shall be apprehended!
Pach. The terror of rug-gowns
Shall be known, and our bills discharge us
Of after-reckonings.
Laz. I will do any thing,
So I may eat!
Pach. Lazarillo, we will spend no more;
Now we are grown worse, we will live better;
Follow our calling faithfully. [let us
Alg. Away then! [would serve
The commonwealth is our mistress; and who
A common mistress, but to gain by her?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro, and two Pages with lights.

Lam. I PRAY you see the masque, my lord.
Ana. 'Tis early night yet.
Gen. Oh, if it be so late, take me along;
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your presence
To be my warrant.
Vit. You might spare this, sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is, [vant,
By your allowance, and his choice, your ser-
And, may my counsel and persuasion work it, [ment
Your husband speedily.—For your entertain-
My thanks! I will not rob you of the means
To do your mistress some acceptable service,
In waiting on her to my house.
Gen. My lord—
Vit. As you respect me, without further trouble [for you,
Retire, and taste those pleasures prepar'd
And leave me to my own ways.
Lam. When you please, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Malr. You'll leave my chamber?
Alg. Let us but bill once,
My dove, my sparrow, and I, with my
Will be thy slaves for ever. [office,
Malr. Are you so hot?
Alg. But taste the difference of a man in place: [forward,
You'll find that, when authority pricks him
Your don, nor yet your Diego, comes not near him,
To do a lady right! No men pay dearer
For their stol'n sweets than we; three minutes' trading
Affords to any sinner a protection,
For three years after; think on that. I burn!
But one drop of your bounty—
Malr. Hence, you rogue!
Am I fit for you? is't not grace sufficient
To have your staff a bolt to bar the door
Where a don enters, but that you'll presume
To be his taster?
Alg. Is no more respect
Due to this rod of justice?
Malr. Do you dispute? [more!
Good doctor of the dungeon, not a word
Pox! if you do, my lord Vitelli knows it.
Alg. Why, I am big enough to answer him,
Or any man.
Malr. 'Tis well!
Vit. [*within*] Malroda!
Alg. How?
Malr. You know the voice; and now crouch like a cur

Ta'en worrying sheep: I now could have you gelded
For a bawd rampant; but, on this submis-
For once I spare you. [sion,
Alg. I will be reveng'd!—
My honourable lord.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. There's for thy care.
Alg. I'm mad, stark mad! Proud Pagan! scorn her host?

Enter Piorato and Clara, above.

I would I were but valiant enough to kick
I'd wish no manhood else. [her!
Malr. What's that?
Alg. I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Pio. You see I've kept my word.
Clara. But in this object
Hardly deserv'd my thanks.
Pio. Is there aught else
You will command me?
Clara. Only your sword, [know
Which I must have. Nay, willingly! I yet
To force it, and to use it.
Pio. 'Tis yours, lady.
Clara. I ask no other guard.
Pio. If so, I leave you. [word,
And now, if that the constable keep his
A poorer man may chance to gull a lord.
[*Exit.*
Malr. By this good kiss, you shall not.
Vit. By this kiss, [make
I must, and will, Malroda! What, d'you
A stranger of me?
Malr. I'll be so to you,
And you shall find it.
Vit. These are your old arts, [hunt for;
T' endear the game you know I come to
Which I have borne too coldly.
Malr. Do so still!
For if I heat you, hang me!
Vit. If you do not,
I know who'll starve for't. Why, thou shame of women,
Whose folly or whose impudence is greater
Is doubtful to determine! this to me,
That know thee for a whore!
Malr. And made me one;
Remember that!
Vit. Why, should I but grow wise,
And tie that bounty up, which nor discretion
Nor honour can give way to, thou wouldst be
A bawd ere twenty; and, within a month,
A barefoot, lowsy, and diseased whore,
And shift thy lodgings oftner than a rogue
That's whipt from post to post.
Malr. Pish! all our college
Know you can rail well in this kind.
Clara. 'Fore me,
He never spake so well!
Vit. I have maintain'd thee [shine
The envy of great fortunes; made thee
As if thy name were glorious; stuck thee full
Of jewels, as the firmament of stars;
And in it made thee so remarkable, [poor
That it grew questionable whether Virtue
Or Vice so set forth as it is in thee,
Were ev'n by Modesty's self to be preferr'd
And am I thus repaid?
Malr. You're still my debtor! [honour
Can this, tho' true, be weigh'd with my los
Much less my faith? I have liv'd private to
you, [was
And but for you had ne'er known what lus
Nor what the sorrow for't.
Vit. 'Tis false!
Malr. 'Tis true! [in
But how return'd by you? thy whole life be
But one continued act of lust, and shipwrec
Of women's chastities.
Vit. But that I know [thing
That she that dares be damn'd dares an
I should admire thy tempting me; but pre
sume not [affections
O' th' power you think you hold o'er m
It will deceive you! Yield, and presently,
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou mus
I'll make a forcible entry. [quench
Malr. Touch me not! [you d
You know I have a throat: by Heaven, i
I will cry out a rape, or sheath this here,
Ere I'll be kept, and us'd for julip-water,
T' allay the heat which luscious meats an
And not desire, hath rais'd. [wine
Vit. A desp'rate devil!
My blood commands my reason; I must tak
Some milder way.
Malr. I hope, dear don, I fit you:
The night is mine, altho' the day was yours
You are not fasting now. This speeding tric
(Which I would as a principle leave to all
That make their maintenance out of thei
own Indies,
As I do now) my good old mother taught m
Daughter, quoth she, contest not with you
lover,
His stomach being empty; let wine heat hi
And then you may command him: 'tis a su
His looks shew he is coming. [on
Vit. Come, this needs not,
Especially to me: you know how dear
I ever have esteem'd you—
Clara. Lost again! [to chan
Vit. That any sigh[28] of yours hath pow
My strongest resolution; and one tear
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankin
Should kneel in vain for.
Malr. Pray you pardon those
That need your favour, or desire it.
Vit. Prithee
Be better temper'd: I'll pay, as a forfeit
For my rash anger, this purse fill'd with gol
Thou shalt have servants, gowns, attires
Only continue mine. [what not

[28] *That any* sight *of yours.*] Amended from Sympson's conjecture.

Malr. 'Twas this I fish'd for.
Vit. Look on me, and receive it.
Malr. Well, you know
My gentle nature, and take pride t' abuse it.
You see a trifle pleases me: we're friends;
This kiss, and this, confirms it.
Clara. With my ruin!
Malr. I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.
Vit. They're your's.
Malr. But will you not, when you have what you came for, [shion
Take them from me to-morrow? 'Tis a fa-
Your lords of late have us'd.
Vit. But I'll not follow.
Clara. That any man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance!
Vit. Shall we to-bed now?
Malr. Instantly, sweet. Yet, now I think on't better,
There's something first, that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.
Clara. Can I cry aim[29]
To this, against myself? I'll break this match,
Or make it stronger with my blood! [*Descends.*

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, &c.

Alg. I'm yours! [self:
A don's not privileg'd here more than your-
Win her, and wear her.
Pio. Have you a priest ready?
Alg. I have him for thee, lad.—And when I have [lant,
Married this scornful whore to this poor gal-
She will make suit to me: there is a trick
To bring a high-pric'd wench upon her knees. [talons,
For you, my fine neat harpies, stretch your
And prove yourselves true night-birds.
Pach. Take my word
For me and all the rest.
Laz. If there be meat
Or any banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow myself.
Alg. When they are drawn, [on.
Rush in upon 'em; all' fair prize you light
I must away: your officer may give way [it.
To th' knav'ry of his watch, but must not see
You all know where to find me. [*Exit.*
Met. There look for us.
Vit. Who's that?
Malr. My Piorato? Welcome, welcome!
Faith, had you not come when you did, my lord
Had done I know not what to me. [lord
Vit. I'm gull'd! [at!
First cheated of my jewels, and then laugh'd
Sirrah, what makes you here?
Pio. A business brings me,
More lawful than your own.
Vit. How's that, you slave? [a whore,
Malr. He's such, that would continue her
Whom he would make a wife of!
Vit. I'll tread upon
The face you doat on, strumpet!

Enter Clara.

Pach. Keep the peace there!
Vit. A plot upon my life too?
Met. Down with him!
Clara. Shew your old valour, and learn from a woman!
One eagle has a world of odds against
A flight of daws, as these are.
Pio. Get you off;
I'll follow instantly.
Pach. Run for more help there!
[*Exeunt all but Vit. and Clara.*
Vit. Loss of my gold, and jewels, and the wench too,
Afflicts me not so much as the having Clara
The witness of my weakness.
Clara. He turns from me!
And yet I may urge merit; since his life
Is made my second gift.
Vit. May I ne'er prosper
If I know how to thank her!
Clara. Sir, your pardon
For pressing thus, beyond a virgin's bounds,
Upon your privacies; and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be th' excuse
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall
Be granted on my part, altho' desir'd [not
By any other. Sir, you understand me;
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a further boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Tho' with my loss of blushes and good name.
Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful,
If it were possible I could affect
The daughter of an enemy.
Clara. That fair false one, [sued,
Whom with fond dotage you have long pur-
Had such a father; she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonour, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.
Vit. 'Tis truth. [exchange
Clara. Yet with her, as a friend, you still
Health for diseases, and, to your disgrace,
Nourish the rivals to your present pleasures,
At your own charge; us'd as a property
To give a safe protection to her lust,
Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.
Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a wife
Were greater hazard; for should I offend you
(As 'tis not easy still to please a woman),
You're of so great a spirit, that I must learn
To wear your petticoat, for you will have
My breeches from me.
Clara. Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman. Love, true love,
Hath made a search within me, and expell'd

[29] *Can I* cry ayme.] See note 71 on the False One.

All

All but my natural softness, and made perfect
That which my parents' care could not begin.
I will shew strength in nothing, but my duty
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every day more able.
Vit. Could this be,
What a brave race might I beget! I find
A kind of yielding; and no reason why
I should hold longer out: she's young, and fair, [devil
And chaste, for sure; but with her leave, the
Durst not attempt her. Madam, tho' you have
A soldier's arm, your lips appear as if
They were a lady's.
Clara. They dare, sir, from you
Endure the trial.
Vit. Ha! once more, I pray you!
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have prov'd many. 'Tis not safe, I fear,
To ask the rest now. Well, I will leave whoring,
And luck herein send me with her!—Worthiest lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forswear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.
Clara. Which if you do,
From me, all mankind women learn to wooe![30] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, and Lazarillo.

Alg. A cloak? Good purchase! And rich hangers? well!
We'll share ten pistolets a-man.
Laz. Yet still [duct
I'm monstrous hungry! Could you not de-
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase [capons?
Eight loins of veal, and some two dozen of
Pach. Oh, strange proportion for five!
Laz. For five? I have
A legion in my stomach, that have kept
Perpetual fast these ten years: for the capons,
They are to me but as so many black-birds.
May I but eat once, and be satisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ship is fraught,
And I shall hang in peace.
Alg. Steal well to-night,
And thou shalt feed to-morrow. So! now you are
Yourselves again, I'll raise another watch
To free you from suspicion: set on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,
T' assist you, and protect you. [*Exit.*
Met. Oh, brave officer!

Enter Alvarez, Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Pach. 'Would every ward had one but so well given, [velvet
And we would watch, for rug, in gowns o
Mend. Stand close; a prize!
Met. Sattin, and gold lace, lads!
Alv. Why dost thou hang upon me?
Lucio. 'Tis so dark [ther,
I dare not see my way; for Heav'n sake, fa-
Let us go home!
Bob. No, even here we'll leave you—
Let's run away from him, my lord.
Lucio. Oh, 'las!
Alv. Th' hast made me mad, and I will beat thee dead, [thee,
Then bray thee in a mortar, and new-mould
But I will alter thee.
Bob. 'Twill never be:
He has been three days practising to drink,
Yet still he sips like to a waiting-woman,
And looks as he were murd'ring of a fart
Among wild Irish swaggerers.
Lucio. I have still
Your good word, Zancho. Father—
Alv. Milk-sop, coward! [thee;
No house of mine receives thee; I disclaim
Thy mother on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee!
Lucio. Pray you speak for me!
Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine honour.
Alv. There's only one course left, that may redeem thee; [meet;
Which is, to strike the next man that you
And if we chance to light upon a woman,
Take her away, and use her like a man,
Or I will cut thy hamstrings.
Pach. This makes for us.
Alv. What dost thou do now?
Lucio. Sir, I'm saying my prayers; [me,
For being to undertake what you would have
I know I cannot live.

[30] *Mankind women.*] In Shakespeare's Coriolanus, Sicinius asks Volumnia, 'Are you *mankind?*' On which Dr. Johnson remarks, that 'A *mankind woman* is a woman with the 'roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to 'shed blood.' Mr. Upton says, *mankind* means wicked, and gives the following examples:

'See, see, this *mankinde* strumpet, see (he cride)
'This shamelesse whore.' Fairfax's Tasso, xx. 95.
'Out! a *mankind* witch!' Winter's Tale, act ii.

Morose, being interrupted by the intrusion and noise of men and women, cries out,

'O *mankind* generation!'

And Mr. Steevens adds the following from Ben Jonson:

'Pallas, nor thee I call on, *mankind* maid.'

See Upton's Remarks on Ben Jonson, p. 92, and Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 393. *R.*

Mankind, applied to women, both here and in Ben Jonson, plainly signifies *masculine.*

Enter

Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro, and Pages with lights.

Lam. Madam, I fear [ther's house
You'll wish y' had us'd your coach; your bro-
Is yet far off.
Gen. The better, sir; this walk
Will help digestion after your great supper,
Of which I have fed largely.
Alv. To your task!
Or else you know what follows.
Lucio. I am dying! [your,
Now, Lord have mercy on me!—By your fa-
Sir, I must strike you.
Lam. For what cause?
Lucio. I know not.
And I must likewise talk with that young lady,
An hour in private.
Lam. What you must, is doubtful;
But I am certain, sir, I must beat you.
Lucio. Help, help!
Alv. Not strike again?
Lam. How! Alvarez?
Ana. This for my lord Vitelli's love!
Pach. Break out; [side,
And, like true thieves, make prey on either
But seem to help the stronger[31].
Bob. Oh, my lord!
They've beat him on his knees.
Lucio. Tho' I want courage,
I yet have a son's duty in me, and
Compassion of a father's danger; that,
That wholly now possesses me.
Alv. Lucio,
This is beyond my hope.
Met. So! Lazarillo,
Take up all, boy! Well done!
Pach. And now steal off
Closely and cunningly.
Ana. How! have I found you?
Why, gentlemen, are you mad, to make
A prey to rogues? [yourselves
Lam. 'Would we were off!
Bob. Thieves, thieves! [with them.
Lam. Defer our own contention, and down
Lucio. I'll make you sure!
Bob. Now he plays the devil.
Gen. This place is not for me. [*Exit.*
Lucio. I'll follow her:
Half of my penance is past o'er. [*Exit.*

Enter Alguazier, Assistant, & other Watches.

Alg. What noise, [I charge you.
What tumult's there? Keep the king's peace,
Pach. I'm glad he's come yet.
Alv. Oh, you keep good guard
Upon the city, when men of our rank
Are set upon in the streets.
Lam. The Assistant
Shall hear on't, be assur'd.
Ana. And if he be
That careful governor he is reported,
You will smart for it.
Alg. Patience, good signors!
Let me survey the rascals. Oh, I know them,
And thank you for them: they are pilf'ring
Of Andaluzia, that have perus'd [rogues
All prisons in Castile. I dare not trust
The dungeon with them; no, I'll have them
To my own house. [home
Pach. We'd rather go to prison.
Alg. Had you so, dog-bolts? yes, I know
you had! [on
You there would use your cunning fingers
The simple locks, you would; but I'll pre-
vent you.
Lam. My mistress lost? good night! [*Exit.*
Bob. Your son's gone too;
What should become of him?
Alv. Come of him what will,
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed.
Look to your prisoners, Alguazier.
[*Exit with Bob.*
Alg. All's clear'd.
Droop not for one disaster; let us hug,
And triumph in our knav'ries.
Assist. This confirms
What was reported of him.
Met. 'Twas done bravely!
Alg. I must a little glory in the means
We officers have to play the knaves, and
safely: [law,
How we break thro' the toils pitch'd by the
Yet hang up them that are far less delin-
quents!
A simple shopkeeper's carted for a bawd,
For lodging, tho' unwittingly, a smock-game-
ster;
Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
Malroda in my house, as in a cloister,
Without taint or suspicion.
Pach. But suppose
The governor should know it?
Alg. He? Good gentleman,
Let him perplex himself with prying into
The measures in the market, and th' abuses
The day stands guilty of: the pillage of
The night is only mine, mine own fee-simple,
Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,
And pay no rent for't.
Pach. Admirable landlord! [commit such
Alg. Now we'll go search the taverns,
As we find drinking, and be drunk ourselves
With what we take from them. These silly
wretches, [hither,
Whom I for form-sake only have brought
Shall watch without, and guard us.
Assist. And we will
See you safe lodg'd, most worthy Alguazier,
With all of you, his comrades.
Met. 'Tis the governor.
Alg. We are betray'd.
Assist. My guard there!—Bind them fast.

Enter Guard.

How men in high place and authority
Are in their lives and estimations wrong'd

[31] *But seem to help the* stranger.] Corrected from Sympson's conjecture.

By their subord'nate ministers; yet such
They cannot but employ; wrong'd Justice finding
Scarce one true servant in ten officers.
T'expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes' due punishment, which shall fall upon you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by th' example; and confirm,
However corrupt officers may disgrace
Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.
Bring them away.
Alg. We'll suffer noble yet,
And like to Spanish gallants.
Pach. And we'll hang so.
Laz. I have no stomach to't; but I'll endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucio and Genevora.

Gen. Nay, you are rude! pray you forbear! you offer now
More than the breeding of a gentleman
Can give you warrant for.
Lucio. 'Tis but to kiss you;
And think not I'll receive that for a favour
Which was enjoin'd me for a penance, lady.
Gen. You've met a gentle confessor; and, for once,
(So then you will rest satisfied) I vouchsafe it.
Lucio. Rest satisfied with a kiss? Why, can a man
Desire more from a woman? is there any
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is!
Gen. Sweet innocence! [—My veins
Lucio. What strange new motions do I feel!
Burn with an unknown fire; in ev'ry part
I suffer alteration; I am poison'd,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.
Gen. I ne'er saw
A lovely man, 'till now.
Lucio. How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off
My lips unscorch'd: Yours are more lovely, lady, [vouchsafe
And so should be less hurtful. Pray you
Your hand, to quench the heat ta'en from
Perhaps that may restore me. [your lip!
Gen. Willingly. [you burn thus,
Lucio. The flame encreases! If to touch
What would more strict embraces do? I know not:
And yet, methinks, to die so were to ascend
To Heav'n, thro' Paradise.
Gen. I'm wounded too;
Tho' modesty forbids that I should speak
What ignorance makes him bold in.—Why
Your eyes so strongly on me? [d'you fix
Lucio. Pray you stand still! [on:
There's nothing else that's worth the looking
I could adore you, lady.
Gen. Can you love me? [but touch
Lucio. To wait on you in your chamber, and
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were such a happiness—I am resolv'd,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write myself your slave.

Enter Lamoral.

Gen. On easier terms
Receive it, as a friend.
Lam. How! giving favour?—
I'll have it, with his heart.
Gen. What will you do? [rather!
Lucio. As you are merciful, take my life
Gen. Will you depart with it so[32]?
Lucio. Does that grieve you? [valiant.
Gen. I know not; but ev'n now you appear'd
Lucio. 'Twas to preserve my father; in
I could be so again. [his cause
Gen. Not in your own?
Kneel to thy rival, and thine enemy?
Away, unworthy creature! I begin
To hate myself, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee. For thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayst thou dote on it desp'rately! but never
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favour that was ravish'd from thee.
Lam. He wears my head too then. [*Exit*
Gen. Poor fool, farewell! [*Exit*
Lucio. My womanish soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward flesh, I feel departing from me,
And in me by her beauty is inspir'd
A new and masc'line one, instructing me
What's fit to do or suffer. Powerful Love!
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder [creature
Rous'd sleeping manhood in me, thy new
Perfect thy work; so that I may make known
Nature (tho' long kept back) will have her own! [*Exit*

[32] *Depart.*] This word is here used in the sense of *part.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Lamoral and Lucio.

Lam. CAN it be possible, that in six short hours,
The subject still the same, so many habits
Should be remov'd? or this new Lucio (he
That yesternight was baffled and disgrac'd,
And thank'd the man that did it; that then kneel'd
And blubber'd like a woman) should now dare
On terms of honour to seek reparation,
For what he then appear'd not capable of?
Lucio. Such miracles, men that dare do injuries
Live to their shames to see, for punishment
And scourge to their proud follies.
Lam. Prithee leave me:
Had I my page or footman here to flesh thee,
I durst the better hear thee.
Lucio. This scorn needs not:
And offer such no more!
Lam. Why, say I should,
You'll not be angry?
Lucio. Indeed, I think I shall! [tain,
Would you vouchsafe to shew yourself a cap-
And lead a little further, to some place
That's less frequented——
Lam. He looks pale.
Lucio. If not,
Make use of this.
Lam. There's anger in his eyes too:
His gesture, voice, behaviour, all new fashion'd,
Well, if it does endure in act the trial
Of what in show it promises to make good,
Ulysses' Cyclops, Io's transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from hell, with all the rest
Of Ovid's fables, I'll put in my creed;
And, for proof all incredible things may be,
Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womanish Lucio, fought.
Lucio. And Lamoral,
The still employ'd great duellist Lamoral,
Took his life from him.
Lam. 'Twill not come to that sure!
Methinks the only drawing of my sword
Should fright that confidence.
Lucio. It confirms it rather:
To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd
By one that is your rival; one that wishes
Your name and title greater, to raise his;
The wrong you did less pardonable than it is,
But your strength to defend it more than ever
It was when justice friended it; the lady
For whom we now contend, Genevora,
Of more desert, (if such incomparable beauty
Could suffer an addition); your love
To don Vitelli multiplied, and your hate
Against my father and his house encreas'd;
And lastly, that the glove which you there wear, [you)
To my dishonour! (which I must force from
Were dearer to you than your life.
Lam. You'll find
It is, and so I'll guard it.
Lucio. All these meet then,
With the black infamy to be foil'd by one
That's not allow'd a man, to help your valour;
That, falling by your hand, I may or die
Or win in this one single opposition
My mistress, and such honour as I may
Enrich my father's arms with!
Lam. 'Tis said nobly;
My life with them are at the stake.
Lucio. At all then! [*Fight.*
Lam. She's your's! this, and my life too, follow your fortune!
And give not only back that part the loser
Scorns to accept of!
Lucio. What's that?
Lam. My poor life;
Which do not leave me as a further torment,
Having despoil'd me of my sword, mine honour,
Hope of my lady's grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.
Lucio. I take back [me,
No more from you than what you forc'd from
And with a worser title. Yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me. That new courage
(Or call it fortune if you please) that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only sight
Of fair Genevora, was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes; nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,
But 'till I did redeem her favour from you;
Which only I rejoice in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.
Lam. This courtesy [own:
Wounds deeper than your sword can, or mine
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me!
Lucio. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil; [for,
And shall I, being possess'd of what I came
Prove the more infidel?
Lam. You were better be so
Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis the custom,
And which I must expect.
Lucio. Judge better of me:
I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonour; 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way, no true-born one.
Pray you be comforted! for, by all goodness,
But to her virtuous self (the best part of it)
I never will discover on what terms [you,
I came by these: which yet I take not from
But leave you, in exchange of them, mine own,

With the desire of being a friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on further trial
Of manhood in me, seek me when you please,
(And tho' I might refuse it with mine honour)
Win them again and wear them. So, good morrow! [*Exit.*

Lam. I ne'er knew what true valour was 'till now; [all
And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than
The honours I have won: they made me proud,
Presumptuous of my fortune, a mere beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do,
Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
But what I stuck on my sword's point, presuming
It was the best revenue. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd make us to others, which [selves!
Ending with shame, teach us to know our-
I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamoral!

Lam. My lord?

Vit. I came to seek you.

Lam. And unwillingly [sir?
You ne'er found me 'till now! Your pleasure,

Vit. That which will please thee, friend! Thy vow'd love to me
Shall now be put in action; means are offer'd
To use thy good sword for me, that which still
Thou wear'st as if it were a part of thee.
Where is't?

Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more fortunate: Pray you enquire not how.

Vit. Why, I ne'er thought
That there was magick in it[33], but ascrib'd
The fortune of it to the arm.

Lam. Which is
Grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,
Yet shame to tell by whom! [deem

Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there re-
Thy honour lost, if there be any such.
The king, by my long suit, at length is pleas'd
That Alvarez and myself, with either's second,
Shall end the difference between our houses,
Which he accepts of: I make choice of thee;
And, where you speak of a disgrace, the means
To blot it out, by such a publick trial
Of thy approved valour, will revive
Thy ancient courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I'll seek some other.

Lam. As I am,
You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true friend
That loves not only for his private end! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Genevora with a Letter, and Bobadilla.

Gen. This from madonna Clara?

Bob. Yes, an't please you.

Gen. Alvarez' daughter?

Bob. The same, lady.

Gen. She
That sav'd my brother's life?

Bob. You're still i' th' right: [knowing
She will'd me wait your walking forth, and,
How necessary a discreet wise man
Was, in a business of such weight, she pleas'd
To think on me. It may be, in my face
Your ladyship, not acquainted with my wisdom,
Finds no such matter; what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you please. [*Gen.* 'Tis strange—

Bob. That I should be wise, madam?

Gen. No, thou art so. [lady
There's for thy pains; and prithee tell thy
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence.
Farewell, farewell, I say! Now thou art wise. [*Exit. Bob.*
She writes here, she hath something to impart [not;
That may concern my brother's life: I know
But general fame does give her out so worthy,
That I dare not suspect her; yet wish Lucio

Enter Lucio.

Were master of her mind: but, fy upon't!
Why do I think on him?—See, I am punish'd for't,
In his unlook'd-for presence: now I must
Endure another tedious piece of courtship,
Would make one forswear courtesy.

Lucio. Gracious madam, [*Kneels.*
The sorrow paid, for your just anger tow'rds me,
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your presence, and despair not
An easy pardon.

Gen. He speaks sense: Oh, strange!

Lucio. And yet believe, that no desires of mine,
Tho' all are too strong in me, had the power,
For their delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded; it being in your part
To lessen your great rigor when you please,

[33] *That there was* musick *in it.*] The editors of 1750 object to the expression, *musick of a sword*, and substitute *magick*, saying, 'We suppose the line might originally run thus:

' ——— there ne'er was *magick* in it,

' *i. e.* the wonders of his sword were not owing to any charm or enchantment, like the ' swords of knights-errant, but only to the powerful arm that wielded it.' We heartily agree with them in the variation to *magick*, but can scarce believe that the authors meant any allusion to knight-errantry.

And mine to suffer with an humble patience
What you'll impose upon it.
Gen. Courtly too! [Lucio, madam,
Lucio. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd
(Made able only by his hope to serve you),
Recover'd what with violence, not justice,
Was taken from him; and here at your feet,
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of Lamoral ('tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which, as a relick,
I ever would have worshipp'd, since 'twas yours.
Gen. Valiant, and every thing a lady could
Wish in her servant!
Lucio. All that's good in me,
That heav'nly love, the opposite to base lust
(Which would have all men worthy), hath created;
Which being by your beams of beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own creature!
Gen. I am gone
Too far now to dissemble.—Rise, or sure
I must kneel with you too: let this one kiss
Speak the rest for me! 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if chastity would, I could wish more.
Lucio. In overjoying me, you are grown sad!
What is it, madam? by Heav'n, [yet,
There's nothing that's within my nerves (and
Favour'd by you, I should as much as man)
But when you please, now, or on all occasions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Dispose of at your pleasure.
Gen. If you break
That oath again, you lose me: yet, so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't;
And yet, forget it not. Rest satisfied [eyes
With that you have receiv'd now! there are
May be upon us; till the difference
Between our friends are ended, I would not
Be seen so private with you.
Lucio. I obey you. [remember
Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and
I am Vitelli's sister!
Lucio. What's that, madam?
Gen. Nay, nothing. Fare you well! who feels love's fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire[34].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Assistant, Syavedra, Anastro, Herald, and Attendants.

Assist. Are they come in?
Herald. Yes.
Assist. Read the proclamation,
That all the people here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the king's dear love,
In care of the republick, hath ordain'd.
Attend with silence. Read aloud.

Herald [*reading*]. Forasmuch as our high and mighty master, Philip, the potent and most Catholick king of Spain, hath not only in his own royal person, been long and often solicited, and grieved, with the deadly and incurable hatred sprung up betwixt the two ancient and most honourably-descended houses of these his two dearly and equally-beloved subjects, don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and don Pedro de Vitelli (all which in vain his majesty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualify): but that also through the debates, quarrels, and outrages daily arising, falling, and flowing from these great heads, his publick civil government is seditiously and barbarously molested and wounded, and many of his chief gentry (no less tender to his royal majesty than the very branches of his own sacred blood), spoiled, lost, and submerg'd, in the impious inundation and torrent of their still-growing malice; it hath therefore pleased his sacred majesty, out of his infinite affection to preserve his commonwealth, and general peace, from further violation (as a sweet and heartily-loving father of his people), and on the earnest petitions of these arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved friend, armed at all points like gentlemen, in the castle of St. Jago, on this present Monday morning, betwixt eight and nine of the clock, where (before the combatants be allowed to commence this granted duel) this to be read aloud for the publick satisfaction of his majesty's well-beloved subjects. 'Save the king!
[*Drums within.*
Syav. Hark, how their drums speak their insatiate thirst [peace,
Of blood, and stop their ears 'gainst pious
Who, gently whispering, implores their friendship!
Assist. Kings nor authority can master fate;
Admit 'em then; and blood extinguish hate!

Enter severally, Alvarez and Lucio, Vitelli and Lamoral.

Syav. Stay! yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring
(Wherein men now-a-days exceed e'en beasts,
And think themselves not men else) so transport you
Beyond the bounds of Christianity!
Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, gentlemen,
No town in Spain, from our metropolis
Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
With your assured valours' daily proofs:
Oh, will you then, for a superfluous fame,
A sound of honour, which, in these times, all
Like hereticks profess (with obstinacy,

[34] *To have means to desire.*] *i. e.* to have the means to compass his desire. *Sympson.* Surely, this is wrongly interpreted:—the meaning is, 'All who feel the pleasure of love, would wish always to have the means of loving.' *To have means to desire,* cannot be construed *means to compass his desire.*

But most erroneously), venture your souls?
It is a hard task, thro' a sea of blood
To sail, and land at Heaven.
Vit. I hope not,
If justice be my pilot. But, my lord,
You know if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands:
I dare protest, your breath cools not a vein
In any one of us; but blows the fire,
Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench. [right;
Alv. Vitelli, thou say'st bravely, and say'st
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.
Vit. Ha, ha! Old man, upon thy death I'll build
A story with this arm, for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter Clara seven years hence,
As she sits weeping by a winter-fire,
How such a time Vitelli slew her husband
With the same sword his daughter favour'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet. Come, Lamoral,
Redeem thyself!
Lam. Lucio, Genevora
Shall on this sword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my presented hat, laid at her feet.
Lucio. Thou talk'st well, Lamoral; but 'tis thy head
That I will carry to her to thy hat.
Fy, father! I do cool too much.
Alv. Oh, boy! thy father's true son!
Beat drums! And so, good-morrow to your lordship!

Enter above, Eugenia, Clara, and Genevora.

Syav. Brave resolutions!
Ana. Brave, and Spanish, right!
Gen. Lucio!
Clara. Vitelli!
Eug. Alvarez!
Alv. How the devil
Got these cats into th' gutter? my puss too?
Eug. Hear us!
Gen. We must be heard!
Clara. We will be heard!
Vitelli, look; see Clara on her knees,
Imploring thy compassion!—Heav'n, how sternly
They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorn'd
To be behind the other in a look! [siste
Mother, death needs no sword here! Oh, m
(Fate fain would have it so), persuade, en treat!
A lady's tears are silent orators[35],
Or should be so at least, to move beyond
The honiest-tongued rhetorician[36]; [death
Why will you fight? Why does an uncle'
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me,
But twenty days? Whose forc'd cause, and fair manner
You could not understand, only have heard
Custom, that wrought so cunningly on Nature
In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not
Whether my body female were or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charm
A new creation in me, made me fear
To think on those deeds I did perpetrate.
How little pow'r tho' you allow to me,
That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers, [gain
Move you from your own loss, if you should
Vit. I must forget you, Clara: 'till I have
Redeem'd my uncle's blood, that brands my face
Like a pestif'rous carbuncle, I'm blind
To what you do, deaf to your cries, and
To all impulsive exorations. [marri
When on this point I've perch'd thy father's soul,
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking hand,
Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer:
If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee,
And, for thy father lost, get thee a son:
On no condition else!
Assist. Most barbarous!
Syav. Savage!
Ana. Irreligious!
Gen. Oh, Lucio, [years
Be thou more merciful! thou bear'st fewe
Art lately wean'd from soft effeminacy;
A maiden's manners, and a maiden's heart
Are neighbours still to thee: be then mor mild; [rat
Proceed not to this combat; Be'st thou desp
Of thine own life? Yet, dearest, pity mine!
Thy valour's not thine own; I gave it thee

[35] *A lady's tears are silent orators.*] So Crashaw,
'Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!
'Their cadence is rhetorical.'
Again, in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond:
'Ah, beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!
'Sweet, silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!
'Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
'More than the words or wisdom of the wise.'
Vide Steevens's Notes on Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 335.

[36] *The* honest-*tongu'd rhetorician.*] Seward proposes substituting *loudest* for *honest*. Th correction is from Sympson's conjecture, who says, 'Our poets, who were admirers of th 'classics, might possibly have had Nestor in their eye, who is thus described by Homer:
'Experienc'd Nestor, in *persuasion skill'd*,
'Words sweet as *honey*, from his lips distill'd.' *Mr. Pope's Translation*
Thes

These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breast would lodge it: do not use my gifts
To mine own ruin! I have made thee rich;
Be not so thankless, to undo me for't!
Lucio. Mistress, you know I do not wear a vein
I would not rip for you, to do you service:
Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream,
Compar'd to essential and eternal honour.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your brother? If I first cast down my sword,
May all my body here be made one wound,
And yet my soul not find Heav'n thoro' it!
Alv. You would be catterwauling too; but, peace!
Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your son, and me; we'll be exceeding merry.
Oh, Lucio, I will have thee cock of all
The proud Vitellis that do live in Spain!
Fy, we shall take cold! Hunch! By Heav'n, Already. [I'm hoarse
Lam. How your sister whets my spleen!
I could eat Lucio now.
Gen. Vitelli! brother!
Ev'n for your father's soul, your uncle's blood,
As you do love my life; but last, and most,
As you respect your own honour and fame,
Throw down your sword! he is most valiant
That herein yields first.
Vit. Peace, you fool!
Clara. Why, Lucio,
Do thou begin: 'tis no disparagement;
He's elder, and thy better, and thy valour
Is in his infancy.
Gen. Or pay it me, [time
To whom thou ow'st it. Oh, that constant
Would but go back a week; then Lucio,
Thou wouldst not dare to fight!
Eug. Lucio, thy mother, [first.
Thy mother begs it! throw thy sword down
Alv. I'll throw his head down after then.
Gen. Lamoral, [me.
You've often swore you'd be commanded by
Lam. Never to this; your spite and scorn,
Have lost all power on me! [Genevora,
Gen. Your hearing for six words!
Assist. Syav. Ana. Strange obstinacy!
Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam. We'll stay no longer.
Clara. Then, by thy oath, Vitelli, [sword
Thy dreadful oath, thou wouldst return that
When I should ask it, give it to me now;
This instant I require it!
Gen. By thy vow,
As dreadful, Lucio, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroke! Now, he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury [vow!
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his
Syav. Excellent ladies!
Vit. Pish, you tyrannize.
Lucio. We did equivocate.
Alv. On!
Clara. Then, Lucio,
So well I love my husband (for he is so,
Wanting but ceremony), that I pray
His 'vengeful sword may fall upon thy head
Successfully, for falshood to his sister.
Gen. I likewise pray, Vitelli, Lucio's sword
(Who equally's my husband as thou hers)
May find thy false heart, that durst 'gage thy
And durst not keep it! [faith,
Assist. Are you men, or stone?
Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our swords. [have done!
Eug. Your hearing for six words, and we
Zancho, come forth!—We'll fight our chal-
Now speak your resolutions. [lenge too;

Enter Bobadilla, with two Swords and a Pistol.

Gen. These they are; [swords
The first blow giv'n betwixt you, sheaths these
In one another's bosoms.
Eug. And, rogue, look
You at that instant do discharge that pistol
Into my breast: if you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a pig.
Alv. Hold! you are mad. [of bliss,
Gen. This we have said; and, by our hope
This we will do! Speak your intents.
Clara. Gen. Strike!
Eug. Shoot! [friends!
Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam. Hold! hold! all
Assist. Come down.
Alv. These dev'lish women [they list!
Can make men friends and enemies when
Syav. A gallant undertaking, and a happy!
Why, this is noble in you; and will be
A welcomer present to our master
Philip, than the return from his Indies.

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, and Bobadilla.

Clara. Father, your blessing!
Alv. Take her: if ye bring not [worlds,
Betwixt you boys that will find out new
And win 'em too, I'm a false prophet.
Vit. Brother,
There is a sister. Long-divided streams
Mix now at length, by fate.
Bob. I'm not regarded!
I was the careful steward that provided
These instruments of peace; I put
The longest weapon in your sister's hand,
My lord, because she was the shortest lady;
For likely the shortest ladies love the longest men. [charg'd it:
And, for mine own part, I could have dis-
My pistol is no ordinary pistol;
It has two ramming bullets; but, thought I,
Why should I shoot my two bullets into
My old lady? If they had gone, I would not
Have stay'd long after; I would ev'n have died too,
Bravely, i'faith, like a Roman steward; hung
Myself in mine own chain, and there had been
A story of Bobadilla Spindola Zancho,
For after-ages to lament. Hum!

I per-

I perceive, I am not only not regarded,
But also not rewarded.
Alv. Prithee, peace!
'Shalt have a new chain, next St. Jaques' day,
Or this new gilt.
Bob. I'm satisfied; let virtue have her due.
And yet I'm melancholy upon this atonement;
Pray Heaven the state rue it not! I would
My lord Vitelli's steward and I could meet;
They should find it should cost 'em a little more
To make us friends. Well, I will forswear
Wine and women for a year; and then
I will be drunk to-morrow, and run a-whoring
Like a dog with a broken bottle at's tail;
Then will I repent next day, and forswear 'em
Again more vehemently; be forsworn
Next day again, and repent my repentance:
For thus a melancholy gentleman doth
And ought to live.
Assist. Nay, you shall dine with me;
And afterward I'll with you to the king.
But first, I will dispatch the castle's business,
That this day may be complete. Bring forth the malefactors!

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, and Guard.

You, Alguazier, the ring-leader of these
Poor fellows, are degraded from your office;
You must restore all stol'n goods you receiv'd,
And watch a twelvemonth without any pay:
This, if you fail of (all your goods confiscate),
You're to be whipt, and sent into the gallies.
Alg. I like all, but restoring; that catholick doctrine
I do dislike. Learn, all ye officers,
By this, to live uprightly—if you can! [*Exit.*
Assist. You cobler, to translate your manners new,
Are doom'd to th' cloisters of the Mendicants,
With this your brother botcher, there for nothing
To cobble, and heel-hose for the poor friars;
'Till they allow your penance for sufficient,
And your amendment; then you shall be freed
And may set up again.
Pach. Mendoza, come:
Our souls have trod awry in all men's sight;
We'll under-lay 'em, till they go upright.
[*Exeunt Pach. and Mend.*
Assist. Smith, in those shackles you, for your hard heart,
Must lie by th' heels a year.
Met. I've shod your horse, my lord. [*Exit.*
Assist. Away! For you, my hungry, white-loaf'd face, [sure
You must to th' gallies, where you shall be
To have no more bits than you shall have blows. [have rows.
Laz. Well; tho' I herrings want, I shall
Assist. Signor, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Yourself severelier than we would have done:
You have married a whore; may she prove honest!
Pio. It is better, my lord, than to marry
An honest woman, that may prove a whore.
Vit. It is a handsome wench, an thou canst keep her tame.
I'll send you what I promis'd.
Pio. Joy to your lordships! [foes
Alv. Here may all ladies learn, to make of
The perfect'st friends; and not the perfect'st foes
Of dearest friends, as some do now-a-days!
Vit. Behold the pow'r of love[37]! Nature, tho' lost
By custom irrecoverably, past the hope
Of friends' restoring, love hath here retriev'd
To her own habit; made her blush to see
Her so-long monstrous metamorphoses:
May strange affairs never have worse success!
[*Exeunt.*

[37] *Behold the power of love, to Nature lost,*
——————— *Love hath here retriev'd.*] Here is another difficult passage, at least to me, *Behold the power of love,* which (love) hath here *to* lost Nature retrieved *to* her own habit. This the reader may make sense of if he can, while I endeavour to set the place right thus:

Behold the power of love, Nature *tho' lost,*
——————————
——————— Love hath retriev'd
To her own habit, &c.

Here we have a glimmering of sense and reason, and the poets are clear'd from a blunder they could hardly be guilty of. *Sympson.*

EPILOGUE.

Our author fears there are some rebel hearts,
Whose dullness doth oppose love's piercing darts;
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,
The language low, very few scenes are writ
With spirit and life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please;
For if yourselves, a mistress, or love's friends,
Are lik'd[38] with this smooth play, he hath his ends.

[38] *Lik'd.*] *i. e.* Pleased. *Sympson.*

WOMEN PLEAS'D.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills ascribe this Play (which was first printed in the folio of 1647) to Fletcher alone. Part of it is founded on Boccace's Decameron, on which Chaucer has built a Tale, which Dryden has modernized: there has been no representation of it at either Theatre for many years, nor do we know of any alteration of it.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

DUKE *of Sienna, Suitor to Belvidere.*
SILVIO, *a Gentleman of Quality, Servant to Belvidere.*
CLAUDIO, *Silvio's Friend, Brother to Isabella, but disguis'd to her, under the name of Rugio.*
BARTELLO, *Captain of the Citadel, Uncle to Silvio.*
LOPEZ, *a sordid Usurer, the jealous Husband of Isabella.*
PENURIO, *a hungry Servant to Lopez.*
SOTO, *a merry Servant to Claudio.*
LORDS *of Florence.*
LORDS *of Sienna.*
COUNSELLORS.
COURTIERS.
A FARMER, *Father to Soto.*
CAPTAIN.
SOLDIERS *of the Guard.*
A CLERK.
BOMBY, *an Enemy to Wakes and May-poles. Morris-dancers, Masquers.*

WOMEN.

DUCHESS *of Florence.*
BELVIDERE, *a virtuous Princess, Daughter to the Duchess, in love with Silvio.*
RODOPE, *Wife to Bartello.*
ISABELLA, *Wife to Lopez.*
JAQUENET, *Servant to Isabella.*
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE, *Florence.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Bartello and Silvio.

Silvio. 'TIS true, [a just one,
She is a right good princess, and
And Florence, when she sets, has lost a planet. [nephew,
Bart. My mistress? I tell thee, gentle
There is not such another friend to goodness,
To downright dealing, to faith, and true heart, [bless'd us,
Within the Christian confines. Before she
Justice was a cheesemonger, a mere cheese-monger, [maggots,
Weigh'd nothing to the world but mites and
And a main stink: Law, like a horse-courser,
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribbands,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When she herself was hackney, lame, and founder'd.
Sil. But the sweet lady Belvidere, the bright one—— [dear nephew,
Bart. Ay, there's a face indeed! Oh, my
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that lady in his arms?
Sil. I think not. [let that pass:
Bart. Thou hast a parlous judgment! But
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great mother's good; and that's not ordinary. [ones,
Sil. But why (so many princes, and so great
Being suitors) should the duchess deny to match her? [bosom;
Bart. She is a jewel, man, hangs in her
Her only child: with her eyes she sees all things, [from her,
Discourses with her tongue; and pluck her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one),

You

You pluck her heart out too: besides, of late days,
The duke of Milan, who could never win her
By love, nor treaty, laid a close train for her
In her own private walks, some forty horsemen, [with;
So to surprise her, which we found, and dealt
And sent 'em running home to the duke their master,
Like dogs with bottles at their tails.
Sil. Since that, I heard, sir,
Sh' has sent her to your citadel to secure her,
My cousin Rodope[1], your wife, attending her.
Bart. You hear a truth; and all convenient pleasures
Are there proportion'd for her.
Sil. I would fain, sir,
Like one, that owes a duteous service to her,
Sometimes, so please you——
Bart. Gentle cousin, pardon me!
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer:
The last edict lies on his life pursues it.
Your friend, sir, to command abroad, to love you, [you;
To lend you any thing I have, to wait upon
But, in the citadel where I stand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: no service, sir,
No, good sir, by no means! I kiss your hands, sir. [*Exit.*
Sil. To your keeping only? none else to look upon her?
None but Bartello worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to serve her? Oh, Belvidere,
Thou saint to whom my youth is sacrific'd,
Thou point to which my life turns, and my fortune! [comforts,
Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my
Art thou snatch'd violently[2]? Thou hear'st me not;
Nor canst thou see, fair soul, thy servant's mournings;
Yet let thy gentle heart feel what is absence[3],
The great divorce of minds so truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one affection,
Ev'n from our infant eyes suck'd in, and nourish'd— [constant,
Oh! let it feel but that, and there stand
And I am blest. My dear aunt Rodope,
That is her governess, did love me dearly;
There's one hope yet to see her: When he's absent, [closely.
It may be ventur'd, and she may work it
I know the lady's will goes equal with me,
And so the danger o' th' edict avoided:
Let me think more! for I must try all hazards.

Enter Claudio and Soto.

Soto. Will you go yonder, sir?
Clau. Yes, marry will I, sir.
Soto. And by this ladder?
Clau. By that ladder, coxcomb.
Soto. Have you any more necks at hom
when this is broken? [has, si
For this will crack with the best friend h
Or, can you pitch of all four, like an ape now
Let me see you tumble.
Clau. You are very pleasant, sir.
Soto. No, truly, sir; I should be loath t
see you [cry *squa*
Come fluttering down like a young rook
And take you up with your brains beate
into your buttocks. [stands musing here
Clau. Hold your peace, ass!—Who's thi
Silvio?
Sil. Who calls me?
Clau. One most glad to see you, sir.
Sil. My dearest Claudio? What makes yo
thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature?
Soto. We've leave to play, and are goin
to climb birds' nests. [you from me
Sil. Prithee what is it, friend? Why sta
Is your old mistress grown so coy and crue
She must be scal'd? It seems you're loath t
tell me. [shi
Since twenty years' continuance of our frien
May not be worth the weight of such a s
cret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again. Save you
Clau. Nay, stay, dear Silvio! if you lov
me, take it;
For, 'till you know it, never woman labour'
As I do now.
Sil. I'll do my best to ease it.
Clau. You've heard, the lady Belvidere—
Sil. What heard, sir? [fear
Clau. Heard, to the citadel, upon son
She is confin'd. [*Asid*
Sil. Why, dreams he on this beauty?—
'Tis true, I've heard it.
Clau. And that no access, [hazar
No blessing from those eyes, but with mu
Ev'n hazard of a life——

[1] *My* cousin *Rodope, your wife*, &c.] We have a mighty jumble through the play, of *co sin* and *aunt*, as the reader will easily perceive. *Sympson.*

[2] *From all my comforts*
Art thou snatch'd violently?] *Silvio* is not lamenting the lady's condition, but his ow and therefore I should think it would be better to read,
——— From *me* all my comforts
Are *they* snatch'd violently. *Sympson.*
The text is much best; and though loosely expressed, means to represent *Silvio* lamenti *his own* condition.

[3] *Yet let thy gentle heart feel what* his *absence.*] A letter too much in *his*, makes strang stuff in this passage: our authors possibly wrote,
——— feel what *is* absence. *Sympson.*

S

Sil. He dares not love her!— [purpose?
I've heard that too: But whither points your
Clau. Oh, Silvio, let me speak that none
may hear me, [long,
None but thy truth! I've lov'd this lady
Long giv'n away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruin.
Sil. Does she know this?
Clau. No; there begins my misery!
Ixion-like, I've only yet clasp'd clouds, [me.
And fed upon poor empty dreams that starve
Sil. And what d' you mean to do now?
Clau. Tho' I die for't,
Tho' all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I stand prepar'd
now [her,
With this to reach her chamber; there to see
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be easily done, sir—
Clau. Oh, my Silvio,
The hardest things are sweetest in possession.
Sil. Nor will shew much discretion.
Clau. Love is blind, man;
And he that looks for reason there, far blinder.
Sil. Have you consider'd ripely?
Clau. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.
Sil. Her honour too?
What she may suffer in this rash adventure?
The beauty of her name?
Clau. I'll do it closely, [tion—
And only at her window with that cau-
Sil. Are there no guards?
Clau. Corruption chokes their service.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a
woman,
To hold commerce with strange tongues?
Clau. Why, this service,
This only hazard of my life, must tell her,
Tho' she were Vesta's self, I must deserve
her, [sink here,
Sil. I would not have you go; pray let it
And think a nobler way to raise your service,
A safer and a wiser!
Clau. 'Tis too late, sir.
Sil. Then I must say, you shall not go.
Clau. I shall not?
Sil. You shall not go: that part bred
with you, friendship,
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.
Clau. You stretch that tie too far.
Sil. I'll stretch it further:
The honour that I bear that spotless virtue
You foully seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command you stay; if not, thus
force you!
Soto. This will be worse than climbing.
Clau. Why d' you draw, sir? [master.
Sil. To kill thee, if thy base will be thy
Clau. I ever was your friend.
Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,
And not a night-thief of another's honour:
I never call'd a fool my friend, a mad man,
That durst expose his fame to all opinions,
His life t' unhonest dangers; I ne'er lov'd him,

Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's
ruin;
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With men, that give as loose reins to their
fancies
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with, and my love
Follows his life dares master his affections.
Will you give off, or fight?
Clau. I will not fight with you; [ger:
The sacred name of friend ties up that an-
Rather I'll study—
Sil. Do, to be a friend still.
Clau. If this way, I shall never hold.
Sil. I'll watch you: [for't,
And, if I catch you false, by Heav'n you die
All love forgot!
Clau. When I fear that, I'm fit for't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lopez at a Table with Jewels and Money upon it, an Egg roasting by a Candle.

Lopez. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools
are banqueting, [giddy,
And launching out their states to catch the
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that
saints me.
Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious!
These diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
Here vented at the price of princes' ransoms;
How bright they shine, like constellations!
The South-sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet! [orient,
Here chains of lesser stones for ladies' lustres,
Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of silver,
These are my studies to set off in sale well,
And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em.
How roasts mine egg? he heats apace; I'll
turn him. [Penurio,
Penurio; where, you knave, d' you wait?
You lazy knave!

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Did you call, sir?
Lopez. Where's your mistress?
What vanity holds her from her attendance?
Pen. The very sight of this egg has made
him cockish; [within, sir.
What would a dozen butter'd do? She is
Lopez. Within, sir? at what thrift, you
knave? what getting?
Pen. Getting a good stomach, sir, an she
knew where to get meat to't;
She's praying heartily upon her knees, sir,
That Heav'n would send her a good bearing
dinner. [thought on,
Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit
Health flung behind! had she not yester-
night, sirrah,
Two sprats to supper, and the oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not
thou [satisfies)
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing

The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth?
Pen. 'Tis true, I had, sir; [stone on't;
But I might as soon make the philosopher's
You gave it me in water, and, but for manner's sake, [so hearty.
I could give it you again, in wind, it was
I shall turn pissing-conduit shortly.—My mistress comes, sir.

Enter Isabella.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!
Isab. Pray you keep your welcome to you,
Unless it carries more than words to please me. [me,
Is this the joy to be a wife? to bring with
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a mistress,
To live a slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealousy?
Lopez. Good Isabella— [famish me,
Isab. Too *good* for you! D' you think to
Or keep me like an alms-woman in such raiment, [ugly?
Such poor unhandsome weeds? am I old or
I never was bred thus; and if your misery
Will suffer wilful blindness to abuse me,
My patience shall be no bawd to mine own ruin.
Pen. Tickle him, mistress; to him!
Isab. Had you love in you,
Or any part of man—
Pen. Follow that, mistress!
Isab. Or had humanity but ever known you,
You'd shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely! You're strangely jea-
If I should give you cause— [lous of me;
Lopez. How, Isabella? [voke me—
Isab. As do not venture this way to pro-
Pen. Excellent well, mistress!
Lopez. How's this, Isabella?
Isab. 'Twill stir a saint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may—

Lopez. By no means, chicken!
You know I love you. Fy, take no exampl
By those young gadding dames, (you're note
virtuous) [on 'en
That stick their husbands' wealth in trifle
And point 'em but the way to their own m
series.
I am not jealous. Kiss me. Faith, I am no
And for your diet, 'tis to keep you healthfu
(Surfeits destroy more than the sword) tha
I'm careful [handlec
Your meat should be both neat, and cleanl
See, sweet, I'm cook myself, and mine ow
cater[4]. [fingers
Pen. A pox of that cook cannot lick h
Lopez. I'll add another dish; you shall hav
'Tis nourishing and good. [milk to't
Pen. With butter in't, sir?
Lopez. (This knave would breed a famin
in a kingdom!) [must be wise ther
And cloaths that shall content you; yo
And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
Not wandring after every toy comes cross you
Nor struck with every spleen[5].—What's th
knave doing? Penurio! [flies here
Pen. Hunting, sir, for a second course
They're rare new sallads.
Lopez. For certain, Isabella,
This rav'ning fellow has a wolf in's belly.
Untemp'rate knave, will nothing quench th
appetite?
I saw him eat two apples, which is monstrou
Pen. If you had giv'n me those, 't had bee
more monstrous. [lai
Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this vi
Come, Isabella, let us in to supper,
And think the Roman dainties at our table
'Tis all but thought. [*Exeun*
Pen. Would all my thoughts would do it
The devil should think of purchasing tha
egg-shell,
To victual out a witch for the Burmoothes[6]
'Tis treason to any good stomach living no
To hear a tedious grace said, and no mea
to't.
I have a radish yet, but that's but transitory
[*Exi*

[4] *Cater.*] Probably we should read, *caterer.*

[5] *Nor struck with every* spleen.] Seward would alter *spleen* to *sheen*, which, says he, the same as *bright* or *brightness*. The alteration proposed is, we think, a very poor one and we do not remember *sheen* as a substantive. *Nor struck with every spleen*, we conceive signifies, *not put out of humour with trifles.*

[6] *Bermoothes.*] i. e. *Burmudas.*—Dr. Warburton remarks, that 'Smith, in his account 'these islands, p. 172, says, *that the Burmudas were so fearful to the world, that many calle 'them*, The Isle of Devils—P 174—*to all seamen no less terrible than an inchanted den 'furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes 'and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surfac 'of the water.'

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civ wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinhead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°. in page 62, under the title of *Cases of Conse ence*, is this,

34. 'Whether Bermudas and the parliament-house lie under one planet, seeing both ar haunted with devils.' *Percy.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living man, unless a rascal
That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd gentleman, [now?
Take me for a worse man than my master
I'm naturally proud in these cloaths: but if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting!
'Tis but a proverb sound, and a neck broken,
That's the worst can come on't: a gentleman's gone then. [end on't!
A gentleman o' th' first house, there's the
My master lies most pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' ears in love yonder, [kills me:
And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it
I've got his cloaths, and if I can get to her,
By hook or crook here[7], such a song I'll sing her— [ter!
I think I shall be hang'd; but that's no mat-
What's a hanging among friends? I am valiant now
As an elephant. I have consider'd what
To say too. Let me see now! this is the place; [dow
'Tis plaguy high! Stay; at that lower win-
Let me aim finely now, like a good gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I saw somebody [methought yet
Pass by me now, and, though't were dark,
I knew the cloaths. Ha! let me not be cozen'd!
The ladder too, ready to fling it? Monstrous!
'Tis he, 'tis Claudio! most voluptuous villain,
Scandal to woman's credit! Love, I forget thee—
Soto. What will he do, i' th' name of Heav'n! What's that there?
Sil. And all the friendship that I bore thee, bury here—
Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a cudgel.
Sil. Thy faults forgive, oh, Heav'n! Farewell, thou traitor! [*Fires a pistol.*
Soto. I'm slain, I'm slain!
Sil. He's down, and dead, dead certain,
(It was too rash, too full of spleen) stark dead:
This is no place now to repent in; only,
'Would I had given this hand that shot the pistol [Claudio!
I had miss'd thee, and thou wert once more
[*Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Clau. Why should I love thus foolishly? thus desp'rately?
And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why should not the true counsel of a friend restrain me?
The devil's mouth I run into, affright me?
The honour of the lady, charm my wildness?
I have no power, no being of myself,
No reason strong enough now left within me
To bind my will. Oh, love, thou god, or devil, [me—
Or what thou art, that plays the tyrant in
Soto. Oh!
Clau. What's that cry?
Soto. A surgeon, a surgeon,
Twenty good surgeons!
Clau. 'Tis not far from me:
Some murder, o' my life!
Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no surgeon?
Clau. 'Tis my man, sure. [thee?
His voice, and here he lies. How is it with
Soto. I'm slain, sir, I am slain.
Clau. Slain? Who has slain thee?
Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd!
Clau. Where's thy hurt?
Soto. I know not;
But I am sure I'm kill'd.

[7] *By hook or crook here.*] Mr. Warton observes, (Observations on Spenser, vol. ii.) that the proverb of getting any thing *by hooke or by crooke* was supposed to have arisen in the time of Charles I. when there were two learned judges, named *Hooke* and *Crooke;* and a difficult cause was to be gotten either by *Hooke* or by *Crooke.* This notion he shews to be groundless, and that the form was not then invented as a proverb, but applied as a pun. He is, however, mistaken in imagining there was any judge of that time, of the name of *Hooke.* In Hudibras, part iii. c. ii. are the following lines:

'These are the courses that we took
'To carry things by *Hook* or *Crook.*' Line 933.

Which, Dr. Gray says, alludes to the judgment of judge *Crook* and *Hutton,* who dissented from their brethren in the determination of the cause about ship-money, and occasioned the wags to say that the king carried it by *Hook,* but not by *Crook.* The phrase, however, is certainly (as Mr. Warton proves) of higher antiquity than the time of Charles I. as may appear by several passages in our ancient writers. In Lodge's 'Wit's Miserie and the World's Madnesse,' 1596, p. 7, 'He matcheth not according to his birth, but the increase of his fortune: and *by hooke or crooke* so stirreth in the world, that not only he attaineth preheminence in the city, but some place in court.'—Again, in the Life of Jasper Colignie, B. L. Therefore, having alwayes this saying in his mouth, what skills it whither a man use manlinesse or wylinesse ageinst his enemie? he determined to go intoo his camp as a revolter, and to hunt for opportunitie to accomplish his device by *hooke or by crooke.*' *R.*

Clau. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?
Soto. I can sit up;
But, ne'ertheless, I'm slain.
Clau. 'Tis not o' this side?
Soto. No, sir, I think it be not.
Clau. Nor o' this side.
Was it done with a sword?
Soto. A gun, a gun, sweet master.
Clau. The devil a bullet has been here; thou'rt well, man.
Soto. No, sure, I'm kill'd.
Clau. Let me see thy thighs, and belly:
As whole as a fish, for any thing I see yet;
Thou bleed'st no where.
Soto. I think I do not bleed, sir,
But yet, I am afraid I'm slain.
Clau. Stand up, fool! [shot thee?
Thou hast as much hurt as my nail. Who
A pottle, or a pint?
Soto. Signor Silvio shot me, [seeing
In these cloaths, taking me for you, and
The ladder in my hand here, which I stole from you, [and have spoke for you.
Thinking to have gone to the lady myself,
Clau. If he had hit you home, h' had serv'd you right, sirrah, [shews to me,
You saucy rogue!—How poor my intent
How naked now, and foolish!
Soto. Are you sure he has not hit me?
It gave a monstrous bounce.
Clau. You rose o' your right side,
And said your prayers too, you had bee paid else: [fear kills thee
But what need'st thou a bullet, when th
Sirrah, keep your own counsel for all this you'll be hang'd else,
If it be known.
Soto. If't be by my means, let me;
I'm glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladde
My gentleman-like humours out; I feel 't dangerous, [a-week
And to be a gentleman is to be kill'd twic
Clau. Keep yourself close i' th' countr for a while, sirrah!
There's money: Walk to your friends.
Soto. They have no pistols,
Nor are no gentlemen, that is my comfort. [*Exit*
Clau. I will
Retire too, and live private (for this Silvio,
Inflam'd with nobleness, will be my death else)
And, if I can, forget this love that loads me
At least the danger.—And, now I think on' better,
I've some conclusions else invite me to it. [*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Rodope and Silvio, at several doors.

Rod. NEPHEW!
Sil. My dear aunt!
Rod. Would you go by thus slily,
And never see me! not once send in to me,
Your loving aunt? she that, above all those
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and plac'd you
Nearest my heart?
Sil. I thank you, worthy aunt,
But such at this time are my occasions—
Rod. You shall not go yet; by my faith, you shall not! [nephew?
I will not be denied. Why look you sad,
Sil. I'm seldom other.—Oh, this blood sits heavy!—
As I walk'd this way late last night,
In meditation of some things concern'd me—
Rod. What, nephew?
Sil. Why, methought I heard a piece, lady,
A piece shot off, much about this place too,
(But could not judge the cause, nor what it boaded)
Under the castle-wall.
Rod. We heard it too; [nothing,
And the watch pursu'd it presently, but found
Not any track.
Sil. I am right glad to hear it!—
The ruffians surely that command the nigh
Have found him, stript him, and into the rive
Convey'd the body.
Rod. You look still sadder, nephew.
Is any thing within these walls to comfor you?
Speak, and be master of't.
Sil. You're a right courtier;
A great professor, but a poor performer.
Rod. D'you doubt my faith? You neve found me that way, [friend
(I dare well speak it boldly) but a true
Sil. Continue then.
Rod. Try me, and see who falters.
Sil. I will, and presently: 'tis in you power [courtesy
To make me the most bound man to you
Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail—
Sil. 'Tis thus then:
Get me access to th' lady Belvidere,
But for a minute, but to see her; your husband
Now's safe at court; I left him full employ't there. [power to grant you
Rod. You've ask'd the thing without my
The law lies on the danger: If I lov'd yo not, [for't
I'd bid you go, and there be found, and di
Sil. I knew your love, and where there shew'd a danger [true friend
How far you durst step for me! Give me That

hat, where occasion is to do a benefit,
ims at the end, and not the rubs before it.
was a fool to ask you this! a more fool
o think a woman had so much noble nature
o entertain a secret of this burthen:
ou'd best to tell the duchess I persuaded you, [credit;
hat's a fine course, and one will win you
orget the name of cousin, blot my blood out, [shorter!
nd, so you raise yourself, let me grow
woman-friend? He that believes that weakness,
teers in a stormy night without a compass.
Rod. What is't I durst not do might not impeach you? [not think of!
Sil. Why, this you dare not do, you dare
Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.
Sil. If it were not so,
would not come to you to seek a favour.
Rod. You'll lose yourself.
Sil. The loss ends with myself then.
Rod. You will but see her?
Sil. Only look upon her.
Rod. Not stay?
Sil. Prescribe your time.
Rod. Not traffick with her,
n any close dishonourable action?
Sil. Stand you yourself by.
Rod. I will venture for you: [friend,
Because you shall be sure I am a touch'd
'll bring her to you. Come, walk; you know the garden,
nd take this key to open the little postern;
here stand no guards.
Sil. I shall soon find it, aunt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Is the captain come home?
2 *Sold.* No; who commands the guard
1 *Sold.* I think Petruchio. [to-night?
2 *Sold.* What's the word?
1 *Sold.* None knows yet.
2 *Sold.* I would this lady were married out o' th' way once,
r out of our custodies! I wish they would take in more companies, [shrewdly.
or I am sure we feel her in our duties
1 *Sold.* 'Tis not her fault, I warrant you; she's ready for't;
nd that's the plague; when they grow ripe for marriage,
hey must be slipt like hawks.
2 *Sold.* Give me a mean wench! [ready.
o state-doubt lies on her, she's always
1 *Sold.* Come to the guard; 'tis late, and
annot be long away. [sure the captain
2 *Sold.* I've watch'd these three nights;
o-morrow they may keep me tame for nothing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, and Rodope with a light.

Sil. This is the place, I think. What light is that there?
The lady and my cousin!
Bel. Is this the garden?
Rod. Yes, madam.
Sil. Oh, my blessed mistress,
Saint of my soul!
Bel. Speak softly!—Take me to you!
Oh, Silvio, I am thine, thine ever, Silvio!
Rod. Is this your promise, sir? Lady, your honour!
I am undone if this be seen, disgrac'd,
Fallen under all discredit!
Bel. Do you love still?
Dear, do you keep your old faith?
Sil. Ever, lady; [sake me!
And, when that fails me, all that's good for-
Rod. Do not you shame? Madam, I must not suffer this,
I will not suffer it! Men call you virtuous:
What do you mean, to lose yourself thus? Silvio,
I charge thee get away, charge you retire you;
I'll call the watch else.
Sil. Call all the world to see us!
We live in one another's happiness,
And so will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever! [madam,
Rod. As you respect me, as hereafter,
You would enjoy his love—Nothing prevail with you? [thou villain,
I'll try my strength then: get thee gone,
Thou promise-breaker!
Sil. I am tied; I cannot.
Rod. I'll ring the bell then!
Sil. Ring it to death, I'm fix'd here.

Enter Bartello, and two Soldiers with lights.

Bart. I saw a light over the garden wall [8],
Hard by the ladies' chamber: Here's some
As I live, I saw it twice. [knavery!
Rod. The guard, the guard there!
I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.
Bart. Light up the torch! I fear'd this.
Ha! young Silvio?
How got he in?
1 *Sold.* The devil brought him in sure;
He came not by us.
Bart. My wife between 'em bustling?
Guard, pull him off!
Rod. Now, now, ye feel the misery.
Bart. You, madam, at an hour so far undecent?
Death o' my soul! This is a foul fault in you!
Your mother's care abus'd too! Light us to her chamber[9].
I'm sorry to see this.

[8] *Over the garden* walk.] Mr. Seward thinks with me, that it might be better read, *arden* wall. *Sympson.*

[9] Light's *to her chamber.*] So the former editions.

Bel. Farewell, my Silvio,
And let no danger sink thee!
Sil. No death, lady. [*Exeunt Bel. and Rod.*
Bart. Are you so hot? I shall prepare you physick [fiery:
Will purge you finely, neatly; you're too
Think of your prayers, sir, an you've not forgot 'em! [holes?
Can you fly i' th' air, or creep you in at key-
I have a gin will catch you, tho' you conjur'd.
Take him to guard to-night, to strong and sure guard; [sport serve you,
I'll back to th' duchess presently. No less
Than th' heir to a dukedom? Play at push-pin there, sir? [shot short,
It was well aim'd; but, plague upon't, you
And that will lose your game.
Sil. I know the loss then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Claudio, like a Merchant.

Clau. Now, in this habit, may I safely see
How my incensed friend carries my murder;
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To such a height of rage: and much I grieve now
Mine own blind passion had so master'd me
I could not see his love; for sure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It must be so, it is so.—What, Penurio,
My shotten friend, what wind blew you?
Pen. Faith, 'tis true,
Any strong wind will blow me like a feather:
I am all air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good dinner [by me,
Your worship gave me yesterday; that stays
And gives me ballast, else the sun would draw me. [me?
Clau. But does my mistress speak still of
Pen. Yes, sir, [too,
And in her sleep, that makes my master mad
And turn and fart for anger.
Clau. Art sure she saw me?
Pen. She saw you at a window.
Clau. 'Tis most true,
In such a place I saw a gentlewoman,
A young, sweet, handsome woman—
Pen. That's she, that's she, sir. [her—
Clau. And well she view'd me: I view'd
Pen. Still she, sir.
Clau. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.
Pen. That blush, sir,
If you can read it truly—
Clau. But didst thou tell her, [one?
Or didst thou fool me, thou knew'st such a
Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet tale—
Clau. But did she hear thee?
Pen. With a thousand ears, sir,
And swallow'd what I said as greedily
As great-bellied women do cherries, stones and all, sir.
Clau. Methinks she should not love t
master?
Pen. Hang him, pilcher! [endure hi
There's nothing loves him; his own cat ca
Sh' had better lie with a bear; for he's
hairy, [hi
That a tame warren of fleas frisk round abo
Clau. And wilt thou work still?
Pen. Like a miner for you.
Clau. And get access?
Pen. Or conjure you together; [hi
'Tis her desire to meet: she's poison'd wi
And 'till she take a sweet fresh air—tha
you, sir— [precious varle
Clau. There's money for thee; thou'rt
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy master backwar
Pen. Blow you my mistress, sir, as flat
a flounder, [their veals
Then blow her up again, as butchers blo
If she die upon the same,
Bury her, bury her, in God's name!
Clau. Thou art a merry knave! By th
hand, I'll feed thee, [do this
'Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou dar
Thou shalt eat no fantastical porridge,
Nor lick the dish where oil was yesterday,
Dust, and dead flies to-day; capons, f
capons—
Pen. Oh, hearty sound!
Clau. Cram'd full of itching oysters—
Pen. Will you have the duchess?
Clau. And lobsters big as gauntlets;
Thou shalt despise base beef—
Pen. I do despise it! [sliding—
And now, methinks, I feel a tart cor
Clau. Leaping into thy mouth; but fir
deal faithfully.
Pen. When will you come?
Clau. To-morrow.
Pen. I'll attend you;
For then my master will be out in busines
Clau. What news abroad?
Pen. 'Mass, as I was coming to you,
I heard that signor Silvio, a good gentlema
(Many a good meal I have eaten with him)—
Clau. What of him? [the duches
Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd befor
But why, I could not hear.
Clau. Silvio arraign'd?—
Go, get you gone, and think of me.
Pen. I fly, sir. [*Exi*
Clau. Arraign'd? for what? for my su
pos'd death? No,
That cannot be sure, there's no rumour of i
Be't what it will, I will be there and see it,
And, if my help will bring him off, he ha
it. [*Exi*

SCENE V.

Enter Duchess, Lords, Silvio (prisoner Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, Clerk, Cou sellors, and Attendants.

Duch. Read the edict last made; kee
silence there!
Clerk [*reading*]. If any man, of wha
conditio

condition soever, and a subject, after the publishing of this edict, shall, without special licence from the great duchess, attempt or buy[10], offer, or make an attempt to solicit, the love of the princess Belvidere, the person so offending shall forfeit his life. [here,

Coun. The reason why my royal mistress
In her last treaty with Sienna's duke,
Promis'd her beauteous daughter there in marriage;
The duke of Milan, rival in this fortune[11],
Unnobly sought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and cross'd, the citadel receiv'd her, [last cause,
There to secure her mother's word; the
So many gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous princess, and not brooking
One more than other, to deserve a favour,
Blood has been spilt, many brave spirits lost,
And more, unless sh' had been kept close from their violence, [prevention
Had like to have follow'd: therefore for due
Of all such hazards and unnoble actions,
This last edict was published; which thou, Silvio,
Like a false man, a bad man, and a traitor,
Hast rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cause
Thou stand'st a guilty man here now.

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak, Silvio! [justice?
What canst thou say t'avoid the hand of
Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit, and lay my head to't. [standings?
Bel. Have ye no eyes, my lords, no under-
The gentleman will cast himself away,
Cast himself wilfully! Are you, or you, guilty? [him:
No more is he, no more taint sticks upon
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him;
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forc'd him to me;
Poor gentle soul, he's in no part transgressing:
I wrote unto him—
Sil. Do not wrong that honour, [sions!
Cast not upon that pureness these asper-
By Heav'n, it was my love, my violence;
My life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the law, solicited unjustly—
Bel. As there is truth in Heav'n, I was the first cause! [naked[12],
How could this man have come to me, left
Without my counsel and provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the watches, [judges,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your shaking consciences! I did it;
My love the main wheel that set him a-going;
His motion but compell'd.
Sil. Can ye believe this, [ness
And know with what a modesty and white-
Her life was ever rank'd? Can ye believe this, [ful?
And see me here before ye, young and wil-
Apt to what danger love dares thrust me on, [temn it?
And, where law stops my way, apt to con-
If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
In love's alarms, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happiness; [beauty,
But I, like fire, kindled with that bright
Catch hold of all occasions, and run thro' 'em. [answer it—
Bel. I charge ye, as your honest souls will
Sil. I charge ye, as ye are the friends to virtue,
That has no pattern living but this lady—
Bel. Let not his blood—
Sil. Let not her wilfulness [at)—
(For then you act a scene hell will rejoice
Bel. He's clear.
Sil. She is as white in this as infants.
Clau. The god of love protect your cause, and help ye!
Two nobler pieces of affection
These eyes ne'er look'd on; if such goodness perish,
Let never true hearts meet again, but break! [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* A strange example of strong love, a rare one! [say, to think on.
2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to
Duch. I must confess it strikes me tender too, [there?
Searches my mother's heart. You found 'em
Bart. Yes, certain, madam.
Duch. And so link'd together? [baster.
Bart. As they had been one piece of ala-
Duch. Nothing dishonourable?
Sil. So let my soul have happiness,
As that thought yet durst never seek this bosom! [law, abus'd me;
Duch. What shall I do? H' has broke my
Fain would I know the truth: either confess it,

[10] Attempt *or buy, offer or* make an attempt.] This nonsensical place has been thus printed and pointed, ever since the year 1647. Now, though forms of law are big with synonymas, yet I imagine 'tis seldom found they are brought to-bed of nonsense. I suppose, for the credit of our authors, that this edict might have been once wrote thus,

Great Duchess attain'd, try, offer, *or* make an attempt, *&c.* *Sympson.*

[11] *Rival in* this *fortune.*] The sense seems to demand *his*, i. e. Sienna's fortune. *Sympson.* We think *this* is genuine; and the whole line signifies, that the duke of Milan was Sienna's rival in Belvidere, THIS *fortune.* The next line confirms this explanation.

[12] *Come to me,* left *naked.*] Sympson suspects we should read, LESS *naked.*

Sil.

And let me understand the main offender,
Or both shall feel the torture.
Sil. Are you a mother,
The mother of so sweet a rose as this is,
So pure a flower, and dare you lose that nature? [edness,
Dare you take to yourself so great a wick-
(Oh, holy Heav'n!) of thinking what may ruin [gods dwell?
This goodly building? this temple, where the
Give me a thousand tortures, I deserve 'em,
And shew me death in all the shapes imagin'd— [it, seek it;
Bel. No death but I will answer't, meet
No torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiss it.
1 *Lord.* This is no way.
2 *Lord.* They say no more, for certain,
Than their strong hearts will suffer.
Duch. I've bethought me:
No, lords, altho' I have a child offending,
Nature dares not forget she is a child still:
'Till now, I never look'd on love imperious.
I have bethought me of a way to break you,
To separate, tho' not your loves, your bodies:
Silvio, attend! I'll be your judge myself now.
The sentence of your death (because my daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)
I take away, and pardon: this remains then,
An easy and a gentle punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd: because unnobly
You've sought the love and marriage of a princess,
The absolute and sole heir of this dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
To plant yourself into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce you a man banish'd from us.
Sil. For ever banish'd, lady?
Duch. Yet more mercy!
But for a year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance. Yet more pity!
If in that time you can absolve a question,
Writ down within this scroll, absolve it rightly, [you:
This lady is your wife, and shall live with
If not, you lose your head.
Sil. I take this honour,
And humbly kiss those royal hands.
Duch. Receive it.
Bartello, to your old guard take the princess.
And so, the court break up!
Sil. Farewell to all,
And to that spotless heart my endless service! [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* What will this prove?
2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a year hence, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Penurio, Isabella, and Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have I not wrought this wonder?
Non e ben fatto, signor?
Clau. Rarely, Penurio.
Pen. Close, close then, and work, wax
Clau. I'm studying for thee [y
A dinner, that shall victual thee for
Pen. Do you hear, mistress?
You know what a dunder-whelp my ma
(I need not preach to you) how unfit
wanting
To give a woman satisfaction: how [fell
He stinks, and snores, a bull's a better b
And, for his love, never let that deceive.
Isab. Nay, sure he loves me not.
Pen. If he could coin you,
Or turn you into metal, much might be th
He loves not any thing but what is traffic
I've heard him swear, he'd sell you to
grand signor.
Isab. The Turk? [you
Pen. The very Turk, and how they'd
Isab. I'll fit him for't: the Turk?
Pen. I know the price too: [mistre
Now you have time to pay him, pay him hon
Pay him o' th' pate, clout him for all
courtesies: [delica
Here's one that dances in your eyes, you
To work this vengeance; if you let it s
now, [mistre
There is no pitying of you. Od's precio
Were I his wife, I would so maul his m
zard—
'Tis charity, mere charity, pure charity!
Are you the first? Has it not been fr
Eve's time, [wa
Women would have their safe revenges t
And good and gracious women, excelle
women?
Is't not a handsome gentleman, a sweet ge
tleman?
View him from head to foot, a comple
gentleman? [
When can you hope the like again? I lea
And my revenge too, with you: I know
office;
I'll not be far off. Be not long a-fumblin
When danger shall appear, I'll give th' alar
[*Ex*
Isab. You're welcome, sir! and 'would
were my fortune
T' afford a gentleman of your fair seeming
A freer entertainment than this house has
You partly know, sir—
Clau. Know, and pity, lady, [blaste
Such sweetness in the bud should be
Dare you make me your servant?
Isab. Dare you make, sir,
That service worthy of a woman's favour
By constancy and goodness?
Clau. Here I swear to you,
By the unvalued love I bear this beauty,
(And kiss the book too) never to be recrean
To honour you, to truly love and serve yo
My youth to wait upon you, what my weal
has— [affectio
Isab. Oh, make me not so poor to s
Those bought loves, sir, wear faster than t
monies.

A han

A handsome gentleman! a most delicate sweet one[13]!
Clau. Let my truth purchase then!
Isab. I should first try it;
But you may happily—
Clau. You shall not doubt me:
I hope she loves me) When I prove false,
Will you believe a little? [shame take me!
Isab. I fear, too much, sir.
Clau. And will you love a little?
Isab. That should be your part.
Clau. Thus I begin then; thus, and thus.
Isab. A good beginning, [ing.
We have a proverb says, makes a good end-
Clau. Say you so? 'tis well inferr'd.
Isab. Good sir, your patience!
Methinks I've ventur'd now, like a weak bark,
Upon a broken billow, that will swallow me,
Upon a rough sea of suspicions,
Stuck round with jealous rocks.
Pen. [*within*] A-hem, a-hem there!
Isab. This is my man! my fears too soon have found me.

Enter Penurio.

Now, what's the news?
Pen. A pox of yond old rigel,
The captain, the old captain!
Isab. What old captain? [castle,
Pen. Captain Courageous yonder, of the Captain, don Diego, old Bartello.
Isab. Where
is he? [devil,
Pen. He's coming in: 'twould vex the That such an old potgun as this, that Can make no sport, should hinder them that can do't. [tleman
Isab. I would not have him see the gen-For all the world; my credit were undone then. [comes in,
Pen. Shall I fling a piss-pot on's head as he And take him into the kitchen, there to dry him? [morous too,
Isab. That will not do. And he's so hu-He will come in.
Clau. What is he?
Isab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Isab. Your sight now,
Out of a driveling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.
Clau. What would you have me do?
Isab. But for a while, sir,
Step here behind this hanging; presently I'll answer him, and then—
Clau. I will obey you.

Enter Bartello.

Bart. Where's my rich jeweller? I've stones to set.
Pen. He is abroad, and sure, sir.
Bart. There's for your service! [beauty?
Where's the fair lady? All alone, sweet
Isab. She's never much alone, sir, that's acquainted [thoughts are.
With such companions as good honest
Bart. I'll sit down by thee, and I'll kiss thy hand too, [thee.
And in thine ear swear, by my life, I love
Isab. You're a merry captain.
Bart. And a mad one, lady. [eyes, wench!
By th' mass, th' hast goodly eyes, excellent
Ye twinkling rogues! look what thy captain brings thee!
Thou must needs love me, love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me close.
Isab. Fy, captain! [strain you, sirrah,
Bart. Nay, I have strength, and I can
And vault into my seat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your smooth-chin'd boys in Florence.
I must needs commit a little folly with you;
I'll not be long; a bridling cast, and away, wench! [way now—
Th' hob-nail thy husband's as fitly out o' th'
Isab. D' you think he keeps a bawdy-house?
Bart. That all one. [my carriage,
Isab. Or did you e'er see that lightness in
That you might promise to yourself—
Bart. Away, fool! [fellow.
A good turn's a good turn; I'm an honest
Isab. You've a handsome wife, a virtuous gentlewoman—
Bart. They are not for this time o' th' year.
Isab. A lady,
That ever bore that great respect to you,
That noble constancy—
Bart. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid and Penurio.

Maid. Oh, mistress, you're undone! my master's coming.
Pen. Coming hard by here.
Bart. Plague consume the rascal!
Shall I make petty-patties of him?
Isab. Now what love, sir?
Fear of your coming made him jealous first;
Your finding here will make him mad and desperate;
And what in that wild mood he'll execute—
Bart. I can think of nothing; I have no wit left me;
Certain my head's a mustard-pot[14]!
Isab. I've thought, sir;

[13] *A most delicate sweet one.*] These words have hitherto been given to Claudio.

[14] —— *I have no* wit *left me:*
Certain my head's a mustard pot.] So in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene 4, Falstaff says, in answer to Doll Tearsheet's observation that Poins had a good wit, 'He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his *wit* is as thick as Tewkesbury *mustard;* there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.' *K.*

And, if you'll please to put in execution
What I conceive—
Bart. I'll do it; tell it quickly.
Isab. Draw your sword quickly, and go down enrag'd,
As if you had pursu'd some foe up hither,
And grumble to yourself extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him; and so pass by him.
Bart. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Isab. Stand you still, good sir. [so poorly,
Bart. Rascal, slave, villain! take a house
After th' hast wrong'd a gentleman, a soldier?
Base poltroon boy! you will forsake your nest, sirrah?
Lopez. The matter, good sweet captain?
Bart. Run-away rogue! [ardice?
And take a house to cover thy base cow-
I'll whip you, I'll so scourge you— [*Exit.*
Lopez. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter, wife?
Isab. Did you meet the mad man[15]?
Lopez. I never saw the captain so provok'd yet. [devil!
Isab. Oh, he's a devil sure, a most bloody
He follow'd a young gentleman, his sword drawn,
With such a fury—how I shake to think on't!
And foin'd, and slash'd at him, and swore he'd kill him;
Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,
And, if I had not hid him, sure had slain hi
A merciless old man! [*Claudio appe*
Clau. Most virtuous lady,
Even as the giver of my life, I thank you
Lopez. This fellow must not stay here, l
too handsome.— [all securi
He's gone, sir, and you may pass now w
I'll be your guide myself, and such a wa
I'll lead you, none shall cross, nor none sh
know you. [for this tric
The doors left open, sirrah? I'll starve
I'll make thee fast o' Sundays: and for y
lady,
I'll have your lodgings further off, and clos
I'll have no street-lights to you! Will
go, sir? [this fortune
Clau. I thank you, sir!—The devil ta
And, once more, all my service to y
goodness! [*E*
Pen. Now could I eat my very arms
madness! [take
Cross'd in the nick o' th' matter? Vengea
And that old cavalier that spoil'd our co
I'll lay the next plot surer. [fig
Isab. I'm glad, and sorry:
Glad that I got so fairly off suspicion;
Sorry, I lost my new-lov'd friend.
Pen. Not lost, mistress;
I'll conjure once again to raise that spirit
In, and look soberly upon the matter! [
We'll ring him one peal more; and if t
The devil take the clappers, bells, and
[*Exe*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Duchess, Lords, and Rodope.

Duch. NOW, Rodope, how do you find my daughter?
Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her, [to her,
What the state wishes her; I urg'd her fault
Open'd her eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong will into;
Made her start at her folly, shake and tremble,
At the mere memory of such an ignorance.
She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the name of Silvio;
His person spits at—
Duch. I am glad to hear this.
Rod. And humbly now to your will, your care, madam, [ence;
Bends her affections, bows her best obedi-
Sienna's duke with new eyes now she lo
on,
And with a princely love, fit for his per
Returns that happiness and joy he look'd
The general good of both the neighb
dukedoms,
Not any private end, or rash affection,
She aims at now. Hearing the duke arr
too [v
(To whom she owes all honour, and all
She charg'd me kneel thus at your gra
feet,
And not to rise without a general pardo
Duch. She has it, and my love again,
old love; [te
And with more tenderness I meet this p
Than if she ne'er had started from her
nour. [
I thank you, Rodope, am bound to t
And daily to remember this great servic
This honest faithful service! Go in peac

[15] *Did you meet*, &c.] This scene was afterwards introduced by Ravenscroft, into a
temptible play written by him, which, however, hath been acted within these few y
called The London Cuckolds. *R.*

And by this ring, deliver'd to Bartello,
Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty;
And presently to this place, with all honour,
See her conducted.

Rod. Your grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Sienna's noble duke craves his admittance.

Enter Duke of Sienna, with Attendants.

Duch. Go, wait upon his grace!—Fair sir, you're welcome,
Welcome to her ever admir'd your virtues!
And now, methinks, my court looks truly noble.
You've taken too much pains, sir.

Duke. Royal lady,
To wait upon your grace is but my service.

Duch. Keep that, sir, for the saint you've vow'd it to. [pleases

Duke. I keep a life for her. Since your grace
To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your royal promise,
The beauteous Belvidere in marriage:
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlasting love.

Enter Belvidere, Bertello, Rodope, and Attendants.

Duch. You're like to win, sir.—
All is forgot, forgiven too. No sadness,
My good child! you have the same heart still here. [nobly.
The duke of Sienna, child! Pray, use him

Duke. An angel beauty!

Bel. Your grace is fairly welcome!
And what in modesty a blushing maid may
Wish to a gentleman of your great goodness—
But wishes are too poor a pay for princes.

Duke. You've made me richer than all states and titles! [nours:
One kiss of this white hand's above all ho-
My faith, dear lady, and my fruitful service,
My duteous zeal—

Bel. Your grace is a great master,
And speak too pow'rfully to be resisted.
Once more, you're welcome, sir: to me you're welcome, [sir;
To her that honours you! I could say more,
But in another's tongue 'twere better spoken.

Duke. As wise as fair! you've made your servant happy.
I never saw so rich a mine of sweetness.

Duch. Will your grace please, after your painful journey, [ready?
To take some rest? Are the duke's lodgings

Lord. All, madam. [to-morrow, sir,

Duch. Then wait upon his grace, all! And
We'll shew you in what high esteem we hold you:
'Till then, a fair repose! [you:

Duke. My fairest service!

[*Exit Duke, &c.*

Duch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this entertainment,
I mean your loving carriage to Sienna,
That both forever I forget all trespasses,
And to secure you next of my full favour,
Ask what you will within my power to grant you,
Ask freely; and if I forget my promise—
Ask confidently!

Bel. You're too royal to me;
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you,
So like a girl, so far forgot my virtue,
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
As did his dream, that thought he was in Paradise, [der'd!
Awak'd and saw the devil. How was I wan-
With what eyes could I look upon that poor, that coarse thing, [now, despis'd thing!
That wretched thing, call'd Silvio! that,
And lose an object of that graceful sweetness,
That god-like presence, as Sienna is!
Darkness and cheerful day had not such difference.
But I must ever bless your care, your wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of folly:
How had I sunk else! what example given!

Duch. Prithee no more; and as thou art my best one, [ness!
Ask something that may equal such a good-

Bel. Why did you let him go so slightly from you,
More like a man in triumph, than condemn'd?
Why did you make his penance but a question,
A riddle, every idle wit unlocks! [tion,

Duch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so; he will not find it:
I have given that (unless myself discover it)
Will cost his head.

Bel. 'Tis subject to construction?

Duch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be then absolv'd, [madam:
And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at.
Beside the promise you have tied upon it,
Which you must never keep—

Duch. I never meant it. [my suit to you,

Bel. For Heav'n's sake, let me know't! 'tis
The boon you'd have me ask: let me but see it,
That, if there be a way to make't so strong
No wit nor powerful reason can run thro' it
For my disgrace, I may beg of Heav'n to grant it. [judgments

Duch. Fear not! it has been put to sharper
Than e'er he shall arrive at: my dear father,
That was as fiery in his understanding
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two years, and studied it, yet lost it:
This night you are my bedfellow! there, daughter,
Into your bosom I'll commit this secret,
And there we'll both take counsel.

Bel. I shall find
Some trick I hope too strong yet for his mind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I'm batten'd well of late, grown lusty, [teous Rugio!
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the boun-
And now, methinks, I scorn these poor re-
pasts, [pilchers:
Cheese-parings, and the stinking tongues of
But why should I remember these? they're
odious, [now,
They're odious in mine eyes; the full fat dish
The bearing dish, is that I reverence,
The dish an able serving-man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung
on him, quets,
That dish is the dish; hang your bladder ban-
Or half a dozen of turnips and two mush-
rooms! [but two belches:
These, when they breed their best, hatch
The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and cir-
cumstance;
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter!
And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
And he display'd in all parts! for such a
dish now,
And at my need, I would betray my father,
And, for a roasted conger, all my country[16].

Enter Bartello.

Bart. What, my friend Lean-gut! how does thy beauteous mistress?
And where's your master, sirrah? where's that hornpipe?
Pen. My mistress, sir, does as a poor wrong'd gentlewoman [injuries)
(Too much, Heav'n knows, oppress'd with
May do, and live.
Bart. Is the old fool still jealous?
Pen. As old fools are and will be, still the same, sir. [cause.
Bart. He must have cause, he must have
Pen. 'Tis true, sir;
And would he had with all my heart!
Bart. He shall have. [porridge.
Pen. For then he had salt to his saffron
Bart. Why [rascal?
Don't I see thee sometime? why, thou starv'd
Why don't you come to me, you precious
low-case?
I keep good meat at home, good store.
Pen. Yes, sir;
I will not fail you all next week.
Bart. Thou'rt welcome:
I have a secret I would fain impart to thee
But thou'rt so thin, the wind will blow
from thee,
Or men will read it thro' thee.
Pen. Wrapt up in beef, sir, [me
In good gross beef, let all the world look
The English have that trick to keep intel
gence. [tie your tongue u
Bart. A witty knave! First, there's
Pen. Dumb as a dog, sir.
Bart. Next, hark in your ear, sirrah!
Pen. Well, very well, excellent well! 'I
done, sir;
Say no more to me.
Bart. Say, and hold.
Pen. 'Tis done, sir.
Bart. As thou lov'st butter'd eggs, swea
Pen. Let me kiss the book first:
But here's my hand, brave captain.
Bart. Look you hold, sirrah. [*E*
Pen. Oh, the most precious vanity of th
world! [and lard
When such dry neats' tongues must be soak
With young fat supple wenches! Oh, th
devil,
What can he do? he cannot suck an egg o
But his back's loose i' th' hilts: go thy way
captain!
Well may thy warlike name work miracle
But if e'er thy founder'd courser win mat
Or stand right but one train— [mor

Enter Three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Now, signor Shadow,
What art thou thinking of? how to rob t
master— [undertakes t
Pen. Of his good deeds? The thief t
Must have a hook will poze all hell to ha
mer. [pos
Have you din'd, gentlemen, or do you pu
2 *Gent.* Din'd, two long hours ago.
Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To supper, dost thou mean?
Pen. To any thing [true, gentleme
That has the smell of meat in't. Tell
Are not you three now going to be sinful
To jeopard a joint, or so? I've found yo
faces[17],
And see *whore* written in your eyes.

1 *Ge*

[16] All *my country.*] To betray a father, and *all* a country, sounds something harsh. would suppose the line once run so,

And for a roasted conger *sell* my country. *Sympson.*

[17] *To* iropeard *a point.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward read with me *jeopard*, and the o est folio retains pretty near the same reading,

To jeabard *a point.*

But what are we to make of, *I've found your faces?* The reader may put what sense pleases to this place. But I cannot help thinking but we ought to read,

I've *con'd* your faces,

i. e. consider'd, view'd, study'd 'em. *Sympson.*

Why Mr. Sympson, in his quotations in this note, substitutes *point* for *joint*, we are a loss to know; and so we are to find out where the difficulty of, *I've* found *your faces*, li

Penu

1 *Gent.* A parlous rascal!
Thou'rt much upon the matter.
Pen. Have a care, gentlemen!
'Tis a sore age, very sore age, lewd age;
And women now are like old knights' adventures,
Full of enchanted flames, and dangerous.
2 *Gent.* Where the most danger is, there's the most honour. [sufferance;
Pen. I grant ye, honour most consists in
And by that rule you three should be most honourable. [tell, Penurio,
3 *Gent.* A subtle rogue! But canst thou
Where we may light upon—
Pen. A learned surgeon?
3 *Gent.* Pox take ye, fool! I mean good wholesome wenches. [spoil ye too,
Pen. 'Faith, wholesome women will but
For you are so us'd to snap-haunches[18]—
But take my counsel;
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty;
The dog-days are come in.
2 *Gent.* Take fat old women? [better!
Pen. The fatter and the older, still the
You do not know the pleasure of an old dame, [knack on't:
A fat old dame; you do not know the
They're like our country grots, as cool as Christmas,
And sure i' th' keels. [us!
1 *Gent.* Hang him, starv'd fool, he mocks
3 *Gent.* Penurio, thou know'st all the handsome wenches: [now?
What shall I give thee for a merchant's wife
Pen. I take no money, gentlemen; that's base! [ye—
I trade in meat: A merchant's wife will cost
A glorious capon, a great shoulder of mutton,
And a tart as big as a conjurer's circle.
3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.
1 *Gent.* And what a haberdasher's?
Pen. Worse meat will serve for her: a great goose-pie—
(But you must send it out o' th' country to me,
It will not do else) with a piece of bacon,
And, if you can, a pot of butter with it.
2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at horse-flesh: what a parson's? [her;
Pen. A tithe-pig has no fellow, if I fetch
If she be puritan[19], plumb porridge does it,
And a fat loin of veal, well sauc'd and roasted.
2 *Gent.* We'll meet one night, and thou shalt have all these,
O' that condition we may have the wenches.
A dainty rascal!
Pen. When your stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.
1 *Gent.* Farewell! and there's to fill thy
Pen. Brave gentleman— [paunch.
2 *Gent.* Hold, sirrah! there.
Pen. Any young wench i' th' town, sir—
3 *Gent.* It shall go round. [*Exeunt Gent.*
Pen. Most honourable gentlemen!
All these are courtiers; but they are mere coxcombs,
And only for a wench their purses open;
Nor have they so much judgment left to chuse her.
If e'er they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em—
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel ladies,
Stink like a standing ditch, and those dear damsels— [monsieurs!
But I forgot my business; I thank you,
I have a thousand whimsies in my brains now. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter (to a banquet) Duchess, Duke of Sienna, Lords, and Attendants.

Duch. Your grace shall now perceive how much we honour you, [ship.
And in what dear regard we hold your friend-
Will you sit, sir, and grace this homely banquet? [too magnificent.
Duke. Madam, to your poor friend you're

Penurio asks them coarsely, *Are not you three going to be* sinful? and afterwards adds, *I've found your faces; i. e.* 'I have discovered the meaning of your looks, and see *whore* written in your eyes.' This interpretation is unforced, and shews *found* to be the better, as well as the older reading. *Con'd* conveys a weaker sense.

[18] *Snap-haunces.*] So the former editions.

[19] *If she* be *Puritan, plumb porridge*—] I read,
If she *ben't* Puritan, &c.
The Puritans have several of them very warmly opposed the observance of church festivals, and of consequence the feasting upon them, which Hudibras has finely burlesqued, in part i. canto i.

Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with *mince'd pies*, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend *plum porridge*;
Fat *pig* and *goose* itself oppose,
And blaspheme *custard* thro' the *nose*.

From whence it will appear that a negative is wanting in the line above, which I have inserted. The reader will observe that in this and another banter on the fanatics, our poets have brought their scene back to England; for I believe there was never any sect of them, that held these doctrines on the other side the Alps. *Seward.*

This note confirms, we think, instead of shaking the text.

Duch.

Duch. To the duke's health, and all the joys I wish him! [sic?
Let no man miss this cup. Have we no mu-
Duke. Your noble favours still you heap upon me! [feast,
But where's my virtuous mistress? such a
And not her sparkling beauty here to bless it?
Methinks it should not be; it shews not fully.
Duch. Young ladies, sir, are long and curious [goes,
In putting on their trims[20], forget how day
And then 'tis their good-morrow when they're ready.— [hither;
Go some and call her, and wait upon her
Tell her the duke and I desire her company.—
I warrant you, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd; this and that fashion look'd on, [jewels
For ruffs and gowns; cast this away, these
Suited to these and these knots: O' my life, sir, [else.—
She fears your curious eye will soon discover
Why stand ye still? why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my daughter?
Are you nail'd here? Nor stir, nor speak?
And who are you? [Who am I?
1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious lady! [of,
The fear to tell you that you would not hear
Makes us all dumb: the princess is gone, madam. [fellow answer me!
Duch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiser
2 *Lord.* We sought the court all over; and, believe, lady, [hence.
No news of where she is, nor how conveyed
Duch. It cannot be, it must not be!
1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, madam; [thro' it.
No room in all the court, but we search'd
Her women found her want first, and they cried to us. [dishonour'd.
Duch. Gone? stol'n away? I am abus'd,
Duke. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I dishonour'd! [me?
Is this your welcome? this your favour to
To foist a trick upon me? this trick too,
To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?
Or, since I was your guest, am I grown odious?
Duch. Your grace mistakes me; as I have a life, sir— [this,
Duke. And I another, I will never bear
Never endure this dor[21]!
Duch. But hear me patiently!
Duke. Give me my love!
Duch. As soon as care can find her;
And all care shall be us'd.
Duke. And all my care too, [rank;
To be reveng'd: I smell the trick; 'tis too
Fy, how it smells o' th' mother!
Duch. You wrong me, duke.
Duke. For this disgrace, ten thousa
Florentines
Shall pay their dearest bloods, and dyi
curse you!
And so I turn away your mortal enemy!
[*Ex*
Duch. Since you're so high and hot, s
you've half arm'd us.
Be careful of the town, of all the castles,
And see supplies of soldiers every where,
And musters for the field when he invites u
For he shall know, 'tis not high words c
fright us. [m
My daughter gone? Has she so finely cozen
This is for Silvio's sake sure; oh, cunni
false one!
Publish a proclamation thro' the dukedom
That whosoe'er can bring to the court you
Silvio,
Alive or dead, beside our thanks and favou
Shall have two thousand ducats for his labou
See it dispatch'd and sent in haste. Oh, ba
one! [*Exeu*

SCENE IV.

Enter Isabella, and Penurio with a light.

Isab. Wast thou with Rugio?
Pen. Yes, marry was I, closely.
Isab. And does he still remember his po
Does he desire to see me? [mistres
Pen. Yes, and presently; [mor
Puts off all business else; lives in that m
And will be here according to directions.
Isab. But where's thy master?
Pen. Where a coxcomb should be;
Waiting at court with his jewels; safe for
This night, I warrant you.
Isab. I am bound to thee. [tie yo
Pen. I would you were, as close as I cou
Isab. Thou art my best, my truest friend
Pen. I labour,
I moil and toil for you; I am your hackne
Isab. If ever I be able—
Pen. Steal the great cheese, mistress,
Was sent him out o' th' country.
Isab. Any thing—
Pen. That's meat; 'tis lawful, mistre
Where's the castle-custard,
He got at court?
Isab. He has lock'd it in his study.
Pen. Get a warrant
To search for counterfeit gold.
Isab. Give me thy candle;
I'll find a time to be thy careful cater.
Pen. And many a time I'll find to be
cook, [sauce, mistres
And dress his calf's head to the sweete
Isab. To bed, Penurio! go; the rest
I'll keep the watch out. [my charg

[20] *Trims.*] In our ancient writers, *trim* almost always signifies *dress*. It plainly does here, and in another passage in act v. So, in Shakespeare's King John, a bride *undrest* called an *untrimmed* bride. See act iii. scene 1. *R.*

[21] *Dor.*] See note 35 on Love's Pilgrimage.

Pen. Now if you spare him— [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace, fool!— [me.
I hope my Rugio will not fail; 'twould vex
Now to my string! so; sure he cannot miss
now;
And this end to my finger. I'll lie down,
For on a sudden I am wondrous heavy;
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, tho' it be with easy motion,
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. Thou secret friend[22], how am I bound to love thee!
And how to hug thee for thy private service!
Thou art the star all my suspicions sail by,
The fixed point my wronged honour turns to:
By thee I shall know all, find all the subtilties
Of devilish women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my conjurer, my spell, my spirit!—
All's hush'd and still, no sound of any stir-
ring, [still;
No tread of living thing! The light is in
And there's my wife; how prettily the fool
lies, [too!
How sweet and handsomely; and in her cloaths
Waiting for me, upon my life! her fondness
Would not admit her rest till I came to her:
Oh, careful fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving husband?
I am an ass, an over-doting coxcomb;
And this sweet soul the mirror of perfection.
How admirable fair and delicate! [requiem,
And how it stirs me! I'll sing thy sweets a
But will not waken thee.

SONG.

Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heav'n, that now adorn the
night;
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties
blow;
Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself, he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches
keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel-eyes!

Now will I steal a kiss, a dear kiss from her,
And suck the rosy breath of this bright
beauty.—
What a devil's this? tied to her finger too?
A string, a damned string, to give intelligence!
Oh, my lov'd key, how truly hast thou serv'd
me! [goes,
I'll follow this: soft, soft! to th' door it
And thro' to th' other side! a damn'd string
'tis!
I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madness! Stay, this
helps not;
Stay, stay! and now invention help me!
I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
And thus upon mine own. Dog, I shall catch
you; [you.
With all your cunning, sir, I shall light on
I felt it pull sure; yes, but wondrous softly;
'Tis there again, and harder now: have at you!
Now an thou scap'st, the devil's thy ghostly
father! [*Exit.*
Isab. Sure 'twas my husband's voice! The
string is gone too; [betray'd,
H' has found the trick on't! I'm undone,
And if he meet my friend, he perishes;
What fortune follows me, what spiteful for-
Hoa, Jaquenet! [tune!

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here, mistress; do you call me?
Isab. Did'st thou hear no noise?
Jac. I hear my master mad yonder,
And swears and chafes—
Isab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honour? all is lost
Jaq. Name what you will. [else.
Isab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompense so largely—
Jaq. Name it.
Isab. Sit here as if thou wert asleep.
Jaq. Is that all! [unto thee,
Isab. When he comes in, whate'er he do
(The worst will be but beating) speak not a
Not one word, as thou lov'st me. [word,
Jaq. I'll run thro' it.
Isab. I'll carry away the candle. [*Exit.*
Jaq. And I the blows, mistress.

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. Have you put your light out? I
shall stumble to you, [your rogue too:
You whore, you cunning whore! I shall catch
H' has light legs, else I had so ferret-claw'd
him! [sleep still, whore?
Oh, have I found you? Do you play at dog-
D' you think that can protect you? Yes, I'll
kill thee; [lainies,
But first I'll bring thy friends to view thy vil-
Thy whorish villainies: and first I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-dust, thou salt whore, thou
varlet, [ing visage!
Scratch out thine eyes: I'll spoil your tempt-
Are you so patient? I'll put my nails in
deeper.
Is it good whoring? whoring, ye base rascal?
Is it good tempting men with strings to ride
you? [whore;
So! I'll fetch your kindred, and your friends,
And such a justice I will act upon thee—
[*Exit.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, is he gone?
Jaq. The devil go with him, mistress!

[22] *Thou secret friend.*] His private key. *Sympson.*

H' has

H' has harrow'd me, plough'd land was ne'er so harrow'd;
I'd the most ado to save mine eyes.
Isab. H' has paid thee; [net.
But I'll heal all again with good gold, Jaque-
H' has damned nails. [tress;
Jaq. They're tenpenny nails, I think, mis-
I'll undertake he shall strike 'em thro' an inch board. [matum;
Isab. Go up and wash thyself; take my po-
And now let me alone to end the tragedy.
Jaq. You'd best beware.
Isab. I shall deal stoutly with him;
Reach me my book, and see the door made fast, wench; [litick!
And so, good night! Now to the matter po-
[*Lopez knocks within.*
Lopez. [*within*] You shall see what she is, what a sweet jewel.
Isab. Who's there? what madman knocks? is this an hour,
And in mine husband's absence?
Lopez. [*within*] Will you open?
You know my voice, you whore! I am that husband. [her;
D'you mark her subtilty? But I have paid
I have so ferk'd her face—Here's the blood, gentlemen! [ty;
Ecce signum! I have spoil'd her goatish beau-
Observe her how she looks now, how she's painted! [most treacherous—
Oh, 'tis the most wicked'st whore [23], and the

Enter Lopez, Bartello, Gentlemen, and two Gentlewomen.

Gent. Here walks my cousin, full of me-
Arm'd with religious thoughts. [ditation,
Bart. Is this the monster? [you talk'd of,
1 *Gentlew.* Is this the subject of that rage
That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces?
Bart. Here's no such thing. [beauty!
1 *Gentlew.* How have you wrong'd this
Are you not mad, my friend? What time o' th' moon is't?
Have not you maggots in your brains?
Lopez. 'Tis she sure!
Gent. Where's the scratch'd face you spoke of, the torn garments,
And all the hair pluck'd off her head?
Bart. Believe me, [pebbles,
'Twere better far you'd lost your pair of
Than she the least adornment of that sweet-
Lopez. Is not this blood? [ness.
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monstrous folly,
A base abuse!
Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a wonder, not a woman:
Nothing I do, but's subject to suspicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.
Bart. Lopez, you must not use this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiss, sir, [ly
To give ye sauce t' your meat; and sudde
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a v
man of her goodness— [to th
Thou have a wife! thou have a bear t
To scratch thy jealous itch! Were all o' i
mind, [then y
I mean all women, we would soon disb
Of that that breeds these fits, these d
flaws [24] in ye;
A sow-gelder should trim you.
Bart. A rare cure, lady, [ter!
And one as fit for him as a thief for a h
You see this youth; will you not cry h
quittance?
Body o' me, I'd pine, but I would pepper hi
I'll come anon.—He, hang him, poor po
pillion! [lady.
How like a wench bepist he looks!—I'll co
Lopez, the law must teach you what a wife
A good, a virtuous wife—
Isab. I'll ne'er live with him! [cau
I crave your loves all to make known
That so fair a divorce may pass between u
I'm weary of my life; in danger hourly.
Bart. You see how rude you are—I w
not miss you—
Unsufferable rude—I'll pay him soundly—
You should be whipt in Bedlam—I'll rewa
him—
2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good—
Lopez. I think I am alive still,
And in my wits!
Bart. I'll put a trick upon him— ['en
And get his goods confiscate; you shall ha
I will not fail at nine—
Lopez. I think I'm here too; [nappin
And once I would have sworn I'd ta'en h
I think my name is Lopez.
Gent. Fy for shame, sir! [h
You see you have abus'd her, foully wrong
Hung scandalous and coarse opinions on h
Which now you find but children of suspicio
Ask her forgiveness, shew a penitence!
She is my kinswoman; and what she suff
Under so base and beastly jealousies,
I will redress, else I'll seek satisfaction.
Bart. Why every boy 'i th' town will pi
Lopez. I'm sorry for't— [upon the
1 *Gentlew.* Down o' your marrow-bone
Lopez. E'en sorry from my heart: fo
give me, sweet wife! [yo
Here I confess most freely I have wrong
As freely here I beg a pardon of you!
From this hour no debate, no cross susp
cion— [wife's pa
Isab. To shew you, sir, I understand
Thus I assure my love, and seal your pardo

[23] *Oh, 'tis the* most wicked'st *whore.*] The putting the sign of the superlative degree, the superlative degree itself, as the comparative sign to the comparative degree a litt above, is a practice in which our authors are not singular. *Sympson.*

[24] *Flaws.*] This word, in our authors' time, signified *storms*, or *gusts*. Several instanc might be produced. *R.*

2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done: now to bed, and there confirm it!
Gent. And so good night!
Bart. Aware relapses, Lopez. [*Exeunt.*
Lopez. Now Isabella, tell me truth, and suddenly,
nd do not juggle with me, nor dissemble,
or, as I have a life, you die then! I'm not mad,
Nor does the devil work upon my weakness)
ell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.
Isab. Will then that satisfy you?
Lopez. If you deal ingenuously. [freely.
Isab. I'll tell you all, and tell you true and
artello was the end of all this jealousy;
is often visitations brought by you, first
red all these fits, and these suspicions;
knew your false key, and accordingly
fram'd my plot, to have you take him finely.
oo poor a penance for the wrong his wife bears,
His worthy virtuous wife! I felt it sensibly
When you took off the string, and was much pleas'd in't, [well;
Because I wish'd his importunate dotage paid
And had you staid two minutes more y'had had him.
Lopez. This sounds like truth.
Isab. Because this shall be certain,
Next time he comes (as long he cannot tarry)
Yourself shall see, and hear, his lewd temptations. [prove true,
Lopez. 'Till then I'm satisfied: and if this
Henceforward mistress of yourself I give you,
And I to serve you. For my lusty captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the devil [him.
Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt
Come now to bed; and prove but constant this way,
I'll prove the man you ever wish'd.
Isab. You've blest me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Silvio.

l. WHAT labour and what travel have I run thro',
nd thro' what cities, to absolve this riddle!
iviners, dreamers, schoolmen, deep magicians, [ings,
ll have I tried; and all give several meanind from all hope of any future happiness:
o this place am I come at length, the country;
he people simple, plain, and harmless witty,
hose honest labours Heav'n rewards with plenty [thankful
f corn, wine, oil, which they again, as o their new crops new pastimes celebrate,
nd crown their joyful harvests with new voices.
y a rich farmer here I'm entertain'd,
nd rank'd among the number of his servants, [me.
ot guessing what I am, but what he'd have
ere may be so much wit (tho' much I fear it)
undo this knotty question; and 'would to Heav'n—

Enter Soto, with a Proclamation.

y fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs,
as innocent, [ness!
nd never known a pitch above their plain-
Soto. That it is, that it is. What's this
his is a plaguy word, that it is; [word now?
e, a, that it is, *reason.* By your leave, [sir;
r. Soto, by your leave, you are too quick,
ere's a strange parlous *T* before the *reason,* A very tall *T,* which makes the word *high-treason.* [understand himself?
Sil. What treason's that? does this fellow
Soto. Pitch will infect; I'll meddle no more with this geer.— [low?
What a devil ails this fellow; this foolish fel-
Being admitted to be one of us too, [ing,
That are the masters of the sports proceed-
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
D' you know me, friend?
Sil. You are my master's son, sir.
Soto. And do you know what sports are now in season?
Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.
Soto. Where are your bells then?
Your rings, your ribbands, friend? and your clean napkins? [I here
Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? An't
My father's eldest son? and at this time, sir,
I would have you know it, though you be ten times his servant, [harvest, sir;
A better man than my father far, lord of this
And shall a man of my place want attendance? [duty, bred this;
Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, sir, not
I'd have made suit else for your lordship's service. [mend your manners!
Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now;
But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance melancholy, [us:
And that may breed an insurrection amongst
Go to! I'll lay the best part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can guess with whom too; [at thee,
I saw the wench that twir'd[25] and twinkled

[25] *Twir'd.*] So Ben Jonson in his Sad Shepherd, act ii. scene 3.
Which maids will *twire* at thro' their fingers. *Sympson.*

The other day; the wench that's new come
The young smug wench. [hither,
Sil. You know more than I feel, sir.
Soto. Go to! I'll be thy friend, I'll speak
a good word for thee, [to her.
And thou shalt have my lordship's count'nance
May be I've had a snap myself; may be ay,
may be no;
We lords are allow'd a little more.
Sil. 'Tis fit, sir: [der of me.
I humbly thank you! you're too, too ten-
But what, sir, I beseech you, was that paper,
Your lordship was so studiously employ'd in,
When you came out a-doors?
Soto. Thou mean'st this paper?
Sil. That, sir, I think.
Soto. Why, 'tis a proclamation,
A notable piece of villainy, as ever thou
heard'st in thy life;
By mine honour 'tis.
Sil. How, sir, or what concerns it?
Soto. It comes you from the duchess, a
plaguy wise woman,
To apprehend the body of one Silvio, [post)
(As arrant a rascal as ever piss'd against a
And this same Silvio, or this foresaid rascal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which
good service [ducats:
The man that brings him has two thousand
Is not this notable matter now?
Sil. 'Tis so indeed.—
This proclamation bears my bane about it!
Can no rest find me, no private place secure
me, [me?
But still my miseries like blood-hounds haunt
Unfortunate young man, which way now
guides thee, [round for thee.
Guides thee from death? the country's laid
Oh, Claudio, now I feel thy blood upon me;
Now it speaks loudly here, I'm sure, against
me; [claim'd it,
Time now has found it out, and truth pro-
And justice now cries out, I must die for it.
Soto. Hast thou read it?
Sil. Yes.
Soto. And dost thou know that Silvio?
Sil. I never saw him, sir.
Soto. I have, and know him too, [ter;
I know him as well as I know thee, and bet-
And, if I light upon him, for a trick he play'd
me once, [him!
A certain kind of dog-trick, I'll so fiddle
Two thousand ducats? I'll so pepper him!
And with that money I'll turn gentleman,
Worth a brown baker's dozen of such Silvios.
Sil. There is no staying here; this rogue
will know me,
And for the money's sake betray me too:
I must bethink me suddenly and safely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine-own dear lady, have at thy ho-
neycomb! [trace sweetly!
Now, for the honour of our town, boys,
[*Cry within of*, Arm, arm!
What a vengeance ails this whobub? pox
fuse em! [he
Cannot they let's dance in our own defe

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honest friends, arm sudde
and bravely, [n
And with your ancient resolutions foll
Look how the beacons shew like come
your poor neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted thro' the village
Sienna's duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his sword makes thousand moth
childless.
Soto. What's this to our morris-dancer
Sil. This
May serve my turn.
Soto. There's ne'er a duke in christend
But loves a May-game.
Capt. At a horse
You were always cess'd; put your son on h
And arm him well! i' th' state's name, I co
mand you:
And they that dare go voluntary shall
Receive reward.
Soto. I dare go no way, sir.
This is strange, master captain, [he
You cannot be content to spoil our sp
(Which I don't think your worship's able
answer)
But you must set us together by the ears,
With I know not who too? We are for
The bodily part o' th' dance.
Capt. Arm him suddenly! [
(This is no time to fool) I shall return
A rebel to the general state, and duches
And how you'll answer then—
Farmer. I've no more sons, sir;
This is my only boy; I beseech you, ma
captain— [truth,
Soto. I'm a rank coward too, to say
I never had good luck at buffets neither
Farmer. Here's vorty shillings, spare
child.
Capt. I cannot. [a May-lo
Soto. Are you a man? will you cast a
Shall all the wenches in the country c
you? [his pers
Sil. An't please you, captain, I'll su
('Tis pity their old custom should be fright
Let me have horse, and good arms, I'll s
willingly, [
And, if I shrink a foot of ground, hell t
Capt. A promising aspect, face full
courage.
I'll take this man, and thank you too—
Farmer. There's for thee;
'Tis in a clout, but good old gold.
Sil. I thank you, sir. [feather on
Farmer. Go, saddle my forehorse, put
(He'll prance it bravely, friend; he fear
colours) [dize
And take the armour down, and see
Soto. Farewell! and if thou carriest th
Well in this matter—I say no more, but

T

here must be more May-lords, and I know
re fit. [who
Sil. Dance you; I'll fight, sir.
Capt. Away, away!
Sil. Farewell! I'm for the captain[26].
[*Exeunt.*
Farmer. Now to this matter again, my
honest fellows!
or, if this go not forward, I foresee, friends,
his war will fright our neighbours out o'
th' villages: [news, boys.
heer up your hearts! we shall hear better
Bomby. Surely I'll dance no more[27], 'tis
most ridiculous:
find my wife's instructions now mere ve-
rities,
ly learned wife's; she often hath pronounc'd
to me [damn'd else.'
ly safety: 'Bomby, defy these sports; thou'rt
his beast of Babylon I will ne'er back
again,
is pace is sure prophane, and his lewd
wi-hees,
he songs of Hymyn[28] and Gymyn, in the
wilderness. [again[29]?
Farmer. Fy, neighbour Bomby, in your fits
our zeal sweats. This is not careful, neigh-
bour;
he hobby-horse is a seemly hobby-horse—
Soto. And as pretty a beast on's inches,
tho' I say it— [lewd beast,
Bomby. The beast is an unseemly and a
nd got at Rome by the pope's coach-horses;
is mother was the mare of Ignorance.
Soto. Cobler, thou liest, an thou wert a
thousand coblers! [of good credit;
is mother was an honest mare, and a mare
know the mare, and, if need be, can bring
witness;
nd, in the way of honesty I tell thee,
corn'd any coach-horse the pope had; thou'rt
foolish, [beast.
nd thy blind zeal makes thee abuse the
Bomby. I do defy thee, and thy foot-cloth
too;
nd tell thee to thy face, this prophane riding,
(I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it)
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a
scourge upon us;
This hobby-horse Sincerity we liv'd in, [it,
War, and the sword of Slaughter: I renounce
And put the beast off, thus, the beast polluted.
And now no more shall Hope-on-high Bomby
Follow the painted pipes of worldly pleasures,
And, with the wicked, dance the devil's
measures.
Away, thou pamper'd jade of vanity,
Stand at the livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prick-ear'd folly!
My dance shall be to th' pipe of persecution.
Farmer. Will you dance no more, neigh-
Bomby. Surely, no: [bour?
Carry the beast to his crib; I have renounc'd
And all his works. [him,
Soto. Shall th' hobby-horse be forgot then[30]?
The hopeful hobby-horse, shall he lie foun-
der'd? [cobler.
If thou dost this, thou'rt but a cast-away
My anger's up; think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* beast of pleasure!
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious
sowter,
Thou bench-whistler, of the old tribe of toe-
pieces!) [mending;
If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-
Every man shall have a special care of his
own soal,
And in his pocket carry his two confessors,
His lingel[31], and his nawl. If thou dost
this—
Farmer. He'll dance again, for certain.
Bomby. I cry out on't! [tilt-staves
'Twas the fore-running sin brought in those
They brandish 'gainst the church, the devil
calls May-poles. [him to ye,
Soto. Take up your horse again, and girth
And girth him handsomely, good neighbour
Bomby. I spit at him! [Bomby!
Soto. Spit in the horse' face, cobler?
Thou out-of-tune, psalm-singing slave! Spit
in his visnomy? [him,
Bomby. I spit again; and thus I rise against

[26] *I'm for* the *captain.*] Theobald's margin says, *for* thee, *captain.*

[27] Hob. *Surely I'll dance, &c.*] As there is no such name as *Hob* in the *dramatis personæ*, nd as he is call'd, and calls himself here and through the scene, by the name of *Bomby;* ethinks we ought to displace this nonsensical *Hob*, and insert *Bomby* in its place. *Sympson.*

[28] *The* sons *of, &c.*] Corrected by Theobald.

[29] ——— *in your fits again,*
Your zeal sweats.] For the want only of a single hyphen, how difficult is it to under-and the humour of the Farmer here? Sure we should write thus,
—— your fits again,
Your zeal-sweats? *Sympson.*
The old reading is most easy and natural.

[30] *The* hobby-horse.] Amongst the country May-games there was an *hobby-horse*, which, hen the puritanical humour of those times opposed, and discredited these games, was ought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the ctaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. *Warburton.*
In the last edition of Shakespeare, Mr. Steevens produces some quotations (among the st our present text) which prove the truth of Warburton's explanation.

[31] *His* yugel.] Corrected by Sympson.

Against this beast, that signified destruction[32],
Fore-shew'd falls of monarchies.
Soto. I' th' face of him?
Spit such another spit, by this hand, cobler,
I'll make ye set a new piece o' your nose there.
Take't up, I say, and dance without more bidding, [excellent,
And dance as you were wont; you have been
And art still, but for this new nicety,
And your wife's learned lectures: take up th' hobby-horse! [heart, Bomby,
Come, 'tis a thing th'hast lov'd with all thy
And wouldst do still but for the round-breech'd brothers: [I say;
You were not thus i'th' morning. Take't up,
Do not delay, but do't! You know I'm officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge. [execute:
Chuse whether you will dance, or have me
I'll clap your neck i'th' stocks, and there I'll make ye [night too.
Dance a whole day, and dance with these at
You mend old shoes well, mend your old manners better; [ness,
And suddenly see you leave off this sincere-
This new hot batch, borrow'd from some brown baker, [for't[33]—
Some learned brother, or I'll so bait you
Take't quickly up.
Bomby. I take my persecution, [thren.
And thus I'm forc'd, a bye-word to my bre-
Soto. Strike up, strike up, strike merrily!
Farmer. To't roundly.
Now to the harvest-feast; then sport again, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Silvio, arm'd.

Sil. What shall I do? Live thus unknown, and base still,
Or thrust myself into the head o'th' battle?
And there, like that I am, a gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of danger,
(So in her angry eyes she carried honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

SONG [*within*].

Silvio, go on, and raise thy noble mind
To noble ends; fling coarse base thoughts behind!
Silvio, thou son of ever-living fame,
Now aim at virtue, and a noble name.
Silvio, consider, honour is not won, [do
Nor virtue reach'd, 'till some brave thing
Thy country calls thee now, she burns a bleeds,
Now raise thyself, young man, to noble dee
Into the battle, Silvio! there seek forth
Danger, and blood; by them stands sac worth. [lows r
Sil. What heav'nly voice is this that
This is the second time 't has waited on
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the bat
It names me often, steels my heart w courage.

Enter Belvidere, deformed.

And in a thousand sweet notes comforts
What beldam's this? How old she is, Why does she follow me? [ug
Bel. Be not dismay'd, son;
I wait upon thee for thy good and honou
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd mind up,
And rais'd thy spirits to the pitch of noblen
Sil. Tho' she be old, and of a crool carcase,
Her voice is like the harmony of angels.
Bel. Thou art my darling; all my l dwells on thee,
The son of virtue! therefore I attend the
Enquire not what I am; I come to serve th
For if thou be'st inquisitive, th'hast lost
A thousand long miles hence my dwelling
Deep in a cave, where, but mine own, foot treads; [Sil
There, by mine art, I found what dan
And deep distress of heart, thou wert gr into;
A thousand leagues I've cut thro' empty
Far swifter than the sailing rack[34], gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek t
Sometimes o'er a swelling tide,
On a dolphin's back I ride;
Sometimes pass the earth below,
And thro' th' unmov'd center go;
Sometimes in a flame of fire,
Like a meteor I aspire;
Sometimes in mine own shape, thus,
When I help the virtuous:

[32] —— *signify'd destruction,*
Fore-shew'd i'th' *falls of monarchies.*
Soto. *I'th' face of him.*] The *i'th'* in the second line is evidently crept in fi the third, and spoils both sense and measure, for the third line completes the second ve Hudibras took several hints from this passage. *Seward.*

[33] *This new hot batch, borrowed from some brown baker,*
Or I'll so bait *ye for't*——] I don't discard the word *bait*, but to preserve playing upon the words here, which the poet seems to have design'd, I suspect we ough read,
——— or I'll so *bake* you for't.
'Tis scarce worth observing, that the *Brownists* are the people, against whom the satire h was principally levell'd. *Sympson.*

[34] *Rack.*] See note 78 on the Faithful Shepherdess.

Men of honourable minds,
Command my art in all his kinds:
Pursue the noble thought of war;
From thy guard I'll not be far.
Get thee worship on thy foe;
Lasting fame is gotten so.
Single Sienna's duke alone;
Hear thy friends, thy country groan,
And with thy manly arm strike sure;
Then th'hast wrought thine own free cure.
Sil. Some sibil sure, some soul Heav'n loves, and favours, [wonders!
And lends her their free powers to work their
How she incites my courage!
Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many days ago;
Foresaw thy love to Belvidere,
The duchess' daughter, and her heir;
Knew she lov'd thee, and know what past,
When you were found i' th' castle fast
In one another's arms; foresaw
The taking of you, and the law;
And so thy innocence I lov'd,
The deepest of my skill I prov'd:
Be rul'd by me; for, to this hour,
I've dwelt about thee with my power. [thee;
Sil. I will, and in the course of all observe
For thou art sure an angel good sent to me.
Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight!
Longer stay but robs thy right:
When thou grow'st weary, I'll be near;
Then think on beauteous Belvidere!
For every precious thought of her
Will lend thine honour a new spur[35];
When all is done, meet here at night;
Go, and be happy in the fight! [*Exit.*
Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly;
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Claudio and Penurio.

Clau. Is she so loving still?
Pen. She's mad with love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, signor;
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your love—It frets me too;
I'm fall'n away to nothing, to a spindle,
Grown a mere man of mat, no soul within me:
Pox o' my master! Sir, will that content you?
Clau. This rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me; [sters,
Upon my life, there are some other game-
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me.— [her?
Is there no other holds acquaintance with
(Prithee be true, be honest; do not mock me;
Thou know'st her heart) no former interest
Sh' has vow'd a favour to, and cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a friendship?
There are a thousand handsome men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If, where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly:
I am a stranger yet.
Pen. You're all she looks for;
And, if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly lamentations—
Clau. I know thou flatter'st me; tell me but truth— [dukedom,
Look here, look well; the best meat in the
The rarest, and the choicest of all diets!
This will I give thee, but to satisfy me
(That is, not to dissemble), this rare lobster,
This pheasant of the sea, this dish for princes,
And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thyself;
Have good Greek wine, or any thing belongs
A wench, if it desire one. [to't,
Pen. All this, signor?
Clau. All, and a greater far than this—
Pen. A greater?
Clau. If thou deserve by telling truth.
Pen. A wench too? [knave now,
Clau. Or any thing; but if you play the
The cozening knave, besides the loss of this
(In which th' hast parted with a paradise),
I ne'er will give thee meat more, not a morsel;
No smell of meat, by my means, shall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nourishing;
But to thy old part, Tantalus, again
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a shadow!
Pen. Upon this point, had I intended treason,
Or any thing might call my life in question,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on
(Give me but time to eat this lovely lobster,
This alderman o' th' sea, and give me wine to him),
I'd reveal all; and if that all were too little,
More than I know. Bartello holds in with her,
The captain of the citadel; but you need not fear him, [ries.
His tongue's the stiffest weapon that he car-
He's old and out of use: there are some other,
Men young enough, handsome, and bold enough, [but they want, sir,
Could they come but to make their game once;
They want the *unde quare*, they're laid by then.

Enter Bartello.

You only are the man shall knock the nail
Bart. How now, Penurio? [in—
Pen. Your worship's fairly met, sir.—
You shall hear further from me: steal aside, sir.
Clau. Remember your master for those chains. [*Exit.*

[35] I'll *lend thine honour.*] The variation proposed by Sympson.

Pen.

Pen. They're ready, sir.
Bart. What young thing's this? By his habit he's a merchant; [fish,
I fear he trades my way too.—You dried dog-
What bait was that?
Pen. Who, sir? the thing went hence now?
A notable young whelp—
Bart. To what end, sirrah? [be married;
Pen. Came to buy chains and rings, is to
An ass, a coxcomb! h' has nothing in his house, sir. [tress?
I warrant, you think he came to see my mis-
Bart. I doubt it shrewdly.
Pen. Away, away, 'tis foolish! [man;
H' has not the face to look upon a gentlewo-
A poor skimm'd thing! his mother's maids are fain, sir, [married,
To teach him how to kiss; and, 'gainst he's
To shew him on which side the stirrop stands.
Bart. That is a fine youth.
Pen. Thou wouldst hang thyself,
That thou hadst half his power, thou empty potgun.
Bart. Am I come fit, Penurio?
Pen. As fit as a fiddle;
My master's now abroad about his business.
Bart. When thou
Cam'st to me home to-day, I half suspected
My wife was jealous, that she whisper'd to thee. [no such matter;
Pen. You deserve well the whilst. There's
She talk'd about some toys my master must
You must not know of. [bring to her,
Bart. I'll take no note, Penurio.
Pen. No, nor you shall not, 'till you have it soundly.
This is the bravest *capitano pompo!*

Enter Isabella.

But I shall pump you anon, sir.
Isab. Oh, my Bartello! [you sweet rogue!
Bart. You pretty rogue, you little rogue,
Away, Penurio; go and walk i' th' Horse-fair.
Isab. You don't love me.
Bart. Thou liest, thou little rascal!
There, sirrah; to your centry!
Pen. How the colt itches!
I'll help you to a curry-comb shall claw you. [*Exit.*
Isab. And how much dost thou love me?
Bart. Let's go in quickly;
I'll tell thee presently, I'll measure't to thee.
Isab. No busses first? Sit o' my knee, my brave boy, me;
My valiant boy! Don't look so fiercely on
Thou'lt fright me with thy face. Come, buss again, chick!
Smile in my face, you mad thing!
Bart. I'm mad indeed, wench!
Precious! I'm all o' fire.
Isab. I'll warm thee better. [bellows:
Bart. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my
Ha, you sweet rogue, you loving rogue! boy now,
A soldier I will get, shall prove a fellow.

Enter Jaquenet and Penurio.

Jaq. Mistress, look to yourself, my ma-
ter's coming!
Bart. The devil come and go with him
Pen. The devil's come indeed; he brin
your wife, sir.
Isab. We are undone, undone then!
Bart. My wife with him?
Why, this is a dismal day.
Pen. They're hard by too, sir.
Bart. I must not, dare not see her.
Isab. Nor my husband,
For twenty thousand pound.
Bart. That I were a cat now,
Or any thing could run into a bench-hole!
Saint Anthony's fire upon the rogue h
brought her! [matte
Where shall I be?—Just in the nick o' t
When I had her at my mercy!—Think, f
Heav'n's sake!
My wife? All the wild furies hell has—
Pen. Up the chimney! [sentl
Bart. They'll smoke me out there pr
Isab. There, there, it must be there,
We're all undone else; it must be up t
Bart. Give me a ladder. [chimne
Isab. You must use your art, sir;
Alas, we have no ladders.
Bart. Pox o' thy husband!
Does he ne'er mend his house?
Pen. No, nor himself neither.
Up nimbly, sir, up nimbly!
Bart. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou merciless lean rogue.
Pen. Will you be kill'd?
For if he take you—
Bart. Lend me thy shoulder.
Pen. Soft, sir! [els
You'll tread my shoulder-bones into my sid
Have you fast hold o' th' bars?
Bart. A vengeance bar 'em!
Isab. Patience, good captain, patience
quickly, quickly!
Bart. D' you think I'm made of smoke?
Pen. Now he talks of smoke,
What if my master should call for fire?
Bart. Will you martyr me?
Isab. He must needs have it.
Bart. Will you make me bacon?
Isab. We'll do the best we can. Are a
things ready?
Pen. All, all; I have 'em all.
Isab. Go let 'em in then[36]. [*Exit Pe*
Not a word now on your life!
Bart. I hang like a meteor.

Enter Lopez and Rodope.

Lopez. You're welcome, lady.

[36] Bar. *Go let 'em in,* &c.] The change of the speakers here is from Mr. Theobald's ma
gin. The reader will easily see the necessity of it. *Sympson.*

Ro

Rod. You are too, too courteous;
But I shall make amends. Fair Isabella—
Isab. Welcome, my worthy friend, most kindly welcome! [foolery.
Rod. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his
Lopez. Some sweet-meats, wife; some sweet-meats presently!
Bart. Oh, my sour sauce!
Lopez. Away quick, Isabella. [*Exit Isab.*
Did y' hear him?
Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, sir.
Lopez. Speak loud enough.—Dare you at length but pity me? [sons to me,
Rod. 'Faith, sir, you've us'd so many reaAnd those so powerfully—
Lopez. Keep this kiss for me.
Bart. And do I stand and hear this?
Rod. This for me, sir. [band—
This is some comfort now: alas, my hus-
But why do I think of so poor a fellow,
So wretched, so debauch'd?
Bart. That's I: I'm bound
To hear it.
Rod. I dare n't lie with him, he is
So rank a whore-master—
Lopez. And that's
A dangerous point.
Rod. Upon my conscience, sir,
He'd stick a thousand base diseases on me.
Bart. And now must I say nothing!
Lopez. I'm sound, lady.
Rod. That's it that makes me love you.
Lopez. Let's kiss again then!
Rod. Do, do!
Bart. Do? the devil
And the grand pox do with you!
Lopez. Do you hear him? well—

Enter Penurio and Isabella.

Now, what's the news with you?
Pen. The sound of war, sir, [city;
Comes still along: the duke will charge the
We've lost, they say.
Lopez. What shall become of me then,
And my poor wealth?
Bart. Even hang'd, I hope. [what
Rod. Remove your jewels presently, and
You have of wealth, into the citadel;
There all's secure.
Lopez. I humbly thank you, lady.
Penurio, get me some can climb the chimney,
For there my jewels are, my best, my richest;
I hid 'em, fearing such a blow.
Pen. Most happily [nies;
I have two boys, that use to sweep foul chimTruly, I brought 'em, sir, to mock your worship,
For the great fires you keep, and the full diet.
Lopez. I forgive thee, knave. Where are
Pen. Here, sir, here. [they?
Monsieur Black, will your small worship mount?

Enter two Boys.

1 *Boy.* Madam, è be com to creep up into your chimney, and make you [*Boy sings.*
Cleane, as any lady in de world: ma litla,
Chanta, frere, chanta. [litla frera, and è.
Pen. Come, monsieur, mountè, mountè! mount, monsieur Mustard-pot! [*Boy sings.*
1 *Boy.* Monsieur, è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou, monsieur.
Pen. Mountè, monsieur, mountè; dere be some fine tings— [sieur.
1 *Boy.* Me will creep like de ferret, mon-
Pen. Dere in de chimney.
[*The Boy above singing.*
1 *Boy.* Here be de sheilde due shason, madam. [*Boy goes in behind the Arras.*
Pen. There's a bird's nest; I would have you climb it, monsieur: [monsieur!
Up, my fine singing monsieur. That's a fine
Lopez. Watch him, he do not steal.
Pen. I warrant you, sir.
Lopez. These boys are knavish.
Pen. I'll look to him tightly.
Boy [*within*]. Madam, here be de rat, de rat, madam!

Enter Bartello, with the Boy singing on his shoulder.

Lopez. Lord! what comes here?
A walking apparition?
Isab. Saint Christopher!
Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my husband it looks!
Bart. Get you down, devil; [chimnied?
I'll break your neck else. Was e'er man thus
Lopez. Go, pay the boys well; see them satisfied. [blackberries!
Pen. Come, monsieur Devils; come, my
I'll butter you o' both sides.
Boy. Adieu, madame! adieu, madame!
[*Exit.*
Isab. Nay, even look, sir. Are you cool'd now, captain? [too!
Bart. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.
Lopez. You're welcome, sir.
I'm glad I've any thing within these doors, sir,
To make you merry. You love my wife, I
You've shew'd your love. [thank you;
Bart. Wife, am I this? this odd matter,
This monstrous thing?
Rod. You ought, but yet you are not:
I've been bold with you, sir, but yet not
As I have faith, I have not. [basely;
Lopez. Sir, believe it. [trespass:
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your
We knew your hour, and all this fashion'd
Bart. Were you o' th' plot too? [for it.
Isab. Yes, by my troth, sweet captain.
Bart. You will forgive me, wife?
Rod. You will deserve it?
Bart. Put that to th' venture.
Rod. Thus am I friends again then; [you.
And, as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss
Bart. And I'll kiss you; and you too ask forgiveness. [ber.
Kiss my wife, Lopez; 'tis but in jest, remem-
And now, all friends together to my castle,
Where

Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these stories;
And let him be chimney-swept, in's lust that glories! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Silvio and Belvidere, severally.

Sil. Hail, reverend dame! Heav'n wait upon thy studies! [battle ended?
Bel. You are well met, son. What, is the
Sil. Mother, 'tis done.
Bel. How has thy honour prosper'd?
Sil. The duchess has the day; Sienna's prisoner; [mounted him,
Arm'd with thy powerful art, this arm dis-
Receiv'd him then on foot, and in fair valour
Forc'd him mine own: this jewel I took from him
(It hung upon his casque), the victor's triumph;
And to the duchess now a prisoner [mother.
I've render'd him; come off again unknown,
Bel. 'Tis well done: let me see the jewel, son!
'Tis a rich one, curious set,
Fit a prince's burgonet[37].
This rich token late was sent
By the duchess, with intent
The marriage next day to begin.
Dost thou know what's hid within?
Wipe thine eyes, and then come near;
See the beauteous Belvidere!
Now behold it.
Sil. Oh, my saint!
Bel. Wear it nobly; do not faint.
Sil. How blest am I in this rich spoil, this picture!
For ever will I keep it here, here, mother,
For ever honour it: how oft, how chastly
Have I embrac'd the life of this, and kiss'd i
Bel. The day draws on that thou mu
home return, [tio
And make thy answer to the duchess' que
I know it troubles thee; for if thou fail in't-
Sil. Oh, I must die!
Bel. Fear not, fear not; I'll be nigh!
Cast thy trouble on my back!
Art nor cunning shall not lack,
To preserve thee, still to keep
What thy envious foemen seek.
Go boldly home, and let thy mind
No distrustful crosses find!
All shall happen for the best;
Souls walk thro' sorrows that are blest.
Sil. Then I go confident.
Bel. But first, my son,
A thankful service must be done:
The good old woman for her pain,
When every thing stands fair again,
Must ask a poor boon, and that granting,
There's nothing to thy journey wanting.
Sil. Except the trial of my soul to mi
chief, [nou
And, as I am a knight, and love mine h
I grant it, whatsoever—
Bel. Thy pure soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.
Sil. Then any thing.
Bel. When I shall ask, remember! [m
Sil. If I forget, Heaven's goodness forg
Bel. On thy journey then awhile!
To the next cross-way and stile
I'll conduct thee; keep thee true,
To thy mistress and thy vow,
And, let all their envies fall!
I'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeun*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Duchess, Duke of Sienna, and Lords.

Duke. LADY, the stubborn war's more mild than you are,
That allows ransom, and the prisoner taken—
Duch. We must not be too hasty: remember, sir,
The wrong and violence you've offer'd us;
Burnt up our frontier towns, made prey before you [subjects;
Both of our beasts and corn; slain our dear
Open'd the fountain eyes of thousand widows,
That daily fling their curses on your fury:
What ord'nary satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty-thought-on ransom give a remedy? [counsel:
You must excuse us yet; we'll take more
In the mean time, not as a prisoner,
But as a noble prince, we entertain you.
Duke. I'm at your mercy, lady; 'tis m
fortune, [have me
My stubborn fate! the day is yours, yo
The valour of one single man has cross'd m
Cross'd me and all my hope; for when th
battles
Were at the hottest game of all their furie
(And conquest ready then to crown me vic
tor), [virtu
One single man broke in, one sword, on
(And by his great example thousands fo
low'd) [me
Oh, how I shame to think on't! how it shake
Nor could our strongest head then stop hi
fury,
But, like a tempest, bore the field before him

[37] *A princesse burgonet.*] Corrected by Sympson.

'Ti

Till he arriv'd at me; with me he buckled;
Awhile I held him play; at length his violence [su'd me;
Beat me from my saddle, then on foot pur-
There triumph'd once again, then took me prisoner:
When I was gone, a fear possess'd my people.
Duch. One single arm, in a just cause,
Heav'n prospers.—
's not this stranger-knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honour?
Lord. Not yet, that we hear, madam; but to that purpose
Two days ago we publish'd proclamations.

Enter Soto with a Trumpet, and Silvio.

Soto. Oh, dainty duchess, here I bring that knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that Sienna's duke, and all his louts,
Beat (as the proverb seemly says) to clouts;
He that unhors'd the man o' fame to boot,
And bootless taught his grace to walk afoot;
He that your writings, pack'd to every pillar,
Promis'd promotion to, and store of siller;
That very man I set before thy grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.
Duch. A pretty foolish squire! what must the knight be?
Duke. Some juggler, or some mad-man.
Sil. I was not so, [me;
When thy faint troops in flocks I beat before
When, thro' the thickest of thy warlike horse,
shot myself e'en to thy standard, duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd thee [stood'st me,
The temper of my sword. 'Tis true, thou
And like a noble soldier bidst me welcome;
And this I'll say, more honour[38] in that arm
found and tried, than all thy army carried;
What follows, thy imprisonment can tell thee.
Duke. His fair relation carries truth and virtue;
And by those arms I see (for such were his,
So old, so rusty), this may be he that forc'd me. [casque I rent it,
Sil. D'you know this jewel? from your
E'en as I clos'd, and forc'd you from your
D'you now remember me? [saddle:
Duke. This is the valour,
Madam; for certain, he; it must be he;
That day I wore this jewel: you remember it.
Duch. Yes, very well: not long before, I sent it.
Duke. That day I lost this jewel, in fight I lost it;
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my casque. Take it again, sir;
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honour.
Soto. My father and myself are made for ever! [knight first I raise you;
Duch. Kneel down, brave sir. Thus, my
(Gird on a sword); next, gen'ral of my army
(Give him a staff); last, one in counsel near me.
Now, make us happy with your sight.—How! Silvio? [*Discovers himself.*
Have I on thee bestow'd this love, this honour? [favours?
The treasons thou hast wrought set off with
Unarm him presently!—Oh, thou foul traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honour, and my country,
Thou kindler of these wars—
Sil. Mistake not, madam!
Duch. Away with him to prison, [sirrah,
See him safe kept.—The law shall shortly,
Find fitter titles for you than I gave you.
Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me; I'll be quit with him. [him!
What a blind rogue was I, I could ne'er know
An't please your grace, I claim the benefit
O' th' proclamation that proclaim'd him traI brought him in. [tor;
Duch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.
Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then.
Duch. Away with him! [you're tied to it,
Sil. Madam, I crave your promise first;
You've pass'd your princely word.
Duch. Prove it, and take it.
Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your grace, for my appearance,
To answer to the question.
Duch. I remember it.
Sil. I claim it then.
Duch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.
Sil. I not repent it.
If I absolve the words—
Duch. Your life is free then. [wishes,
You've drawn a speedy course above my
To my revenge: be sure you hit it right,
Or I'll be sure you shall not scape the danger.
Sil. My rest is up now, madam[39].
Duch. Then play't cunningly.
Sil. Now, where's the hag? where now are all her promises [me?
She would be with me, strengthen me, inform
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont still to be near, to feel my miseries,

[38] *More* honour *in that arm.*] Sympson (thinking the arm an improper situation for *honour*) would substitute *valour* for *honour*, which we think quite unnecessary.

[39] *My rest is up.*] From the duchess's answer, this appears to be a phrase used at some kind of game. So in Churchyard's Challenge, p. 62, 'On which resolution the souldier *sets up his rest*, and commonly hazards the winning or loosing of as great a thing as life may be worth, &c.' Again, p. 115,

'Spoyle brings home plagues to wife and children both,
'When husband hath at play *set up his rest.*' *R.*

And with her art—I see her no where now!
What have I undertaken? Now she fails me;
No comfort now I find; how my soul stag-
gers! [me:
'Till this hour never fear nor doubt possess'd
She cannot come, she will not come, sh' has
fool'd me, [ruin,
(Sure she's the devil) has drawn me on to
And now to death bequeaths me in my dan-
ger. [changes.

Duke. He stands distracted, and his colour

Duch. I've given him that will make his
Shortly his life. [blood forsake him,

Duke. His hands and contemplation
Have motion still; the rest is earth already.

Duch. Come, will you speak, or pray?
Your time grows out, sir.
How ev'ry where he looks! He's at last cast.

Enter Belvidere, who secretly gives him a paper, and exit.

Duke. His colour comes again fresh.

Duch. 'Tis a flash, sir, [answer?
Before the flame burns out. Can you yet

Sil. Yes, madam, now I can.

Duch. I fear you'll fail in't.

Sil. And do not think my silence a presage,
Or omen to my end; you shall not find it;
I'm bred a soldier, not an orator. [for me,
Madam, peruse this scrawl; let that speak
And, as you're royal, wrong not the construc-
tion!

Duch. By Heav'n, you shall have fair play!

Sil. I shall look for't.

QUESTION.

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it does them wrong?

ANSWER.

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
(Such gifts malice may impair)
Richly trimm'd[40], to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unespied;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame,
These are toys. In good or ill,
They desire to have their will:
Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Duch. You've answer'd right, and gain'd
your life; I give it. [madam,

Sil. Oh, happy hag!—But my most gracious
Your promise tied a nobler favour to me.

Duch. 'Tis true; my daughter too.

Sil. I hope you'll keep it.

Duch. 'Tis not in my power now: she's
long since wander'd, [have not
Stol'n from the court and me; and what I
I cannot give. No man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out; and if not Silvio,
Which strongly I believe—

Sil. Mock me not, lady!
For, as I am a servant to her virtue,
Since my first hour of exile, I ne'er saw her!

Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too, too true,
and lamentable:
Our last hope was in you.

Sil. What do I here then, [honour?
And wherefore have I life bestow'd and
To what end do I walk? for men to wonder
at? [honours from me,
And fight, and fool? Pray you take your
(My sorrows are not fit companions for 'em)
And, when you please, my life.—Art thou
gone, mistress? [vow I make thee,
And wander'st Heaven knows where—This
That 'till I find thee out, and see those fair
eyes, [into me,
Those eyes that shed their lights and life
Never to know a friend, to seek a kindred;
To rest where pleasure dwells, and painted
glory; [wander.
But thro' the world, the wide world, thus to
The wretched world, alone, no comfort with
me;
But the mere meditations of thy goodness!
Honour and greatness, thus adieu!

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay, Silvio!
And, lady, sit again! I come for justice.

Sil. What would she now?

Bel. To claim thy promise, Silvio;
The boon thou swor'st to give me.

Duke. What may this be?
A woman or a devil?

Duch. 'Tis a witch sure; [riddle.
And by her means he came t' untwist this

Sil. That I'm bound to her for my life,
mine honour,
And many other thousand ways for comfort,
I here confess; confess a promise too, [vours,
That what she'd ask me to requite these fa-
Within th' endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I stand, my word's full
master [with me:

Bel. I wish no more! Great lady, witness
The boon I crave for all my service to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.

Sil. How! for to marry thee? Ask again,
Thou wilful woman, ask again! [woman;

Bel. No more, sir.

Sil. Ask land, and life!

Bel. I ask thee, for a husband. [powder;

Soto. Marry her, and beat her into gun-
She'd make rare crackers.

Sil. Ask a better fortune;
Thou art too old to marry; I a soldier,
And always married to my sword.

Bel. Thy word, fool! [yet!
Break that, and I'll break all thy fortunes

Duch. He shall not;
I'm witness to his faith, and I'll compel it.

Duke. 'Tis fit you hold your word, sir.

[40] *Richly trimm'd.*] i. e. *Richly dress'd.* See note 20, p. 46 of this vol.

Sil.

Sil. Oh, most wretched! [wishes;
Duch. This was a fortune now beyond my
For now my daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Duke. But not from me.
Duch. You're sharer in this happiness.
Myself will wait upon this marriage,
And do th' old woman all the honour possible.
Duke. I'll lead the knight; and what there-wants in dalliance,
We'll take it out in drink.
Sil. Oh, wretched Silvio! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez and Isabella.

Lopez. Hast thou sent for him?
Isab. Yes.
Lopez. A young man, sayst thou?
Isab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.
Lopez. And handsome?
Isab. As the town affords.
Lopez. And dar'st thou
Be so far good, and mistress of thine honour,
To slight these?
Isab. For my husband's sake, to curse 'em:
And, since you've made me mistress of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy, but husband.
I could have cozen'd you; but so much I love you,
And now so much I weigh the estimation
Of an unspotted wife—
Lopez. I dare believe thee; [spirit.
And never more shall doubt torment my

Enter Penurio.

Isab. How now, Penurio?
Pen. The thing's coming, mistress.
Lopez. I'll take my standing. [*Exit.*
Pen. Do, and I'll take mine.
Isab. Where didst thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a cellar, [mistress;
Where he has paid me tightly, paid me home,
We'd an hundred and fifty healths to you, sweet mistress, [master.
And threescore and ten damnations to my
Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to you?
Isab. What's that, Penurio? The fellow's drunk.
Pen. I would feign know your body.
Isab. How's that? how's that, prithee?
Pen. I would know it carnally; I would conglutinate.
Isab. The reason, sirrah?
Pen. Lobster, sweet mistress, lobster!
Isab. Thy master hears.
Pen. Lobster, sweet master, lobster!
Isab. Thou art the most precious rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Most precious lobster!
Isab. D'you see who's here? Go sleep, you drunken rascal!
Pen. Remember you refuse me, arm'd in lobster! [*Exit.*
Isab. Oh, my lost Rugio! welcome, welcome, welcome!
A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.
Clau. Pray you stay, lady: [fit now,
D'you love me ever at this rate? or is the
By reason of some wrong done by your
More fervent on you? [husband,
Isab. Can I chuse but love thee? [me,
Thou art my martyr; thou hast suffer'd for
My sweet, sweet Rugio!
Clau. Do you do this seriously?
'Tis true, I would be entertain'd thus.
Isab. These are nothing,
No kisses, no embraces, no endearments,
To those—
Clau. Do what you will.
Isab. Those that shall follow, [you?
Those I will crown our love withal. Why sigh
Why look you sad, my dear one?
Clau. Nay, faith, nothing; [to me,
But methinks so sweet a beauty as yours shews
And such an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer siege.
Isab. Ha! you speak truth, sir.
Clau. I would not have it so.
Isab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My reason blinded——
Clau. Nay, I did but jest with you.
Isab. I'll take you at your word, and thank you for't, sir;
And now, I see no sweetness in that person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a husband,
To ruin my fair fame——
Clau. Good Isabella! [dote on;
Isab. No handsome man, no any thing to
No face, no tongue to catch me; poor at all
And I an ass! [points,
Clau. Why do you wrong me, lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me;
My service of so mean a way to win you;
(Which you yourself are conscious must deserve you, [reach you)
If y'had thrice the beauty you possess, must
If in my tongue your fame lay wreck'd, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink; if in opinion
I were a lost, defam'd man—But 'tis common,
Where we love most, where most we stake our fortunes, [you well!
There least and basest we're rewarded! Fare
Know now, I hate you too as much, contemn you,
And weigh my credit at as high a value—
Isab. May be I did but jest.
Clau. You are a woman; [follies,
And now I see your wants, and mine own
And task myself with indiscretion,
For doting on a face so poor!
Isab. Say you so, sir? [you,
I must not lose my end.—I did but jest with
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: my Rugio,
D'you think I could forget?
Clau. Nay, 'tis no matter.

Isab. Is't possible I should forsake a constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet?
Clau. A subtle woman! try you:
Isab. You shall forgive me; 'twas a trick to
And, were I sure you lov'd me—
Clau. Do you doubt now? profess this,
Isab. I do not doubt; but he that would
And bear that full affection you make show
Should do— of,
Clau. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot shew you. ye, lady!
Clau. I'll try thee, damned'st devil!—Hark
No man shall dare do more, no service top
I'll marry you. me;
Isab. How, sir?
Clau. Your husband's sentenc'd,
And he shall die—
Isab. Die?
Clau. Die for ever to you;
The danger is mine own.
Isab. Die, did you tell me?
Clau. He shall die; I have cast the way.
Isab. Oh, foul man,
Malicious, bloody man!

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. When shall he die, sir?
By whom, and how?
Clau. Hast thou betray'd me, woman?
Isab. Base man, thou wouldst have ruin'd
me, my name too, mory!
And, like a toad, poison'd my virtuous me-
Further than all this, dost thou see this
friend here, thee,
This only friend? (Shame take thy lust and
And shake thy soul!) his life, the life I love
thus,
My life in him, my only life, thou aim'st at!
Clau. Am I catch'd thus?
Lopez. The law shall catch you better.
Isab. You make a trade of betraying
women's honours,
And think it noble in you to be lustful!
Report of me hereafter—
Clau. Fool'd thus finely? justice;
Lopez. I must entreat you walk, sir, to the
Where, if he'll bid you kill me—
Clau. Pray stay a while, sir;
I must use a player's shift. Do you know
me now, lady?
Lopez. Your brother Claudio, sure!
Isab. Oh me, 'tis he, sir!
Oh, my best brother!
Clau. My best sister now too! you,
I've tried you, found you so; and now I love
Love you so truly, nobly—
Lopez. Sir, I thank you;
You've made me a most happy man.
Clau. Thank her, sir;
And from this hour preserve that happiness;
Be no more fool'd with jealousy!
Lopez. I've lost it;
And take me now, new-born again, new-
natur'd!
Isab. I do; and to that promise tie this
faith, virtue.
Never to have a false thought tempt my
Lopez. Enough, enough! I must desire
your presence; us:
My cousin Rodope has sent in all haste for
I'm sure you will be welcome.
Clau. I'll wait on you.
Lopez. What the project is—
Isab. We shall know when we're there,
sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duchess, Sienna, Lords, and Silvio.

Duch. Joy to you, Silvio, and your young
fair bride! wooe, sir!
You've stol'n a day upon's; you cannot
Sil. The joys of hell hang over me: oh,
mischief!
To what a fortune has the devil driv'n me!
Am I reserv'd for this?
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, fellow;
But you have gotten you a right fair bed-
Let you alone to chuse!
Sil. I beseech your grace—
'Tis misery enough t'have met the devil,
Not men's reproaches too.
Duke. How old is she?
Duch. A very girl; her eye delivers it.
Duke. Her teeth are scarce come yet.
Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now! She's rarely made
to breed on;
What a sweet-timber'd body!
Duch. Knotty i'th' back; nose!
But will hold out the stronger. What a
Duke. Ay, marry, such a nose, so rarely
mounted! on.
Upon my conscience, 'twas the part he doted
Duch. And that fine little eye to't, like
an elephant's! her ears sachels—
Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and
Duke. For any thing we know—
Sil. Have ye no mercy?
No pity in your bloods, to use a wretch thus?
You princes, in whose hearts the best com-
passions, places,
Nearest to those in Heav'n, should find fit
Why d'you mock at misery? fling scorns and
baseness rows?
Upon his broken neck, that sinks with sor-
Heav'n may reward you too; and an hour
come, culous,
When all your great designs shall shew ridi-
And your hearts pinch'd like mine—
[*Music in divers places.*
Duch. Fy, sir! so angry
Upon your wedding-day? go smug yourself;
The maid will come anon. What music's
this? tion.
Duke. I warrant you some noble prepara-
Duch. Let's take our places then.
Sil. More of these devil's dumps?
Must I be ever haunted with these witch-
crafts?

Enter

Enter a Masquerade of several shapes, and dances; after which, Enter Belvidere and disperses them. Enter two Presenters; then the Maskers[41], *among which are Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Isabella, Rodope, Soto, Penurio, and Juquenet.*

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry spirits, room!
Hither on command we come;
From the good old beldam sent,
Cares and sorrows to prevent.

2 *Pre.* Look up, Silvio, smile, and sing!
After winter comes a spring.

1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint fool, what may follow;
Eyes, that now are sunk and hollow,
By her art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.

2 *Pre.* Art commands all youth and blood;
Strength and beauty it makes good.

1 *Pre.* Fear not then, despair not, sing,
Round about as we do spring;
Cares and sorrows cast away!
This is th' old wives holiday.

[*Dance here, then enter Belvidere.*

Duch. Who's this?

Duke. The shape of Belvidere!

Bel. Now, Silvio,
How dost thou like me now?

Sil. Thus I kneel to thee. [me well too;

Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer; mark
For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly:
Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,
One thou must enjoy for ever!
Dost thou love me thus?

Sil. Most dearly. [nearly.

Bel. Take heed, fool! it concerns thee
If thou'lt have me young and bright,
Pleasing to thine eye and sight,
Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed, lest thy fame do fall!
I shall then be full of scorn,
Wanton, proud, (beware the horn!)
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All consuming, nothing getting;
Thus thy fair name comes to setting!—
But if old, and free from these,
Thou shalt chuse me, I shall please;
I shall then maintain thee still,
With my virtue and my skill,
Still encrease and build thy name;
Chuse me now, Silvio! here I am.

Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn me;
Into thy sovereign will I put my answer.

Bel. I thank you, sir, and my will thus rewards you; [Silvio!
Take your old love, your best, your dearest,
No more spells now, nor further shapes to alter me;
I am thy Belvidere indeed. Dear mother,
There is no altering this, Heav'n's hand is with it; [won me.
And now you ought to give me; he has fairly

Sil. But why that hag?

Bel. In that shape most secure still,
I follow'd all your fortunes, serv'd, and counsell'd you. [wench;
I met you at the farmer's first, a country-
Where fearing to be known, I took that habit,
And, to make you laughing-sport at this mad marriage,
By secret aid of my friend Rodope,
We got this masque.

Sil. And I am sure I have you?

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Duch. You see it must be;
The wheel of destiny hath turn'd it round so.

Duke. It must, it is; and curs'd be he that breaks it! [my prisoner—

Duch. I'll put a choice t' you, sir: you are

Duke. I am so, and I must be so, till 't please you— [ransom

Duch. Chuse one of these; either to pay a
At what rate I shall set it, (which shall be high enough)
And so return a free-man, and a bachelor;
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honour ev'ry way your grace's equal,
And so your ransom's paid.

Duke. You say most nobly! [me.
Silvio's example's mine; pray chuse you for

Duch. I thank you, sir! I've got the mast'ry too; [freedom:
And here I give your grace a husband's
Give me your hand, my husband!

Duke. You much honour me;
And I shall ever serve you for this favour.

Bart. Come, Lopez, let's give our wives the breeches too!
For they will have 'em.

Lopez. Whilst they rule with virtue,
I'll give 'em, skin and all.

Isab. We'll scratch it off else.

Sil. [*turning to Claudio*]. I'm glad you live; more glad you live to honour;
And from this hour a stronger love dwell with
Pray you take your man again. [us!

Clau. He knows my house, sir. [loves:

Duch. 'Tis sin to keep you longer from your
We'll lead the way. And you, young men, that know not
How to preserve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their sovereign wills, and pleas'd they are. [*Exeunt.*

[41] *Before the maskers, enter* two *presenters, among which, &c.*] So the former editions.

THE NIGHT-WALKER;

OR,

THE LITTLE THIEF.

A COMEDY.

The first edition of this Play, in 1640, has the name of Fletcher alone to it, and it was probably therefore his production, without any assistance from his partner Beaumont. It used to be acted frequently in the last century; but we have not heard of any alteration or representation of it these many years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

TOM LURCHER, *a wild young Man, Brother to Alathe.*
JACK WILDBRAIN, *Nephew to the Lady.*
Justice ALGRIPE, *married to Maria.*
FRANK HEARTLOVE, *enamour'd of Maria.*
TOBY, *Coachman to the Lady.*
GENTLEMEN.
SERVANTS.
SEXTON.
BELL-RINGERS.

WOMEN.

LADY, *Mother to Maria.*
MARIA, *in love with Heartlove.*
ALATHE, *contracted to Algripe, disguised as a Boy.*
NURSE.
Mistress NEWLOVE.
WOMEN.
MISTRESS, *a Courtezan to Lurcher.*

ACT I.

Enter Lurcher and Wildbrain.

Lurc. JACK! [hither?
Wildb. What wind brought thee
In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall,
Hast thou been, like a swallow, all this win-
Where hast thou been, man? [ter?
Lurc. Following the plough.
Wildb. What plough? Thou hast no land; stealing is thy own purchase.
Lurc. The best inheritance.
Wildb. Not in my opinion;
Thou hadst five hundred pound a year.
Lurc. 'Tis gone:
Prithee, no more on't! Have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, Nature made all men equal,
Her distribution to each child alike;
'Till labour came and thrust a new will in,
Which I allow not: 'till men won a privilege
By that they call *endeavour*, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful cozenage, [neighbour,
An allow'd way to cheat? Why should my
That hath no more soul than his horsekeeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a broom-man,
Have forty thousand pounds, and I four
Why should he keep it? [groats?
Wildb. Thy old opinion still.
Lurc. Why should that scriv'ner, [thing
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor any
That time e'er gloried in; that never knew
How to keep any courtesy conceal'd,
But *noverint universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal? [ler
Consider this; why should that mouldy cob-
Marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant,
And give five thousand pounds? is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution,
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg?

Wildb.

Wildb. What's this to thee? [min'd
Thou canst not mend it: if thou be'st deter-
To rob all, like a tyrant, yet take heed
A keener justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a noose.
Lurc. I am no woodcock; [foolery,
He that shall sit down frighted with that
Is not worth pity; let me alone to shuffle!
Thou art for wenching.
Wildb. For beauty I, a safe course:
No halter hangs in my way; I defy it.
Lurc. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty;
For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee, [destiny!
A thousand will draw from thee; 'tis thy
One is a kind of weeping cross, Jack,
A gentle purgatory: do not fling at all;
You'll pay the box so often, 'till you perish.
Wildb. Take you no care for that, sir, 'tis my pleasure:
I will employ my wits a great deal faster
Than you shall do your fingers; and my loves,
If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest
And handsomer, and come within less dan-
Where's thy young sister? [ger.
Lurc. I know not where she is; she's not worth caring for, [her!
She has no wit. Oh, you'd be nibbling with
She's far enough, I hope; I know not where;
She's not worth caring for, a sullen thing,
She would not take my counsel, Jack; and so
I parted from her.
Wildb. Leave her to her wants?
Lurc. I gave her a little money, what I could spare;
She had a mind to th' country; she is turn'd,
By this, some farmer's dairy-maid[1]; I may meet her [sers[2];
Riding from market one day, 'twixt her dor-
If I do, by this hand I wo' not spare
Her butter-pence.
Wildb. Thou wilt not rob thy sister?
Lurc. She shall account me for her eggs and cheeses. [love her?
Wildb. A pretty girl.—Did not old Algripe
A very pretty girl she was.
Lurc. Some such thing;
But he was too wise to fasten. Let her pass.
Wildb. Then where's thy mistress?
Lurc. Where you sha' not find her,
Nor know what stuff she is made on; no, indeed, sir,
I chose her not for your use.
Wilb. Sure she's handsome. [handsome;
Lurc. Yes, indeed is she; she is very
But that's all one.
Wildb. You'll come to th' marriage?
Lurc. Is it
To-day? [church now.
Wildb. Now, now, they are come from
Lurc. Any great preparation?
Does justice Algripe shew his power?
Wildb. Very glorious,
And glorious people there.
Lurc. I may meet with him
Yet ere I die, as cunning as he is. [marriage;
Wildb. You may do good, Tom, at the
We've plate and dainty things.
Lurc. Do you no harm, sir; [be marr'd
For yet methinks the marriage should be
If thou may'st have thy will: farewell! say nothing! [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wildb. You're welcome, noble friends.
1 *Gent.* I thank you, sir.— [brain,
Nephew to the old lady; his name's Wild-
And wild his best condition.
2 *Gent.* I have heard of him.—
I pray you tell me, sir, is young Maria merry
After her marriage-rites? Does she look lively?
How does she like her man?
Wildb. Very scurvily;
And as untowardly she prepares herself:
But it is mine aunt's will, that this dull metal [someness.
Must be mix'd with her, to allay her hand-
1 *Gent.* Had Heartlove no fast friends?
Wildb. His means are little;
And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of—
Beyond the Indies in his mouldy cabinets;
But 'tis her unhandsome fate—

Enter Heartlove.

1 *Gent.* I'm sorry for't. [start not, sir!
Here comes poor Frank.—Nay, we're friends;
We see your willow, and are sorry for't;
And, tho' it be a wedding, we're half mourners. [my fortunes:
Heartl. Good gentlemen, remember not
They are not to be help'd with words.
Wildb. Look up, man! [a wench?
A proper sensible fellow, and shrink for a
Are there no more? or is she all the hand-
Heartl. Prithee, leave fooling. [someness?
Wildb. Prithee, leave thou whining!
Have maids forgot to love?
Heartl. You are injurious. [low thee.
Wildb. Let 'em alone a while, they'll fol-
1 *Gent.* Come, good Frank,
Forget now, since there is no remedy, [do.
And shew a merry face, as wise men would
2 *Gent.* Be a free guest, and think not of those passages.
Wildb. Think how to nick him home; thou know'st she dotes on thee;
Graft me a dainty medlar on his crabstock;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.

[1] *Some* farrier's *dairy maid.*] That this is sense, and may be true, I won't dispute; but I can't yet help thinking that the better reading is,
A *farmer's* dairy maid. *Sympson.*
[2] *Dorsers.*] i. e. *Panniers.* See Johnson's Dictionary.

Heartl. Well, make your mirth, the whilst
I bear my misery:
'Honest minds would have better thoughts.
Wildb. I am her kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth;
Yet, honest Frank, before I'd have that stink-
ard, [head—
That walking rotten tomb, enjoy her maiden-
Heartl. Prithee, leave mocking!
Wildb. Prithee, Frank, believe me;
Go to, consider. Hark, they knock to dinner!
[*Knock within.*
Come, wo't thou go?
2 *Gent.* I prithee, Frank, go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.
Heartl. You're light, gentlemen, [leave!
Nothing to weigh your hearts; pray give me
I'll come and see, and take my leave.
Wildb. We'll look for you.
Do not despair; I have a trick yet.
[*Exit.*
Heartl. Yes, [jects.
When I'm mischievous I'll believe your pro-
She's gone, for ever gone, (I cannot help it)
My hopes and all my happiness gone with
her, [jollity
Gone like a pleasing dream! What mirth and
Reigns round about this house! how every
office
Sweats with new joys! Can she be merry too?
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment?
Sure sh'has a false heart then. Still they grow
louder. [her,
The old man's god, his gold, has won upon
(Light-hearted, cordial gold!) and all my ser-
vices,
That offer'd naked truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if she were compell'd—but it can't be—
If I could but imagine her will mine,
Altho' he had her body—

Enter Lady and Wildbrain.

Lady. He shall come in! [enemy,
Walk without doors o'this day? Tho' an
It must not be.
Wildb. You must compel him, madam.
Lady. No, she shall fetch him in, nephew;
it shall be so.
Wildb. It will be fittest. [*Exit with Lady.*
Heartl. Can fair Maria look again upon
me? [ness?
Can there be so much impudence in sweet-

Enter Maria.

Or has she got a strong heart to defy me?
She comes herself: how rich she is in jewels!
Methinks they shew like frozen isicles,
Cold winter had hung on her. How the roses,
That kept continual spring within her cheeks,
Are wither'd with the old man's dull embraces!
She would speak to me.—I can sigh too lady;
But from a sounder heart: yes, and can weep
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you, [too;
Tears of more pious value than your marriage!
You would encase yourself[3], and I must cre-
dit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me!
Go, and forget me, and my poverty—
I need not bid you, you're too perfect that way:
But still remember that I lov'd, Maria, [me!
Lov'd with a loyal love. Nay, turn not from
I will not ask a tear more, you are bountiful;
Go, and rejoice, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left!
Maria. Good sir, hear me! [obedience
What has been done, was th' act of my
And not my will, forc'd from me by my pa-
rents:
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomely;
And if there can be more society,
Without dishonour to my tie of marriage,
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still.
You had the first; the last, had my will pros-
per'd.
You talk of little time of life, dear Frank;
Certain, I am not married for eternity:
The joy my marriage brings, tells me I'm
mortal, [serable;
And shorter-liv'd than you, else I were mi-
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath
brought me
Add what I coveted, content. Go with me;
They seek a day of joy; prithee let's shew it,
Tho' it be forc'd; and, by this kiss believe me,
However I must live at his command now,
I'll die at yours.
Heartl. I have enough; I'll honour you!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher.

Lurc. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty
marriage
I mean to visit; I have shifts of all sorts,
And here are thousand wheels to set 'em
working.
I'm very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage: if mad Wildgoose,
That debauch'd rogue, keep but his ancient
revels,
And breed a hubbub in the house, I'm happy.

Enter Alathe.

Now, what are you?
Alathe. A poor distressed boy, sir, [treat
Friendless and comfortless, that would en-
Some charity and kindness from your worship.
I would fain serve, sir, and as fain endeavour
With duteous labour to deserve the love
Of that good gentleman shall entertain me.
Lurc. A pretty boy, but of too mild a
breeding,
Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour.
What canst thou do?

[3] *You would* encase *yourself.*] Sympson supposes *encase* a corruption, and would substitute *excuse.* We think *encase* may be genuine, and used in the sense of defend, arm *yourself with an excuse.*

Alathe. I can learn any thing [master.
That's good and honest, and shall please a
Lurc. He blushes as he speaks, and that
I like not;
I love a bold and secure confidence, [now,
An impudence that one may trust: this boy
Had I instructed him, had been a jewel,
A treasure for my use. Thou canst not lie?
Alathe. I would not willingly.
Lurc. Nor thou hast no wit
To dissemble neatly?
Alathe. Do you love such boys, sir?
Lurc. Oh, mainly, mainly; I'd have my
boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piously;
Like Proteus, cast himself into all forms,
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts;
Blench at no danger, tho' it be the gallows,
Nor make no conscience of a cozenage,
Though't be i' th' church. Your soft, demure,
still children
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces,
And sing songs to dull tunes: I would keep
thee, [lity,
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active qua-
And be a tender master to thy knavery;
But thou art not for my use.
Alathe. Do you speak this seriously?
Lurc. Yes, indeed do I.
Alathe. Would you have your boy, sir,
Read in these moral mischiefs?
Lurc. Now thou mov'st me. [activities?
Alathe. And be a well-train'd youth in all
Lurc. By any means.
Alathe. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneness?
Lurc. I speak this to make thee.
Alathe. Then take me, sir, and cherish me,
and love me; [sir,
You have me what you would: believe me,
I can do any thing for your advantage.
I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As easily as I can sleep, sir, and securely;
As naturally I can steal too—
Lurc. That I'm glad on, [thou'rt excellent.
Right heartily glad on; hold thee there,
Alathe. Steal any thing from any body liv-
Lurch. Not from thy master? [ing.
Alathe. That is mine own body,
And must not be.
Lurc. The boy mends mightily.
Alathe. A rich man, that like snow heaps
up his monies,
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still;
A fool, that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease
him. [me!
Lurc. Excellent boy, and able to instruct
Of mine own nature just!
Alathe. I scorn all hazard.
And on the edge of danger I do best, sir.
I have a thousand faces to deceive, [ter:
And, to those, twice so many tongues to flat-
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher;
And for my conscience—
Lurc. Peace! I've found a jewel,
A jewel all the Indies cannot match!
And thou shalt feel—
Alathe. This tittle, and I've done, sir:
I never can confess, I've that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a magistrate,
Such innocence to catch a judge, such igno-
rance— [Come, boy!
Lurc. I'll learn of thee; thou art mine own.
I'll give thee action presently.
Alathe. Have at you!
Lurc. What must I call thee?
Alathe. Snap, sir.
Lurc. 'Tis most natural;
A name born to thee: sure thou art a fairy!
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee
happy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mrs. Newlove, and Toby.

Lady. Where be these knaves? who strews
up all the liveries?
Is the bride's bed made?
Toby. Yes, madam, and a bell
Hung under it artificially.
Lady. Out, knave, out!
Must we have larums now?
Toby. A little warning, [healths, madam.
That we may know when to begin our
The justice is a kind of old jade, madam,
That will go merriest with a bell.
Lady. All the house drunk?
Toby. This is a day of jubilee.
Lady. Are the best hangings up? and the
plate set out?
Who makes the posset, Nurse?
Nurse. The dairy-maid, [per.—
And she will put that in will make him ca-
Well, madam, well, you might ha' chose ano-
A handsomer, for her years[4]. [ther,
Lady. Peace! he is rich, Nurse;
He's rich, and that is beauty.
Nurse. I am sure he's rotten; [saw her[5]!
'Would h' had been hang'd when he first
Lady. Termagant! [looks to him?
What an angry quean is this! Where, who
Toby. He's very merry, madam; master
Wildbrain
Has him in hand, i' th' bottom o' the cellar:
He sighs and tipples—
Nurse. Alas, good gentleman!
My heart's sore for thee. [rah,
Lady. Sorrow must have his course. Sir-
Give him some sack to dry up his remem-
brance. [him.
How does the bridegroom? I am afraid of

[4] *A handsomer for* your *years.*] The amendment proposed by Sympson.

[5] *When he first saw her.* Termagant.] The word *termagant* has hitherto been made a part of the *Nurse's* speech. It undoubtedly (as Sympson supposes) belongs to the *Lady;* though he would omit the words *angry quean* in the next line, and put *termagant* in their place. *Nurse.*

Nurse. He's a trim youth to be tender of,
Hemp take him! [winter
Must my sweet new-blown rose find such a
Before her spring be near?
Lady. Peace, peace! thou'rt foolish.
Toby. And dances like a town-top[6], and reels and hobbles. [wine.
Alas, good gentlemen! give him not much
Toby. He shall ha' none by my consent.
Lady. Are the women comforting my daugh-
Mrs. Newl. Yes, yes, madam, [ter?
And reading to her a pattern of true patience;
They read, and pray for her too.
Nurse. They had need! [deal;
You had better marry her to her grave a great
There will be peace and rest. Alas, poor gentlewoman! [ness?
Must she become a nurse, now in her tender-
Well, madam, well! my heart bleeds!
Lady. Thou'rt a fool still—
Nurse. Pray Heav'n I be!
Lady. And an old fool, to be vex'd thus!
'Tis late; she must to bed. Go knave; be merry;
Drink for a boy: away to all your charges!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain and Heartlove.

Wildb. Do as thou wo't; but, if thou dost refuse it, [arguing;
Thou art the stupid'st ass—There's no long
Time is too precious, Frank.
Heartl. I'm hot with wine,
And apt now to believe; but if thou dost this
Out of a villainy, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough—
Wildb. Does she not love thee? [with thee?
Did she not cry down-right, e'en now, to part
Had she not swooned if I had not caught her?
Canst thou have more?
Heartl. I must confess all this.
Wildb. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting!
If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee,
She whom thou lov'st— [going!
Heartl. Pray let me think a little.
Wildb. There is no leisure; think when th' hast embrac'd her.
Can she imagine thou didst ever honour her?
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st
An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her,
Enjoy her maidenhead? Take but that from her,
That we may tell posterity a man had it,
A handsome man, a gentleman, a young man,
To save the honour of our house, the credit!
'Tis no great matter I desire.
Heartl. I hear you.
Wildb. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools [long.
And oafs, got by this shadow: we talk too
Heartl. She's going now to-bed, among the women;
What opportunity can I have to meet her?
Wildb. Let me alone! Hast thou a will? speak soundly, [somely;
Speak discretely, speak home and hand-
Is't not pity, nay misery, nay infamy, to leave
So rare a pie to be cut up by a rascal?
Heartl. I will go presently; now, now, I stay thee[7].
Wildb. Such a dainty doe to be taken
By one that knows not neck-beef from a pheasant,
Nor cannot relish braggat from ambrosia[8]?
Is it not conscience?

[6] Nurse. *And dances like a town-top.*] The putting this line in the *Nurse*'s mouth is against all sense and reason, and confounds the discourse: I suspect these words belong to *Toby*, whose speech at *sighs and tipples* being interrupted by the Lady and the Nurse, is here resumed and finished. *Sympson.*

[7] Frank. *I will go*, &c.] Sympson supposes we should both alter and divide this speech, making *Wildbrain* say,

Now, now, *I say.*

[8] *Nor cannot relish* braggat *from* ambrosia.] *Braggat, i. e.* mead and ale sweetened with honey. Our authors in this place have receded from the common acceptation of *ambrosia*, making that the liquor here, which the general run of the classics call the meat of the gods. But they are not destitute of good authority for so doing. Thus in Athenæus, b. ii. c. 2. Anaxandrides introduces one saying, that he *eats* nectar and *drinks* ambrosia, &c. And Sappho too to the same purpose, a little lower, says in one of her poems,

A bowl ambrosial was mixed.

Apuleius, b. vi. among the Latins, takes the same liberty, when Psyche is to be made immortal, Mercury holds out a cup of *ambrosia* to her, and bids her drink of it, &c.

After I had wrote this, I found the same observation had been made by *Le Clerc*, in his notes upon Hesiod's Theogony, verse 640. Neither are our authors the only English poets who make *ambrosia* the gods' *drink*: Taylor, the Water-poet, has done the same in his Pennyless Pilgrimage,

And I intreat you take these words for no-lies;
I had good *aqua-vitæ*, rosa so-lies,
With sweet *ambrosia* (the gods' own drink)
Most excellent geere for mortals as I think.

But how this person came by the knowledge of such a thing, I have neither will nor leisure to examine at present. *Sympson.*

Heartl. Yes, yes; now I feel it.
Wildb. A meritorious thing?
Heartl. Good father Wildgoose,
I do confess it.
Wildb. Come then, follow me, [privately,
And pluck a man's heart up; I'll lock thee
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interrupt thee: but be sure—
Heartl. I shall be sure enough; lead on, and crown me.
Wildb. No wringings in your mind now, as you love me! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, Maria, Algripe, Gentlewomen, Nurse, and Mrs. Newlove.

Lady. 'Tis time you were a-bed.
Alg. I prithee, sweetheart,
Consider my necessity!—Why art sad?
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon—
Nurse. Of Tom Thumb;
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.
Mrs. Newl. I pity the young wench!
1 *Gentlew.* And so do I too.
2 *Gentlew.* Come, old sticks take fire.
1 *Gentlew.* But the plague is, he'll burn out
Give him another cup. [instantly.
2 *Gentlew.* Those are but flashes;
A ton of sack won't set him high enough.—
Will you to bed?
Maria. I must.
1 *Gentlew.* Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowl to lie close to you[9];
Make your best use!
Alg. Nay, prithee, duck, go instantly:
I'll dance a jig or two to warm my body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. 'Tis almost midnight.
Lady. Prithee to bed, Maria. [follow,
Wildb. Go you afore, and let the ladies
And leave her to her thoughts awhile; there must be
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries,
Bewailing o' their maidenheads[10].
Lady. Come then,
We'll wait i' th' next room.
Alg. Do not tarry; for if
Thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep, Mall. [*Exeunt.*
Wildb. Do, do, and dream of dottrels!—
Get you to-bed quickly,
And lets ha' no more stir; come, no crying!
'Tis too late now; carry yourself discretely:
The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit; [Nay, not that way!
For the rest, you must make your own play.
They'll pull you all to-pieces for your whimwhams,
Your garters and your gloves; go modestly,
And privately steal to bed; 'tis very late, Mall;
For if you go by them, such a new larum—
Maria. I know not which way to avoid 'em.
Wildb. This way,
This thro' the cloisters, and so steal to-bed!
When you are there once, all will separate,
And give you rest: I came out of my pity
To shew you this.
Maria. I thank you.
Wildb. Here's the keys; [you,
Go presently, and lock the doors fast after
That none shall follow.
Maria. Good night!
Wildb. Good night, sweet cousin!
A good and sweet night—or I'll curse thee, Frank. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. She stays long: sure young Wildgoose has abus'd me, [again,
H' has made sport wi' me. I may yet get out
And I may see his face once more: I ha' foul intentions;
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark! it was the door! [stealing!
Something comes this way, wondrous still and
May be, some walking spirit to affright me.
Maria. Oh, Heav'n, my fortune!
Heartl. 'Tis her voice! stay.
Maria. Save me,
Bless me, you better powers!
Heartl. I'm no devil. [now.
Maria. You're little better, to disturb me
Heartl. My name is Heartlove.
Maria. Fy, fy, worthy friend!
Fy, noble sir!
Heartl. I must talk further with you:
You know my fair affection—
Maria. So preserve it; [civiler!
You know I'm married now. For shame, be
Not all the earth shall make me—
Heartl. Pray walk this way;
And if you ever lov'd me—
Maria. Take heed, Frank, [prithee.
How you divert that love to hate: go home,
Heartl. Shall he enjoy that sweet—
Maria. Nay, pray unhand me.
Heartl. He that never felt what love was?
Maria. Then I charge you
Stand further off!
Heartl. I'm tame; but let me walk w' you;
Talk but a minute.
Maria. So your talk be honest,
And my untainted honour suffer not,
I'll walk a turn or two.
Heartl. Give me your hand then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, Algripe, Lady, Nurse, Gentlewomen, and Mrs. Newlove.

Alg. She is not in her chamber.
Lady. She's not here.

[9] *And* win *him like a bowl.*] A single letter seems wanting here,
And *wind* him like a bowl. *Sympson.*
[10] *Bewailing* others *maiden heads.*] Corrected in 1750.

Wildb. And I'll tell you what I dream'd—
Alg. Give me a torch!
1 *Gentlew.* Be not too hasty, sir.
Wildb. Nay, let him go;
For if my dream be true he must be speedy;
He will be trickt, and blaz'd else[11].
Nurse. As I am a woman,
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty!
'Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold, for tormenting her!
Lady. I'll hang her then.
Nurse. I'll bless her then! she does justice:
Is this old stinking dogs-flesh for her diet?
Wildb. Prithee, honest Nurse, do not fret too much;
For fear I dream you'll hang yourself too.
Alg. The cloister? [*Wildb. whispers Alg.*
Wildb. Such was my fancy; I don't say 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.
Alg. Where are the keys? the keys, I say!
Wildb. I dream'd she
Had 'em to lock herself in.
Nurse. What a devil
Do you mean?

Enter Servant.

Wildb. No harm; good nurse, be patient!
Serv. They are not in the window, where they use to be.
Wildb. What foolish dreams are these!
Alg. I'm mad.
Wildb. I hope so; [you.
If you ben't mad, I'll do my best to make
1 *Gentlew.* This is some trick.
2 *Gentlew.* I smell the Wildgoose.
Alg. Come, gentlemen; come quickly, I beseech you, [gentlemen.
Quick as you can! this may be your case,
And bring some lights, some lights! [*Exit.*
Wildb. Move faster, faster! you'll come too late else.
I'll stay behind and pray for you. I had rather
She were dishonest than thou shouldst have her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria and Heartlove.

Maria. You're most unmanly! Yet I have some breath left, [me!
And this steel to defend me: come not near
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life I'll kill you! if I miss that,
Upon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.
Heartl. Most virtuous maid, I've done: forgive my follies; [ness,
Pardon, oh, pardon! I now see my wicked-
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me.
On your fair hand I seal.
Alg. [*within*] Down with the door!
Maria. We are betray'd! Oh, Frank,
Heartl. I'll die for you; [Frank!
Rather than you shall suffer, I'll—

Enter Algripe, Lady, &c.

Alg. Now enter, [eyes!
Enter, sweet gentlemen. Mine eyes, mine
Oh, how my head aches!
1 *Gentlew.* Is it possible?
2 *Gentlew.* Hold her; she sinks.
Maria. A plot upon my honour!
To poison my fair name, a studied villainy!
Farewell! As I have hope of peace, I'm honest. [brains, they bud sure.
Alg. My brains, my brains, my monstrous
Nurse. She's gone, she's gone!
Alg. A handsome riddance of her.
'Would I could as easily lose her memory!
Nurse. Is this the sweet of marriage? have
For this reward? [I bred thee
1 *Gentlew.* Hold, hold! He's desperate too.
Alg. Be sure you hold him fast! we'll bind him over [him.
To the next sessions, and, if I can, I'll hang
Heartl. Nay then, I'll live to be a terror to thee.— [beauty,
Sweet virgin rose, farewell! Heav'n has thy
That's only fit for Heav'n. I'll live a little,
To find the villain out that wrought this injury, [thee.
And then, most blessed soul, I'll climb up to
Farewell! I feel myself another creature.
[*Exit.*
Lady. Oh, misery of miseries!
Nurse. I told you, madam. [portion?
Lady. Carry her in. You will pay back her
Alg. No, not a penny: pay me back my
And I'll condition wi' ye. [credit,
Lady. A sad wedding!
Her grave must be her bridal-bed. Oh, Mall,
'Would I had wed thee to thy own content!
Then I had had thee still.
Alg. I'm mad! Farewell!
Another wanton wife will prove a hell.
[*Exeunt.*

[11] Trickt, *and* blaz'd.] *Tricking* is drawing any person's arms, with pen and ink; *blazoning* them is to set them forth in their proper colours. *Sympson.*

ACT II.

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. WHAT hast thou done?
Alathe. I've walk'd thro' all the lodgings:
A silence, as if death dwelt there, inhabits.
Lurc. What hast thou seen?
Alathe. Nought but a sad confusion;
Every thing left in such a loose disorder,
That, were there twenty thieves, they would be laden. ['tis strange
Lurc. 'Tis very well; I like thy care: but
A wedding-night should be so solitary.
Alathe. Certainly there's some cause; some death or sickness
Is fallen suddenly upon some friend,
Or some strange news is come.
Lurc. Are they all a-bed? [it be
Alathe. I think so, and sound asleep, unless
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.
Lurc. Where's all the plate?
Alathe. Why, lock'd up in that room:
I saw th' old lady, ere she went to bed,
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings, [are there too:
In a small long chest; her chains and rings
It stands close by the table, on a form.
Lurc. 'Twas a good notice; didst thou see the men? [their leaves;
Alathe. I saw them sad too, and all take
But what they said I was too far to hear, sir.
Lurc. 'Tis daintily discover'd; we shall certainly
Have a most prosp'rous night. Which way?
Alathe. A close one,
A back-door, that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the garden side.
Lurc. I love thy diligence:
Wert thou not fearful?
Alathe. Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.
Lurc. Say they had spied thee?
Alathe. I was then determin'd
T' have cried downright too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an interest in their sadness;
Or made an errand to I know not whom, sir.
Lurc. My dainty boy! Let us discharge; that plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers
'Till I have fast hold of it. [ben't greedy;
Alathe. Pray be wise, sir; do't handsomely,
Let's handle it with such an excellence
As if we would bring thieving into honour:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend
Lurc. Still my blest boy! [watches—
Alathe. And clear the room of drunken jealousies. [make
The chest is of some weight, and we may
Such noise i'th' carriage we may be snap'd.
Lurc. Come, open: here's a devil's face.
Alathe. No, no, sir, we'll have no shape so terrible;
We will not do the devil so much pleasure
To have him face our plot.
Lurc. A winding-sheet then!
Alathe. That's too cold a shift,
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness:
I wonder you're an old thief, and no cunninger.
Where's the long cloak?
Lurc. Here, here.
Alathe. Give me the turbant [this way!
And the false beard. I hear some coming
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct—Stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward; make no noise!

Enter Nurse and Toby.

Nurse. Oh, 'tis a sad time! All the burnt wine's drunk, Nick.
Toby. We may thank your dry chaps for't. The canary's gone too; [upon;
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work
I cannot mourn in beer: if she should walk now,
As discontented spirits are wont to do—
Nurse. And meet us in the cellar?
Toby. What fence have we with single beer against her?
What heart can we defy the devil with?
Nurse. The March beer's open. [well;
Toby. A fortification of March beer will do
I must confess 'tis a most mighty armour,
For I presume I cannot pray.
Nurse. Why, Nicholas?
Toby. We coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no prayers
Can go an even pace.
Nurse. Hold up your candle.
Toby. Verily, Nurse, I have cried so much
For my young mistress that is mortified,
That if I have not more sack to support me,
I shall e'en sleep: hey ho, for another flaggon! [ful'st matters,
These burials and christnings are the mourn-
And they ask more drink—
Nurse. Drink to a sad heart's needful.
Toby. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry, Nurse. [prithee snuff it!
Nurse. Methinks the light burns blue; I
There's a thief in't, I think.
Toby. There may be one near it.
Nurse. What's that that moves there, i'th' name of—Nicholas?
That thing that walks?
Toby. 'Would I had a ladder to behold it!
Mercy

Mercy upon me, the ghost of one of the guard sure; [brimstone;
'Tis the devil by his claws, he smells of
Sure he farts fire, what an earthquake I have in me!
Out with thy prayer-book, Nurse! [eat it.
Nurse. It fell i'th' frying-pan, and the cats
Toby. I have no power to pray! It grows still longer, [Nurse.
'Tis steeple-high now; and it sails away,
Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin[12],
And that will daunt the devil. I am blasted;
My belly's grown to nothing.
Nurse. Fly, fly, Toby! [*Exit with Toby.*
Alathe. So, let them go! And whilst they are astonish'd,
Let's presently upon the rest now, suddenly.
Lurc. Off, off, and up again when we're near the parlour!
Art sure thou know'st the chest?
Alathe. Tho' it were i'th' dark, sir,
I can go to it.
Lurc. On then, and be happy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Toby.

Toby. How my haunches quake! Is the thing here still? [own trade;
Now can I out-do any button-maker at his
I have fifteen fits of an ague. Nurse! 'tis gone, I hope: [Nurse!
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone.
And she knows too I ha' but a lean conscience to keep me company.
[*Noise within.*
The devil's among 'em in the parlour sure,
The ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure, [she whistles!
He's boiling of her bones now; hark, how
There's gentlewomen within too; how will they do?
I'll to the cook, for he was drunk last night,
And now he's valiant; he's a-kin to th' devil
And fears no fire. [too,

Enter Lurcher and Alathe, with a Coffin.

Lurc. No light?
Alathe. None left, sir; ['em.
They're gone, and carried all the candles with
Their fright is infinite; let's make good use on't: [rise else.
We must be quick, sir, quick, or th' house will
Lurc. Was this the chest?
Alathe. Yes, yes.
Lurc. There were two of 'em,
Or I mistake.
Alathe. I know the right. No stay, sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily!
Put to your strength, and make as little noise—
Then presently out at the back door.
Lurc. Come, boy;
Come, happy child, and let me hug thy excellence! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. What thousand noises pass thro' all the rooms! [drunk,
What cries and hurries! Sure the devil's
And tumbles thro' the house. My villainies,
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now molest me:
My cousin's death sits heavy o' my conscience; [mer'd it!
'Would I'd been half-hang'd when I ham-
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial,
That Frank might have had some hope. Hark! still
In every room confusion; they're all mad,
Most certain all stark-mad within the house;
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
That I might have the more sense of my mischief, [hang'd sure,
And run the more mad too. My aunt is
Sure hang'd herself, or else the fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cries, 'the devil, the devil!'
Then roaring, and then tumbling; all the chambers
Are a mere Babel, or another Bedlam.
What should I think? I shake myself too: can the
Devil find no time, but when we are merry?
Here's something comes.

Enter Mrs. Newlove.

Newl. Oh, that I had some company,
(I care not what they were) to ease my
To comfort me! [misery,
Wildb. Who's that?
Newl. Again? Nay then, receive—
Wildb. Hold, hold! I am no fury.—
The merchant's wife! [be!
Newl. Are you a man? Pray Heav'n you
Wildb. I am.
Newl. Alas, I have met, sir,
The strangest things to-night.
Wildb. Why do you stare? [candle out;
Newl. Pray comfort me, and put your
For if I see the spirit again I die for't.
And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.
Wildb. I'll warrant you, I'll hold you,
Hold you as tenderly—I've put the light out;
Retire into my chamber, there I'll watch wi' ye,
I'll keep you from all frights.
Newl. And will you keep me?
Wildb. Keep you as secure, lady—
Newl. You must not wrong me; then the devil will have us. [will fear us;
Wildb. No, no, I'll love you; then the devil

[12] *He speaks* Latin.] The wonderful effect of speaking *Latin* to ghosts, and other supernatural beings, hath at all times uniformly been the prevailing notion of the common people. In like manner, the honest Butler, in Mr. Addison's Drummer, recommends that the steward shall speak *Latin* to the ghost in that play. *R.*

For

For he fears all that love. Pray come in quickly!
For this is the malicious house he walks in[13],
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in, [hour,
Depraves the senses; now within this half-
He will have power to turn all citizens' wives
Into strange creatures, owls, and long-tail'd monkies, [brimstone.
Jays, pies, and parrots: quickly! I smell his
Newl. It comes again! I'm gone; shift for yourself, sir! [*Exit.*
Wildb. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion. [damn'd devil,
Here's nothing comes; all they are mad!
To drive her back again! It had been thy policy [some fine thing
To have let us alone; we might have done
To have made thy hell-hood laugh: 'tis a dainty wench;
If I'd her again, not all your fellow goblins,
Nor all their claws, should scratch her hence.
I'll stay still;
May be her fright will bring her back again;
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Toby. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber; [that neither.
Sure they are all i'th' cellar! and I cannot find
I am led up and down like a tame ass; my light's out, [buff,
And I grope up and down like blind-man
And break my face, and break my pate.
Wildb. It comes again sure!
I see the shadow; I'll have faster hold now.
Sure she's mad: I long to lie with a mad woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks. [clutches,
Toby. I hear one whisper:
If it be the devil now to allure me into his
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets—
Wildb. I've a glimpse of her guise[14]: 'tis she; she would steal by me,
But I'll stand sure.
Toby. I've but a dram of wit left, [now!
And that's even ready to run: oh, for my bed
Wildb. She nam'd a bed; I like that, she
Where is she now? [repents sure;
Toby. Who's that?
Wildb. Are you there? In, in,
In presently!
Toby. I feel his talons thro' me;
'Tis an old haggard devil; what will he do with me?
Wildb. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick!
Toby. A lech'rous devil! [has a muffler.
Wildb. What a hairy whore 'tis; sure she
Toby. If I should have a young Satan by him, (for I dare not deny him)
In what case were I! Who durst deliver me?
Wildb. 'Tis but my fancy; she's the same.
Gently, my sweet girl! [In quickly,
Toby. Sweet devil, be good to me!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurch. Where's my love, boy?
Alathe. She's coming with a candle,
To see our happy prize.
Lurc. I'm cruel weary. [heavy,
Alathe. I cannot blame ye; plate is very
To carry without light or help.
Lurc. The fear too
At every stumble to be discover'd, boy,
At every cough to raise a constable!
Well, we'll be merry now.
Alathe. We have some reason:
Things compass'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious[15], sir, to live upon:
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their natures as much merit,
As his that digs 'em out o'th' mine; they taste too[16], [liciously;
Season'd with doubts and dangers, most de-
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.
Lurc. Most learned child!

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. You're welcome! where have you left it?
Lurc. In the next room, hard by.
Mistress. Is it plate all? [weary;
Lurc. All, all, and jewels. I am monstrous
Prithee let's go to bed.
Mistress. Prithee let's see't first.
Lurc. To-morrow's a new day, sweet.
Mistress. Yes, to melt it; [dled.
But let's agree to-night, how't shall be han-
I'll have a new gown—
Lurc. 'Sha't have any thing.

[13] *The malicious* house.] I am inclinable to think that *house* is a corruption for *hour*, and if the reader considers the passage coolly, I make no doubt but he will be of my opinion. *Sympson.*

House is here used in its *astrological sense*, as it is frequently in Rollo.

[14] *I have a glimpse of her.*] The dropping of speakers, as well as the wrong naming of them, is a fault very common among the editors of our authors' works. The former, I suppose, with Mr. Theobald, is the case here, as the latter is afterwards in this very play, &c. Wildbrain ought to be fixed before,

I have a glimpse of her, &c. *Sympson.*

[15] *Are too* luxurious *to live upon.*] The meaning of *luxurious* seems here to be that of *sweet, cloying*, &c. a sense I never remember to have found it used in: if the line is to be alter'd, I would do it thus,

Are *too luscious, sir,* to live upon. *Sympson.*

[16] *They* last *too.*] Corrected by Sympson. *Mistress.*

Mistress. And such a riding suit as Mistress Newlove's:
What tho' I be no gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.
Lurc. Thou say'st right. [and a lacquey.
Mistress. You promis'd me a horse too,
Lurc. Thou shalt have horses six, and a postilion. [a postilion?
Mistress. That will be stately, sweetheart;
Lurc. Nay, we'll be in fashion; he shall ride before us [musquet;
In winter, with as much dirt would damn a
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.
Mistress. That will be dear.
Lurc. There is a dye projecting
Will make it cheap, wench. Come, thou shalt have any thing. [to behold
Mistress. Where is this chest? I long, sweet,
Our Indies. [then 'tis fit
Alathe. Mistress, let's melt it first, and
You should dispose it; then 'tis safe from danger. [boy too.
Mistress. I'll be a loving mistress to my
Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.
Alathe. Hold your light, mistress, we may see to enter.
[*Lurcher and Alathe drag in the coffin.*
Mistress. Ha! what's here? Call you this
Alathe. We ha' miss'd, sir; [a chest?
Our haste and want of light made us mistake.
Mistress. A very coffin! [one.
Lurc. How! a coffin? Boy, 'tis very like
Alathe. The devil ow'd us a shame, and now h' has paid us.
Mistress. Is this your treasure?
Alathe. Bury me alive in't.
Lurc. It may be there's no room.
Mistress. Nay, I will search it: [face,
I'll see what wealth's within.—A woman's
And a fair woman's?
Alathe. I cannot tell, sir; ['em.
Belike this was the sadness that possess'd
The plate stood next, I'm sure.
Lurc. I shake, I shake, boy;
What a cold sweat! [come on's, sir?
Alathe. This may work. What will be-
Mistress. She's cold, dead-cold; d'ye find your conscience? [punish'd,
D'ye bring your Gillians hither?—Nay, she's
Your conceal'd love's cas'd up.
Lurc. It is Maria;
The very same, the bride: new horror!
Mistress. These are fine tricks; you hope she's in a swoon,
But I'll take order she shall ne'er recover
To bore my nose: come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out: take her up instantly.
Lurc. Be not so hasty, fool; that may undo us:
We may be in for murder so: be patient;
Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.
Mistress. I'm sure she shall not.
Alathe. Be not, sir, dejected [been else;
Too much: a strange mistake; this had not
It makes me almost weep to think upon it.
Lurc. What an unlucky thief am I?
Mistress. I'll no consid'ring; either bestir yourself, or—
Lurc. Hold! [will not
Mistress. Let it not stay to smell then; I
Endure the stink of a rival.
Lurc. 'Would 'twere there again!
Alathe. We must bury her.
Lurc. But where o'th' sudden, or with what providence,
That no eyes watch us?
Mistress. Take a spade and follow me;
The next fair ground we meet make the church-yard:
As I live I'll see her lodg'd.
Lurc. It must be so:
How heavy my heart is! I ha' no life left.
Alathe. I am past thinking too, no understanding:
That I should miss the right chest!
Lurc. The happy chest!
Alathe. That which I saw and mark'd too!
Lurc. Well, passion wo' not help us.
Had I twenty falls for this—
Alathe. 'Twas my fault, sir[17].
Lurc. And twenty thousand fears for this? Oh, the devil!
Now could I curse! Well, we have her now
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Hang both for two blind buzzards! Here's a spade;
Quickly, or I'll call the neighbours.
Lurc. There's no remedy[18]; [pasty!
'Would the poor hungry prisoners had this
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Algripe, and a Servant with a light.

Serv. 'Twas a strange mischance, sir.
Alg. Mischance, say'st? No, 'twas happiness to me; [portion!
There is so much charge sav'd; I have her
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.
Serv. Did it not trouble you, sir, to see her dead?
Alg. Not much, I thank my conscience:
I was tormented 'till that happen'd; furies
Were in my brain to think myself a cuckold
At that time of the night. [doors!
When I come home, I charge you shut my
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure me.
Serv. Why, an it please you?

[17] *'Twas my fault, sir.*
And twenty thousand fears, &c.] These two speeches were printed as one, 'till separated by Sympson.

[18] *There's no remedy.*] This speech also, which had always been given to the *Mistress*, Sympson judiciously advises giving to *Lurcher*.

Alg. Fool, to ask that question!
To keep out women. I expect her mother
Will visit me with her clamours: Oh, I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily! [study
They are all walking devils, harpies: I will
A week together how to rail sufficiently
Upon 'em all: and, that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing books and ballads
That malice hath invented against women;
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
'Till I grow fat with curses.
Serv. If you'll go [books!—
To th' charge, let me alone to find you
What's that? They come near us[19].
Alg. Where? hold up the torch, knave!
Serv. Did you hear nothing? 'tis a—
Alg. Why dost make a stand?
Serv. What's that?
Alg. Where, where? dost see any thing?
We are hard by th' church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places[20];
They say ghosts walk sometimes. Hark! d'ye hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Alathe, and Mistress.

Mistress. No further; dig here, and lay her in quickly. [be discover'd!
Lurc. What light is that, boy? we shall
Set the coffin up an end, and get behind me;
There's no avoiding.
Alathe. Oh!
Alg. Where is that groan?
I begin to be afraid.
Serv. What shall we do, sir?
Alg. We are almost at home now; thou must go forward;
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.
Lurc. 'Tis he!
Alathe. I know him too; let me alone!
Serv. Oh, sir,
A ghost, the very ghost of mistress bride!
I have no power to run away. [me!
Alg. Curst ghost! bless me! preserve
I do command thee, whatsoe'er thou art,
I do conjure thee, leave me; do not fright me.
If thou be'st a devil, vex me not so soon,
If thou be'st—the spirit of my wife—
Alathe. Thy wife.
Alg. I shall be tormented!
Alathe. Thy abused wife,
That cannot peaceably enjoy her death.
Thou hast an evil conscience.
Alg. I know it. [thy soul,
Alathe. Among thy other sins which black
Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man! or else
A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,
Until thou leap into eternal flames;
Where gold, which thou adorest here on earth,
Melted, the fiends shall pour into thy throat!
For this time, pass; go home and think upon
Lurc. Away! [me!
Serv. There are more spirits!
Alg. Thank you, dear wife!
I'll bestow twenty nobles on a tomb for thee;
Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death. [*They go backward in.*
Lurc. So, so; they're gone; 'twas my ingenious rascal!
But how dost know he made vows to another?
Alathe. I overheard the women talk to-night on't; [bury
But now let's lose no time, sir! pray let's
This gentlewoman. Where's my mistress?

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Here; I durst not tarry.
Lurc. We ha' so cozen'd the old forty i'th' hundred [grimage;
An the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pil-
But come, about our business! set her down
Maria. Oh! [again.
Lurc. She groans! ha!
Maria. Oh!
Lurc. Again! she stirs! [in pieces.
Mistress. Let's fly, or else we shall be torn
Lurc. An you be good at that, bury your-
Or let the sexton take you for his fee. [self,
Away, boy! [*Exeunt.*
Maria. I am very cold, dead-cold!
Where am I? what's this? a coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me! Ha! I do remember
I was betray'd, and swooned. My heart aches;
I'm wond'rous hungry too: dead bodies eat not:
Sure I was meant for burial; I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me; [what path?
Darkness spreads o'er the world too. Where?
Best Providence, direct me[21]! [*Exit.*

[19] Just. *They come near us.*
Serv. *What's that?*] So the former editions.
[20] Irksome *places.*] Probably we should read, *darksome.*
[21] *Best.*] Perhaps the original exhibited *blest.*

ACT III.

Enter Lady, Wildbrain, Women, and Toby.

Lady. THOU art the most unfortunate fel-
Wildb. Why, aunt, [low—
What have I done?
Lady. The most malicious varlet— [ing
Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammer-
And hatching hellish things, and to no pur-
So thou mayst have thy base will. [pose,
Wildb. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,
But I must be at one end on't?
Lady. Thou art at both ends. the fools,
Wildb. Cannot young sullen wenches play
And marry, and die, but I must be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury, [her,
Let the world judge it) was but to persuade
(And, as I take it, I was bound to't too)
To make the reverend coxcomb her husband cuckold: [harm i'this?
What else could I advise her? was there
You are of years, and have run thro' experience; [again,
Would you be content, if you were young
To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?
A rottenness, that vaults are perfumes to,
Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?
Anointed hams, to keep his hinges turning,
Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night-
With twenty several sweats? [caps,
Toby. Some Jew, some justice, [madam;
A thousand heathen-smells, to say truth,
And would you mellow my young pretty mis-
If such a mis-ken? [tress
Lady. Sirrah,
Where is the body of my girl?
Wildb. I know not;
I am no conjurer: you may look the body!
I was like to be stol'n away myself; the spirit
Had like to ha' surpriz'd me in the shape of a woman, [dangerous.
Of a young woman, and you know those are
Toby. So had I, madam, simply tho' I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty spirits;
In every corner of the house a fiend met me.
Lady. You lie like rascals! Was mistress Newlove such
A spirit, sir, to fright your worship? Well,
I discharge you, sir; you are now at liberty;
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy; [my nephew,
You know your substance: tho' you are
I am no way bound, sir, to protect your mis-
So, fare you well! [chief:
Wildb. Farewell, good aunt! I thank you!
Adieu, honest Nick! The devil, if h'have power, [riage.
Will persecute your old bones for this mar-
Farewell, mistress Win!
Toby. And shall we part with dry lips?
Shall we, that have been fellow-devils together,
Flinch for an old woman's fart?
Wildb. 'Tis a fine time o' night too; but we must part, Nick. [the tenor,
Toby. Shall we never ring again? ne'er toss
And roll the changes in a cup of claret? [on
You shall not want; whate'er I lay my hands
(As I am sure Automedon the coachman[22])
Shall be distributed: bear up, I say, hang sor-
row! [sure.
Give me that bird, abroad that lives at plea-
Sam the butler's true, the cook a reverend Trojan; [they were rotten;
The falkner shall sell his hawks, and swear
There be some wandring spoons, they may be met with; [sentences!
I'll pawn a coach-horse. Peace, utter no
The harness shall be us'd in our wars also;
Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now;
Say but the word) over some rotten bridge,
Or by a marl-pit side? she may slip in dain-
Let me alone for myself! [tily;
Wildb. No, no; farewell, Toby!
Farewell, spiny Nicholas! no such thing;
There be ways i'th' world—If you see me
A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet, [hold!
And pull a bell. Commend me to the hous-
Nay, cry not, Toby; 'twill make thy head
Toby. Sweet master Wildbrain! [giddy.
Wildb. No more, Toby; go,
The times may alter.—
But where's the corse of my dead cousin,
(If she be dead)? I hop'd 'thad but dissembled:
That sits heavy here. Toby, honest Toby,
Lend me thy lanthorn; I forgot 'twas dark;
I had need look to my ways now.
Toby. Take a lodging with me to-night in the stable, [horses,
And ride away to-morrow with one of the
Next your heart, pray do!
Wildb. No. [wander;
Good night, good neighbour Toby! I will
I scorn to submit myself, ere I have ram-
bled— [terial;
But whither, or with what? that's more ma-
No matter; and, the worst come, 'tis but stealing, [credit;
And my aunt won't see me hang'd, for her own
And farewell in a halter costs me nothing.

[*Exeunt.*

[22] Automedon.] *Automedon* was the charioteer of Achilles, and is now a name applied to every one of that calling.

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. The night, and all the evils the night covers, [darkness,
The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of
Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty!
For I am weary both of life and light too.
Keep my wits, Heav'n! They say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open:
I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow,
But speak unto her spirit, ere I died,
But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.
I was a villain; but her wretched kinsman,
That set this plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy [this?
Her injur'd life and honour.—What light's

Enter Wildbrain with a Lanthorn.

Wildb. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The tavern-doors are barricado'd too, [tion;
Where I might drink 'till morn, in expecta-
I cannot meet the watch neither; nothing in
The likeness of a constable, whom I might,
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.
Heartl. 'Tis his voice; Fate, I thank thee!
Wildb. Ha! who is that? An thou be'st a man, speak:
Frank Heartlove? then I bear my destinies!
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for:
My aunt has turn'd me out a-doors; she has,
At this unchristian hour; and I do walk
Methinks like Guido Vaux, with my dark lanthorn,
Stealing to set the town o' fire; i' th' country
I should be ta'en for William o' th' Wisp,
Or Robin Good-Fellow. And how dost,
Heartl. The worse for you! [Frank?
Wildb. Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy lodging?
I'll lie with thee to-night, and tell thee stories,
How many devils we ha' met withal;
Our house is haunted, Frank, whole legions—
I saw nifty for my share.
Heartl. Didst not fright 'em?
Wildb. How! fright 'em? No, they frighted me sufficiently. [make them stare,
Heartl. Thou hadst wickedness enough to
And be afraid o'thee, malicious devil!
And draw thy sword; for, by Maria's soul,
I will not let thee scape, to do more mischief.
Wildb. Thou art mad; what dost mean?
Heartl. To kill thee; nothing else will ease my anger;
The injury is fresh I bleed withal; [in't,
Nor can that word express it, there's no peace
Nor must it be forgiven, but in death:
Therefore call up thy valour, if th' hast any,
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee!
Thy heart must suffer for thy damned practices
Against thy noble cousin, and my innocence.
Wildb. Hold! hear a word! did I do any thing [her?
But for your good? That you might have
That in that desp'rate time I might redeem
Altho' with show of loss? [her,
Heartl. Out, ugly villain!
Fling on her the most hated name of *whore*
To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy? [tempt it?
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk t' at-

Enter Maria.

Maria. I hear some voices this way.
Heartl. No more! if you can pray,
Do't as you fight.
Maria. What new frights oppose me?
I have heard that tongue.
Wildb. 'Tis my fortune:
You could not take me in a better time, sir;
I have nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.
My life my sword protect! [their ruins,
Maria. I know 'em both; but, to prevent
Must not discover—Stay, men most desp'rate!
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave; and tie my
To endless troubles else. [spirit
Wildb. Ha! 'tis her ghost!
Heartl. Maria? [make
Maria. Hear me both! Each wound you
Runs thro' my soul, and is a new death to me;
Each threatning danger will affright my rest.
Look on me, Heartlove, and, my kinsman, view me!
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,
But you must add, with your most impious angers,
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?
Would you teach Time to speak eternally
Of my disgraces? make records to keep 'em,
Keep them in brass? Fight then, and kill my honour! [swords,
Fight deadly both; and let your bloody
Thro' my reviv'd and reeking infamy, [ruins!
(That never shall be purg'd) find your own
Heartlove, I lov'd thee once; and hop'd again
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit:
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer;
And murder never shall inherit Heav'n[23]:
My time is come, my conceal'd grave expects me:

[23] *And murder* shall never *inherit Heaven.*] Theobald reads, *And murderers shall ne'er inherit Heaven;* And Sympson, *And a murderer shall ne'er inherit Heaven.* For the ease of the verse, we have made a small transposition; though it is not improbable that the old line is genuine.

Farewell,

Farewell, and follow not! your feet are bloody, [melted:
And will pollute my peace.—I hope they are
This is my way sure. [*Exit.*
Heartl. Stay, bless'd soul!
Wildb. 'Would she had
Come sooner, and ha' sav'd some blood!
Heartl. Dost bleed? [feel it.
Wildb. Yes, certainly; I can both see and
Heartl. Now I well hope it is not dangerous. [me,
Give me thy hand; as far as honour guides
I will know thee again. [*Exit.*
Wildb. I thank thee heartily!
I know not where to get a surgeon.
This vision troubles me; sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it.
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy;
If I go far I faint; I'll knock at this house,
They may be charitable. 'Would 'twere perfect day!

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. 'Tis not he.—What would you, sir?
Wildb. I would crave a little rest, lady,
And for my hurts some surgery; I am
A gentleman that fortune of a fight—
Mistress. A handsome gentleman!
Alas, he bleeds; a very handsome gentleman!
Wildb. A sweet young wench! beshrew my heart, a fair one!
Fortune has made me some recompense.
Mistress. Pray, come in; the air is hurtful for you; [presently;
Pray, let me lead you; I'll have a bed for you
I'll be your surgeon too. Alas, sweet gentleman! [too fast now.
Wildb. I feel no hurts; the morning comes
Mistress. Softly, I beseech you! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Toby.

Toby. He is not up yet, madam; what
To come forth so early? [meant you
Lady. You blockhead!
Your eyes are sow'd up still; they cannot see
When it is day. Oh, my poor Maria!
Where be the women?
Toby. They said they would follow us.
Lady. He shall not laugh thus at my misery;
And kill my child, and steal away her body,
And keep her portion too.
Toby. Let him be hang'd for't;
You have my voice.
Lady. These women not come yet?
A son-in-law! I'll keep a conjurer,
But I'll find out his knavery.
Toby. Do, and I'll help him. [jure him:
And if he were here, this whip should con-
Here's a *capias*, an it catch hold on's breech,
I'd make him soon believe the devil were
Lady. An old usurer! [there.
Toby. He married the money; that is all he look'd for;
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.
Lady. I'll swim him!
This is his house: I wonder they stay thus.
That we might rail him out on's wits!
Toby. They'll come, ['em,
Fear not, madam, and bring clappers with
Or some have lost their old wont: I have heard [o' their tongues
(No disparagement to your ladyship) some
Like Tom-a-Lincoln, three miles off.
Lady. Oh fy!
How tedious are they!
Toby. What an we lost no time? [him,
You and I shall make a shift to begin with
And tune our instruments 'till th' consort come
To make up the full noise: I'll knock.
Alg. [*above*] Who is that raps so saucily?
Toby. 'Tis I; [down.
Toby: come down, or else we'll fetch you
Alas, this is but the sance-bell[24]; here's a gentlewoman
Will ring y' another peal: come down, I say!
Alg. Some new fortifications! look to my doors!
Put double bars! I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her tribe: they come to terrify me.
Keep out her tongue too, if you can!
Lady. I hear you, [ship;
And I will send my tongue up to your wor-
The echo of it shall fly o'er the street.
My daughter, that thou kill'dst with kindness[25], Jew, [Jew,
That thou betray'dst to death, thou double
And after stol'st her body!
Toby. Jew's too good for him.
Alg. I defy you both! [me,
Thy daughter play'd the villain, and betray'd
Betray'd my honour.
Lady. Honour, rascal? [thee.
And let that bear an action, I'll try't with
Honour?
Toby. Oh, reprobate!
Lady. Thou musty justice,
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thyself!
Toby. A worshipful rope's end is too good for him. [dog else.
Lady. Get honour that way; thou wot die a
Toby. Come, and be whipt first!
Lady. Where's her portion?

[24] Saunce-*bell.*] *Sanctus*-bell, wont to be rung when the priest said, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus, Deus Sabbæoth.* Coles's English Dictionary, 8vo. 1677.

[25] *My daughter that thou kill'dst.*] Sympson would make this a question, and read,

Where's my daughter, &c.

But surely the poet meant she should *demand* her daughter, which is much better than *interrogating.*

Enter

Enter Nurse and Women.

Alg. Where
I'll keep it safely.
Nurse. Traitor, thou sha'n't keep it!
Alg. More of the kennel? Put more bolts to th' doors there, [upon us.
And arm yourselves! Hell is broke loose
Toby. I am glad ye're come; we'll blow the house down.
Lady. Oh, Nurse, I have such cause—
Women. Villain, viper!—
Altho' you had no cause, we're bound to help.
Nurse. Yes, and believe, we come not here t' examine;
And, if you please, we'll fire the house.
Alg. Call the constable! [fortable.
Toby. A charitable motion! fire is com-
Lady. No, no; we'll only let him know our minds;
We will commit no outrage; he's a lawyer.
Alg. Give me my musquet!
Lady. Where's my daughter's body,
That I may bury it?
Women. Speak, or we'll bury thee!
Nurse. Alive we'll bury thee; speak, old iniquity! [testimony.
Toby. Bury him alive by all means, for a
Alg. Their voices make my house reel; oh, for officers!
I'm in a dream! Thy daughter's spirit walks A-nights, and troubles all the neighbours: Hire a conjurer; I'll say no more. [go
Lady. The law shall say more!
Women. Nurse. We are witnesses;
And, if thou be'st not hang'd—

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. Buy a book of good manners,
A short book of good manners.
Alathe. Buy a ballad,
A ballad of the maid was got with child!
Toby. That might ha' been my case last night; I'll ha't,
Whate'er it cost me.
Alathe. A ballad of the witches hang'd at
Toby. I'll have that too; [Ludlow!
There was an aunt of mine, I think, amongst 'em;
I would be glad to hear her testament.
Lurc. A new book of women! [him!
Alg. The thunder's laid; how they stare at
Lurc. A new book of fools, a strange book,
Very strange fools! [thou art.
Alg. I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er
Lurc. A book of walking spirits!
Alg. That I like not. [morris.
Toby. Nor I; they walk'd me the fools'
Lurc. A book of wicked women!
Alg. That's well thought on. [women,
Lurc. Of rude, malicious women, of proud
Of scolding women!—We shall ne'er get in.
Alathe. A ballad of wrong'd maids!
Lady. I'll buy that.
Lurc. A little, very little book,
Of good and godly women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a nutshell!
Toby. With a small print that no body can read it.
Nurse. Peace, sirrah, or I'll tear your books.
Alg. Open the door and let him in; I love him.
Lurc. A book of evil magistrates!
Lady. Ay, marry!
D' ye hear that, justice?
Lurc. And their eviller wives,
That wear their places in their petticoats!
Alg. D' ye hear that, lady? [dancing,
Alathe. A book new printed against playing,
Masking, May-poles; a zealous brother's book,
And full of fables! [women,
Lurc. Another book of women, of mad
Women that were born in March!
[*Exit with Alathe.*
Lady. Are you got in? [This fellow
We would ha' pull'd your knave's hide else!
Was sent t' abuse us; but we shall have time
To talk more with this justice.
Alg. Farewell, madam!
As you like this, come visit me again,
You and your treble-strings. Now scold your hearts out!
Wom. Shall he carry't thus away?
Nurse. Go to the judge,
And what you'll have us swear—
Lady. I thank ye heartily;
I'll keep that for the last. I will go home,
And leave him to his conscience for a while;
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* What book has he given thee?
2 *Serv.* A dainty book; a book of the great navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of cannon-proof,
Built upon whales to keep their keels from sinking,
And dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile,
And elephants that carry goodly castles.
1 *Serv.* Dost thou believe it?
2 *Serv.* Shall we not believe books in print?
1 *Serv.* I have John Taylor's book of hempseed too,
Which, for two lines I happen'd on by chance, I reverence.
2 *Serv.* I prithee what are they?
1 *Serv.* They are so pat upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late Histriomastix; Talking of change and transformations,
That wittily and learnedly he bangs him;
'So may a Puritan's ruff, tho' starch'd, in print,
'Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't,'
And

And confute Horace with a Water-Poet[26]:
A play in the Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't.
What hast there? a ballad too?
2 *Serv.* This? This is
A piece of poetry indeed!—What noise is that? [*He sings; Algripe cries within.*
1 *Serv.* Some cry i'th' streets: prithee sing on! [*Sing again.*
2 *Serv.* Again! dost not hear? 'Tis i'th' house certainly. [o'th' justice.
1 *Serv.* 'Tis a strange noise! and has a tang
2 *Serv.* Let's see? [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants, bringing in their Master bound and gagg'd.

1 *Serv.* Unty his feet; pull out his gag,
He will choak else! What desp'rate rogues were these!
2 *Serv.* Give him fresh air.
Alg. I'll never study books more!
I am undone; these villains have undone me!
Rifled my desk; they have undone me, learnedly!
A fire take all their books! I'll burn my study.
Where were you, rascals, when the villains
You could not hear? [bound me,
1 *Serv.* He gave us books, sir, dainty books to busy us; [brewhouse,
And we were reading, in that which was the
A great way off; we were singing ballads too,
And could not hear.
Alg. This was a precious thief;
A subtle trick to keep my servants safe!
2 *Serv.* What ha' you lost, sir?
Alg. They ransack'd all before my face, and threaten'd
To kill me if I cough'd; they have a chain,
My rings, my box of casting gold, my purse too. [most grieves me,
They robb'd me miserably; but that which
They took away some writings; 'twas a rogue
That knew me, and set on by the old Lady;
I will indite her for't.
1 *Serv.* Shall we pursue 'em?
Alg. Run, run, cursed rascals!
I am out of my wits! Let not a creature in,
No, not with necessaries! [pass by,
2 *Serv.* We shall be starv'd.
Alg. I'll buy my meat at window, as they
(I wonot trust my scriv'ner, he has books too)
And bread I'll ha' flung up: I charge ye all
Burn all the books i'th' house!
1 *Serv.* Your little prayer book?
Alg. I'll never pray again! I'll have my doors
Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too:
No sound shall tempt me again! Remember, I
Have forswore books. [your oath?
2 *Serv.* If you should be call'd to take
Alg. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likeness of a book;
An I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang [places;
Than read again. Come in, and search all
They may be about the house: were the doors lock'd? [be gone,
1 *Serv.* But the keys in 'em; and if they
They could not want wit to lock us in, sir.
Alg. Never was man so miserably undone;
I'd lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Nurse.

Lady. Thy brother's daughter, say'st, and born in Wales? [and I hope
Nurse. I have long time desir'd to see her,
Your ladyship will not be offended.
Lady. No, no. [serviceable
Nurse. I should be happy, if she might be
To you, madam. [me much.
Lady. Beshrew me, but at first she took
Is she not like Maria[27]? setting aside
Her language, very like her! and I love her
The better for't. I prithee call her hither.
She speaks feat English. [mah, Guennith!
Nurse. Why, Guennith, Guennith! du hum-

[26] *So may a Puritan's ruff*, &c.] Our poets, here, wrote by memory, without having recourse to Taylor's book, where the lines run thus,

'Thus *may a Brownist's zealous* ruff, in print,
'Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't.'

But this is not the only fault; the two lines that follow seem to have suffer'd a change of places, as well as undergone the loss of a speaker; for 'tis plain, *And confute Horace, &c.* has no connection with the preceding lines of Taylor. To set the place right, I suppose the 2d Servant's speech to end full with the Water-Poet's lines, which strikes the 1st Servant so smartly, that he cries out,

1 *Serv.* A play in a Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't,
And confute Horace with a Water-Poet. *Sympson.*

We think no change is necessary, except placing inverted commas before Taylor's lines, to which the Servant archly *connects*,

And confute Horace with a Water-Poet;

then comments on the passage quoted, *A play in a Puritan's ruff?*—Even were a transposition advisable, no additional speaker is requisite.

[27] *Is she not like Maria?*] I wou'd propose putting the words that follow these, in the *Nurse*'s mouth, otherwise the *Lady* will ask the question, and give herself the answer. *Sympson.*

Which is extremely natural, and much better than the proposed alteration.

She

She is coarse, madam, after her country guise;
And were she in fine cloaths—
Lady. I'll have her handsome.

Enter Maria.

What part of Wales were you born in?
Maria. In Abehundis, madams.
Nurse. She speaks that name in Welsh, which we call Brecknock.
Lady. What can you do? [know not
Maria. Her was toe many tings in Walls;
The fashion in Londons. Her was milk the cows,
Make seeze and butters, and spin very well
The Welsh freeze; her was cooke to te mountain cots, [good ales
And sing very fine Prittish tunes; was mage
And breds; and her know to dance on Sun-
Marge you now, madams! [days,
Lady. A pretty innocence!
I do like her infinitely, Nurse; and if I live—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Heartlove, madam, come to see you. [mit him.
Lady. Alas, poor gentleman! Prithee ad-

Enter Heartlove and Gentlemen.

Heartl. Madam, I'm come to take my last
Lady. How, sir! [leave—
Heartl. Of all my home affections, and my friends:
For th' interest you had once in Maria,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom. [poor power
Lady. 'Would there were any thing in my
That might divert your will, and make you happy! [pardon
I'm sure I've wrong'd her too; but let your
Assure me you are charitable: she is dead,
Which makes us both sad. What do you look on?
1 *Gent.* The likest face[28]— [tilman
Maria. Pless us awle! why does that sen-
Make such unders and mazements at her?
I know her not.
Heartl. Be not offended, maid!
Lady. How the wench blushes!
She represents Maria's loss to him.
Maria. Will the sentilman hurt her? Pray you be her defences!
Was have mad phisnomies; is her troubled
With lunatics in her prain-pans? Pless us awle!
Heartl. Where had you this face? [her.
Maria. Her faces be our nowne, I warrant
Heartl. I wonot hurt you.—All the linea-
ments [beauties
That built Maria up, all those springing
Dwell on this thing; change but her tongue:
I know her.
Let me see your hand! [and robberies
Maria. Du Guin[29]*!* Was never thieves
Here is no sindge in her hands, warrant her.
Heartl: Trust me, the self-same white
And softness! Prithee speak our English dialect. [hard urds to her,
Maria. Ha leggs? what, does her speage
To make poor Guennith ridicles? was no
Sentilman to abuse her. [mannerly
Heartl. By the love,
That everlasting love I bear Maria—
Maria. Maria? her name was Guennith; and good names; [fine kanags,
Was poor else, oman maid; her have no
To mage her tricsy; yet in her own cuntries
Was held a fine ense, her can tell her, and honest
Ense too, marg you dat now: her can keep
Her little legs close enough, warrant her.
Lady. How prettily this anger shews!
1 *Gent.* She gabbles innocently.
Heartl. Madam, farewell; and all good fortune dwell wi' ye!
With me my own affections! Farewell, maid,
Fair gentle maid!
2 *Gent.* She sighs.
Maria. Du cat a whee[30]*!* [me back
Heartl. I cannot go; there's somewhat calls
Maria. Poor Frank,
How gladly would I entertain thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids me! [*Aside*
If please her ladyships, dwell here with Guennith, [nels
And learn to spin and card ull, to mage flan
And linseyes-ulseis, sal tawge cood urds
To her ladyships urships for her.
[*The tears flow from him*
The tears of true affection! woe is me!
Oh, cursed love, that glories in maids' miseries
And true men's broken hearts!
Lady. Alas, I pity him!
The wench is rude, and knows you not! forgive her.
Maria. Wipe your nyes, pray you! tho was born in Walls, [heart is soft
'Mong craggy rocks and mountains, ye
Look you, hur can weep too, when hur sc men mage
Prinie tears and lamentations.
Heartl. How hard she holds me!

[28] *The likest face—*] This, as it here stands, is the end of the Lady's speech; but sure i can't be so, as the least attention will make evident. I suspect with Mr. Theobald, tha Frank Heartlove's name ought to be prefix'd here, or else write with the oldest quarto which Mr. Theobald overlook'd, thus,

1 *Gent.* The likest face. *Sympson.*

[29] *Du Guin.*] The very ingenious editor of 1750 varies, *tacitly*, to *Guennith was never* &c. The reader is requested to consult note 48 on Monsieur Thomas.

[30] *Du cat a whee.*] See note 4 on Monsieur Thomas.

Just as Maria did; weeps the same drops,
Now, as I have a living soul, her sigh too!
What shall I think? Is not your name Maria?
If it be not, delude me with so much charity
To say it is. [deal in love
Maria. Upon her life, you was mighty
With some podies; your pale seekes and hollow nyes,
And pantings upon her posom, know very well.
Because, look you, her think her honest sen-
You sall call her Maria. [tilman,
Heartl. Good madam, think not ill I am thus saucy. [the wench.
Lady. Oh, no, sir; be you not angry with
Heartl. I am most pleas'd.
1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him; he'll be mad outright else.
2 *Gent.* Observe a little more. [beg a kiss!
Heartl. 'Would I could in your language
Maria. If her have necessities of a kiss,
Dere is one in sarities[31]! [look you,
Heartl. Let me suffer death,
If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries
Be more a-kin, than her lips to Maria's:
And, if this harsh illusion would but leave her,
She were the same. Good madam, shall I
Your consent now— [have
Lady. To what?
Heartl. To give this virgin
To me. [woman,
Lady. She is not mine; this is her kins-
And has more power to dispose.—Alas, I pity him!
Pray, gentlemen, prevail with him to go;
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.
Heartl. You have been always kind to me; will you
Deny me your fair cousin?
Nurse. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent. [departure;
Heartl. He is no friend that wishes my
I do not trouble you!
1 *Gent.* 'Tis not Maria. [with that.
Heartl. Her shadow is enough; I'll dwell
Pursue your own ways! Shall we live together? [tauge to her,
Maria. If her will come to-morrow and
Her will tell her more of her meanings; and then
If her be melancholy, her will sing her
A Welsh song too, to make her merries: but Guennith
Was very honest; her was never love
But one sentilman, and he was bear her
Great teal of good-ills too. Was marry one day: [gloves
St. Davy! her give her five pair of white
If her will dance at her weddings.
Heartl. All I'm worth, [forsake her,
And all my hopes, this strange voice would
For then she should be—Prithee stay a little!
Hark in thine ear! dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life: I know you are Maria:
Speak but as I do, ten words to confirm me.
You have an English soul; do not disguise it
From me with these strange accents—She pinch'd hard
Again, and sigh'd. [*Exit Maria.*
Lady. What ails the wench? [*Exit.*
Nurse. Why, Guennith!
Heartl. She is gone too!
2 *Gent.* Come, leave this dream.
Heartl. A dream? I think so;
But 'twas a pleasing one. Now I'll obey,
And forget all these wonders; lead the way!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Wildbrain and Toby.

Wildb. HONEST Toby! [glad
Toby. Sweet Mr. Wildbrain! I'm
I ha met w'ye.
Wildb. Why? did my aunt send for me?
Toby. Your aunt's a mortal; and thinks
For aught I can perceive. [not on you,
Wildb. Is my cousin
Alive again?
Toby. Neither; and yet we do not
Hear that she's buried.
Wildb. What should make thee glad then?
Toby. What should make me glad? Have I not cause? [thus,
To see your princely body well, and walk
Look blithe and bonny, and your wardrobe whole still! [a mine,
Wildb. The case is clear; and I ha' found
A perfect Indie, since my aunt cashier'd me:
What think'st of this? [*Chinking money.*
Toby. Oh, delicate bells!
Wildb. Thou puttest me in mind, [thee:
We are to ring anon; I meant to send for
Meet me at the old parish-church.
Toby. Say no more. [conspir'd
Wildb. When thy lady is a-bed, we ha'
A midnight peal, for joy.
Toby. If I fail,
Hang me i' th' bell-ropes!
Wildb. And how? and how
Does my aunt?
Toby. She's up to th' ears in law:
I do so whirl her to the counsellors' chambers,
And back again, and bounce her for more money, [her,
And to again—I know not what they do with

[31] *In* sarities.] *i. e.* In charity. *Sympson.*

But she's the merriest thing among these law-drivers,
And in their studies half a day together.
If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she
By all th' ability of her old body, [swears,
She will so claw the justice—she will sell
The tiles of th' house, she vows, and sack out o' th' cellar, [him.
(That she worships to idolatry) but she'll hang
Wildb. I would she could! But hark thee, honest Toby!
If a man have a mistress, may we not,
Without my aunt's leave, borrow now and then
A coach to tumble in, toward th' Exchange,
And so forth?
Toby. A mistress?
Wildb. She may be thine when we are married.
Toby. Command, I'll carry ye both in pomp;
And let my lady go a-foot a law-catching,
And exercise her corns. Where is she, mas-
Wildb. 'Sha't see her. [ter John?
Toby. Shall we ring for her?
Wildb. And drink her health.
Toby. Drink stiffly for five hours?
Wildb. We'll drink fifteen. [then,
Toby. To-night? We will ha' twenty torches
And thro' the streets drive on triumphantly,
Triumphantly we'll drive: by my lady's door,
As I'm a Christian coachman, I will rattle you,
And urine in her porch, and she shall fear me.
If you say more, I shall run mad outright!
I will drink sack, and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now!

[*Exit.*

Enter Lurcher.

Wildb. Hold, for thy buttons' sake! The knave's transported.
Lurc. Jack Wildbrain?
Wildb. Honest Tom, how thrives
The felonious world with thee now?
Lurc. You look and talk as you were much exalted. [tell thee: first,
Wildb. Thou art i' th' right, Tom. I will
I ha' shook off my aunt, and yet I live still,
And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha' spoil'd me;
I keep no hours now; nor need any false key
To the old woman's cabinets; I ha' money
Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to th' butler;
No matrimonial protestations
For sack-possets, to the chambermaid: I praise [Tom.
My fate, there be more ways to th' wood,
Lurc. Prithee
Release my wonder.
Wildb. I'll encrease it: wipe thine eyes;
Here is a chain worth money, an some man had it,
A foolish diamond, and other trifles—
Lurc. The very same! Oh, gipsey! infidel!
All that I sweat, and ventur'd my neck for,
H' has got already: who would trust a strum-pet? [sess
Wildb. This? this is nothing to what I pos-
At home.
Lurc. What home?
Wildb. A house that shall be nameless.
The mistress of it mine too; such a piece
Of flesh and blood! added to that so loving!
Lurc. Is she married?
Wildb. I know not, nor I care not:-
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious!
Thou wilt run mad: I'll tell thee more here-
Lurc. Nay, prithee a word more. [after.
Wildb. I took
No pains to find out all this Paradise;
My destiny threw me upon't i' th' dark; I
Wanting a lodging too. [found it,
Lurc. No old acquaintance?
Wildb. Never, never saw her:
But these things happen not in ev'ry age.
I cannot stay; if thou wilt meet anon
At my own rendezvous, (thou know'st the tavern)
We'll sup together; after that, a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.
Lurc. You keep your exercise i' th' old
Wildb. No other; [church?
There is no music to the bells: we would
Have bonfires, if we durst. An thou would come, [ing,
It shall cost thee nothing, Tom: hang pilfer-
And keep me company! In time I may
Shew thee my wench too. [there?
Lurc. I cannot promise; but you will be
Wildb. We'll toss the bells, and make the steeple roar, boy:
But come to supper then!
Lurc. My hand; and expect me.

[*Exit Wildb.*

Yes, I will come or send, and to some pur-
Art come, boy? [pose.

Enter Alathe, with Gown, Beard, and Constable's Staff.

Excellent knave! How didst thou purchase these? [a sleeping constable;
Alathe. The staff I stole last night from
The rest I borrow'd by my acquaintance with
The players' boys. You were best to lose no time, sir. [do I not look
Lurc. So, so; help, boy! 'tis very well;
Like one that breaks the king's peace with authority? [somely,
You know your charge; prepare things hand-
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.
Alathe. There wants nothing[32]; all ready: but I fly, sir. [*Exit.*
Lurc. Now, Fortune, prove no slut, and I'll adore thee! [*Knocks.*
Serv. [*within*] Who's there? [justice.
Lurc. A friend would speak with master
Serv. Who are you?

[32] *There wants* nothing already.] So the former copies. Sympson proposes, ALL's *ready*.

Lurc. I'm the constable. [business.
Serv. My master's not at leisure to hear
Lurc. How! not at leisure to do the king service? [worship,
Take heed what you say, sir! I know his
If he knew my business, would make no excuse. [assure you
Serv. You must go to another justice; I'll
My master is not well in health.
Lurc. I know not;
But if your worshipful be not at leisure
To do himself a benefit—I am gone, sir—
An infinite benefit, and the state shall thank him for't; [an officer,
Thank him, and think on him too. I am
And know my place; but I do love the jus-
I honour any authority above me: [tice;
Beside, he is my neighbour, and I worship him. [Mr. Constable,
Serv. You have no books, nor ballads,
About you? [it become
Lurc. What should I do with books? does
A man of my place to understand such matters? [me,
Pray call your master; if he please to follow
I shall discover to him such a plot, [for't,
Shall get him everlasting fame: I'll be hang'd
An he be not knighted instantly, and for
Reward have some of the malefactors' lands
I'll bring him to; but I can't dally time!
Alg. [*within*] Who's that?
Serv. A constable, sir,
Would speak about some business, he says
Will bring you fame, and mighty profit.
Lurc. Please [happy:
Your worship come down, I will make you
The notablest piece of villainy I have in hand, sir,
And you shall find it out: I ha' made choice
To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and [wards.
Thank me, as you find the good on't after-
Alg. What is it? treason? [I've lodg'd
Lurc. 'Tis little better, I can tell you;
A crew of the most rank and desperate villains— ['em,
They talk of robberies, and ways they did
And how they left men bound in their studies.
Alg. With books and ballads?
Lurc. That, sir, that, and murders,
And thousand knaveries more; they're very rich, sir, [more
In money, jewels, chains, and a hundred
Devices.
Alg. Happy, happy constable! [knaves!
I'll meet you at the back door. Get ready,
Lurc. Not a man, I beseech you!
I've privately-appointed strength about me:
They cannot start; your men would breed suspicion:
All my desire is, you would come alone,
That you might have the hope o' th' enterprize, [ceed, sir.
That you might hear 'em first, and then pro-
Alg. I come, I come!

Lurc. 'Tis very well. [thing late.
Alg. Keep all my doors fast. It is some-
Lurc. So, so! An please your worship, I'll direct you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alathe.

Alathe. My master stays; I doubt his lime-twigs catch not:
If they do, all's provided. But I all
This while forget my own state: fair Maria
Is certainly alive; I met her in
Another habit, with her Nurse; 'twas she!
There is some trick in't: but when this is over
I'll find it out. This project for the usurer
May have good effect; however, 'twill be sport

Enter Lurcher.

To mortify him a little. He is come without
Have you fail'd, sir? [him:
Lurc. Prosper'd, my little engineer: away!
He is i' th' next room; be not you seen, sirrah! [*Exit.*
Alathe. The pit-fall's ready; never justice
Was caught in such a noose: ere he get out,
He shall run thro' a scouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick. 'Tis night already. [*Retires.*

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lurc. Come softly; yet, sir, softly! ar'n't you weary? [choly place;
Alg. Th' hast brought me into a melan-
I see no creature.
Lurc. This is, sir, their den, [faint
Where they suppose themselves secure. I'm
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a cordial;
Without this I should die: how it refreshes me [*Seems to drink.*
Already! Will't please your worship—I might have had
The manners to ha' let you drink before me.
Now am I lusty.
Alg. 'T has a good taste.
Lurc. Taste? [it not!
How d'you find the virtue? Nay, sir, spare
My wife has the receipt. Does it not stir
Your worship's body? When you come t' examine,
'Twill make you speak like thunder.
Alg. Hoy he! [*He yawns.*
Lurc. It works already. [than I thought.
Alg. Is there ne'er a chair? I was wearier
But who shall we have to take 'em, Mr. Constable? [watch-word,
Lurc. Let me alone! when I but give the
We will have men enough to surprize an army. [chair?
Alg. I begin to be sleepy: what, hast a

Enter another with a Chair.

Lurc. They do not dream of us.—'Tis early rising, [men
Care, care, and early rising! commonwealth's

Are ever subjects to the nods: sit down, sir;
A short nap is not much amiss.—So, so! he's fast, [der
Fast as a fish i' th' net; he has winking pow-
Shall work upon him to our wish. Remove him!
Nay, we may cut him into collops now,
And he ne'er feel. Have you prepar'd the vault, sirrah?
Alathe. Yes, yes, sir; ev'ry thing in's place.
Lurc. When we have plac'd him, you and I, boy, must
About another project hard by: his potion
Will bind him sure enough 'till we return.
This villainy weighs mainly; but we'll purge you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sexton. [*Bells ring*].

Sexton. Now for mine ears! mine ears, be constant to me!
They ring a wager, and I must deal justly;
Ha, boys!

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. Dost hear 'em? hark! these be the ringers.
Alathe. Are you sure the same? [clear:
Lurc. Or my directions fail. The coast is
How the bells go! how daintily they tumble!
And methinks they seem to say, Fine fools, I'll fit you! [that was naught.
Sexton. Excellent again, good boys!—Oh,
Lurc. Who's that? [Hark!
Alathe. Be you conceal'd by any means yet.
They stop: I hope they'll to't again. Close, sir!

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wildb. A palpable knock!
Ringer. 'Twas none!
Toby. Be judg'd by th' Sexton then!
If I have ears—
Sexton. A knock, a knock, a gross one!
Toby. Carman, your gallon of wine! you ring most impiously!
Art thou o' th' worshipful company of
The knights o' th' West, and handle a bell with no more [street,
Dexterity? You think you are in Thames-
Justling the carts: oh, a clean hand's a jewel!
Alathe. Good speed to your good exercise!
Toby. You're welcome! [neighbour
Alathe. I come, sir, from a gentleman, and
Hard by, one that loves your music well—
Toby. He may have more on't.—
Handle a bell as you were haling timber?
Gross, gross, and base, absurd!
Ringer. I'll mend it next peal.
Alathe. T' entreat a knowledge of you, whether it be [th' eye;
By th' ear you ring thus cunningly, or by
For, to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.
Wildb. But which way has he laid?
Alathe. That your ear guides you,
And not your eye.
Toby. H' has won, h' has won; the ear's
Our only instrument.
Alathe. But how shall we
Be sure on't?
Toby. Put all the lights out; to what end
Serve our eyes then?
Wildb. A plain case!
Alathe. You say true. [sure!
'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear
And can you ring i' th' dark so?
Wildb. All night long, boy.
Alathe. 'Tis wonderful! Let this be certain, gentlemen,
And half his wager he allows among ye:
Is't possible you should ring so?
Toby. Possible? [drunk.
Thou art a child! I'll ring when I'm dead-
Out with the lights! no twinkling of a candle!
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,
And can bang it soundly in the dark, I warrant you.
Wildb. Come, let's confirm him straight, and win the wager! [*Exeunt.*
Alathe. Let me hear, to strengthen me; and, when ye've rung,
I'll bring the money to you.
Lurc. So, so, follow 'em: [*Exit Alathe.*
They shall have a cool reward; one hath gold of mine,
Good store in's pocket; [*Ring.*
But this will be reveng'd in a short warning.
They're at it lustily: hey, how wantonly
They ring away their cloaths! how it delights me!

Enter Alathe with Cloaths.

Alathe. Here, here, sir!
Lurc. Hast Wildbrain's?
Alathe. His whole
Case, sir; I felt it out; and, by the guards,
This should be the coachman's; another suit too. [usurer!
Lurc. Away, boy, quickly now to th'
His hour to wake approaches.
Alathe. That once finish'd,
You'll give me leave to play, sir. Here they come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wildb. I'm monstrous weary!
Toby. Fy, how I sweat! Reach me my cloak to cover me. [peal!
I run to oil, like a porpoise! 'Twas a brave
Sexton. Let me light my candle, first; then I'll wait on you. [*Exit Sexton.*
Wildb. A very brave peal!
Toby. Carman, you came in close now.
Wildb. Sure 'tis past midnight.
Ringer. No stirring in the streets I hear.
Toby. Walk further!
Was that a pillar? 'tis harder than my nose.
Where's the boy promis'd us five pounds?
Wildb. Room! I sweat still.
Come, come, my cloak! I shall take cold.

Enter

Enter Sexton.

Sexton. Where lies it?
Wildb. Here, here, and all our cloaths.
Sexton. Where, where?
Ringer. I' th' corner. [the bottle!
Toby. Is thy candle blind too? Give me
I can drink like a fish now, like an elephant.
Sexton. Here are the corners, but here are
Yes, here's a cuff. [no cloaths;
Wildb. A cuff? give me the candle!
Cuffs wo'not cover me.—I smell a knavery.
Toby. Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit
turn'd to a button? ['twere Christmas,
Wildb. Now am I as cold again as tho'
Cold with my fear; I'll never ring by th' ear
Toby. My new cloaths vanish'd? [more.
Wildb. All my cloaths, Toby!
Ringer. Here's none. [to adorn me?
Toby. Not one of my dragon's wings left
Have I mew'd all my feathers[33]?
Wildb. Cheated by th' ear; a plot to put
out the candle! [the gold!
I could be mad! my chain, my rings, the gold,
Toby. The cold, the cold, I cry, and I cry
truly; [me!
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm
Wildb. What miserable fools were we!
Toby. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune.
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our
own lights out! [thy house,
Wildb. Prithee, Sexton, let's have a fire at
A good fire; we'll pay thee some way for't;
I am stone-cold. [gentlemen.
Sexton. Alas, I pity you! Come quickly,
Wildb. Sure I've been in a dream! I had
no mistress,
Nor gold, nor cloaths, but am a ringing rascal.
Toby. Fellows in affliction, let us take
hands all!
Now are we fit for tumblers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lurc. So, so! Presently [upon him:
His sleep will leave him, and wonder seize
Bid 'em within be ready.
Alg. What sound's this?
What horrid din? What dismal place is this
I never saw before? and now behold it
But by the half-light of a lamp, that burns
here?
My spirits shake, and tremble thro' my body.

Enter two Furies with black Tapers.

Help, help! Mercy protect me! my soul
quakes.
What dreadful apparitions! How I shudder!
1 & 2 *Fury.* Algripe!
Alg. What are you?
1 *Fury.* We are hell-hounds, hell-hounds,
That have commission from the prince of
darkness,
To fetch thy black soul to him.
Alg. Am I not alive still?
1 *Fury.* Thou art; but we have brought
thee instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life.
Stab!
2 *Fury.* Poison!
1 *Fury.* Hang thyself! this choice is offer'd.
2 *Fury.* Thou canst not hope for Heaven;
thy base soul is
Lost to all hope of mercy.
1 *Fury.* Quickly, quickly!
The torments cool.
2 *Fury.* And all the fiends expect thee.
Come with us to that pit of endless horror,
Or we will force thee.
Alg. Oh, oh, oh! [ravisher,
1 *Fury.* Groans are too late: sooner the
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand
winters,
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their souls shot thro' with adders, torn on
engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
(Could any imagination number them)
As there be moments in eternity; [slain,
And shall that justice spare thee, that hast
Murder'd by thy extortion, so many?
Alg. Oh, oh! [carry thee
2 *Fury.* Do execution quickly! or we'll
Alive to hell. [me
Alg. Gently, gentle devils! do not force
To kill myself, nor do not you do't for me!
Oh, let me live! I'll make amends for all.
1 *Fury.* Tell us of thy repentance? perjur'd villain! [and whipt.
Pinch off his flesh! he must be whipt, salted
Alg. Oh, misery of miseries! [*Recorders.*
1 & 2 *Fury.* Tear his accurs'd limbs, to
hell with him—Ha!
A mischief on that innocent face! away!
[*Creep in.*

Enter Alathe like an Angel.

Alathe. Malicious furies, hence! choak
Of holy penitence. [not the seeds
Alg. This must be an angel:
How at his presence the fiends crawl away!
Here is some light of mercy.
Alathe. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man!
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been
What says thy conscience now? [to thee!
Alg. Be my good angel, here I promise
thee [lainy:
To become honest, and renounce all vil-

33 *Have I* muted *all my feathers.*] Corrected from Theobald's suggestion.

Enjoin

Enjoin me any penance; I'll build churches,
A whole city of hospitals.
Alathe. Take heed!
There is no dallying; nor are these impos'd.
Alg. Name any thing within my power,
sweet angel;
And, if I do not faithfully perform it, [nute,
Then whip me every day, burn me each mi-
Whole years together let me freeze to isicles!
Alathe. I' th' number of thy foul oppressions,
Thou hast undone a faithful gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land.
Alg. Young Lurcher!
I do confess.
Alathe. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself:
Prevent his ruin! or his blood will be
More sin in thy account. Hast thou forgotten
He had a sister?
Alg. I do well remember it.
Alathe. Couldst thou for Mammon break
thy solemn vow
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a-day for thy unkindness?
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldst thou marry another?
Alg. But she's dead;
And I will make true satisfaction.
Alathe. What do I instance these, that has
To all the world? [been false
Alg. I know it, and will henceforth [angel!
Practise repentance. Do not frown, sweet
I will restore all mortgages, forswear
Abominable usury, live chaste;
For I've been wanton in my shroud, my age:
And if that poor innocent maid, I so abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My days to come religiously.
Alathe. I was commanded but a messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those
Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick
to hell:
If thou abuse this mercy, and repent not,
Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good example.
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak
senses;
Drink of this viol, and renew thy spirits!
I ha' done my office; think on't, and be happy!

Enter Lurcher.

Lurc. So, so! He gapes already; now he's
fast.
Th' hast acted rarely; but this is not all:
First, help to convey him out o' th' vault.
Alathe. You will
Dispense with me now, as you promis'd, sir?
Lurc. We will make shift without thee;
th' hast done well.
By our device, this bandog may 'scape hell.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, and Maria.

Lady. Didst think, Maria, this poor ou
side, and
Dissembling of thy voice, could hide thee fro
A mother's searching eye, tho' too much fea
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind
lover, [Maria
That thought thee dead too? Oh, my dea
I hardly kept my joys in from betraying thee
Welcome again to life! We shall find out
The mystery of thy absence. Conceal [thee
Thy person still (for Algripe must not kno
And exercise this pretty dialect:
If there be any course in law to free thee,
Thou shalt not be so miserable. Be silent,
Good Nurse! [madam
Nurse. You shall not need to fear me
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.
Lady. Be not dejected, Mall.
Maria. Your care may comfort me;
But I despair of happiness.—
Heartlove? I dare not see him.
Nurse. We'll withdraw. [too
Lady. I shall but grieve to see his passion
Since there's no possibility to relieve him.
[*Exeunt*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. The world's a labyrinth, wher
unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness
No sooner have we measur'd with much to
One crooked path, with hope to gain ou
freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction.
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures! Oh, Maria!
If thou be'st dead, why does thy shado
fright me?
Sure 'tis because I live: were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dus
Might have the privilege to mix in silence,
How quickly should my soul shake off th
burthen!

Enter Alathe.

Alathe. Thus far my wishes have success
I'll lose [love
No time. Sir, are not you call'd Mr. Heart
Pardon my rudeness[34]!
Heartl. What does that concern thee?
Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee;
And I am weary on't.
Alathe. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, sir, so large were my
Directions, that you could not speak th
language,
But I should know you by your sorrow.
Heartl. Thou [your business
Wert well inform'd, it seems. Well, what

[34] *Thus far*, &c.] This speech is made a continuation of *Heartlove*'s in every editio
but the first.

Alathe. I come to bring you comfort.
Heartl. Is Maria
Alive again? that's somewhat; and yet not
Enough to make my expectation rise to
Past half a blessing; since we cannot meet
To make it up a full one! Thou'rt mistaken.
Alathe. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise:
In vain I should report Maria living;
The comfort that I bring you must depend
Upon her death.
Heartl. Thou'rt a dissembling boy!
Some one has sent thee to mock me; tho' my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green years, unripe
For malice, did I know what person sent thee
To tempt my sorrow thus[35], I should revenge it.
Alathe. Indeed I've no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you; let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,
If you do find me false! I serve a mistress
Would rather die than play with your misfortunes;
Then, good sir, hear me out!
Heartl. Who is your mistress?
Alathe. Before I name her, give me some encouragement,
That you'll receive her message: she is one
That's full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow,
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one anothers'.
Heartl. Thou art wild:
Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can, at best,
But swell my volume, large enough already.
Alathe. She was late belov'd, as you were; promis'd faith,
And marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole Maria's heart.
Heartl. How is that?
Alathe. Just as Maria dealt with your affection,
Did he that married her deal with my mistress;
When, careless both of honour and religion,
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.
Heartl. Part of this truth I know; but prithee, boy,
Proceed to that thou cam'st for! thou didst promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.
Alathe. That I come to:
My mistress thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had, ere this, wept herself dry as marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And, twin to her own sorrow, brought her comfort.
Heartl. Could the condition of my fate so
Lessen her sufferings?
Alathe. I know not how,
Companions in grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easy: by degrees
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours;
And, from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your person; this encreas'd,
And, with it, confidence that those whom nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd: this gave her boldness
T' employ me thus far.
Heartl. A strange message, boy!
Alathe. If you incline to meet my mistress' love,
It may beget your comforts: besides that,
'Tis some revenge that you, above their scorn
And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.
Heartl. Have you done, boy?
Alathe. Only this little more,
When you but see, and know my mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness; she's fair,
Fair as Maria was—
Heartl. I'll hear no more!
Go, foolish boy, and tell thy fonder mistress
She has no second faith to give away;
And mine was given to Maria. Tho' her death
Allow me freedom—See the picture of her!

Enter Maria and Nurse.

I'd give ten thousand empires for the substance:
Yet, for Maria's sake, whose divine figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world; and had thy mistress
The grace and blossom of her sex, now she
Is gone, that was a walking spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.
Alathe. Sir, your pardon!
I have but done a message, as becomes
A servant; nor did she on whose commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love
To your disquiet; she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.
Heartl. Pretty boy!
Alathe. Indeed I fear I have offended you;
Pray, If I have, enjoin me any penance for't:
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly,
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another.
Heartl. And I'll take thee
At thy word, boy; thou hast a moving language:
That pretty innocent copy of Maria
Is all I love; I know not how to speak;
Win her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.
Alathe. I undertake
Nothing for gain; but since you have resolv'd
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you;

[35] *To* tempt *my sorrow thus.*] Sympson would substitute *taunt* for *tempt*; but the text is very good, more elegant than the variation, and requires no change.

And

And my prophetic thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.
Heartl. Thou wert sent to bless me!
Alathe. Pray give us opportunity.
Heartl. Be happy! [*Exit.*
Nurse. He's gone.
Alathe. With your fair leave, mistress!
Maria. Have you pusiness with her, pray you?
Alathe. I have a message from a gentleman;
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private!
Nurse. You
Shall have my absence, niece. [*Exit.*
Maria. Was the sentleman
Afeard to declare his matters openly?
Here was no podies was not very honest:
If her like not her errands the petter, was wist
To keep her preaths to cool her porridges,
Can tell her that now, for aule her private
And tawgings. [hearings
Alathe. You may, if please you, find another language;
And with less pains be understood.
Maria. What is her meaning?
Alathe. Come, pray speak your own English.
Maria. Have poys lost her itts and memories? Pless us aule! [you are
Alathe. I must be plain then: come, I know
Maria; this thin veil cannot obscure you:
I'll tell the world you live. I have not lost you,
Since first, with grief and shame to be surpriz'd,
A violent trance took away show of life:
I could discover by what accident
You were convey'd away at midnight, in
Your coffin; could declare the place and minute
When you reviv'd; and what you have do
since, as perfectly—
Maria. Alas, I am betray'd to new mi
fortunes! [I'll be dum
Alathe. You are not, for my knowledg
For ever, rather than be such a traitor.
Indeed I pity you; and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace. Call home your mode
blood!
Pale hath too long usurp'd upon your face:
Think upon love again, and the possession
Of full-blown joys, now ready to salute you
Maria. These words undo me more tha
my own griefs. [with yo
Alathe. I see how fear would play the tyra
But I'll remove suspicion: have you in
Your heart an entertainment for his love
To whom your virgin faith made the fir
promise? [wound me still
Maria. If thou mean'st Heartlove, thou do
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long.
Thou seest I walk in darkness, like a thief,
That fears to see the world in his own shape
My very shadow frights me; 'tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face.
Away, I know thee not! [me, lady
Alathe. You shall hereafter know, and than
I'll bring you a discharge at my next visit,
Of all your fears: be content, fair Maria!
'Tis worth your wonder.
Maria. Impossible! [self[36]
Alathe. Be wise, and silent! Dress you
You shall be what you wish.
Maria. Do this, and be
My better angel!
Alathe. All your cares on me! [*Exeun*

ACT V.

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. I MUST applaud thy diligence.
Alathe. It had been nothing
T' have left him in the porch. I call'd his servants; [pretended
With wonders they acknowledg'd him; I
It was some spice sure of the falling sickness,
And that 'twas charity to bring him home;
They rubb'd and chaf'd him, plied him with strong-water; [wake him;
Still he was senseless, clamours could not
I wish'd 'em then get him to bed; they did so,
And almost smother'd him with rugs an
pillows; [pect m
And, 'cause they should have no cause to su
I watch'd him 'till he wak'd[37].
Lurc. 'Twas excellent! [stretch himsel
Alathe. When his time came to yawn, an
I bid 'em not be hasty to discover
How he was brought home; his eyes full
open,
With trembling he began to call his servant
And told 'em he had seen strange visions,
That should convert him from his heathe
courses; [preach'
They wonder'd, and were silent; there h

[36] Dress *yourself*,
You shall be what you wish.] *Dress* here seems to confound the sense greatly, and
propose reading, if the place is wrong, rest *yourself*—i. e. *rest* and repose yourself, and a
your cares on me. *Sympson.*
Dress is right; and, accordingly, she comes in (p. 92) *dress'd* as Maria.
[37] *I watch'd 'em till he wak'd.*] The variation proposed by Sympson.

How sweet the air of a contented conscience
Smelt in his nose now, ask'd 'em all for-
giveness [him;
For their hard pasture since they liv'd with
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold sur-
loin, [joy in't;
Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbours
The conceal'd muskadine should now lie open
To every mouth; that he would give to th' poor, [be
And mend their wages; that his doors should
Open to every miserable suitor.

Lurc. What said his servants then?

Alathe. They durst not speak, [that had
But bless'd themselves, and the strange means
Made him a Christian: in this over-joy
I took my leave, and bad 'em say their prayers,
And humour him, lest he turn'd Jew again.

Lurc. Enough, enough!—Who's this?

Enter Toby.

'Tis one of my ringers, (stand close!) my lady's coachman!

Toby. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
'Would I were at rack and manger among my horses!.
We have divided the sexton's houshold-stuff
Among us; one has the rug, and he's turn'd Irish;
Another has a blanket, and he must beg in't;
The sheets serve another for a frock,
And with the bed-cord he may pass for a porter; [which,
Nothing but the mat would fall to my share,
With the help of a tune, and a hassock out o' th' church,
May disguise me 'till I get home. A pox
O' bell-ringing by the ear! if any man
Take me at it again, let him pull mine
To the pillory. I could wish I had lost
Mine ears, so I had my cloaths again: the weather
Wo' not allow this fashion; I do look
For an ague besides.

Lurc. How the rascal shakes!

Toby. Here are company!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat! [sweet!
A hassock for your feet, or a piss clean and
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
Ringing, I renounce thee! I'll never come to church more.

Lurc. You with a mat!

Toby. I'm call'd. If any one [I in!
Should offer to buy my mat, what a case were
Oh, that I were in my oat-tub with a horse-loaf,
Something to hearten me! I dare not hear 'em.
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

Lurc. He's deaf.

Toby. I am glad I am: buy a mat for a bed!

Lurc. How the rascal sweats! what a pickle he is in! [torment.
Every street he goes thro' will be a new

Toby. If ever I meet at midnight more a-jangling—
I am cold, and yet I drop. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

Lurc. He has punishment enough.

[*Exit Toby.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this? my t'other youth? he is turn'd bear. [poor shift

Wildb. I am half afraid of myself: this
I got o'th' sexton, to convey me handsomely
To some harbour; the wench will hardly know me; [parish.
They'll take me for some watchman of the
I ha' ne'er a penny left me, that's one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,
And that's another mischief: I were best go home,
For every thing will scorn me in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers— [country,
If I get in a-doors, not the power o'th'
Nor all my aunt's curses, shall disembogue me.

Lurc. Bid her come hither presently. Hum! 'tis he. [*Exit Servant.*

Wildb. I'm betray'd to one that will eternally laugh at me! [death.
Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to

Lurc. 'Tis Mr. Wildbrain sure; and yet, methinks, [man!
His fashion's strangely alter'd. Sirrah, watch-
You ragamuffin! turn, you lousy bear's skin,
You with the bed-rid bill!

Wildb. H' has found me out;
There's no avoiding him: I'd rather now
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robbery,
Than answer to his articles. Your will, sir? I am in haste.

Lurc. Nay, then I will make bold wi'ye.
A watchman, and asham'd to shew his countenance, [physiognomy:
His face of authority?—I have seen that
Were you never in prison for pilfering?

Wildb. How the rogue worries me!

Lurc. Why may not this
Be th' villain robb'd my house last night,
And walks disguis'd in this malignant rug,
Arm'd with a ton of iron? I will have you
Before a magistrate.

Wildb. What will become of me!

Lurc. What art thou? speak!

Wildb. I am the Wandering Jew[38], an't please your worship.

Lurc.

[38] *The* Wandering Jew.] The following very entertaining passage is extracted from Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 295, *& seq.*

'The story of the *Wandering Jew* is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit

Lurc. By your leave, rabbi, I will shew you then
A synagogue, yclept Bridewell, where you,
Under correction, may rest yourself.
You have brought a bill to guard you; there be dog-whips
To firk such rugg'd curs, whips without bells Indeed.

Wildb. Bells?

Lurc. How he sweats! [Now jeer on,

Wildb. I must be known; as good at first.—
But do not anger me too impudently;
The rabbi will be mov'd then.

Lurc. How! Jack Wildbrain? [bells
What time o'th' moon, man, ha? What strange Hast in thy brains?

Wildb. No more bells,
No more bells! they ring backwards.

Lurc. Why, where's the wench, the blessing that befel thee? [Jack?
The unexpected happiness? where's that,
Where are thy golden days? [lousy!

Wildb. It was his trick, as sure as I am
But how to be reveng'd—

Lurc. Fy, fy, Jack! marry [with a
A watchman's widow in thy young days,
Revenue of old iron and a rug?
Is this the paragon, the dainty piece,
The delicate divine rogue?

Wildb. 'Tis enough! I am undone,
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating.
Give me my bill.

Lurc. You need not ask your taylor's,
Unless you had better linings. It may be,
To avoid suspicion, you are going thus
Disguis'd to your fair mistress.

Wildb. Mock no further,
Or, as I live, I'll lay my bill o' thy pate;
I'll take a watchman's fury into my fingers,
To ha' no judgment to distinguish persons,
An I knock thee down.

Lurc. Come, I ha' done; and now
Will speak some comfort to thee: I wi
lead thee
Now to my mistress, hitherto conceal'd.
She shall take pity on thee too; she loves
A handsome man; thy misery invites me
To do thee good: I'll not be jealous, Jack;
Her beauty shall commend itself: but do no
When I have brought you into grace, sup
plant me! [iron—

Wildb. Art thou in earnest? by this col

Lurc. No oaths; I am not costive. Her
she comes.

Enter Mistress.

Sweetheart, I have brought a gentleman,
A friend of mine, to be acquainted with you
He's other than he seems. Why do ye star
thus?

Mistress. Oh, sir, forgive me! I have don
you wrong. [*To Lurche*

Lurc. What is the matter? didst e'er se
her afore, Jack? [thou has

Wildb. Prithee do what thou wot wi' me;
A mind, hang me up quickly! [rathe

Lurc. Never despair; I'll give thee my shar
Take her; I hope she loves thee at first sigh
Sh' has petticoats will patch thee up a suit
I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles;
I took some pains for 'em, I take it, Jack.
What think you, pink of beauty? Come, le
me
Counsel you both to marry; sh' has a trad
If you've audacity to hook in gamesters:
Let's ha' a wedding! You'll be wondrous rich

' in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in tha
' year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines an
' reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Alban
' was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, wh
' sat near him, inquired ' if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Josep
" that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and converse
" with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith?' The archbisho
' answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well know
' to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, ' Tha
' his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but
' little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by nam
' Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-ha
' struck him with his fist on the back, saying, ' Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost tho
" linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, ' I indeed am going, bu
" thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name
' Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurab
' illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to th
' same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. H
' remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints tha
' arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; an
' is himself a very grave and holy person.' This is the substance of Matthew Paris
' account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when th
' Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

' Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and ch
' racter of the Wandering Jew: whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictiona
' of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, vol. ii. book iii. let. 1.'

Fo

For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
'Twill be a rare match. [redeem all.
Mistress. As you're a man, forgive me! I'll
Lurc. You wo'not to this geer of marriage then? [watch for
Wildb. No, no, I thank you, Tom! I can
A groat a-night, and be ev'ry gentleman's fellow.
Lurc. Rise, and be good; keep home, and tend your business! [*Exit Mistress.*
Wildb. Th' hast done't to purpose. Give me thy hand, Tom: [I'm in;
Shall we be friends? Thou see'st what state
I'll undertake this penance to my aunt,
Just as I am, and openly I'll go;
Where, if I be receiv'd again for current,
And Fortune smile once more—
Lurc. Nay, nay, I'm satisfied;
So, farewell, honest, lousy Jack!
Wildb. I cannot [nies.
Help it; some men meet with strange desti-
If things go right, thou mayst be hang'd, and I
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel:
So, farewell, Tom! Commend me to thy polcat! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, and Servant.

Lady. Now, that I have my counsel ready, and my cause ripe;
The judges all inform'd of the abuses;
Now that he should be gone—
Nurse. No man knows whither; [stable
And yet they talk he went forth with a con-
That told him of strange business, that would bring him [but they
Money and lands, and Heav'n knows what;
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an officer:
And as a secret, madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spy,
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil
I'th' likeness of a constable, that has tempted him [been men,
By this time to strange things: there have
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,
And so forth; many trees have borne strange fruits;
D' ye think he has not hang'd himself?
Lady. If he
Be hang'd, who has his goods?
Nurse. They are forfeited,
They say. [then,
Lady. He has hang'd himself for certain
Only to cozen me of my girl's portion.
Nurse. Very likely! [to some prison?
Lady. Or did not th' constable carry him
Nurse. They thought on that too, and search'd every where. [executed.
Lady. He may be close for treason, perhaps
Nurse. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And muster'd all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is the gentleman again.
Lady. What gentleman?
Serv. He that lov'd my young mistress.
Lady. Alas, 'tis Heartlove; 'twill but feed his melancholy
To let him see Maria, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrow'd tongue and habit. [madam,
Nurse. Please you entertain him awhile,
I'll cast about for something with your daughter. [Heartlove enter.
Lady. Do what thou wo't!—Pray Mr. [*Exeunt Servant and Nurse severally.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon. [me.
Lady. Pardon? for what? you ne'er offended
Heartl. Yes, if you be the mother of Maria.
Lady. I was her mother, but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her: in that very minute
Her soul fled from her, we lost both our names
Of mother and of daughter.
Heartl. Alas, madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood:
No matter for the empty voice of mother!
Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love Maria, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted.
Lady. You amaze me!
By whom?
Heartl. By me; I am the vile profaner.
Lady. Why do you speak thus indiscretely,
You ever honour'd her. [sir?
Heartl. I did, alive;
But, since she died, I ha' been a villain to her.
Lady. I do beseech you say not so; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd,
In forcing her to marry.
Heartl. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And thro' her marble ought to be reveng'd;
A wickedness, that, if I should be silent,
You as a witness must accuse me for't.
Lady. Was I a witness?
Heartl. Yes; you knew I lov'd
Maria once; or, grant you did but think so,
By what I ha' profess'd, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I should drop my tears upon her grave;
Yes, and proof sufficient—
Lady. To what? [vows
Heartl. That I, forgetful of my fame and
To fair Maria, ere the worm could pierce
Her tender shrowd, had chang'd her for another.

Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel?
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,
Without a name? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow,
That she had 'scap'd a punishment more killing?
Oh, how I shame to think on't!
Lady. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your Maria, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.
Heartl. No more! you are too charitable: but [never
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth
Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent face,
Like your Maria's, won so late upon me:
My passions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without
Love in a thought. 'Tis this I came to tell you:
If, after this acknowledgment, you'll be
So kind to shew me in what silent grave
You have dispos'd your daughter, I will ask
Forgiveness of her dust, and never leave,
'Till, with a loud confession of my shame,
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon.
Will you deny this favour? Then, farewell!
I'll never see you more. Ha!

Enter Nurse, and Maria in her own apparel. After some show of wonder, Heartlove goes towards her.

Lady. Be not deluded, sir! upon my life,
This is the soul whom you but thought Maria,
In my daughter's habit. What did you mean, Nurse? [like now?
I knew she would but cozen you: is she not
Heartl. One dew unto another is not nearer[39]. [and that
Nurse. She thinks she is a gentlewoman;
Imagination has so taken her,
She scorns to speak. How handsomely she carries it,
As if she were a well-bred thing, her body!
And, I warrant you, what looks!
Lady. Pray, be not foolish. [a word,
Heartl. I disturb nobody. Speak but half
And I am satisfied! But what needs that?
I'll swear 'tis she.
Lady. But do not, I beseech you;
For, trust me, sir, you know not what I know.
Heartl. Peace then, [with me.
And let me pray! She holds up her hands
Lady. This will betray all.
Heartl. Love, ever honour'd,
And ever young, thou sovereign of all heart
Of all our sorrows the sweet ease—She weep
Does she still cozen me? [now[40]
Nurse. You'll see anon.
'Twas her desire; expect the issue, madan
Heartl. My soul's so big, I cannot pray
'Tis she!
I will go nearer.

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, and Alathe.

Nurse. Here is Mr. Algripe,
And other strangers, madam.
Alg. Here, good lady;
Upon my knees, I ask thy worship's pardon
Here's the whole sum I had with thy fa
daughter: [peace to
'Would she were living, I might have h
And yield her up again to her old liberty!
I had a wife before, and could not marry:
My penance shall be, on that man th
To confer some land. [honour'd h
Lady. This is incredible!
Alg. 'Tis truth.
Lurc. Do you know me, sir?
Alg. Ha! the gentleman I deceiv'd?
Lurc. My name is Lurcher.
Alg. Sha't have thy mortgage.
Lurc. I ha' that already;
No matter for the deed, if you release it.
Alg. I'll do't before thy witness.
But where's thy sister? if she live, I'm happ
Tho' I conceal'd our contract[41], which w
stol'n from me
With the evidence of this land.

Alathe goes to Maria, and gives her a pape she wonders, and smiles upon Heartlov he, amaz'd, approaches her; afterwards s shews it her Mother, and then gives it Heartlove.

Nurse. Your daughter smiles. [tell, s
Lurc. I hope she lives; but where I cann
Alathe. E'en here, an please you, sir.
Alg. How!
Alathe. Nay, 'tis she.
To work thy fair way, I preserv'd you, broth
That would have lost me willingly, a
serv'd you
Thus like a boy: I serv'd you faithfully,
And cast your plots but to preserve yo
credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses,
So far as you would hearken to my couns

[39] ——— *is she not like now?*
One dew unto another is not nearer.] Mr. Theobald saw with me, that *Frank Hea love*'s name was dropt here, which I have made no scruple to insert in the text. *Sympso*

[40] *Of all our sorrows the sweet ease.* She weeps now.] Mr. Theobald says in margin, *She weeps now*, which is here only made a stage direction, must be part of the te However, I have not dar'd to follow his opinion, as it either might or might not have bee so the reader is left to his own judgment either to admit or reject it. *Sympson.*
The measure and sense both declaring for it, we have inserted the words in the text.

[41] *Tho' I* conceal *our contract.*] So former editions.

That all the world may know how much you
owe me. [Alathe!
Alg. Welcome, entirely! welcome, my dear
And, when I lose thee again, blessing for-
sake me!
Nay, let me kiss thee in these cloaths!
Lurc. And I too,
And bless the time I had so wise a sister!
Wert thou the Little Thief?
Alathe. I stole the contract,
I must confess, and kept it to myself;
It most concern'd me.
Heartl. Contracted? this destroys
His after-marriage.
Maria. Dare you give this hand [it,
To this young gentleman? my heart goes with
Alg. Maria alive? how my heart's exalted!
'Tis my duty: [all joys
Take her, Frank Heartlove, take her; and
With her; besides some land t' advance her
jointure! [blessings crown ye!
Lady. What I have is your own; and
Heartl. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, gentlemen
My hopes are too high.
Maria. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be Welsh again!
Alg. A day of wonder!
Alathe. Lady, your love! I ha' kept my
word; there was [hate you,
A time, when my much suffering made me
And to that end I did my best to cross you;
And hearing you were dead, I stole your coffin,
That you might never more usurp my office.
Many more knacks I did, which at the
weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales[42].
[*Shout within.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. Hollow your throats apieces! I'm
at home;
If you can roar me out again—
Lady. What thing is this?
Lurc. A continent of fleas: room for the
pageant!
Make room afore there! Your kinsman,
madam.
Lady. My kinsman? let me wonder!
Wildb. Do, and
I'll wonder too, to see this company
At peace one with another.
Maria. 'Tis not worth
Your admiration; I was never dead yet[43].
Wildb. You're merry, aunt, I see, and all
your company:
If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forswear midnight, taverns, and tempta-
tions; [maids
Give good example to your grooms; the
Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.
Lurc. And, when you'll fool again, you
may go ring.
Wildb. Madam, have mercy!
Lady. Your submission, sir,
I gladly take (we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards),
Now you are soundly sham'd; well, we
restore you.
Where's Toby? where's the coachman?
Nurse. He's a-bed, madam,
And has an ague, he says.
Lurc. I'll be his physician.
Lady. We must afoot then.
Lurc. Ere the priest ha' done,
Toby shall wait upon you with his coach,
And make your Flanders mares dance back
again wi' ye,
I warrant you, madam.—You are mortified;
Your suit shall be granted too.
Wildb. Make, make room afore there!
Lady. Home forward with glad hearts!
Maria. I wait you. [home, child.
Heartl. On joyfully!—The cure of all our
grief,
Is owing to this pretty Little Thief.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[42] *Lady, your love,* &c.] This speech has been hitherto given to *Lurcher;* tho' the circumstances recited in it prove that it belongs to *Alathe.* The fourth line of it, however, requires some amendment: we should either read, *And* hearing *you were dead,* or, *And fearing you* wern't *dead.* We prefer the former.

[43] *'Tis not worth*
Your admiration; I was never dead yet.] These words (though so obviously belonging to *Maria*) have hitherto stood as part of *Wildbrain*'s speech.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. In the year 1687, Tate made some alterations in this piece, with which it was printed; and Peter Motteux, about ten years afterwards, brought it forward as an Opera, under the title of 'The Island Princess, or the Generous 'Portuguese.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

KING of Tidore.
KING of Bakam, } *Suitors to Quisara.*
PRINCE of Syana, } *Suitors to Quisara.*
ARMUSIA, } *Portuguese.* } *Suitors to Quisara.*
RUY DIAS, } *Portuguese.* } *Suitors to Quisara.*
GOVERNOR of Ternata, } *Suitors to Quisara.*
PINIERO, *Nephew to Ruy Dias.*
SOZA, } *Friends to Armusia.*
EMANUEL, } *Friends to Armusia.*
CHRISTOPHERO, } *Friends to Piniero.*
PEDRO, } *Friends to Piniero.*
KEEPER.
MOORS.
GUARD.
CAPTAIN.
CITIZENS.
TOWNSMEN.

WOMEN.

QUISARA, *the* Island Princess, *Sister to the King of Tidore.*
QUISANA, *Aunt to the Princess.*
PANURA, *Waiting-Woman to the Princess Quisara.*
CITIZENS' WIVES.

SCENE, *India.*

ACT I.

A bell rings.

Enter Piniero, Christophero, and Pedro.

Piniero. OPEN the ports, and see the watch reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their business,
Their vigilant eyes fix'd on these islanders!
They're false and desp'rate people; when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruel and crafty souls. Believe me, gentlemen, [us,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst
In which, against all arms and honesty,
The governor of Ternata made surprize
Of our confederate[1], the king of Tidore,
(As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both lands) bids us be wise and circumspect.

Chris. It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
And as soon done: that governor is a fierce knave; [ing.
Unfaithful as he's fierce too; there's no trust-
But I wonder much, how such poor and base pleasures
As tugging at an oar, or skill in steerage,
Should become princes.

Pin. Base breedings love base pleasures:
They take as much delight in a baratto,
(A little scurvy boat) to row her tightly,
And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, tho' it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a gentleman)

[1] *Governor of* Terna, &c.] *Ternata* (or *Ternate*, as Milton calls it), *Tidore*, and *Bakan* or *Bachum*, are three of the Molucco islands. *Sympson.*

As

As we Portugals, or th' Spaniards, do in riding,
In managing a great horse, (which is princely)
The French in courtship[2], or the dancing English
In carrying a fair presence.
Pedro. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no trust; h' has paid for't.
His sister yet, the fair and great Quisara,
Has shew'd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother; and the nobler
Still it appears, and seasons of more tenderness,
Because his ruin stiles her absolute,
And his imprisonment adds to her profit.
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her, [her,
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on
Yet she has made divers and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brother's freedom,
If wealth or honour—
Pin. Peace, peace! you are fool'd, sir:
Things of these natures have strange outsides, Pedro,
And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us;
Draw 'em but near, they're gross, and they abuse us: [ture,
They that observe her close shall find her na-
Which, I doubt mainly, will not prove so excellent.
She is a princess, and she must be fair,
That's the prerogative of being royal;
Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beauteous,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And people must believe it, they are damn'd else: [her.
Why, all the neighbour princes are mad for
Chris. Is she not fair then?
Pin. But her hopes are fairer.
And there's a haughty master, the king of Bakam,
That lofty sir, that speaks far more and louder,
In his own commendations, than a cannon;
He is strucken dumb with her.
Pedro. Beshrew me, she is a sweet one.
Pin. And there's that hopeful man of Syana,
That sprightly fellow, he that's wise and temperate, [perate,
He is a lover too.
Chris. 'Would I were worth her looking!
For, by my life, I hold her a complete one:
The very sun, I think, affects her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tawny livery.
Pin. She dares not see him,
But keeps herself at distance from his kisses,
And her complexion in a case[3]: let him but like it [a lion.
A week[4], or two, or three, she would look like
But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder,
The governor of Ternata, her mortal enemy,
He that has catch'd her brother-king, is struck too,
And is arriv'd under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth deliver'd for him;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner[5],
(Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd)
From the poor king; or what else dare be in't—
Chris. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one;
For I dare think she'll do the best.
Pin. 'Tis certain
He has admittance, and solicits hourly.
Now if we have the trick—
Pedro. What trick?
Pin. The true one, [fowling,
To take her too: if he be but skill'd in bat-
And lime his bush right—
Chris. I'll be hang'd when that hits;
For 'tis not a compell'd or forc'd affection
That must take her: I guess her stout and virtuous. [tain,
But where's your uncle, sir, our valiant cap-
The brave Ruy Dias, all this while?
Pin. Ay, marry,
He is amongst 'em too.
Pedro. A lover?
Pin. Nay,
I know not that; but sure he stands in favour, [else.
Or would stand stiffly; he's no Portugal
Chris. The voice says in good favour; in the list too
Of the privy wooers. How cunningly of late
(I have observ'd him) and how privately

[2] *The* French *in courtship, or the dancing* English.] If the English were as fond of *dancing* in the time of the Poets, as they are now, the common lection is right; otherwise I should chuse to read so,

The *French* in courtship, dancing, or the *English*, &c. *Sympson.*

[3] *And her complexion.*] First folio and Sympson read,

And *wears* her complexion, &c.

[4] *Let him but* like it, &c.] The editors of 1750 propose varying to, *let him but* lick *it*; or, *let him but* kiss *it*; or, *let him but* look on't: 'So, (says Sympson) in Solomon's Song: Look 'not upon me *because I am black, because the Sun hath* look'd *upon me.*'

[5] *And he brought*, &c.] I read and point the latter part of this speech thus:

And he *hath* brought a letter from his prisoner,
Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd
From the poor king: and what else be in't—

The addition of a monosyllable in the first line, and the change of the points, is required by the sense and the measure: The *or* in the third got there from the line above, and excluded the proper monosyllable. *Seward.*

H' has stolen at all hours from us, and how readily [well
H' has feign'd a business to bid the fort fare-
For five or six days, or a month together!
Sure there is something—
Pin. Yes, yes, there's a thing in't, [after it,
A thing would make the best on's all dance
A dainty thing! Lord, how this uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my bones—
Pedro. You car'd not for it. [easily,
Pin. I' faith, not much; I ventur'd on still
And took my chance; danger's a soldier's honour. [Dias,
But that this man, this herb of grace, Ruy
This father of our faculties, should slip thus!
(For sure he is a-ferreting) that he [rit,
That would drink nothing, to depress the spi-
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air,
To make his blood obedient; that his youth,
In spite of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love-mange on him—
Chris. 'Tis in him, sir, [rank too.
But honourable courtship, and becomes his
Pin. In me it were abominable lechery, or would be; [their level,
For when our thoughts are on't[6], and miss
We must hit something.
Pedro. Well, he's a noble gentleman;
And, if he be a suitor, may he speed in't!
Pin. Let him alone; our family ne'er fail'd yet. [niero.
Chris. Our mad lieutenant still, merry Pi-
Thus would he do, if the surgeon were searching of him. [shot him.
Pedro. Especially if a warm wench had
Pin. But hark, Christophero; come hither, Pedro; [sia,
When saw you our brave countryman, Armu-
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Methink he is, and no doubt truly valiant;
For he that dares come hither dares fight any where. [tleman
Chris. I saw him not of late. A sober gen-
I'm sure he is; and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much nobleness.
Pin. I love him, [him.
And by my troth would fain be inward with
Pray let's go seek him.
Pedro. We'll attend you, sir.
Pin. By that time, we shall hear the burst of business. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

Quisar. Aunt, I much thank you for your courtesy,
And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service. Tho' I be
A princess, and by that prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet, my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.
Quisan. You're wise and noble, lady.
Quisar. Often, aunt,
I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour:
I would not have it known as oft, nor con-
It stands not with my care. [stru'd;
Quisan. You speak most fairly;
For ev'n our pure devotions are examin'd.
Quisar. So mad are men's minds now.
Ruy. Or rather monstrous;
They're thick dreams bred in fogs, that know no fairness. [yours, (pray use me)
Quisan. Madam, the house is yours, I'm
And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield you honour,
And, when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault, lady.
A poor and simple banquet I've provided,
Which if you please to honour with your presence— [you instantly.
Quisar. I thank you, aunt! I shall be with
A few words with this gentleman!
Quisan. I'll leave you; [you.
And when you please retire, I'll wait upon
[*Exeunt Quisan. and Pan.*
Quisar. Why, how now, captain? what, afraid to speak to me?
A man of arms, and daunted with a lady?
Commanders have the power to parle with princes. [showr'd on me,
Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still
(Which are so high above my means of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own goodness; no eyes look up to 'em
But those that are of equal light and lustre)
Strike me thus mute! You are my royal mistress,
And all my services, that aim at honour,
Take life from you, the saint of my devotions.
Pardon my wish! it is a fair ambition,
And well becomes the man that honours you:
I would I were of worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal piece[7]! a king I would be,
A mighty king that might command affection[8],
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you,
And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.
Quisar.

[6] *Our thoughts are* on't.] Sympson would read,
Our thoughts are *out*.
[7] *Of such a royal* piece.] Seward proposes, *royal* price.
[8] ——— *command affection,*
And bring a youth *upon me might bewitch you.*] To wish *to bring a youth upon him*, is an expression,

Quisar. Now you talk, sir! [diers,
You Portugals, though you be rugged sol-
Yet, when you list to flatter, you're plain courtiers. Dias?
And could you wish me Christian, brave Ruy
Ruy. At all the danger of my life, great
At all my hopes, at all— [lady,
Quisar. Pray you stay a little;
To what end runs your wish?
Ruy. Oh, glorious lady,
That I might—But I dare not speak.
Quisar. I dare then; [blush not;
That you might hope to marry me: nay,
An honourable end needs no excuse.
And would you love me then?
Ruy. My soul not dearer.
Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that way,
Something of such a meritorious goodness,
Of such an unmatch'd nobleness, that I may know [you.
You have a power beyond ours that preserves
'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon;
That inward man I love that's lin'd with virtue,
That well-deserving soul works out a favour.
I've many princes suitors, many great ones,
Yet above these I love you; you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune:
I do not say I dote, nor mean to marry;
Only the hope is, something may be done
That may compel my faith, and ask my free-
And leave opinion fair. [dom,
Ruy. Command, dear lady!
And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direful to attempt—
Quisar. You are too sudden;
I must be rul'd by you: find out a fortune,
Wisely and handsomely; examine time,
And court occasion that she may be ready!
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
You may find daily; be sure you take a good one! [you!
A brave and worthy one, that may advance
Forc'd smiles reward poor dangers: you're a soldier,
(I'd not talk so else) and I love a soldier,
And that that speaks him true and great, his valour: [lies,
Yet for all these, which are but women's fol-
You may do what you please; I shall still know you,
And, tho' you wear no sword—
Ruy. Excellent lady!
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a tombstone. You've rea
to me
The story of your favour: if I mistake it,
Or grow a truant in the study of it,
A great correction, lady—
Quisar. Let's to th' banquet, [cou
And have some merrier talk, and then
Where I give audience to my general suitors
Pray Heav'n my woman's wit hold! Ther
brave captain, [startle you
You may perchance meet something that ma
I'll say no more: come, be not sad! I lo
you. [*Exeun*

Enter Piniero, Armusia, Soza, Christopher and Emanuel.

Pin. You're welcome, gentlemen, mo
worthy welcome! [serve y
And know, there's nothing in our power ma
But you may freely challenge.
Arm. Sir, we thank you,
And rest your servants too.
Pin. Ye're worthy Portugals; [spiri
You shew the bravery of your minds a
The nature of our country too, that brin
forth
Stirring unwearied souls to seek adventure
Minds never satisfied with search of honou
Where time is, and the sun gives light, bra
countrymen, [their riche
Our names are known; new worlds disclo
Their beauties and their prides, to our e
braces.
And we the first of nations find these wonde
Arm. These noble thoughts, sir, have e
tic'd us forward, [racl
And minds unapt for ease, to see these n
In which we find report a poor relater:
We are arriv'd among the blessed islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfum
And every breath of air is like an incense
The treasure of the sun dwells here; ea
As if it envied the old Paradise, [tr
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; t
spices
Renewing nature, tho' not deifying; [ear
And when that falls by time, scorning
The sullen earth, should taint or suck th
beauties;
But as we dream'd, for ever so preserve u
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiratio
The very rivers, as we float along, [court
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads
The bowels of the earth swell with the bir
Of thousand unknown gems, and thouss
riches; [su
Nothing that bears a life, but brings a tr

expression, I fancy, not easily to be exampled. To preserve the delicacy, as well as p
priety of the sentiment here intended, I suspect the passage once run thus,

——— a king I would be,
A mighty king that might command affection,
A *spring of youth* upon me might bewitch ye, &c. *Sympson.*

This is a happy emendation: and we think meets confirmation from a passage in
Night-Walker, (p. 87) where Heartlove, speaking of Maria, calls her *a walking* spring
beauty.

The people they shew brave too, civil manner'd,
Proportion'd like the masters of great minds;
The women, which I wonder at—
Pin. You speak well. [beauteous,
Arm. Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly
And, to that admiration, sweet and courteous.
Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave Armusia,
You never saw the court before?
Arm. No, certain;
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The government exact—
Chris. You shall see anon [beauties,
That that will make you start indeed! such
Such riches, and such form—

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Governor.

Soza. We're fire already;
The wealthy magazine of Nature sure
Inhabits here.
Arm. These sure are all islanders. [lovers.
Pin. Yes, and great princes too, and lusty
Arm. They're goodly persons. What might he be, signor,
That bears so proud a state?
Pin. King of Bakam,
A fellow that farts terror.
Eman. He looks highly;
Sure he was begot o' th' top of a steeple.
Chris. It may well be;
For you shall hear him ring anon.
Pin. That is Syana, [liant.
And a brave-temper'd fellow, and more va-
Soza. What rugged face is that?
Pin. That's the great governor, [him.
The man surpriz'd our friend; I told you of
Arm. H' has dangerous eyes.
Pin. A perilous thief, and subtle!
Chris. And, to that subtilty, a heart of iron.
Pin. Yet the young lady makes it melt.
Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes.
Bakam. Away, ye poor ones!
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My virtue and my name rank'd with such
Syana. You speak loud. [trifles?
Bakam. Young man, I will speak louder!
Can any man but I deserve her favour,
You petty princes?
Pin. He will put 'em all in's pocket.
[*Princes fly at one another.*
Syana. Thou proud mad thing, be not so
So full of vanity! [full of glory,
Bakam. How! I contemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow!
Pin. How the dog looks,
The bandog governor!
Gov. Ha! Why?
Bakam. Away, thing, [royalty!
And keep your rank with those that fit your
Call out the princess[9].
Gov. Dost thou know me, bladder,
Thou insolent imposthume?
Bakam. I despise thee. [baby?
Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature,
With my revenge for injuries? Dar'st thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?
Bakam. Merit? I'm above it;
I'm equal with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keep at my command; Fortune's my servant:
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye;
And, but she deigns at some hours to remember ye,
And people have bestow'd some titles on ye,
I should forget your names.
Syana. Mercy of me!
What a blown fool has self-affection [mother
Made of this fellow! Did not the queen your
Long for bellows and bagpipes when she was great with you,
She brought forth such a windy birth?
Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eat a drum, and was deliver'd of a larum;
Or else he was swaddled in an old sail when he was young[10]. [ditations:
Syana. He swells too mainly with his me-
Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with you!
We're princes; [wiser!
But those are but poor things to you: talk
'Twill well become your mightiness: talk less,
That men may think you can do more!
Gov. Talk truth, [lieve you!
That men may think you're honest, and be-
Or talk yourself asleep, for I am weary of you.
Bakam. Why, I can talk and do—
Gov. That would do excellent. [princess,
Bakam. And tell you, only I deserve the
And make good *only I*, if you dare; you, sir;
Or you, Syana's prince!
Pin. Here's a storm toward;
Methinks it sings already. To him, governor!
Gov. Here lies my proof. [*Draw.*
Syana. And mine.
Gov. I'll be short with you;
For these long arguments I was ne'er good at.
Pin. How white the boaster looks!

[9] Call *out the princess.*] 'Tis possible this place may seem intire in the judgment of my readers, and so any correction or attempt towards one needless; yet, I own, I don't think so, but imagine the line once run thus,

Cull out the princess.

i. e. Do you pick out the princess to disgrace her with the love of a person so ev'ry way unworthy of her as you are? *Sympson.*

[10] *Or else*—] Syana should begin here, and *too* in the second line should be *so*. *Seward.* We cannot think so.

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

Arm. I see he lacks faith.
Ruy. For shame, forbear, great princes; rule your angers!
You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and royalty—
Gov. He's well contented,
It seems; and so I've done.
Arm. Is this she, signor?
Pin. This is the princess, sir.
Arm. She's sweet and goodly,
An admirable form; they've cause to justle.
Quisar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye froward princes!
Comes your love wrapt in violence to seek us?
Is't fit, tho' you be great, my presence should be
Stain'd and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your swords?
He that loves me, loves my command: be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my servants!
Omnes. We're calm as peace.
Arm. What command she carries!
And what a sparkling majesty flies from her!
Quisar. Is it ye love to do? Ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your resolutions:
But not this way. 'Tis not contention who loves
Me to my face best, or who can flatter most,
Can carry me: he that deserves my favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and majesty, [me,
Must win me with his worth, must travel for
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well-confirm'd, a temperate, and true va- *Omnes.* But shew the way. [lour.
Quisar. And will; and then shew you
A will to tread the way, I'll say ye're worthy!
Pin. What task now will she turn 'em to? These hot youths [eyes,
I fear will find a cooling card: I read in her
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst 'em:
By this hand, I love her a little now!
Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal brother, now miserable, [tious,
And prisoner to that man: if I were ambi-
Gap'd for that glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie, his miseries upon him;
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontrol'd, or safe revenges,
There he should die, his death would give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all:
Yet all these flattering shows of dignity,
These golden dreams of greatness, cannot force me
To forget nature and my fair affection:
Therefore, that man that would be known my lover [him
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring
Either alive or dead, to my embraces
(For e'en his bones I scorn shall feel such slavery),
Or seek another mistress. 'Twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness!
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.
Chris. How they stand gaping all!
Quisar. Ruy Dias cold! [me
Not fly like fire into it? May be, you doubt
He that shall do this is my husband, prince[11]
By the bright heavens, he is! by whose just
I openly proclaim it: if I lie, [tice
Or seek to set you on with subtilty, [hood
Let that meet with me, and reward my fals
No stirring yet? no start into a bravery?
Ruy. Madam, it may be; but being s main danger, [me
Your grace must give me leave to look abou
And take a little time: the cause will ask it
Great acts require great counsels.
Quisar. Take your pleasure!
I fear the Portugal.
Bakam. I'll raise an army
That shall bring back his island, fort and all
And fix it here.
Gov. How long will this be doing? [days
You should have begun in your grandfather'
Syana. What may be, [lady—
And what my power can promise, nobles
My will I'm sure stands fair.
Quisar. Fair be your fortune!
Few promises are best, and fair performance
Gov. These cannot do; their power an arts are weak ones! [ther
'Tis in my will; I have this king your bro
He is my prisoner; I accept your proffer,
And bless the fair occasion that atchiev'd him
I love you, and I honour you. But speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be render'd
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes, lady—
Quisar. No; I scorn you,
You and your courtesy! I hate your love, sir
And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I'd study to forget he was my brother.
By force he was ta'en; he that shall enjo me, [m
Shall fetch him back by force, or never kno
Pin. As I live, a rare wench!
Arm. She has a noble spirit.
Gov. By force?

[11] *Is my husband* prince.] Ruy Dias appears only to have been the general of the Portu gals, not a prince: this speech therefore is made to all the suitors, and should run,
Is my husband, *princes.* *Seward.*
The whole speech is apparently addressed to Ruy Dias; and Quisara certainly mean though perhaps not very correctly, to call him *prince.*

Quisar. Yes, sir, by force, and make you
To let him go. [glad too
Gov. How! You may look nobler on me,
And think me no such boy: by force he must
For your love much may be. [not;
Quisar. Put up your passion,
And pack you home! I say, by force, and suddenly;
He lies there till he rots else! Tho' I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him,
Yet, to receive him as thy courtesy, [him,
With all the honour thou couldst add unto
From his hands that most hates him, I had rather
(Tho' no condition were propounded for him)
See him far sunk i' th' earth, and there forget him!
Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good governor.
Arm. A rare woman!
Gov. Lady,
I'll pull this pride, I'll quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will, proud princess! This neglect of me
Shall make thy brother-king most miserable,
Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty:
For where before I us'd him like a king,
And did those royal offices unto him,
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
Loaden with chains and fetters; cold and hunger, [nions.
Darkness, and lingring death, for his compa-
And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desp'rate fool look toward it! Farewell,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy follies!
Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in puppits! [*Exit.*

Quisar. If none dare undertake't, I'll live
Bakam. You cannot want. [a mourner.
Syana. You must not.
Ruy. 'Tis most dangerous, [counsel;
And wise men would proceed with care and
Yet some way 'would I knew. Walk with me, gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Armusia and his Companions.

Arm. How do you like her spirit?
Soza. 'Tis a clear one, [honour.
Clogg'd with no dirty stuff; she's all pure
Eman. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts! She is most fair;
Yet her mind such a mirror—
Arm. What an action [g!ory,
Would this be to put forward on, what a
And what an everlasting wealth to end it!
Methinks my soul is strangely rais'd.
Soza. To step into't, [termin'd,
Just while they think; and, ere they have de-
To bring the king off!
Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.
Eman. And prosper'd best, when they were least consider'd. [friends, assist me!
Arm. Bless me, my hopes! and you, my
None but our companions—
Soza. You deal wisely, [with us!
And, if we shrink, the name of slaves die
Eman. Stay not for second thoughts.
Arm. I am determin'd: [ant,
And, tho' I lose, it shall be sung, I was vali-
And my brave offer shall be turn'd to story,
Worthy the princess' tongue. A boat! that's all [chants!
That's unprovided; and habits like to mer-
The rest we'll counsel as we go.
Soza. Away then! [win her.
Fortune looks fair on those make haste to
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Keeper and two or three Moors.

Keeper. I HAVE kept many a man, and many a great one,
Yet, I confess, I never saw before
A man of such a sufferance: he lies now
Where I'd not lay my dog (for sure 'twould kill him), [him,
Where neither light or comfort can come near
Nor air nor earth that's wholesome. It grieves me
To see a mighty king, with all his glory,
Sunk o' th' sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.
Whither should we descend, that are poor rascals,
If we had our deserts?
1 *Moor.* 'Tis a strange wonder! [tempts,
Load him with irons, oppress him with con-
(Which are the governor's commands) give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustain life, 'tis next nothing,
They stir not him; he smiles upon his miseries, [nature
And bears 'em with such strength as if his
Had been nurs'd up and foster'd with calamities. [repines not,
2 *Moor.* He gives no ill words, curses, nor
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of; [nothing.
And, in the midst of all these frights, fears
Keeper. I'll be sworn
He fears not; for e'en when I shake for him,
(As many times my pity will compel me)
When other souls, that bear not half his burden, [oppressions,
Shrink in their powers, and burst with their
Then

Then will he sing, woo his afflictions,
And court 'em in sad airs, as if he would wed 'em. [yet; we are only
1 *Moor.* That's more than we have heard
Appointed for his guard, but not so near him:
If we could hear that wonder—
Keeper. Many times
I fear the governor should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That when I find his hour, I've music ready,
And it stirs me infinitely. Be but still and
And you may chance to hear. [private,

[*King appears loaden with chains, his head and arms only above.*

2 *Moor.* We will not stir, sir. [blame it?
This is a sudden change; but who dares
Keeper. Now hark and melt! for I am sure I shall.
Stand silent! what stubborn weight of chains—
1 *Moor.* Yet he looks temperately.
2 *Moor.* His eyes not sunk, and his complexion firm still,
No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him:
How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted!
With what a majesty he heaves his head up!
[*Music.*
Keeper. Now, mark! I know he'll sing; do not disturb him.— [it were more, sir,
Your allowance from the governor! 'Would
Or in my power to make it handsomer!
King. Do not transgress thy charge! I take his bounty.
And, Fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes that may corrupt me,
Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee [12]!

Enter Governor.

Keeper. The governor himself!
Gov. What, at your banquet? [service?
And in such state, and with such change of
King. Nature's no glutton, sir; a little serves her.
Gov. This diet's wholesome then?
King. I beg no better. [less next;
Gov. A calm contented mind! Give him
These full meals will oppress his health; his grace
Is of a tender and pure constitution;
And such repletions—
King. Mock, mock! it moves not me, sir;
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs, fly behind me.
Gov. You carry't handsomely. But tell me, patience,
Do not you curse the brave and royal lady,
Your gracious sister? don't you damn her pity,
Damn twenty times a-day, and damn it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very soul sweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat her
For being so injurious to thy fortune,
Thy fair and happy fortune? Couldst not thou wish her [her,
A bastard, or a whore Fame might proclaim
Black ugly Fame, or that th' hadst no sister?
Spitting the general name out, and the nature,
Blaspheming Heav'n for making such a mischief.
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?
King. No, tyrant, no! I bless and love her for it:
And, tho' her scorn of thee had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes,
As many forms of death as doubt can figure;
Yet I should love her more still, and more honour her.
All thou canst lay upon me cannot bend me;
No, not the stroke of death, that I despise too;
For if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me:
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
And less than those thy prayers, tho' thou wouldst kneel to me!
And if she be not mistress of this nature,
She's none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.
Gov. Are you so valiant, sir?
King. Yes, and so fortunate;
For he that holds his constancy, still conquers.
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble enemy,
And, as at first, made my restraint seem to
But only as the shadow of captivity, [me
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov'd thee,
And still preferr'd thy fair love to my sister;
But to compel this from me with a misery,
A most inhuman and unhandsome slavery—
Gov. You will relent, for all this talk, I
And put your wits a-work again. [fear not,

[12] King. *Do not transgress thy charge, I take his bounty,*
And fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.
Enter Governor.
Gov. *Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.*] The editors of 1750 propose different variations in the speech of the *King*; but they need no recital when the real cause of the obscurity is discovered, which is, that the *Governor* has been hitherto set down to speak the last line of the King's apostrophe to *Fortune*.—What a contemptible boast does this line appear when coming from the *Governor*, (who is in no other place held forth as a *fool*, though a *tyrant*) but how finely does it conclude the unfortunate monarch's address! *J. N.*

King.

King. You're cozen'd:
Or, if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart, if she consented!
Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or—
King. Do thy utmost, [thee.
And e'en in all thy tortures, I'll laugh at
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art unhonest; [barous.
Nor no way live to build a name, thou'rt bar-
Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmur!
And see his diet be so light and little, [you,
He grow not thus high-hearted on't! I'll cool
And make you cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends and willingly: and your sister ta'en down,
Your scornful, cruel sister, shall repent too,
And sue to me for grace. Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessen'd,
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him! [ture
Let him not sleep; nothing that's dear to na-
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it! I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance: [ture,
And let me see her champions that dare ven-
Her high and mighty wooers! Keep your guards close,
And as you love your lives, be diligent,
And what I charge observe!
Omnes. We shall be dutiful.
Gov. I'll pull your courage, king, and all your bravery! [*Exit.*
1 *Moor.* Most certain he's resolv'd, nothing can stir him;
For, if he had but any part about him [thus,
Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk
And do thus stoutly too: as willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleeps.
Keeper. Yes, and sleeps with 'em,
(So little he regards them, there's the wonder)
And often soundly sleeps. 'Would I durst pity him, [vants,
Or 'would 'twere in my will—But we are ser-
And tied unto command.
2 *Moor.* I wish him better,
But much I fear h' has found his tomb already.
We must observe our guards.
1 *Moor.* He cannot last long;
And when he's dead, he's free.
Keeper. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.
2 *Moor.* That's as he please;
For that man that resolves needs no physician. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia, Soza, and Emanuel, like Merchants, arm'd underneath.

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen
A lucky and a fair omen. [to us,
Omnes. We believe it.
Arm. The sea and wind strove who should most befriend us;
And, as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us,
So lead us forth—Where lies the boat that brought us? [the castle,
Soza. Safe lodg'd within the reeds, close by
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.
Eman. But where ha' you been, brave sir?
Arm. I've broke the ice, boys, [it!
I have begun the game; fair fortune guide
Suspectless have I travell'd all the town thro',
And in this merchant's shape won much acquaintance, [befriend us,
Survey'd each strength and place that may
View'd all his magazines, got perfect knowledge [it.
Of where the prison is, and what power guards
Soza. These will be strong attempts.
Arm. Courage is strong:
What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let's end with manly force! There's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame. [
Eman. Shame's his that hopes it.
Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us, [ries,
However, lose or win, and speak our memo-
Than if we led out armies[13]: things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will stile us worthies.
Soza. Direct, and we have done; bring us
And if we flinch, or fail— [to execute,
Arm. I'm sure ye dare not: [us
Then further know, and let no ear be near
That may be false—
Eman. Speak boldly on; we're honest,
Our lives and fortunes yours.
Arm. Hard by the place then [men,
Where all his treasure lies, his arms, his wo-
Close by the prison too where he keeps the king,
I've hir'd a lodging, as a trading merchant;
A cellar to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which joins to his storehouse.
Soza. What of all this?
Arm. Ye're dull, if y'apprehend not.
Into that cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it,
That that will make all shake, and smoke too.
Eman. Ha! [my practice:
Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor

[13] *Than if we led* our *armies.*] As these are private adventurers, not generals of armies, *our* seems a flattening expletive, and was probably a mistake for *o'er*, they having cross'd the sea. *Seward.*

We have varied *our* to *out*, which we do not doubt is genuine.

The

The fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material flames, and bright
That all the island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a comet.
Powder is ready, and enough, to work it;
The match is left a-fire, all, all hush'd, and lock'd close,
No man suspecting what I am, but merchant.
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose;
For by that time 'twill take!

Soza. What are our duties?

Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the governor
Out of his wits, to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office,
Then fly we to the prison suddenly!
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Eman. Then to our swords and good hearts!

Arm. Certain we shall not find much opposition;
But what is, must be forc'd.

Soza. 'Tis bravely cast, sir;
And surely too, I hope.

Arm. If the fire fail not, presently,
And powder hold his nature. Some must
Upon the first cry of th' amazed people,
(For nothing will be mark'd then, but the misery)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant;
And then all's right and fair.

Eman. Bless us, dear Fortune!

Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage, sever;
And Fortune must befriend us. Come, all
But keep still within sight: when the flame
Let's meet, and either do, or die!

Soza. So be it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor and Captain.

Gov. No, captain, for those troops, we need 'em not; furies:
The town is strong enough to stand their
I'd see them come, and offer to do something.
They're high in words.

Capt. 'Tis safer, sir, than doing.

Gov. Dost think they dare attempt?

Capt. May be by treaty, ward.

But sure by force they will not prove so for-

Gov. No, faith,
I warrant thee, they know me well enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with. of 'em,
They know my nature too; I have bit some
And to the bones; they've reason to remember me.
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and pow'rs are to bring things to pass:
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep, and care
To prevent these threatnings, captain?

Capt. You look well, sir:
Upon my conscience, you're not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not.— have her,
Well, 'would I had this wench! for I must
She must be mine: and there's another charge, captain; thing [14];
What betwixt love and brawling, I get no-
All goes in maintenance—Hark! What was that, [*The train takes.*
That noise there? It went with a violence.

Capt. Some old wall belike, sir,
That had no neighbour-help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings;
They blur the beauty of the town.

Within. Fire, fire!

Gov. I hear another tune, good captain!
It comes on fresher still; 'tis loud and fearful.
Look up into the town; how bright the air shews! too?
Upon my life, some sudden fire! The bell
[*Exit Captain. Bell rings.*
I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Fire, fire!

Gov. Where? where? sir.

Cit. Suddenly taken in a merchant's house,
Fearful and high it blazes. Help, good people! smother!

Gov. Pox o' their paper-houses! how they
They light like candles! How the roar still rises!

Enter Captain.

Capt. Your magazine's a-fire, sir; help, help suddenly!
The castle too is in danger, in much danger:
All will be lost! Get the people presently,
And all that are your guard! and all help, all hands, sir! town perish'd.
Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the
The castle now begins to flame.

Gov. My soul shakes!

Capt. A merchant's house next joining
Shame light on him!
That ever such a neighbour, such a villain—

Gov. Raise all the garrison, and bring 'em up,

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the people forward!—Oh, I've lost all citizens
In one house, all my hopes. Good worthy
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me!
I will reward you all. Oh! cursed fortune

[14] *I got nothing.*] Corrected by Sympson.

The flame's more violent[15]!—Arise!—Still help, help, citizens! [oh, follow!
Freedom and wealth to him that helps! Follow,
Fling wine, or any thing; I'll see it recompens'd.
Buckets, more buckets! Fire, fire, fire!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Armusia and his Company.

Arm. Let it flame on! a comely light it
To our discovery. [gives up
Soza. Hark, [ward fairly!
What a merry cry these hounds make! For-
We are not seen i'th' mist, we are not noted.
Away, away! Now if we lose our fortune--
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Capt. Up, soldiers, up, and deal like men!
Cit. More water, more water! all is consum'd else. [straight;
Capt. All's gone, unless you undertake it
Your wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your labour[16].
Bravely. Up, up, away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia and his Company, breaking open a door.

Arm. So, thou art open. Keep the way clear behind still!
Now for the place!
Sold. 'Tis here, sir.
Arm. Sure this is it.
Force ope the door!—A miserable creature!
Yet, by his manly face— [*The king discover'd.*
King. Why stare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to affright me;
In death I am a king still, and contemn ye.
Where is that governor? Methinks his manhood
Should be well pleas'd to see my tragedy,
And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows: [with him,
I dare him to the sight; bring his scorns
And all his rugged threats. Here's a throat, soldiers:
Come, see who can strike deepest!
Eman. Break the chain there.
King. What does this mean?
Arm. Come, talk of no more governors!
H'has other business, sir. Put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage, like a man!
We'll carry off your head else. We are friends,
And come to give your sorrows ease.
Soza. On bravely!
Delays may lose again.

Enter Guard.

Arm. The guard!
Soza. Upon 'em!
Arm. Make speedy and sure work.
Eman. They fly.
Arm. Up with him, [speedy!
And to the boat. Stand fast! Now be
When this heat's past, we'll sing our history.
Away, like thoughts! sudden as desires, friends!
Now, sacred chance, be ours!
Soza. Pray when we've done, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four Citizens severally.

1 *Cit.* What, is the fire allay'd?
2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out,
Or past the worst. I never did so stoutly,
I'll assure you, neighbours, since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib;
I liv'd two hours i'th' fire. 'Twas a hideous matter;
But when men of understanding come about it, [over,
Men that judge of things—My wife gave me
And took her leave a hundred times; I bore
And toss'd the buckets, boys! [up still,
3 *Cit.* We're all mere martins. [hurry,
1 *Cit.* I heard a voice at latter end o'th'
(Or else I dream'd I heard it) that said
2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough [*treason.*
It might cry *murder* too; for there were many
Without a joint: but what is that to us?
Let's home and fright our wives! for we look
Like devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come some of 'em to fright us.
1 *Wom.* Mine's alive, neighbour.—Oh, sweet honey husband! [thou hadst
2 *Cit.* Thou liest! I stink abominably[17]: an

[15] *The flame's more violent; arise still, help,* &c.] This appears to be a very confus'd passage, what is *Arise still, help?* To set the place right, I propose reading, by only dashing out an apostrophe and removing a semicolon, thus;

The flames more violent arise still; help, help,—

And then the whole appears easy and natural. *Sympson.*

We think the present punctuation obviates every difficulty.

[16] ——— *straight;*

Your wealth too, that must preserve and pay your labour—] 'Tis evident at first sight, that this passage is nonsense: 'All's consum'd and gone, says the Captain, unless you 'undertake the extinguishing of the fire; nay your wealth too is perish'd, which must pre-'serve and pay your labour.' "Your wealth that *must preserve* your labour." The poets certainly never wrote so, but possibly might express themselves thus,

Your wealth too, *that preserv'd must* pay your labours. *Sympson.*

[17] *Thou liest, I think abominably.*] Amended in 1750.

Been in my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both ends. [drink,
Get me some drink, give me whole tuns of
Whole cisterns! for I have four dozen of fine firebrands [than would
In my belly: I have more smoke in my mouth
Blote a hundred herrings.
2 *Wom.* Art thou come safe again?
3 *Wom.* I pray you what became of my man? Is he well[18]? [well, neighbour:
2 *Cit.* At heart's ease in a well; is very
We left him drinking of a new dozen of buckets. [roasted,
Thy husband's happy, he was thorough
And now he's basting of himself at all points:
The clerk and he are cooling their peri-craniums. [codpiece.
Body o' me, neighbours, there's fire in my
1 *Wom.* Bless my husband!
2 *Cit.* Blow it out, wife! Blow, blow, the gable end o' th' story-house!
Women. Some water, water, water!
3 *Cit.* Peace! 'tis but a sparkle;
Raise not the town again; 'twill be a great hindrance. [loft—
I'm glad 'tis out; an't had ta'en in my hay-
What frights are these[19]? marry, Heaven bless thy modicum! [put me
3 *Wom.* But is a drown'd outright? pray
Out of fear, neighbour.
2 *Cit.* Thou wouldst have it so;
But after a hundred fires more, he'll live to see thee
Burnt for brewing musty liquor.
1 *Cit.* Come, let's go, neighbour!
2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this liquor.
Come, come; I fry like a burnt marrowbone.
Women, get you afore, and draw upon us!
Run, wenches, run, and let your taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tails, cry ale, ale!
Women. Away; let's nourish the poor wretches!
2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the rest of the burnt regiment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldiers, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quench'd, captain, but the mischief hangs still:
The king's redeem'd, and gone too! A trick, a damn'd one!
Oh, I am overtaken poorly, tamely!
Capt. Where were the guard that waited upon the prison? [and they deliver,
Sold. Most of 'em slain; yet some scap'd, sir,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him
And those redeem'd him, making such hast and fighting,
Fighting beyond the force of men—
Gov. I'm lost, captain, [scorn me
And all the world will laugh at this, an
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward
One without carriage, or common sense!
Sold. He's gone, sir,
And put to sea amain, past our recovery;
Not a boat ready to pursue: if there were any,
The people stand amaz'd so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows t execute. [my boys' brain
Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knoc
'Gainst every post I meet! Fool'd with a fire
Capt. It was a crafty trick.
Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident, sluggish lazy: had I but met 'em
And chang'd a dozen blows, I had forgiv'n 'em
By both these hands held up, and by tha brightness [worships
That gilds the world with light, by all ou
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue ocean
I will not rest, no mirth shall dwell upon me
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refres me,
'Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour!
Make ready my barratos instantly,
And what I shall intend—
Capt. We are your servants. [*Exeunt*

Enter Quisara and Ruy Dias.

Quisar. Never tell me! you never car'd to win me;
Never, for my sake, to attempt a deed
Might draw me to a thought you sought my favour:
If not for love of me, for love of arms, sir,
For that cause you profess, for love of honour
Of which you stile yourself the mighty master
You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer,
(As if you had intended something excellent)
Put on a forward face—
Ruy. Dear lady, hold me— [servant
Quisar. I hold you, as I find you, a fain
Ruy. By Heaven, I dare do—
Quisar. In a lady's chamber,
I dare believe you; there's no mortal danger
Give me the man that dares do, to deserv that! [wonders
I thought you Portugals had been rare
Men of those haughty courages and credits

[18] 3 Wom. *I pray what's become of my husband? is he* in a well?] The pleasant answe which the man makes to this question, evidently supposes it to have been wrote thus,
What's become of my husband? Is he *well?*
2 *Cit.* At heart's ease in a *well*, is very well neighbour. *Sympson.*

[19] *What frights are these?*] Mr. Seward suspects that this line belongs to the first woman and that the dialogue will then be more natural. *Sympson.*
We think it much best as it stands.

That all things were confin'd within your promises;
The lords of fate and fortune I believ'd you;
But well I see I am deceiv'd, Ruy Dias,
And blame, too late, my much belief!
Ruy. I am asham'd, lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in act as soon, some preparation—
Quisar. And give it out?
Ruy. Yes, lady, and so great too;
In which[20], the noise of all my countrymen—
Quisar. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd ones,
And, tho' he be restor'd alive[21]—
Ruy. I have you.
Quisar. For then we are both servants.
Ruy. I conceive you; [fancies.
Good madam, give me leave to turn my
Quisar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you[22]. [*Exit.*
Ruy. Myself, my cousin, and the garrison,
The neighbours of the out-isles of our nation,
Syana's strength, (for I can humour him)
And proud Bakamus, I shall deceive his glory— [*A shout.*
What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be, the princes are in sport.

Enter Piniero and Christophero.

Pin. Where are you? [seek me?
Ruy. Now, Piniero, what's the haste you
Pin. Do you know this sign, sir?
Ruy. Ha!
Pin. Do you know this emblem?
Your nose is bor'd.
Ruy. Bor'd? what is that?
Pin. You're topt, sir:
The king's come home again, the king[23]!
Ruy. The devil! [home;
Pin. Nay, sure he came a God's name
He's return'd, sir.
Chris. And all this joy you hear—
Ruy. Who durst attempt him?
The princes are all here.
Chris. They're worthy princes, [ounces.
They're special princes! all they, love by
Believe it, sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely
And easily. What fortune have you lost, sir!
What justice have you now unto this lady[24]?
Pin. How stands your claim? That e'er man should be fool'd so, [protesting,
When he should do and prosper! stand
Kissing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he should be about his business sweating! [pose,
She bid you go, and pick'd you out o' pur-
To make yourself a fortune by, a lady,
A lady, and a lusty one, a lovely,
That now you may go look: she pointed you,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly: you've made a fair flight on't;
You've caught a goose.
Ruy. How dare you thus molest me? [*A shout.*
It cannot be!
Chris. Hark how the general joy rings!
Pin. Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too? [sure.
For, if you had been sober, you'd been wise,
Ruy. Done? who dares do?
Pin. It seems an honest fellow,
That has ended his market before you be up.
Chris. The shame on't, is a stranger too.
Pin. 'Tis no shame;
He took her at her word, and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,

[20] *In which, the noise of all my countrymen—*] Instead of *noise*, Mr. Seward supposes *choice*, or with equal probability, as I imagine, *voice*, i. e. *approbation, consent*, &c. was originally wrote in our poets' manuscript. *Sympson.*

[21] *And though he be restor'd alive.*] A negative seems evidently lost here, which makes the hint very plain.

And though he *ben't* restor'd alive.

The mixture of character in *Quisara* is finely drawn, and from great insight into human nature. *Seward.*

[22] Quisar. *Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you.*] As we oft have no names where they ought to be, so here we have probably one more than there is occasion for. The princess hardly can be supposed to make herself so cheap, as to say, that she would visit or wait upon *Ruy Dias;* no surely, that duty was owing to her from him. And I can't for this reason help thinking, but *Quisara*'s name has been inadvertently put before *Do, and make,* &c. and that the whole ran formerly thus,

Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies,
Do, and make all things fit; and then I'll visit you. [*Exit.*
Ruy Dias, *solus.*
My self, &c. *Sympson.*

[23] *The king's come home, the king—*
Ruy. *The devil?*] The poets might possibly, with more emphasis, have wrote thus,
The king's come home—
Ruy. The king? the devil. *Sympson.*

[24] *Justice.*] i. e. *Right, claim,* or *pretence. Sympson.*

But clapt close to th' cause, as he will do to th' lady:
'Is a fellow of that speed and handsomeness,
He'll get her with child too, ere you shall come to know him.
Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start
At th' first sight too— [forth,
Ruy. I'm undone!
Pin. Like an oyster.—
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these?—Pox o' these,
These wise delayings! they make men cowards. [egg,
You're undone, as a man would undo an
A hundred shames about you!

Enter Quisara, Panura, and Train.

Quisar. Can it be possible? [yet,
A stranger that I have not known, not seen
A man I never grac'd? Oh, captain, captain,
What shall I do? I am betray'd by fortune;
It cannot be, it must not be.
Pin. It is, lady;
And, by my faith, a handsome gentleman!
'Tis his poor scholar's prize.
Quisar. Must I be given
Unto a man I never saw, ne'er spoke with,
I know not of what nation?
Pin. He's a Portugal, [you, lady,
And of as good a pitch—He'll be given to
For he's given much to handsome flesh.
Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias, [Ruy Dias!
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth,
Pin. Your love-sloth, uncle; do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully,
[*A shout.*
And then the other had laid ready for you.
Madam, the general joy comes.
Quisar. We must meet it;
But with what comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying Boughs, Boys singing after them; then King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuel; the Princes and Train following.

Quisar. Oh, my dear brother, what a joy runs thro' me,
To see you safe again, yourself, and mighty!
What a blest day is this!
King. Rise up, fair sister! [me.
I am not welcome 'till you have embrac'd
Ruy. A general gladness, sir, flies thro' the city, [riv'd,
And mirth possesses all to see your grace ar-
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly.
'Twas a brave venture, whosoe'er put for it
A high and noble one, worthy much honour
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great si
And in short time too, to have forc'd th governor,
In spite of all his threats—
King. I thank ye, gentlemen.
Ruy. And all his subtilties, to set you fre
With all his heart and will too.
King. I know ye love me. [done before i
Pin. This had been good, with somethin
Something to set it off[25], to beautify it:
Now it sounds empty, like a barber's baso
Pox, there's no metal in't, no noble ma row! [governo
Bakam. I have an army, sir (but that th
The foolish fellow, was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time, became hi too) [confines
That would have scour'd him else, and all h
That would have rung him such a peal—
Pin. Yes, backward, [thing
To make dogs howl. I know thee to a fa
Thy army's good [in i
For hawks; there's nothing but sheep's hear
Syana. I have done nothing, sir; therefo I think it
Convenient I say little what I purpos'd,
And what my love intended.
King. I like your modesty, [griev'd y
And, thank ye, royal friends! I know
To know my misery: but this man, princes[26]
I must thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this man saw me in it, and redeem'd me
He look'd upon me sinking, and then caugh me.
This, sister, this, this all man, this all valou
This pious man—
Ruy. My countenance, it shames me[27]!
One scarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not rea
In dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not se
Oh, I have boy'd myself! [son'd-
King. This noble bulwark, [don
This lance and honour of our age and kin
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend t
This, this man from the bowels of my so rows [made me
Has new-begot my name, and once mo
Oh, sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompense invented—
Arm. You are too noble, sir; there is r
Above my action too by millions: [war
A recompense so rich and glorious, [mis'd
I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas pr
But that it was propounded, sworn, and seal
Before the face of Heav'n, I durst not hop it;

[25] *Something set off to beautify it.*] Amended by Seward.
[26] *But this man,* princess.] The editors of 1750 sagely *conjecture* that we should rea *princes* for *princess.* The first folio exhibits that lection!
[27] *My* countenance, *it shames me.*] To make Ruy Dias, or any one else, to protest h his *countenance,* is seemingly odd; I would propose *my conscience,* as a more natural an sensible reading. *Sympson.*

F

For nothing in the life of man or merit
(It is so truly great) can else embrace it.
King. Oh, speak it, speak it; bless mine ears to hear it!
Make me a happy man, to know it may be!
For still methinks I am a prisoner,
And feel no liberty before I find it.
Arm. Then know, it is your sister; she is mine, sir;
I claim her by her own word, and her honour.
It was her open promise to that man
That durst redeem you: beauty set me on,
And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me. [so backward?
King. Receive you, sir?—Why, sister! ha! Stand as you knew me not? nor what h' has
My dearest sister! [ventur'd?
Arm. Good sir, pardon me!
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
That holds her back: women are nice to wooe, sir. [liberty!
I would not have her forc'd; give her fair
For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.
King. Look on him, my Quisara: such another,
(Oh, all ye powers!) so excellent in nature,
In honour so abundant—
Quisar. I confess, sir; [chas'd:
Confess my word is past too; he has pur-
Yet, good sir, give me leave to think, but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person;
To make me fit to know it: we're both strangers,
And how we should believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affections—
Alas, Love has his compliments.
King. Be sudden [doubles,
And certain in your way; no woman's
Nor coy delays! you're his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever.
Respect your word! I know you will. Come, sister,
Let's see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
And what fair looks a friend.—Oh, my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty!
He that frowns this day is an open enemy.
Thus in my arms, my dear!
Arm. You make me blush, sir.
King. And now, lead on
Our whole court crown'd with pleasure!
Ruy. Madam, despair not; something shall be done yet,
And suddenly, and wisely.
Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias!
[*Exeunt King, &c.*
Pin. Well, he's a brave fellow, and h' has deserv'd her richly. [gentlemen.
And you have had your hands full I dare swear,
Soza. We have done something, sir, if it hit right. [no honesty;
Chris. The woman has no eyes else, nor So much I think.
Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongst 'em,
To the King's health, and my brave countryman's!
My uncle looks as tho' he were sick o' th' worms, friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Piniero.

Pin. MY uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy, [swears,
Wondrous proof-melancholy; sometimes
Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans as if h' had the bots,
(As, to say truth, I think h' has little better),
And would fain speak; bids me good morrow at midnight, [thing hovers
And good night when 'tis noon: h' has some-
About his brains that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not. Still he follows.

Enter Ruy Dias.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead scent!—Ay marry,
There was a sigh would set a ship a-sailing!
These winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now speak, an't be thy will.—Good morrow, uncle!
Ruy. Good morrow, sir!
Pin. This is a new salute!
Sure h' has forgot me; this is purblind Cupid!
Ruy. My nephew?
Pin. Yes, sir, if I be not chang'd.
Ruy. I would fain speak with you.
Pin. I would fain have you, sir;
For to that end I stay.
Ruy. You know I love you,
And I have lov'd you long, my dear Piniero,
Bred and supplied you—
Pin. Whither walks this preamble?
Ruy. You may remember, tho' I am but your uncle,
I sure had a father's care, a father's tenderness—
Pin. Sure he would wrap me into something now suddenly,
He doubts my nature in (for mine is honest),
He winds about me so.
Ruy. A father's diligence.

My

My private benefits I have forgot, sir[28],
But those you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet some men would remember—
Pin. I do daily.
Ruy. The place [one:
Which I have put you in, which is no weak
Next to myself you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal;
So is my study still to plant your person:
These are small testimonies I've not forgot
Nor would not be forgotten. [you,
Pin. Sure you cannot.
Ruy. Oh, Piniero—
Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you? [lost
What heavy weight oppresses you? You've
(I must confess, in those that understand you)
Some little of your credit; but time will cure
The best may slip sometimes. [that;
Ruy. Oh, my best nephew— [turbs you),
Pin. It may be, you fear her too (that dis-
That she may fall herself, or be forc'd from you. [ever!
Ruy. She's ever true, but I undone for
Oh, that Armusia, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honour,
That murd'ring chain shot at me from my country, [me!
That goodly plague that I must court to kill
Pin. Now it comes flowing from him! I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durst be idle durst be ill too.—
Has he not done a brave thing? [allow it:
Ruy. I must confess it, nephew, must
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me, [thing,
Has trod me, like a name in sand, to no-
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruin; [tune!
And, if he rise and blaze, farewell my for-
And when that's set, where's thy advancement, cousin? [man,
That were a friend, that were a noble kins-
That would consider these: that men were grateful; [love me.
And he that durst do something here, durst
Pin. You say true; 'tis worth consideration; [uncle,
Your reasons are of weight: and, mark me,
(For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose wit
you)
Say this Armusia then were taken off
(As't may be easily done),
How stands the woman?
Ruy. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.
Pin. Pox on him! [him!-
Or if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hog's, the dog's, and devil's pox posses
Faith, this Armusia stumbles me; 'tis brave fellow;
And if he could be spared, uncle—
Ruy. I must perish:
Had he set up at any rest but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my cre
dit,
The everlasting losing of my worth—
Pin. I understand you now, who set yo
on too;
I had a reasonable good opinion of the dev
'Till this hour; and I see he is a knave it
deed, [him.-
An arrant, stinking knave, for now I sme
I'll see what may be done then; you sha
know
You have a kinsman (but no villain, uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair fame, I scorn it;
I love and honour virtue). I must have
Access unto the lady, to know her mind too
A good word from her mouth you know ma
stir me;
A lady's look at setting-on—
Ruy. You say well!
Here, cousin, here's a letter ready for yo
And you shall see how nobly she'll receiv
And with what care direct. [yo
Pin. Farewell then, uncle! [vant-
After I've talk'd with her, I am your se
To make you honest, if I can, else ha
you.— [bus
Pray you no more compliments! my head
Heav'n bless me, [*Exit Ruy Dia*
What a malicious soul does this man carry
And to what scurvy things this love conver
us, [become u
What stinking things; and how sweetly th
Murder's a moral virtue with these lovers,
A special piece of divinity, I take it.
I may be mad, or violently drunk, [covetou
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may

[28] *My private benefits I have forgot, sir,*
But those you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet some men would remember—] The benefits Ruy Dias means here, seem to be *pu*
lick ones, which he had conferred upon Piniero in his *publick capacity* as governor of t
fort, and for this cause one should think the place should be read thus,
My *publick* benefits I have forgot,
Be it those you might lay claim to as, &c.
The meaning is, 'My publick benefits (viz. the places you hold under me) I omit to me
'tion. Say that being my follower gives you a sort of right to 'em; yet for all that, a grat
'ful man would remember how careful I have been of your interests; that I have plac'd y
'next myself in rank and power, and that your assignments are equal with mine.' I mu
confess the change here made is great enough, but, seemingly, it appears no more than
necessary. *Sympson.*

And learn to murder men's estates, that's base too;
Or proud, but that's a paradise to this;
Or envious, and sit eating of myself
At others' fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
Cozen, cut purses, sit i' th' stocks for apples:
But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy!
These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues[29];
Love and Ambition draw the devil's coach.

Enter Quisana and Panura.

How now! who are these? Oh, my great lady's followers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,
Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers.
These doors I must pass thro'; I hope they're wide. [it to 'em!
Good day to your beauties! How they take
As if they were fair indeed!
Quisan. Good morrow to you, sir!
Pin. That's the old hen, the brood-bird; how she brusles[30]!
How like an inventory of lechery she looks!
Many a good piece of iniquity [you,
Has past her hands, I warrant her.—I beseech
Is the fair princess stirring?
Pan. Yes, marry is she, sir, [with her?
But somewhat private: have you a business
Pin. Yes, forsooth have I, and a serious
Pan. May not we know? [business.
Pin. Yes, when you can keep counsel.
Pan. How prettily he looks! he's a soldier sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.
Quisan. A good blunt gentleman!
Pin. Yes, marry am I: [you—
Yet, for a push or two at sharp, an please
Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to;
This is the princess' aunt.
Pin. I like her the better; [mother,
An she were her mother, lady, or her grand-
I'm not so bashful, but I can buckle with her.
Pan. Of what size is your business?
Pin. O' th' long sixteens,
And will make way, I warrant you.
Pan. How fine he talks! [lady;
Pin. Nay, in troth I talk but coarsely,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.—
How fain they'd draw me into ribaldry!
These wenches that live easily, live high,
Love these broad discourses, as they love possets;
These dry delights serve for preparatives.
Pan. Why do you look so on me?
Pin. I am guessing,
By the cast of your face, what the property of your place should be;
For I presume you turn a key, sweet beauty;
And you another, gravity, under the princess:
And, by my soul, I warrant you good places,
Comely commodious seats!
Quisan. Prithee let him talk still,
For methinks he talks handsomely!
Pin. And truly,
As near as my understanding shall enable me,
You look as if you kept my lady's secrets.
Nay, do not laugh! for I mean honestly.—
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th' end! [for't!
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look
Would it not dance too, if it had a fiddle?
Your gravity, I guess, to take the petitions,
And hear the lingring suits in love dispos'd,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place;
You keep the Ah-me office[31].
Quisan. Prithee suffer him,
For, as I live, he is a pretty fellow! [us;
I love to hear sometimes what men think of
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice.—
Proceed, good honest man!
Pin. I will, good madam.
According to men's states and dignities,
Monies and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And cast the nativity of their desires.
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous;
And if he promise place, his dreams are oracles: [coveries,
Your ancient practique art too in these dis-

[29] *But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy,*
These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues.] To make way for a pretty bold emendation, the reader will please to observe, that there is a fine sentiment aim'd at here, but not compleated. *Lord have mercy,* in the first line, refers to the writing over the doors of houses infected by the plague; the former sins therefore are compared to common diseases, and when love, in comparison of them, should be called the *plague*, the metaphor is spoilt by calling them *plagues*. It is highly probable that this has happened by an error either of transcriber or printer, and as the sense may be easily restored, though we have no trace to lead us to any certainty of the true words, yet I think we should venture to change the text, rather than suffer so beautiful a passage to remain so mangled. I propose, therefore, either

These are poor pelting sins, *but that the plague;*

Or,

These are poor pelting sins, *the other plagues,*
Love and Ambition, draw the devil's coach.

This latter being nearer the trace of the letters than the former, bids fairest for having been the original. *Seward.*

[30] *How she* busles.] So the former copies.

[31] Ay-me *office.*] So former copies.

Who

Who loves at such a length, who a span further, [profit;
And who draws home, yields you no little
For these you milk by circumstance.
Quisan. You're cunning. [your spindle,
Pin. And as they oil you, and advance
So you draw out the lines of love. Your doors too, [thro':
The doors of destiny, that men must pass
These are fair places!
Pan. He knows all.
Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in at, that have no providence;
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires, thro' at, [webs;
And draw their states and bodies into cob-
Your postern doors, to catch those that are cautelous, [their knaveries;
And would not have the world's eye find
Your doors of danger (some men hate a pleasure, [doors:
Unless that may be full of fears) your hope-
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement a new custom:
You have your doors of honour, and of pleasure; [nities,
But those are for great princes, glorious va-
That travel to be famous thro' diseases.
There be the doors of poverty and death too,
But these you do the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.
Quisan. This is a rare lecture!
Pin. Read to them that understand.
Pan. Beshrew me, [keen, sir.
I dare not venture on you; you cut too

Enter Quisara.

Quisan. We thank you, sir, for your good mirth;
You are a good companion. [business.
Here comes the princess now; attend your
Quisar. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free?—Who's there, ho?
Quisan. Troubled? [princess?
Her looks are almost wild: what ails the
I know nothing she wants.
Quisar. Who's that there with you?
Oh, signior Piniero, you're most welcome!
How does your noble uncle?
Pin. Sad as you are, madam:
But he commends his service, and this letter.
Quisar. Go off; attend within.—Fair, sir, I thank you: [come;
Pray be no stranger, for indeed you're wel-
For your own virtues, welcome.
Quisan. We're mistaken;
This is some brave fellow sure.
Pan. I'm sure he's a bold fellow;
But if she hold him so, we must believe i
[*Exeu*
Quisar. Do you know of this, fair sir?
Pin. I guess it madam,
And whither it intends: I had not brough
else. [koni
Quisar. It is a business of no common r
Pin. The handsomer for him that g
about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight than
Give me a matter of some weight to wade i
Quisar. And can you love your uncle
directly,
So seriously and so full, to undertake this
Can there be such a faith?
Pin. Dare you say *ay* to it[32],
And set me on? 'Tis no matter for my unc
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish
Quisar. I would fain—
Pin. Have it done? Say but so, lady.
Quisar. Conceive it so.
Pin. I will; 'tis that I'm bound to:
Your will that must command me, and yo
pleasure, [rect n
The fair aspects of those eyes that must
I am no uncle's agent; I'm mine own, lad
I scorn my able youth should plow for othe
Or my ambition serve for pay: I aim,
Altho' I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to: this desir
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave m
A valiant and a virtuous man, my countr
man,
Armusia, the delight of all, the minion[33]
This love of you, doting upon your beauty
The admiration of your excellence,
Make me but servant to the poorest smile
Or the least grace you have bestow'd
others,
And see how suddenly I'll work your safe
And set your thoughts at peace! I am
flatterer, [ge
To promise infinitely, and out-dream da
To lie a-bed, and swear men into fevers,
Like some of your trim suitors; when I p
mise,
The light is not more constant to the wo
Than I am to my word.—She turns, for n
lions! [coura
Quisar. I have not seen a braver confir
Pin. For a tun of crowns she turns!
is a woman;
And, much I fear, a worse than I expected
You are the object, lady, you're the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wond
From which all hearts take fire, all ha
their valour:

[32] *Dare you say* ay *to it?*] 'Tis not impossible but this might come from our poets' p
but the general word on such occasions is mostly *aim*, as the reader can't but remember
several places in these plays, and so I conjecture they wrote here. *Sympson.*
[33] *Armusia, the delight of all the* minions.] The addition of a point, and omission of a let
seem greatly to improve this line, and we do not doubt are genuine.

A

And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his estate, father, mother,
Friends, wife, and children, is a fool, and I scorn him; [ard.
An't be but to make clean his sword, a cow-
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty!
Had I the place in your affections,
My most unworthy uncle's fit to fall from,
I liv'd in those blessed eyes, and read the sto-
Of everlasting pleasures figur'd there, [ries
I'd find out your commands before you thought 'em, [of 'em.
And bring 'em to you done, ere you dream'd
Quisar. I admire his boldness!
Pin. This or any thing; [man's,
Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it. [you)
Look on my youth, (I bring no blastings to
The first flower of my strength, my faith.
Quisar. No more, sir!
I am too willing to believe: rest satisfied,
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful,
You are a handsome gentleman, a fair one;
My servant if you please; I seal it thus, sir.
No more, till you deserve more. [*Exit.*
Pin. I'm rewarded.
This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too:
Altho' she pulls her talons in, she's mischie-
vous; [transparent.
Form'd like the face of Heav'n, clear and
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd to what they wish.
Well uncle, [nour
What will become of this, and what disho-
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let time tell!
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it[34].
[*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Soza.

Eman. Why are you thus sad? What can grieve or vex you,
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honour, and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing want his quiet? [content;
Arm. I want what beggars are above me in,
I want the grace I've merited, the favour,
The due respect.
Soza. Does not the king allow it? [ask,
Arm. Yes, and all honours else, all I can
That he has power to give; but from his sister,
The scornful cruelty, (forgive me, beauty,
That I transgress) from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faith's sake; [to me—
That should at least acknowledge me, speak
Soza. And you go whining up and down for this, sir?
Lamenting and disputing of your grievances?
Sighing and sobbing, like a sullen school-boy,
And cursing good-wife Fortune for this favour?
Arm. What would you have me do?
Soza. Do what you should do, [man,
What a man would do in this case, a wise
An understanding man that knows a woman,
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her trifles; [shake her;
Go to her, and take her in your arms, and
Take her and toss her like a bar!
Eman. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed, [shake
Shake her between a pair of sheets, sir; there
These sullen fits out of her, spare her not there! [bone, sir.
There you may break her will, and bruise no
Soza. Go to her—
Eman. That's the way.
Soza. And tell her, and boldly, [yourself,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock
With being too indulgent to her pride;
Let her hear roundly from you, what you are,
And what you have deserv'd, and what she must be. [fellow,
Eman. And be not put off, like a common
With 'The princess would be private;'
Or, that sh' has taken physic, and admits none:
I would talk to her any where.
Arm. It makes me smile!
Eman. Now you look handsomely:
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her!
They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice;
A woman held at hard meat is your spaniel.
Soza. Pray take our counsel, sir.
Arm. I shall do something;
But not your way; it shews too boisterous;
For my affections are as fair and gentle
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soza. The king!
King. Why, how now, friend?
Why do you rob me of the company
I love so dearly, sir? I have been seeking you,
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure.

[34] *And* strive *to* cross *it.*] The reader may be surprised to find this line run otherwise in the 1647 edition.

——— and *cross* to cross it.

For though *strive* be the sense of the place here cited, and *cross to cross it* be but an odd expression, yet I fancy the original word, of which *cross* is but a corruption, might be once wrote thus,

I can but only fear, and *course*—

i. e. run, strive, endeavour to cross it. *Sympson.*

Why sad? thus sad still, man? I will not have it;
I must not see the face I love thus shadow'd.
Eman. An't please your grace, methinks it ill becomes him;
A soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.
King. He shall be so: come, come, I know your reason; [have her:
It shall be none to cross you; you shall
Take my word, ('tis a king's word) you shall have her;
She shall be yours or nothing. Pray be merry!
Arm. Your grace has given me cause: I shall be, sir,
And ever your poor servant.
King. Me myself, sir, [denly,
My better self. I shall find time, and sud-
To gratify your loves too, gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you. [compliment!
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks; no further
Will you go with me, friend?
Arm. I beseech your grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you:
Some little private business with myself, sir,
For such a time.
King. I'll hinder no devotion, [gentlemen,
For I know you're regular. I'll take you,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him.
I shall look for you, friend. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Armusia. Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, sir.
What shall I do to make her know my misery?
To make her sensible?—This is her woman:
I have a toy come to me suddenly; [me,
It may work for the best; she can but scorn
And lower than I am I cannot tumble;
I'll try, whate'er my fate be.—Good ev'n fair one! [night to you, sir!
Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger.—A good
Now, by my lady's hand, a goodly gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a husband!
'Would I were so provided too!
Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this evening:
I am an honest man.
Pan. I dare believe you; [matter;
Or, if you were not, sir, there's no great
We take men's promises. Would you stay with me, sir? [acquainted;
Arm. So it please you; pray let's be better
I know you are the princess' gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near—
Pan. 'Tis like I do so. [fair courtesies,
Arm. And may befriend a man, do him
If he have business your way—
Pan. I understand you. [a gentleman
Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too:
And you may bless the hour you did this benefit: [teous min
Sweet handsome faces should have co
And ready faculties.
Pan. Tell me your business:
Yet if, I think, it be to her, yourself, sir,
(For I know what you are, and what we h
you, [co
And in what grace you stand) without a
(For that but darkens you) would do it bett
The princess must be pleas'd with your
I'm sure I should. [cess
Arm. I want a courtier's boldness,
And am yet but a stranger: I'd fain spe with her. [sleep,
Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hou
Arm. Pray you wear this, and believe meaning civil, [*Gives her a je*
My business of that fair respect and carria
This for our more acquaintance! [si
Pan. How close he kisses! and how s
The passings of his lips are! I must do i
An I were to hang now, and I will do't:
He may do as much for me; that's all I a at: [do
And come what will on't, life or death,
For ten such kisses more, an 'twere hi treason.
Arm. I would be private with her.
Pan. So you shall; it is [qui
Not worth thanks else. You must dispa
Arm. Suddenly. [
Pan. And I must leave you in my cham
Where you must lock yourself, that n may see you; [tra
'Tis close to her's. You cannot miss the
When she comes down to bed.
Arm. I understand you,
And once more thank you, lady.
Pan. Thank me but thus.
Arm. If I fail thee—
Pan. Come close then[35]! [*Exe*

Enter Quisara and Quisana.

Quisar. 'Tis late; good aunt, to bed! e'en unready:
My woman won't be long away.
Quisan. I'd have you
A little merrier first: let me sit by you,
And read or discourse something that
Or take my instrument. [fa
Quisar. No, no, I thank you;
I shall sleep without these. I wrong your aunt, [y
To make you wait thus; pray let me ent
To-morrow I will see you; I know yo sleepy, [
And rest will be a welcome guest: you s
Indeed you shall not stay. Oh, here's woman!

[35] Arm. *If I fail thee———*
Come close then.] Mr. Seward supposes with me, that *Panura*'s name is unl pily dropt here; for who can imagine these words could be spoke with the least propr by *Armusia*? *Sympson.*

Enter Panura.

Good night, good night! and good rest, aunt, attend you!
Quisan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court you!
Quisar. Come, where have you been, wench? Make me unready;
I slept but ill last night.
Pan. You'll sleep the better
I hope to-night, madam.
Quisar. A little rest contents me;
Thou lov'st thy bed, Panura.
Pan. I'm not in love, lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils; I sleep soundly.
Quisar. I'll swear thou dost; thy husband would not take't so well,
If thou wert married, wench.
Pan. Let him take, madam,
The way to waken me! I am no dormouse:
Husbands have larum-bells, if they but ring once.
Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.
Pan. I shall live the longer.
Quisar. Prithee fetch my book!
Pan. I'm glad of that.
Quisar. I'll read a while before I sleep.
Pan. I will, madam. [importunate,
Quisar. And if Ruy Dias meet you, and be
He may come in.
Pan. I have a better fare for you.
Now least in sight play I. [*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, locks the door.

Quisar. Why should I love him?
Why should I dote upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to work it?—Who's there, wench?—
What are you? or whence come you?
Arm. You may know me:
I bring not such amazement, noble lady.
Quisar. Who let you in?
Arm. My restless love, that serves you.
Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brother's love protect this boldness, [sanctuaries,
You build so strongly on: my rooms are
And with that reverence, they that seek my favours, [proaches.
And humble fears, shall render their ap-
Arm. Mine are no less.
Quisar. I'm mistress of myself, sir,
And will be so: I will not be thus visited,
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off! I'll cry out else.
Arm. Oh, dear lady!
Quisar. I see dishonour in your eyes.
Arm. There's none:
By all that beauty, they are innocent!
Pray you tremble not! you have no cause.
Quisar. I'll die first;
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces.
The little strength I've left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I'm forc'd
To that I hate, or suffer—
Arm. You wrong my duty.
Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty!
I know you're bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,
And force my woman's fears into a madness,
And ere you arrive at what you aim at—
Arm. Lady,
If there be in you any woman's pity,
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous,
Look on me, and believe me! Is this violence?
Is it, to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffian's boldness? is humility a rudeness?
The griefs and sorrows that grow here, an impudence? [with me,
These forcings, and these fears I bring along
These impudent abuses offer'd you?
And thus high has your brother's favour blown me.
Alas, dear lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose rough or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger;
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet!
A heavy curse light on't, when I intend it!
Quisar. Now I dare hear you.
Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad, or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man[36],
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you.
The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity; [armours,
Your honour and your virtues are such
Your clear thoughts such defences. If you misdoubt still,
And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
Come with impure thoughts to this place,
Take this, and sheath it here; be your own safety;
Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish!
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you!
Quisar. No; I believe now, you speak
What came you then for? [worthily:
Arm. To complain me, beauty;
But modestly.
Quisar. Of what?
Arm. Of your fierce cruelty;
(For, tho' I die, I will not blame the doer)
Humbly to tell your grace you had forgot me;

[36] *If any such base thought had harbour'd here,*
Or violence that became not man.] It has been often observ'd, that words belonging to one line have been repeated in that above or below, but here the reverse has happened; for when the same adjective should have been repeated, it was in the second line omitted. *Seward.*

A little to have touch'd at, not accus'd,
(For that I dare not do) your scorns: pray pardon me,
And be not angry that I use the liberty
To urge that word! A little to have shew'd you [you,
What I have been, and what done to deserve
If any thing that love commands may reach you;
To have remember'd you, (but I'm unworthy,
And to that misery falls all my fortunes)
To have told you, and by my life you may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You or your memory: pray be not angry!

Quisar. I thank you, sir; and let me tell you seriously, [you,
You have taken now the right way to befriend
And to beget a fair and clear opinion.
Yet, to try your obedience—

Arm. I stand ready, lady,
Without presuming to ask any thing[37].

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember services or smiles;
Dangers you have past thro', and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or despairs; but, leaving all to me,
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey you.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy. Ha!

Arm. Who's this? What art thou?

Ruy. A gentleman. [Ruy Dias:

Arm. Thou art no more, I'm sure. Oh, 'tis
How high he looks, and harsh!

Ruy. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow-room?

Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.

Ruy. Does this become you, princess?

Arm. The captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet.
Go freely, go! I'll give thee leave.

Ruy. Your leave, sir?

Arm. Yes, my leave, sir. I'll not be troubled neither, [jealous,
Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee.
I kiss your fair hand first; then, farewell, captain! [*Exit.*

Quisar. What a pure soul inherits here! what innocence!
Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fog still: how l
blusters! [flatteri
Ruy. Am I your property? or those yo
The banquets that you bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

Quisar. Be more temperate!

Ruy. Are these the shows of your respe
and favour? [with you
What did he here, what language had h
Did you invite him? could you stay no longe
Is he so gracious in your eye?

Quisar. You are too forward.

Ruy. Why at these private hours?

Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent, to task me with those erro
Do you know what I am, sir? and m
prerogative? [of frien
Tho' you be a thing I've call'd by th' nam
I never taught you to dispose my liberty:
How durst you touch mine honour? blot m
meanings?
And name an action, and of mine, but noble
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have
grac'd thee! [hourly
How have I nourish'd thee, and rais'd th
Are these the gratitudes you bring, Ruy Dia
The thanks? the services? I'm fairly paid!
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a cowar
And shadow'd thee? no noble spark in the
Daily provok'd thee, and still found th
coward? [a
Rais'd noble causes for thee, strangers start
Yet still, still, still a coward, ever coward
And, with those taints, dost thou upbra
my virtues?

Ruy. I was to blame, lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold [lo
To touch at my behaviour? Durst thou b
Amiss at my allowance?—If thou hadst
Been a brave fellow, thou hadst had so
licence,
Some liberty; I might have then allow'd th
For thy good face, some scope to ha
argued with me;
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The mere sign of a soldier, of a lover
The dregs and draffy part, disgrace and j
I scorn thee, and contemn thee! [lou

Ruy. Dearest lady,
If I have been too free—

Quisar. Th'hast been too foolish;
And go on still; I'll study to forget thee.
I would I could! and yet I pity thee. [*E*

Ruy. I am not worth it; if I were, th
misery!
The next door is but death; I must aim
it. [*E*

[37] *I stand ready, lady,*
Without presuming to ask any thing.] This second line evidently belongs to
princess, or else her speech will not be grammar. *Sympson.*
It will be grammar, supposing her to take up the sense of what he has said, which i
plain she does.

ACT IV.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moor-Priest.

King. SO far and truly you've discover'd to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound t' acknowledge you most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.
Gov. I am no liar.— [neighbour:
'Tis strange I should, and live so near a
But these are not my ends.
King. Pray you sit, good father!
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.
Gov. Ay, that belief's well now; and let me work then,
I'll make you curse religion ere I leave you.—
I've liv'd a long time, son, a mew'd-up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of Heaven
From the world's vanities, bid farewell to follies, [pleasures.
And shook hands with all heats of youth and
As in a dream, these twenty years I've slumber'd;
Many a cold moon have I, in meditation
And searching out the hidden wills of Heaven,
Lain shaking under; many a burning sun
Has sear'd my body, and boil'd up my blood,
Feebled my knees, and stamp'd a meagreness
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge;
Which I have now attain'd to, thanks to Heaven, [vision,
All for my country's good too: and many a
Many a mystic vision, have I seen, son,
And many a sight from Heav'n which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of these islands
Were lively shadow'd; many a charge I've had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover: now I'm come, son,
The hour's now appointed, my tongue's [touch'd,
And now I speak.
King. Do, holy man! I'll hear you. ['em!
Gov. Beware these Portugals, I say beware
These smooth-fac'd strangers, have an eye upon 'em! [king!
The cause is now the gods! hear, and believe,
King. I do hear; but, before I give rash credit, or
Hang too light on belief, which is a sin, father,
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some, for my most strange deliverance. [serve me),
Gov. Oh, son, the future aims of men (ob-
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at: the stars show many turnings,
If you could see, mark but, with my eyes, pupil.
These men came hither, as my vision tells me, [feebled,
Poor, weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd,
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long suit for traffick, and for comfort, [eases:
To vent their children's toys, cure their dis-
They had their suit, they landed, and to th' rate [freedom
Grew rich and powerful, suck'd the fat and
Of this most blessed isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the castle here, the citadel,
They've clapt upon the neck of your Tidore
(This happy town, 'till that she knew these strangers),
To check her when she's jolly.
King. They have so indeed, father.
Gov. Take heed, take heed! I find your fair delivery,
(Tho' you be pleas'd to glorify that fortune,
And think these strangers gods, take heed, I say!)
I find it but a handsome preparation,
A fair-fac'd prologue to a further mischief:
Mark but the end, good king, the pin he shoots at!
That was the man deliver'd you, the mirror;
Your sister is his due: what's she? your heir, sir.
And what is he a-kin then to the kingdom?
But heirs are not ambitious; who then suffers?
What rev'rence shall the gods have? and what justice
The miserable people? what shall they do?
King. He points at truth directly.
Gov. Think of these, son!
The person, nor the manner I mislike not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but season'd in the faith we are,
In our devotions learn'd.
King. You say right, father. [religion?
Gov. To change our worships now, and our
To be traitor to our gods?
King. You've well advis'd me,
And I will seriously consider, father.
I' th' mean time, you shall have your fair access
Unto my sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the gods determine. [vise
Gov. I will.—But my main end is to ad-
The destruction of you all, a general ruin;
And then I am reveng'd, let the gods whistle!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Ruy Dias and Piniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad you were not greedy,
And sudden in performing what I will'd you,
Upon the person of Armusia;
I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me—

Pin. 'Twas not a fair thing, uncle;
It shew'd not handsome; carried no man in it.

Ruy. I must confess 'twas ill, and I abhor it;
Only this good has risen from this evil,
I've tried your honesty, and find it proof,
A constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

Pin. This bell sounds better. [suffer'd,

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I've
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my sick honour cur'd the right and straight way:
My sword's in my hand now, nephew, my cause upon it,
And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his—

Pin. Why, this is like Ruy Dias! [it,
This carries something of some substance in
Some mettle and some man; this sounds a gentleman; [you:
And now methinks you utter what becomes
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog-trick,
Such a rat-catcher's occupation—

Ruy. 'Tis no better.
But, Piniero, now—

Pin. Now you do bravely. [by, forgotten,

Ruy. The diff'rence of our states flung
The full opinion I have won in service,
And such respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods—

Pin. In a service, sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for you. I had thought you had
Forsworn fighting, or banish'd those brave thoughts
Were wont to wait upon you; I am glad
To see 'em call'd home again.

Ruy. They are, nephew, [them:
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in
Here, you guess what this means?
[*Shews a challenge.*

Pin. Yes, very well, sir. A portion of scripture
That puzzles many an interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him—

Pin. That will not be long, uncle;
And, o'my conscience, he'll be ready as quickly. [Carry't so,

Ruy. I make no doubt, good nephew.
If you can possible, that we may fight—

Pin. Nay, you shall fight, assure yourself.

Ruy. Pray you hear me!—
In some such place where it may be possibl
The princess may behold us.

Pin. I conceive you:
Upon the sand behind the castle, sir; [dow
A place remote enough, and there be wi
Out of her lodgings too, or I'm mistaken.

Ruy. You're i'th'right; if you can wor that handsomely— [par'

Pin. Let me alone! and pray be you pre
Some three hours hence.

Ruy. I'll not fail.

Pin. Get you home;
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers that may befriend you
Run 'em over quickly! I warrant I'll brin him on.

Ruy. Farewell, nephew!
And, when we meet again— [*Exit*

Pin. Ay, ay, fight handsomely: [you
Take a good draught or two of wine to settl
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience uncle.
I am glad to see this man's conversion;
I was afraid fair honour had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o'th'island, soldiers, and good ones, [now
Intended such base courses. He will figh
And I believe too bravely; I have seen hin
Curry a fellow's carcase handsomely;
And i'th'head of a troop, stand as if he ha
Been rooted there, dealing large doles o death.— [drawn
What a rascal was I, I did not see his wil

Enter Quisara.

What does she here? If there be any mis chief towards, [busines
A woman makes one still: now what ne
Is for me?

Quisar. I was sending for you, but since
We've met so fair, you've sav'd that labour
Entreat you, sir— [I mus

Pin. Any thing, madam; your wills
Are my commands.

Quisar. You're nobly courteous.
Upon my better thoughts, signor Piniero,
And my more peaceable considerations,
(Which now I find the richer ornaments)
I would desire you to attempt no further
Against the person of the noble stranger,
(In truth, I am asham'd of my share in it)
Nor be incited further by your uncle:
I see it will sit ill upon your person.
I have consider'd, and it will shew ugly,
Carried at best, a most unheard-of cruelty:
Good sir, desist!

Pin. You speak now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tenderness become you:
But this you must remember, your comman
Was laid on with a kiss; and seriously
It must be taken off the same way, madam
Or I stand bound still.

Quisar. That shall not endanger you:
Look you, fair sir, thus I take off that duty.

Pin

Pin. By th' mass, 'twas soft and sweet!
Some bloods would bound now, [beauty,
And run a-tilt. Do not you think, bright
You've done me, in this kiss, a mighty favour,
And that I stand bound, by virtue of this honour,
To do whatever you command me?
Quisar. I think, sir,
From me these are unusual courtesies,
And ought to be respected so: there are some,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themselves
Not poorly bless'd to taste of such a bounty.
Pin. I know there are, that would do many unjust things
For such a kiss, (and yet I hold this modest)
All villainies, body and soul dispense with;
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the fair credits of their parents;
Those kisses I am not acquainted with:
Most certain, madam, [voke me
Th' appurt'nance of this kiss would not pro-
To do a mischief; 'tis the devil's own dance
To be kiss'd into cruelty.
Quisar. I'm glad you make that use, sir.
Pin. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel [38];
For, by this hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv'd you, ('twas high time too;
Some common slave might have been set upon it else)
That willingly I would not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman;
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find: to kill a man?
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it,
And 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy—
Quisar. I take it in you well.
Pin. I thank you, lady;
And I shall study to confirm it.
Quisar. Do, sir;
For this time, and this present cause, I allow it. [*Exit Pin.*
Most holy sir!

Enter Governor, Quisana, and Panura.

Gov. Bless you, my royal daughter!
And, in you, bless this island, Heav'n!
Quisar. Good aunt,
What think you of this man?
Quisan. Sure he's a wise man, [pen'd
And a religious: he tells us things have hap-
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.
Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp tongue?
Pan. He tells me, madam, [tamer.
Marriage and mouldy cheese will make me
Gov. A stubborn keeper, and worse fare,
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a jade, may be your share.
Pan. By'r lady, a sharp prophet! When this proves good,
I'll bequeath you a skin to make you a hood.
Gov. Lady, I'd talk with you.
Quisar. Do, reverend sir!
Gov. And for your good, for that that must concern you;
And give ear wisely to me!
Quisar. I shall, father. [lence,
Gov. You are a princess of that excel-
Sweetness and grace, that angel-like fair feature,
(Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this) I am amazed [39],
lady,
And as I think the gods bestow'd these on you,
The gods that love you—
Quisar. I confess their bounty. [nour,
Gov. Apply it then to their use, to their ho-
To them, and to their service give this sweetness! [ness;
They have an instant great use of your good-
You are a saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart—
Quisar. I seek no fealty; [me;
Nor will I blemish that Heav'n has seal'd on
I know my worth. Indeed the Portugals
I have at those commands, and their last services, [someness,
Nay e'en their lives, so much I think my handThat what I shall enjoin—
Gov. Use it discretely!
(For I perceive you understand me rightly)
For here the gods regard your help and suddenly: [lady)
The Portugals, like sharp thorns (mark me,
Stick in our sides; like razors, wound religion; [blood follows;
Drawn deep they wound, until the life
Our gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn, [ment:
A mighty hand they bear upon our govern-
These are the men your miracle must work on,
Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
(Which, as you may endeavour, will be easy,
Remember whose great cause you have to execute). [more,
To nip their memory, that may not spring
Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions;
Which will be blessed, and for which you sainted,
But cannot be, and they go; let me bustle!
Quisar. Go up with me,

[38] *That you made me believe you were cruel.*] I read this line so,
You made me *but* believe *that* you were cruel. *Seward.*

[39] *I am* amazed, *lady*—] *Amazement* at beauty, tho' it does not necessarily imply dotage, yet often both foreruns and accompanies it, and would certainly be rather a cause why he should not dote: the most natural reason for him to give is,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am *aged*, lady. *Seward.*

Where

Where we'll converse more privately:
I'll shew you shortly how I hold their temper,
And in what chain their souls.
Gov. Keep fast that hold still! [in it,
And either bring that chain, and those bound
And link it to our gods and their fair wor-
ships, [it.
Or, daughter, pinch their hearts a-pieces with
I'll wait upon your grace.
Quisar. Come, reverend father!—
Wait you below. [*Exe. Quisar. and Gov.*
Pan. If this prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close,
to her;
These holy coats are long, and hide iniquities.
Quisan. Away, away, fool! a poor wretch!
Pan. These poor ones,
Warm but their stomachs once—
Quisan. Come in; thou'rt foolish.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Piniero.

Arm. I'm sorry, sir, my fortune is so stub-
born,
To court my sword against my countryman:
I love my nation well; and where I find
A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble servant. Signor Piniero,
Your person, nor your uncle's, am I angry
with;
You're both fair gentlemen in my opinion,
And, I protest, I'd rather use my sword
In your defences than against your safeties:
It is, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.
Eman. You're injur'd, [readiest—
And you must make the best on't now, and
Arm. You see I'm ready in the place, and
arm'd
To his desire that call'd me.
Pin. You speak honestly, [friendly;
And I could wish you'd met on terms more
But it can't now be so.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Eman. Turn, sir, and see!
Pin. I have kept my word with you, uncle:
The gentleman is ready.

Enter Governor and Quisara above.

Arm. Ye are welcome.
Ruy. Bid those fools welcome that affect
your courtesy! [me;
I come not to use compliment: you've wrong'd
And you shall feel, proud man, ere I pa
from you,
Th' effects of that: if Fortune do not fool m
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeer
thee. [faith can justify
Arm. That's a proud word; more than you
Quisar. Sure they will fight!
Ruy. She is there; I am happy. [ther
Gov. Let 'em alone! let 'em kill one and
These are the main posts; if they fall, th
Will tumble quickly. [building
Quisar. How temperate Armusia!
Gov. No more; be quiet yet[30].
Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me;
But since we cannot both enjoy the princes
I am resolv'd to fight.
Ruy. Fight home, Armusia!
For, if thou faint'st or fall'st—
Arm. D'you make all vantages?
Ruy. All ways, unto thy life: I will no
spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.
Arm. I am arm'd then.
Ruy. Stand still, I charge you, nephew, a
you honour me!
Arm. And, good Emanuel, stir not.
Pin. Ye speak fitly;
For we had not stood idle else.
Gov. I'm sorry for't[31].
Eman. But since you'll have it so—
Ruy. Come, sir!
Arm. I wait you.
Pin. Ay, marry, this looks handsomely!
This is warm work!
Gov. Both fall, an't be thy will!
[*Ruy fall*
Pin. My uncle dead!
Eman. Stand still, or my sword's in—
Arm. Now, brave Ruy Dias,
Now, where's your confidence? Your prayer
quickly!
Your own spite has condemn'd you.
Quisar. Hold, Armusia!
Arm. Most happy lady!
Quisar. Hold, and let him rise;
Spare him for me!
Arm. A long life may he enjoy, lady!
Gov. What ha' you done? 'Tis better they'
all perish'd. [Armusi
Quisar. Peace, father! I work for the bes
Be in the garden an hour hence.
[*Exeunt Quisar. and Go*
Arm. I shall, madam.

[30] Quisar. *No more, be quiet yet.*] Possibly these words belong to the *Governor*.
Sympson.

[31] Gov. *I'm sorry for't.*
Eman. *But since you'll have it so*—] The same cause of complaint returns upon u
again which was mentioned above, *viz.* the multiplication of names, for here the *Governo*
has nothing to do. But these lines belong to *Emanuel*, sorry that the seconds are not pe
mitted to fight; or both to *Armusia*, for the unhappy necessity he lay under of fighting wit
his countryman. If it was left to me, I believe I should determine in favour of *Emanuel*.
Sympson.

The old books surely are right: the *Governor* avows his sorrow that they are to *stand idl*
Pi

Pin. Now, as I live, a gentleman at all inches!
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.
Arm. Why are you sad, sir? How would this have griev'd you,
If you had fall'n under a profess'd enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too? [wronging you,
Pray you be at peace! I am so far from
Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,
That I desire to serve you: pray look chearfully!
Pin. Do you hear this, sir?
This love, sir? Do you see this gentleman,
How he courts you? Why do you hold your head down?
'Tis no high-treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i'th' field, no sin that's mortal:
Come, come; thank fortune and your friend!
Arm. It may be
You think my tongue may prove your enemy,
And tho' restrain'd, sometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a licence to disable you[42]:
Believe me, sir, so much I hate that liberty,
That in a stranger's tongue 'twill prove an injury;
And I shall right you in't. [injury;
Pin. Can you have more, uncle?
Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways; yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some title
That may be near your friend.
Arm. Sir, I must leave you, [fident,
But with so hearty love—And pray be con-
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong you. [*Exe. Arm. and Eman.*
Pin. Come, come; you're right again, sir: love your honour, [purposes,
And love your friend; take heed of bloody
And unjust ends! good Heav'n is angry with 'em;
Make your fair virtues and your fame your mistress;
And let these trinkets go!
Ruy. You teach well, nephew: [man[43],
Now to be honourable even with this gentle-
Shall be my business, and my ends his.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, sir!
You must do something suddenly, to stop
His pride, so great and high he is shot up;
Upon his person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot you.
I'll bring you suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave sister, privately;
Mark but his high behaviour then.
King. I will, father. [too.
Gov. And with scorn; I fear, contempt
King. I hope not[44].
Gov. I will not name a lust; it may be that also.
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him: [wanton.
These sweet entreaties do but make him
King. Take heed, you wrong him not!
Gov. Take heed to your safety! [me,
I but forewarn you, king; if you mistrust
Or think I come unsent—
King. No, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia and Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience, or my service,
That may deserve your love, or win a liking,

[42] *To* disable *you.*] Sympson objects to the word *disable;* for which we see no reason, as *disable* is frequently used in the sense of *disparage.*

[43] *Now to be* honourable *even with this gentleman.*] I have I believe shewn before, that our authors take the same liberty in our language that the Greeks and Latins do in theirs, *viz.* of using an adjective adverbially; so at the end almost of this play we have the same licence took again.

Quisar. Which way you go, sir,
I must follow *necessary*, i. e. *necessarily.* *Sympson.*

[44] *And with scorn, I fear contempt too.*
King. *I hope not.*
Gov. *I will not name a lust;*
It may be that also.] This odd passage I would reform thus,
Gov. And with *what* scorn I fear too—
King. I hope not.
Gov. I will not name a lust; it may be that also.
That *what* is dropt in the first line seems evident; but how comes *contempt* to be inserted after *scorn*, as if that was to be fear'd much more than the other when it is so nearly the same thing? I take the whole passage to have been confus'd in the manuscript, and that *contempt* was put in by an unsuccessful attempt to restore it; for its absence with a change of the points and a proper disposition of the words, restores both sense and measure. *Seward.*

But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously[45],
Take pleasure in your wills, e'en in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy:
I study new humility to please you,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions;
Because they come from you, I love my sor-
Pray, madam, but consider— [rows.
Quisar. Yes, I do, sir;
And to that honest end I drew you hither.
I know you have deserv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know you love.
Arm. If ever love was mortal, [me,
And dwelt in man: and for that love command
(So strong I find it, and so true, here, lady)
Something of such a greatness to allow me,
Those things I've done already may seem foils to:
'Tis equity, that man aspires to Heaven
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Now stand close, king, and hear; and, as you find him,
Believe me right, or let religion suffer!
Quisar. I dare believe your worth, without additions;
But since you are so liberal of your love, sir,
And would be further tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you would not win
At such an easy rate— [me
Arm. I am prepar'd still,
And if I shrink—
Quisar. I know you are no coward:
This is the utmost trial of your constancy;
And if you stand fast now, I'm yours, your wife, sir. [atchieve me,
You hold there's nothing dear, that may
Doubted, or dangerous.
Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it!
Quisar. I'll tell you then: change your religion,
And be of one belief with me!
Arm. How!
Quisar. Mark! [bred in,
Worship our gods, renounce that faith you're
('Tis easily done; I'll teach you suddenly)
And humbly on your knees—
Arm. Ha! I'll be hang'd first.
Quisar. Offer as we do.
Arm. To the devil, lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devil!
To dogs and cats? you do make offer to them[46];
To every bird that flies, and every worm.
How terribly I shake! Is this the venture
The trial, that you talk'd of?—Where hav
been,
And how forgot myself, how lost my memo
When did I pray, or look up stedfastly,
Had any goodness in my heart to guide m
That I should give this 'vantage to m
enemy,
The enemy to my peace? Forsake my fait
Quisar. Come, come, I know you love
Arm. Love you this way? [la
This most destroying way? Sure you but je
Quisar. My love and life are one way.
Arm. Love alone then!
And mine another way: I'll love diseases fi
Dote on a villain that would cut my throa
Wooe all afflictions of all sorts, kiss cruel
Have mercy, Heaven! How have I be
wand'ring, [Make
Wand'ring the way of lust, and left
How have I slept like cork upon a water,
And had no feeling of the storm that tos
me! [suran
Trod the blind paths of death, forsook
Eternity of blessedness, for a woman!
For a young handsome face, hazard my bein
Quisar. Are not our powers eternal, their comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?
Arm. They're puppets—
Gov. Now mark him, sir, and but obse
him nearly! [senseless outside
Arm. Their comforts like themselves, co
You make 'em sick, as we are, peevi
mad,
Subject to age: and how can they cure us
That are not able to refine themselves?
Quisar. The sun and moon we worsh
(those are heav'nly)
And their bright influences we believe.
Arm. Away, fool!
I adore the Maker of that sun and moon,
That gives those bodies light and influenc
That pointed out their paths, and tau
their motions; [serva
They're not so great as we, they are
Plac'd there to teach us time, to give
knowledge [main a
Of when, and how, the swellings of
And their returns again; they're but
stewards
To make the earth fat, with their influenc
That she may bring forth her increase, a
feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woma
For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?

[45] But *a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously.*] I wish the authors had wrote here,
Not a poor thought, or
Be't a poor thought.
The sense of the place manifestly requires some such alteration. *Sympson.*
But here is taken in the sense of *even.*

[46] *To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;*] Sympson would read and point,
To dogs and cats? you make *me* offer to them?

I loo

I look'd you should have said, make me a Christian! [woman;
Work that great cure; for 'tis a great one,
That labour truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest;
I look'd you should have wept and kneel'd to beg it, [ters
Wash'd off your mist of ignorance, with wa-
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I look'd
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to memory,
Beat down his altars, ruin'd his false temples.
Gov. Now you may see!
Quisar. Take heed; you go too far, sir.—
And yet I love to hear him: I must have you,
And to that end I let you storm a little.—
I know there must be some strife in your bosom [back;
To cool and quiet you, ere you can come
I know old friends cannot part suddenly;
There will be some lett still: yet I must have you,
Have you of my faith too, and so enjoy you.
Arm. Now I contemn you! and I hate myself
For looking on that face lasciviously!
And it looks ugly now, methinks.
Quisar. How, Portugal?
Arm. It looks like death itself, to which 'twould lead me: [me!)
Your eyes resemble pale despair, (they fright
And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruins
Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fearfully [suffer'd.
The hideous murmurs of weak souls have
Get from me! I despise you. And know, woman, [life in,
That for all this trap you've laid to catch my
To catch my immortal life, I hate and curse you,
Contemn your deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your Maumet gods[47], I'll swing 'em [dles;
Thus o'er my head, and kick 'em into pud-
Nay, I will out of vengeance search your temples, [demolish
And, with those hearts that serve my god,
Your shambles of wild worships.
Gov. Now, now you hear, sir! [crafty,
Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so
The glorious cross, altho' I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole state storm!
King. Enter, and take him!—
I'm sorry, friend, that I am forc'd to do this.
Gov. Be sure ye bind him fast.
Quisar. But use him nobly.
King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiv'n it,
And still preserv'd you fair; but to our gods,
Quisar. Methinks I hate 'em now. [sir—
King. To our religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them—
Arm. Use all your violence:
I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;
I spit at your best powers; I serve one
Will give me strength to scourge your gods—
Gov. Away with him! [perse 'em,
Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and dis-
That never more their bloody memories—
Gov. Clap him close up!
King. Good friend, be cooler!
Arm. Never;
Your painted sister I despise too—
King. Softly! [scorn at,
Arm. And all her devilish arts I laugh and
Mock her blind purposes.
King. You must be temperate.
Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.
Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too.
Quisar. Oh, how I love this man, how truly honour him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Christophero and Pedro at one door, Emanuel and Soza at another.

Chris. D'YOU know th' news, gentlemen?
Eman. 'Would we knew as well, sir,
How to prevent it! [sir,
Soza. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? Taken so maliciously,
And clap'd up close? is that the thanks they render? [ther'd slightly;
Chris. It must not be put up thus, smo-
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong—
Pedro. I know,
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o' th' islands;
But if we be ourselves, honest and resolute,
And continue but masters of our ancient courages, [lainies—
Stick close, and give no vantage to their vil-
Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall a-pieces now,
We're fools, and worthy to be mark'd for misery.

[47] *Meet your* Maumet *gods.*] This is the writing of this word in the old copy of 1647; in the rest 'tis thus,

Meet your *Mahumet* gods. *Sympson.*

Begin to strike at him, they are all bound to?
To cancel his deserts? What must we look
If they can carry this? [for,
Eman. I'll carry coals then. [men,
I have but one life, and one fortune, gentle-
But I'll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves—
Chris. Shall we go charge 'em presently?
Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too
fool-hardy; [friends,
We must have grounds that promise safety,
And sure offence; we lose our angers else,
And, worse than that, venture our lives too
lightly.

Enter Piniero.

Pin. Did you see mine uncle? Plague o' these barbarians! [ye're angry:
How the rogues stick i' my teeth! I know
So I am too, monstrous angry, gentlemen;
I'm angry, that I choke again.
You hear Armusia's up, honest Armusia,
Clap'd up in prison, friends, the brave Armusia?
Here are fine boys!
Eman. We hope he shall not stay there.
Pin. Stay? no, he must not stay, no talk of staying, [rascals?
These are no times to stay. Are not these
Speak, I beseech you speak, are they not rogues? [devils?
Think some abominable names—are they not
But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em
—fusty villains!
Chris. They are a kind of hounds.
Pin. Hounds were their fathers;
Old blear-ey'd bob-tail'd hounds.——Lord, where's my uncle?
Soza. But what shall be done, sir?
Pin. Done?
Soza. Yes, to relieve him?
If it ben't sudden, they may take his life too.
Pin. They dare as soon take fire and swallow it, [ters.
Take stakes and thrust into their tails for clis-
His life? why, 'tis a thing worth all the islands,
And they know will be rated at that value:
His very imprisonment will make the town stink, [for 'em,
And shake and stink; I've physic in my hand
Shall give the goblins such a purge—

Enter Ruy Dias.

Pedro. Your uncle! [seeking you:
Ruy. I hear strange news, and have been
They say Armusia's prisoner.
Pin. 'Tis most certain.
Ruy. Upon what cause?
Pin. He has deserv'd too much, sir;
The old heathen policy has lit upon him,
And paid him home.
Ruy. A most unnoble dealing! [tamely.
Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it
He has deserv'd of all.
Ruy. I must confess it;
Of me so nobly too!
Pin. I'm glad to hear it; [fessio
You've a time now to make good your co
(Your faith will shew but cold else, and f
fashion). [s
Now to redeem all, now to thank his court
Now to make those believe, that held y
backward
And an ill instrument, you are a gentlema
An honest man, and you dare love your n
tion,
Dare stick to Virtue, tho' she be opprest,
And, for her own fair sake, step to her rescu
If you live ages, sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honou
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in
Ruy. I thank you, nephew.—Come alo
with me, gentlemen!
We'll make 'em dancing sport immediatel
We're masters of the fort yet; we shall se
What that can do.
Pin. Let it but spit fire finely, [lace
And play their turrets, and their painted p
A frisking round or two, that they may t
And caper in the air! [
Ruy. Come; we'll do something [plun
Shall make 'em look about; we'll send 'e
If they ben't too hard for their teeth.
Pin. And fine potatoes
Roasted in gunpowder: such a banquet, s
We'll prepare their unmannerly stomachs
Ruy. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villainy.
Come, be high-hearted all!
Omnes. We're all on fire, sir. [*Exeu*

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch (p
suade me not!)
Forgetful of the mercy he shew'd me,
The timely noble pity. Why should I
See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose t
courtesy, [me fr
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand,
Why should it come from me? why I co
mand this? [thankf
Shall not all tongues and truths call me u
Gov. Had the offence been thrown on y
'tis certain [ti
It had been in your power, and your disc
To have it turn'd into mercy, and forgiven
And then it had shew'd a virtuous point of g
titude,
Timely, and nobly ta'en; but since the ca
Concerns the honour of our gods, and th
title, [passi
And so transcends your power, and your co
(A little your own safety, if you saw't too
If your too-fond indulgence did not daz
you)
It cannot now admit a private pity:
'Tis in their wills, their mercies, or reveng
And these revolts in you shew mere rebellio
King. They're mild and pitiful—

Gov. To those repent.
King. Their nature's soft and tender—
Gov. To true hearts,
That feel compunction for their trespasses:
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their arms and worship,
Spits at their powers: take heed you be not found, sir,
And mark'd a favourer of their dishonour!
They use no common justice.
King. What shall I do
To deserve of this man?
Gov. If you more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I'll curse you from the gods, call up their vengeance.

Enter Quisara with her hands bound, Quisana and Panura.

And fling it on your land and you: I've charge
I hope to wrack you all. [for't.—
King. What ails my sister?
Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who dares do this?
Quisan. We did it (pardon, sir!)
And for her preservation: she's grown wild,
And raving on the stranger's love and honour,
Sometimes crying out 'Help, help, they'll torture him, [presently!'
'They'll take his life, they'll murder him
If we had not prevented violently—
Have laid hands on her own life[48].
Gov. These are tokens
The gods' displeasure is gone out: be quick,
And, ere it fall, do something to appease 'em! [thus.
You know the sacrifice.—I'm glad it works
Quisar. How low and base thou look'st now, that wert noble!
No figure of a king, methinks, shews on you,
No face of majesty: foul swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness; base forgetfulness
Of mighty benefits, has turn'd thee devil!
Th' hast persecuted goodness, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on virtue,
On that fair virtue that should teach and guide us; [least merit,
Th' hast wrong'd thine own preserver, whose
Pois'd with thy main estate, thou canst not satisfy; [still.
Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light
What hast thou done?
Gov. Go for him presently,
And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;
If not, let nothing she says hinder you, or stir you! [command you.
She speaks distractedly: do that the gods
Do you know what you say, lady?
Quisar. I could curse thee too!
Religion and severity have steel'd thee,
Have turn'd thy heart to stone; th' hast made the gods hard too,
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel.
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on?
What innocence? what beauty—
King. Pray, be patient! [behind ye?
Quisar. What honourable things ye cast
What monuments of man?

Enter Armusia and Guard.

King. Once more, Armusia,
Because I love you tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win you mine, I wish you,
E'en from my heart I wish and wooe you—
Arm. What, sir? [you hate me;
Take heed how you persuade me falsely! then
Take heed how you entrap me!
King. I advise you,
And tenderly and truly I advise you,
Both for your soul's health, and your
Arm. Stay! [safety—
And name my soul no more! she is too precious, [too.
Too glorious for your flatt'ries, too secure
Gov. Consider the reward, sir, and the honour
That is prepar'd, the glory you shall grow to.
Arm. They're not to be consider'd in these cases,
Not to be nam'd; when souls are questioned,
They're vain and flying vapours. Touch my life,
'Tis ready for you; put it to what test
It shall please you, I'm patient; but for the rest,
You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountain out o'th' way with bellows, [ments.
As soon as stir my faith: use no more argu-
Gov. We must use tortures then.
Arm. Your worst and painfull'st
I'm joyful to accept.
Gov. You must the sharpest, [ties,
For such has been your hate against our deiDeliver'd openly, your threats and scornings;
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment, which is your life, sir.
Arm. I'm glad I have it for you; take it, priest,

[48] *If we had not prevented violently*
Have laid hands on her own life.] Something (perhaps a whole line) seems lost here. The line dropt probably also ended with the word *violently*, which occasioned the omission, the printer thinking he had already composed it. The sense required seems to be, 'If we 'had not used *violent* means to prevent it, she would before now have laid *violent hands* on 'her own life.'

And

And all the miseries that shall attend it!
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian blood;
It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy justice,
Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it; [thing;
Your altars and your temples shake to no-
And you, false worshippers, blind fools of ceremony, [fears in,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads and
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about you, and conceal
Your mother's wombs again— [you,
Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out!
Quisar. Stand fast, sir, [nobly
And fear 'em not! You that have stept so
Into this pious trial, start not now;
Keep on your way; a virgin will assist you,
A virgin won by your fair constancy, [you!
And, glorying that she's won so, will die by
I've touch'd you every way, tried you most honest, [and temperate,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing-chaste,
Valiant, without vain-glory, modest, staid,
No rage or light affection ruling in you;
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find you,
The temple of true honour.
Arm. Whither will she? [lady?
What do you infer by this fair argument,
Quisar. Your faith and your religion must be like you; [mirrors:
They that can shew you these must be pure
When the streams flow clear and fair, what are the fountains? [tune: go on!
I do embrace your faith, sir, and your for-
I will assist you; I feel a sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory.
Let 'em put on their angers! suffer nobly;
Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct
And if I follow not— [me;
Arm. Oh, blessed lady, [umph!—
Since thou art won, let me begin my tri-
Come, clap your terrors on!
Quisar. All your fell tortures!
For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother,
I swear by my new faith (which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so), but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spite of all your gods, without prevention.
Gov. Death! she amazes me.
King. What shall be done now?
Gov. They must die both,
And suddenly; they will corrupt all else.—
This woman makes me weary of my mischief;
She shakes me, and she staggers me.—Go in, sir;
I'll see the execution.

King. Not so sudden:
If they go, all my friends and sisters perish.
Gov. 'Would I were safe at home again!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, sir! [ders,
Seek for defence; the castle plays and thun-
The town rocks, and the houses fly i' th' air,
The people die for fear. Captain Ruy Dias
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone here,
No, not the memory here has stood a city,
Unless Armusia be deliver'd fairly.
King. I have my fears: what can our gods
Gov. Be patient! [do now for us?
But keep him still. He's a cure, sir, against
Both rage and cannon. Go and fortify;
Call in the princes[49], make the palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a king; look nobly, [the prisoner,
And take you courage to you!—Keep close
And under command; we are betray'd else.
Arm. How joyfully I go!
Quisar. Take my heart with thee.
Gov. I hold a wolf by the ear: now, Fortune, free me! [*Exeunt.*

Enter four Townsmen.

1 *Towns.* Heav'n bless us, what a thund'ring's here? what fire-spitting?
We can't drink, but our cans are maul'd amongst us.
2 *Towns.* I would they would maul our scores too! Shame o' their guns.
I thought they had been bird-pots, or great candle-cases; [bullets
How devilishly they bounce, and how the
Borrow a piece of a house here, there another, [rish!
And mend those up again with another pa-
Here flies a powdring-tub, the meat ready roasted,
And there a barrel pissing vinegar; [steeple,
And they two, over-taking the top of a high
Newly slic'd off for a sallad—
3 *Towns.* A vengeance fire 'em!
2 *Towns.* Nay, they fire fast enough; you need not help 'em. [How loud they bellow!
4 *Towns.* Are these the Portugal bulls?
2 *Towns.* Their horns are plaguy strong; they push down palaces;
They toss our little habitations [upward;
Like whelps, like grindle-tails, with their heels
All the windows o' th' town dance a new trenchmore[50]:
'Tis like to prove a blessed age for glasiers!
I met a hand, and a letter in't, in great haste,
And by-and-by a single leg running after it,
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand;
Heads fly like foot-balls every where.
1 *Towns.* What shall we do?
2 *Towns.* I care not; my shop's cancell'd,

[49] *Call in the* princess.] Amended by Sympson.
[50] *Trenchmore.*] See note 41 on the Pilgrim.

And

And all the pots and earthen pans in't vanish'd: [by the ears;
There was a single bullet and they together
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there,
And all his troops of devils.
3 *Towns.* Let's to th' king,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handsomely!
By this hand, there's no walking above ground else. [by it,
2 *Towns.* By this leg (let me swear nimbly
For I know not how long I shall owe[51] it), if I were
Out of the town once, if I came in again
To fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave
To cram me with a Portugal pudding. Come,
Let's do any thing to appease this thunder!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Piniero and Panura.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind priest?
Pan. Yes, most certain; [ciful,
He has provok'd all this. The king is merci-
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
And, when he cools, enrages him; I know it;
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods' fierce justice, [sia;
When he but looks with fair eyes on Armu-
Will lend him no time to relent. My royal mistress,
Sh' has entertain'd a Christian hope.
Pin. Speak truly! [he lies at her,
Pan. Nay, 'tis most true; but, Lord! how
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her!
And, I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed.
Pin. I'll kiss thee for this news! Nay, more, Panura; [Christian,
If thou wilt give me leave, I'll get thee with
The best way to convert thee.
Pan. Make me believe so.
Pin. I will, i'faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?
The palace is close guarded, and barricado'd.
Pan. I came thro' a private vault, which few there know of;
It rises in a temple not far hence,
Close by the castle here.
Pin. How? to what end?
Pan. A good one: [mistress,
To give you knowledge of my new-born
And in what doubt Armusia stands:
Think any present means, or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends. The princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd also. [religion
Pin. The damn'd priest—
Pan. Sure he's a cruel man! Methinks
Should teach more temperate lessons.
Pin. He the firebrand? [are?
He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs
Well, prophet, I shall prophesy, I shall catch you,
When all your prophecies will not redeem you.
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?
Pan. Any good I am able.
Pin. And, by thine own white hand, I'll swear thou'rt virtuous,
And a brave wench. Durst thou but guide me presently [palace,
Thro' the same vault thou cam'st, into the
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit?
Pan. Yes, I will do't, and suddenly, and truly.
Pin. I'd fain behold this prophet.
Pan. Now I have you, [him,
And shall bring you where you shall behold
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences;
That shall be my care: but you must not betray me. [slaves, rogues?
Pin. Dost thou think we're so base, such
Pan. I do not:
And you shall see how fairly I'll work for you.
Pin. I must needs steal that priest, steal him, and hang him. [strangle him!
Pan. Do any thing to remove his mischief;
Pin. Come, prithee, love!
Pan. You'll offer me no foul play?
The vault is dark.
Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.
Pan. And you may—
But I hold you honest.
Pin. Honest enough, I warrant thee.
Pan. I'm but a poor weak wench; and what with the place, [will not—
And your persuasions, sir—but I hope you
You know we're often cozen'd.
Pin. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?
Pan To let you know, sir, [to it,
Tho' it be in your power, and things fitting
Yet a true gentleman—
Pin. I know what he'll do:
Come, and remember me, and I will answer thee, [castle,
I'll answer thee to th' full; we'll call at the
And then, my good guide, do thy will! sha't
A very tractable man. [find me
Pan. I hope I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Soldiers.

Bakam. Let my men guard the gates!
Syana. And mine the temple,
For fear the honour of our gods should suffer:
And on your lives be watchful!
Bakam. And be valiant;
And let's see, if these Portugals dare enter,
What their high hearts dare do! Let's see how readily [man!
The great Ruy Dias will redeem his country-
He speaks proud words, and threatens.
Syana. He's approv'd, sir,
And will put fair for what he promises.
I could wish friendlier terms; yet, for our liberties

[51] *Owe.*] i. e. *Own.*

And

And for our gods, we're bound in our best service,
Ev'n in the hazard of our lives—

Enter the King above.

King. Come up, princes, [fort still
And give your counsels, and your helps: the
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.
Bakam. Send for
The prisoner, and give us leave to argue.
[*Exeunt Bakam and Syana.*

Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christophero, and Pedro, with Soldiers.

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the fort play still! we're strong enough
To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure:
It may be on our view they will return him.
Chris. We will return 'em such thanks else shall make 'em
Scratch where it itches not.
Eman. How the people stare!
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily;
But it is the king—

Enter Syana; Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, with Soldiers, above.

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms;
They're all above. Armusia chain'd and bound too?
Oh, these are thankful squires!
Bakam. Hear us, Ruy Dias,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer!
Command thy cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddenly Armusia's head goes off,
As suddenly as said.
Eman. Stay, sir, be moderate! [Dias!
Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable, Ruy
Let not the fear of me master thy valour!
Pursue 'em still; they are base malicious peo-
King. Friend, be not desperate! [ple.
Arm. I scorn your courtesies!
Strike when you dare! a fair aim guide the gunner[52],
And may he let fly still with fortune! Friend,
Do me the honour of a soldier's funerals,
The last fair Christian rite; see me i'th' ground, [ples,
And let the palace burn first, then the tem-
And on their scorned gods erect my monument!
Touch not the princess, as you are a soldier!
Quisar. Which way you go, sir, I must follow necessary:
One life, and one death!
King. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Piniero, Soza, and Soldiers, with the Governor.

Pin. No, no; go on! Look here; your god, your prophet!
King. How came he taken?
Pin. I conjur'd for him, king:
I am a sure cur at an old blind prophet.
I'll hunt you such a false knave admirably[53]!
A terrier I: I earth'd him, and then snapt him. [we stole him,
Soza. Saving the rev'rence of your grace,
E'en out of the next chamber to you.
Pin. Come, come; begin, king!
Begin this bloody matter when you dare!
And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal: [art thou
I'll tear him thus before you. Ha! what
[*Pulls his beard and hair off.*
King. How's this? Art thou a prophet?
Ruy. Come down, princes! [Armusia
King. We are abus'd!—Oh, my most dear
Off with his chains! And now, my noble sister,
Rejoice with me; I know you're pleas'd as I am. [don governor,
Pin. This is a precious prophet! Why,
What make you here? how long have you ta'en orders? [this mischief?
Ruy. Why, what a wretch art thou to work
T' assume this holy shape to ruin honour,
Honour and chastity?

Enter King, and all, from above.

Gov. I'd paid you all, [my doom.
But Fortune play'd the slut. Come, give me
King. I cannot speak for wonder.
Gov. Nay, 'tis I, sir;
And here I stay your sentence.
King. Take her, friend!
(You've half persuaded me to be a Christian)
And with her all the joys, and all the blessings!
Why, what dream have we dwelt in?
Ruy. All peace to ye, [ye
And all the happiness of heart dwell with
Children as sweet and noble as their parents—
Pin. And kings at least!
Arm. Good sir, forget my rashness;
And, noble princess[54], for I was once angry
And, out of that, might utter some distemper
Think not it is my nature.
Syana. Your joy's ours, sir;
And nothing we find in you but most noble
King. To prison with this dog! there let him howl,
And, if he can repent, sigh out his villainies
His island we shall seize into our hands;
His father and himself have both usurp'd it

[52] *A fair* arm *guide the gunner.*] Amended by Sympson.
[53] *I'll* haunt *ye.*] Surely for *haunt*, we should here read *hunt*. *Sympson.*
[54] *And noble* Princesse.] So the first folio; the second, and octavo 1711, *Princesses*; Seward and Sympson, *Princes*. The first copy surely is right, *Armusia* meaning to apologize for his passionate language, in a former scene, to *Quisara*.

An

And kept it by oppression: the town and castle,
In which I lay myself most miserable,
'Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signor Piniero, I bestow on you;
The rest of next command upon these gentlemen;
Upon ye all, my love.
Arm. Oh, brave Ruy Dias,
You've started now beyond me: I must thank you,
And thank you for my life, my wife, and honour,
Ruy. I'm glad I had her for you, sir.
King. Come princes; [gentlemen;
Come, friends and lovers all; come, noble
No more guns now, nor hates, but joys and triumphs!
An universal gladness fly about us!
And know, however subtle men dare cast
And promise wfack, the gods give peace at last. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE WOMAN'S PRIZE;

OR,

THE TAMER TAM'D.

A COMEDY.

This Comedy appears to be one of the performances which Fletcher wrote, without the assistance of Beaumont. The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lovelace, as well as the Prologue, ascribe it to him alone. We believe an alteration of part of it was acted about twenty years ago at Drury-Lane Theatre, as an After-Piece, for the benefit of the late Mrs. Pritchard, or one of her family.

PROLOGUE.

LADIES, to you, in whose defence and right
Fletcher's brave muse prepar'd herself to fight
A battle without blood ('twas well fought too;
The victory's yours, tho' got with much ado)
We do present this Comedy; in which
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
In fancy, language, and all parts that may
Add grace and ornament to a merry play:
Which this may prove! Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our female war,
We do entreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot, [worse,
Set speeches, high expressions, and what's
In a true Comedy, politick discourse.
The end we aim at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the city nor the court.
Hear, and observe his comick strain, and when
Ye're sick of melancholy, see't again.
'Tis no dear physick, since 'twill quit the cost,
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

MOROSO, *an old rich doting Citizen, Suitor to Livia.*
SOPHOCLES, TRANIO, } *two Gentlemen, friends to Petruchio.*
PETRUCHIO, *an Italian Gentleman, Husband to Maria.*
ROWLAND, *a young Gentleman, in love with Livia.*
PETRONIUS, *Father to Maria and Livia.*
JAQUES, PEDRO, } *two witty Servants to Petruchio.*
DOCTOR.
APOTHECARY.
WATCHMEN.
PORTERS.

WOMEN.

MARIA, *a chaste witty Lady,* LIVIA, *Mistress to Rowland,* } *the two masculine Daughters of Petronius.*
BIANCA, *their Cousin, and Commander-in-chief.*
CITY WIVES, COUNTRY WIVES, } *who come to the relief of the Ladies.*
MAIDS.

SCENE, *London.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio, with rosemary[1], *as from a Wedding.*

Moroso. GOD give 'em joy!
Tra. Amen!
Soph. Amen, say I too!
The pudding's now i'th' proof. Alas, poor wench, [work,
Thro' what a mine of patience must thou
Ere thou know'st good hour more!
Tra. 'Tis too true, certain:
Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a father,
To match her to this dragon: I protest
I pity the poor gentlewoman.
Mor. Methinks now,
He's not so terrible as people think him.
Soph. This old thief flatters, out of mere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.
Tra. But shall he have her?
Soph. Yes, when I have Rome:
And yet the father's for him.
Mor. I'll assure you,
I hold him a good man.
Soph. Yes, sure, a wealthy;
But whether a good woman's man is doubtful.
Tra. 'Would 'twere no worse!
Mor. What tho' his other wife,
Out of her most abundant soberness,
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a rebel) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she; does't follow
He must retain that long-since-buried tempest,
To this soft maid?
Soph. I fear it.
Tra. So do I too;
And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be—
Mor. What would you do, sir?
Tra. I'd learn to eat coals with an angry cat, [him[2],
And spit fire at him; I would, to prevent
Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore,
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom,
To be a wife, and his.
Soph. So I should think too. [first wife
Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his
(I tell you on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for cudgels, colestaves, any thing;
Hiding his breeches, out of fear her ghost
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still Petruchio,
Than I am Babylon.
Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him; but to think
A fit match for this tender soul—
Tra. His very frown[3], if she but say her prayers [tinder;
Louder than men talk treason, makes him
The motion of a dial, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a water-work;
She must do nothing of herself, not eat,
Drink, say 'Sir, how do you?' make her
Unless he bid her. [ready, unready,
Soph. He will bury her, [three weeks.
Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these
Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter Jaques, with a pot of Wine.

Mor. He loves her most extremely,
And so long 'twill be honey-moon. Now,
You are a busy man, I'm sure. [Jaques!
Jaques. Yes, certain;
This old sport must have eggs.
Soph. Not yet this ten days.

[1] *Rosemary.*] See note 33 on the Elder Brother.
[2] *To* prevent *him.*] *i. e.* To be *beforehand* with him, to *out-do* him.
[3] *His very frown——————*
——makes him tinder.] This very unintelligible passage, we have no assistance from any authority to set right: what stuff is it to say, that *Petruchio*'s own frown, if his wife says her prayers, &c. makes him (*Petruchio*) tinder. If I may venture to conjecture what the poet did write, it should be thus: *her very* sound, or, as it might be wrote nearer to the trace of the letters in Chaucer's manner, *her very soun, i. e.* voice, and then the passage would be sense. *Sympson.*
We think some words are lost: *his very frown*, is a proper beginning of a reply to the foregoing speech. The last speech ending with an imperfect verse, *Tranio*'s might have begun with,
——————Oh, no!
His very frown *would throw her into fits;*
And ev'n her voice, if she but, &c.
We do not presume to give the additional words as those lost, but only as supplying something like the sense of them.

Jaques. Sweet gentlemen, with muskadel.
Tra. That's right, sir.
Mor. This fellow broods his master[4].
Speed you, Jaques!
Soph. We shall be for you presently.
Jaques. Your worships [science,
Shall have it rich and neat, and, o'my con-
As welcome as our Lady-day. Oh, my old sir,
When shall we see your worship run at ring?
That hour, a standing were worth money.
Mor. So, sir! [tress,
Jaques. Upon my little honesty, your mis-
If I have any speculation,
Must think this single thrumming of a fiddle,
Without a bow, but e'en poor sport.
Mor. You're merry.
Jaques. 'Would I were wise too! So, God bless your worship! [*Exit.*
Tra. The fellow tells you true.
Soph. When is the day, man?
Come, come; you'll steal a marriage.
Mor. Nay, believe me:
But when her father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.
Tra. Why not now?
One charge had serv'd for both.
Mor. There's reason in't.
Soph. Call'd Rowland.
Mor. Will you walk?
They'll think we are lost: come, gentlemen!
Tra. You've wip'd him now.
Soph. So will he ne'er the wench, I hope.
Tra. I wish it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rowland and Livia.

Rowl. Now, Livia, if you'll go away to-
night,
If your affections be not made of words—
Livia. I love you, and you know how
dearly, Rowland:
(Is there none near us?) My affections ever
Have been your servants; with what super-
I've ever sainted you— [stition
Rowl. Why then take this way?
Livia. 'Till be a childish, and a less pro-
sperous course [we do
Than his that knows not care; why should
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?
Rowl. Then you flatter!
Livia. Alas, you know I cannot.
Rowl. What hope's left else
But flying, to enjoy ye?
Livia. None, so far.
For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent against us; what but ruin,
Can such a bye-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would
shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win
us
A course, tho' somewhat longer, yet far surer.
Rowl. And then Moroso has ye.
Livia. No such matter: [whoring;
For hold this certain; begging, stealing,
Selling (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit cods, or musty English crocus,
Switches, or stones for th' tooth-ach, sooner
finds me,
Than that drawn fox Moroso.
Rowl. But his money;
If wealth may win you—
Livia. If a hog may be [Rowland?
High-priest among the Jews! His money,
Oh, love forgive me! What faith hast thou!
Why, can his money kiss me—
Rowl. Yes.
Livia. Behind,
Lac'd[5] out upon a petticoat.—Or grasp me,
While I cry, oh, good thank you! (O' my
troth, [with me,
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear!) or lie
As you may do? Alas, what fools you men
are!
His mouldy money? Half a dozen riders,
That cannot sit, but stampt fast to their
saddles;
No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet
doubt me?
Rowl. I cannot say I doubt you.
Livia. Go thy ways: [sion—
Thou art the prettiest puling piece of pas-
I'faith, I will not fail thee.
Rowl. I had rather— [carry it,
Livia. Prithee, believe me! If I do not
For both our goods—
Rowl. But—
Livia. What *but?*
Rowl. I would tell you. [but this;
Livia. I know all you can tell me: all's
You'd have me, and lie with me; is't not so?
Rowl. Yes. [you? Go,
Livia. Why, you shall; will that content
Rowl. I am very loth to go.

Enter Bianca and Maria.

Livia. Now, o'my conscience,
Thou art an honest fellow! Here's my sister!
Go, prithee go! this kiss, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do. Farewell!
Rowl. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Livia. Alas, poor fool, how't looks! [it.
It would ev'n hang itself, should I but cross
For pure love to the matter, I must hatch it.
Bianca. Nay, never look for merry hour,
Maria,
If now you make it not: let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,

[4] Broods *his master.*] i. e. *Nourishes* or *cherishes* him.
[5] *Lasd*, first folio; *laid*, second. The text is by Sympson.

Make

Make you continual anvil to his anger!
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: take your own council;
You shall not say that I persuaded you.
But if you suffer him—
Maria. Stay! shall I do't?
Bianca. Have you a stomach to't?
Maria. I never shew'd it. [stronger[6] in you.
Bianca. 'Till shew the rarer and the
But do not say I urg'd you.
Maria. I am perfect. [leap'd
Like Curtius, to redeem my country, have I
Into this gulph of marriage; and I'll do it.
Farewell, all poorer thoughts, but spite and anger, [cousin,
'Till I have wrought a miracle!—Now,
I am no more the gentle, tame Maria:
Mistake me not; I have a new soul in me,
Made of a north-wind, nothing but tempest;
And, like a tempest, shall it make all ruins,
'Till I have run my will out!
Bianca. This is brave now, [you!
If you continue it: but, your own will lead
Maria. Adieu, all tenderness! I dare continue. [blushes,
Maids that are made of fears, and modest
View me, and love example!
Bianca. Here's your sister.
Maria. Here's the brave old man's love—
Bianca. That loves the young man.
Maria. Ay, and hold thee there, wench!
What a grief of heart is't, [night,
When Paphos' revels should up-rouse old
To sweat against a cork, to lie and tell
The clock o' th' lungs, to rise sport-starv'd?
Livia. Dear sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?
Maria. Why, at church, wench; [now.
Where I am tied to talk thus: I'm a wife
Livia. It seems so, and a modest!
Maria. You're an ass!
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee pins.
Livia. 'Bless me!
Maria. From what? [sin Livia!
Bianca. From such a tame fool as our cou-
Livia. You are not mad?
Maria. Yes, wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance (mark me, Livia),
Or indeed fit for our sex. 'Tis bed-time:
Pardon me, yellow Hymen, that I mean
Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant bridegroom!
Livia. Whither will this woman?
Bianca. You may perceive her end.
Livia. Or rather fear it.
Maria. Dare you be partner in't?
Livia. Leave it, Maria! [leave it!
(I fear I've mark'd too much) for goodness,
Divest you with obedient hands; to-bed!
Maria. To bed? No, Livia; there are comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow
Must yet, before I know that heat (ne'er start, wench),
Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;
Here must his head be, Livia.
Livia. Never hope it: [as
'Tis as easy with a sieve to scoop the ocean,
To tame Petruchio.
Maria. Stay!—Lucina, hear me!
Never unlock the treasure of my womb,
For human fruit to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret hand make brief
A mother's labour to me; if I do
Give way unto my married husband's will,
Or be a wife in any thing but hopes,
'Till I have made him easy as a child,
And tame as fear! (He shall not win a smile
Or a pleas'd look, from this austerity,
Tho' it would pull another jointure from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man)
And when I kiss him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleasures are in dreams and guesses!
Livia. A strange exordium!
Bianca. All the several wrongs
Done by imperious husbands to their wives
These thousand years and upwards, strengthen
Thou hast a brave cause. [thee
Maria. And I'll do it bravely;
Or may I knit my life out ever after!
Livia. In what part of the world[7] got she this spirit?

[6] *Stronger.*] Sympson would read *stranger*.

[7] *In what part of the world.*] These six subsequent lines seem almost all misplaced. As they now stand, part of the sentence is intermixt with the parenthesis, and makes a parenthesis to the parenthesis. I read the whole thus:

Livia. In what part of the world got she this spirit?
Which yet I cannot think your own, it shews
So distant from your sweetness————
Maria. 'Tis, I swear.
Livia. Yet pray, *Maria*, look before you truly,
Besides the *due* obedience of a wife,
(Which you will find a heavy imputation)
Weigh but the, &c.

I have inserted an adjective in the fifth line, which seems to have been drop'd by accident: it is necessary to the measure, natural to the expression, and is used in the same manner in another part of the play. *Seward.*

We see no need of transposition: the construction is not more violent than many other passages of these plays, undoubtedlygenuine. Y

Yet pray, Maria, look before you truly!
Besides the disobedience of a wife[8],
(Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own) it shews
So distant from your sweetness—
Maria. 'Tis, I swear. [hopes you have,
Livia. Weigh but the person, and the
To work this desperate cure!
Maria. A weaker subject [ence?
Would shame the end I aim at. Disobedi-
You talk too tamely: by the faith I have
In mine own noble will, that childish woman
That lives a pris'ner to her husband's plea-
sure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship!
Livia. His first wife said as much.
Maria. She was a fool,
And took a scurvy course: let her be nam'd
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare
I have a new dance for him. [not do 'em:
Livia. Are you of
This faith?
Bianca. Yes, truly; and will die in't.
Livia. Why then,
Let's all wear breeches! [of a woman:
Maria. Now thou com'st near the nature
Hang these tame-hearted eyasses[9], that no
sooner [hollow,
See the lure out, and hear their husband's
But cry like kites upon 'em: the free hag-
gard [knows it,
(Which is that woman that hath wing, and
Spirit and plume) will make an hundred
checks,
To shew her freedom, sail in ev'ry air,
And look out ev'ry pleasure, not regarding
Lure nor quarry till her pitch command
What she desires; making her founder'd
keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Livia. You're learned, sister;
Yet I say still, take heed!
Maria. A witty saying!
I'll tell thee, Livia, had this fellow tir'd
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A patent, with an office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by parliament; had he all the ma-
And subtilty of devils, or of us, [lice
Or any thing that's worse than both—
Livia. Hey, hey, boys! this is excellent!
Maria. Or could he ['em
Cast his wives new again, like bells, to make
Sound to his will; or had the fearful name
Of the first breaker of wild women; yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single.
And, spite of all the freedom he has reach'd
to, [him
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould
Into a babe again, that aged women, [him.
Wanting both teeth and spleen, may master
Bianca. Thou wilt be chronicled.
Maria. That's all I aim at. [heart
Livia. I must confess I do with all my
Hate an imperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon—
Bianca. To make him cuckold?
Maria. If he deserve it.
Livia. Then I'll leave ye[10], ladies.
Bianca. Thou hast not so much noble an-
ger in thee. [to do
Maria. Go sleep, go sleep! What we intend
Lies not for such starv'd souls as thou hast,
Livia. [be with you presently.
Livia. Good night! The bridegroom will
Maria. That's more than you know.
Livia. If you work upon him
As you have promis'd, you may give example,
Which no doubt will be follow'd.
Maria. So!
Bianca. Good night!
We'll trouble you no further. [harm!
Maria. If you intend no good, pray do no
Livia. None, but pray for you! [*Exit.*
Bianca. Cheer, wench!
Maria. Now Bianca, [height!
Those wits we have, let's wind them to the
My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations are half-builders, all men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques, My master, forsooth—
Maria. Oh, how does thy master?
Prithee commend me to him.
Jaques. How is this?
My master stays, forsooth—
Maria. Why, let him stay!
Who hinders him, forsooth?
Jaques. The revel's ended now.—
To visit you.
Maria. I am not sick.
Jaques. I mean
To see his chamber, forsooth.

[8] *Besides the* obedience *of a wife.*] We read, *dis*obedience, which *Maria's answer* certainly confirms. Again, *obedience,* or, as Seward would read, *due* obedience, is no *heavy imputation,* but *dis*obedience is; and supplies the syllable required by Seward to complete the measure, and, what is of more consequence, agrees with the sense of the context.—We ought to observe, that we have altered the stops. The text in *Maria's* speech used to stand thus:

——— A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aim at, *disobedience.*
You talk too tamely.

[9] *Eyasses.*] *Eyess,* a (watery-eyed) hawk brought up under a kite. *Coles's Dict.* 1677.

[10] Then *I'll leave ye.*] Probably we should read, *there* I'll leave ye.

Maria.

Maria. Am I his groom?
Where lay he last night, forsooth?
Jaques. In the low matted parlour.
Maria. There lies his way, by the long gallery. [very merry, mistress.
Jaques. I mean your chamber. You are
Maria. 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted, Jaques.
But, if you'll know where I lie, follow me;
And what thou seest, deliver to thy master.
Bianca. Do, gentle Jaques. [*Exeunt.*
Jaques. Ha! is the wind in that door?
By'r lady, we shall have foul weather then!
I do not like the shuffling of these women;
They are mad beasts, when they knock their heads together: [pers
I have observ'd them all this day, their whis-
One in another's ear; their signs and pinches,
And breaking often into violent laughters,
As if the end they purpos'd were their own.
Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,
A very trick, and dainty knavery;
Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort.
What would these women do in ways of honour, [sir
That are such masters this way? Well, my
Has been as good at finding out these toys
As any living: if he lose it now,
At his own peril be it! I must follow.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Servants with Lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, Tranio, and Sophocles.

Petru. You that are married, gentlemen,
For a round wager now! [have at ye,
Soph. Of this night's stage?
Petru. Yes.
Soph. I am your first man: a pair of gloves
Of twenty shillings.
Petru. Done! Who takes me up next?
I am for all bets. [night now,
Mor. Well, lusty Lawrence, were but my
Old as I am, I'd make you clap on spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your
I would, gallants. [trot too;
Petru. Well said, Good-will; but where's the staff, boy[11], ha?
Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.
Tra. A good tough train would break thee all to pieces; [ers
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy pray-
Petron. See how these boys despise us!—
Will you to bed, son?
This pride will have a fall.
Petru. Upon your daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In eggs, and butter'd parsnips. [talking
Petron. Will you to bed, son, and leave
To-morrow morning we shall have you look[12]
For all your great words, like St. George at Kingston, [gon
Running a foot-back from the furious dra-
That with her angry tail belabours him
For being lazy. [quench'd—
Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far
Petru. 'Tis well, sir.
What then?
Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarf;
Here is no place for living man.
Petru. Well, my masters, if I
Do sink under my business, as I find
'Tis very possible, I am not the first
That has miscarried; so that's my comfort;
What may be done without impeach or waste,

Enter Jaques.

I can and will do. How now!
Is my fair bride a-bed?
Jaques. No truly, sir. [up
Petron. Not a-bed yet? Body o'me, we'll
And rifle her! Here's a coil with a maiden-
'Tis not entailed, is it? [head!
Petru. If it be,
I'll try all the law i'th' land, but I'll cut it off.
Let's up, let's up; come!
Jaques. That you cannot neither.
Petru. Why? [ney
Jaques. Unless you will drop thro' the chim-
Like a daw, or force a breach i'th' windows;
You may untile the house, 'tis possible.
Petru. What dost thou mean? [press it:
Jaques. A moral, sir; the ballad will ex-

The wind and the rain
Have turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there.

The truth is, all the doors are barricadoed;
Not a cat-hole, but holds a murd'rer in't:
She's victuall'd for this month.

[11] *Where's the* staff *boy, ha?*] Tho' I take no pleasure in the raking into a dunghill, yet the amending of passages to the honour of our author's good sense, whether innocent or obscene, is the duty of every careful editor; for *staff*, therefore, I propose reading *stuff*, and the following line seems to confirm the alteration:

——— but where's the *stuff* boy, ha?
Old father Time, *your hour-glass is empty.* *Sympson.*

We think Sympson might have left the *staff* alone.

[12] *Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?*
To-morrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words—] The gravity of the speaker, old Petronius, made me suspicious that, *For all your great*, &c. must belong to Sophocles: and if they won't come more decently, yet certainly they will flow more properly from his than the old gentleman's mouth. Mr. Seward too advanc'd the same alteration, altho' I have not dar'd to disturb the text.

Sympson.

Petru.

Petru. Art not thou drunk? [let's up.
Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk! Come, come;
Jaques. Yes, yes, [tlemen;
I am drunk! Ye may go up, ye may, gen-
But take heed to your heads: I say no more.
Soph. I'll try that. [*Exit.*
Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd, fellow? [guarded too;
Jaques. Yes, truly, sir, 'tis lock'd, and
And two as desperate tongues planted behind it, [honours,
As e'er yet batter'd: they stand upon their
And won't give up without strange composition,
I will assure you; marching away with
Their pieces cock'd, and bullets in their
Will not satisfy them. [mouths,
Petru. How's this? how's this?
They are? Is there another with her?
Jaques. Yes, marry is there, and an engineer.
Mor. Who's that, for Heaven's sake?
Jaques. Colonel Bianca; she commands the works; [half-moon!
Spinola's but a ditcher to her [13]. There is a
I'm but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave,
I'll venture a year's wages, draw all your force before it,
And mount your ablest piece of battery,
You shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I should laugh at that, good Jaques.
Soph. Beat back again!
She's fortified for ever.
Jaques. Am I drunk now, sir? [be cool'd.
Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and
I have scap'd a pretty scouring.
Petru. What, are they mad? have we another Bedlam?
They do not talk, I hope?
Soph. Oh, terribly,
Extremely fearful; the noise at London-bridge
Is nothing near her.
Petru. How got she tongue?
Soph. As you got tail: she was born to't.
Petru. Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, an I suffer this, I may go graze.
Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are these virtues? [as I was:
Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame,
I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, nobody
Answer'd; knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would have [work
Broke in by force; when suddenly a water-
Flew from the window with such violence,
That, had I not duck'd quickly like a friar,
Cætera quis nescit?
The chamber's nothing but a mere Ostend [14];
In every window pewter cannons mounted,
You'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, sir.
Petru. Why, then, *tantara* for us!
Soph. And all the lower works lin'd sure with small shot. [score blank
Long tongues with firelocks, that at twelve-
Hit to the heart. Now, an ye dare go up—

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Mor. The window opens! Beat a parley first.
I am so much amaz'd, my very hair stands.
Petron. Why, how now, daughter? What, intrench'd?
Maria. A little guarded for my safety, sir.
Petru. For your safety, sweetheart? Why, who offends you?
I come not to use violence.
Maria. I think
You cannot, sir; I'm better fortified.
Petru. I know your end; you would fain reprieve your maiden-head
A night, or two.
Maria. Yes, or ten, or twenty,
Or say an hundred; or, indeed, till I list lie with you. [sent hour
Soph. That's a shrewd saying! From this pre-
I never will believe a silent woman;
When they break out they are bonfires.
Petron. 'Till you list lie with him? Why, who are you, madam?
Bianca. That trim gentleman's wife, sir.
Petru. Cry you mercy! do you command too?
Maria. Yes, marry does she, and in chief.
Bianca. I do command, and you shall go without—
I mean your wife, for this night.
Maria. And for the next too, wench; and so as't follows.
Petron. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Maria. Yes, indeed, dear father;
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know, for ever.
Soph. Indeed these are bug-words.
Tra. You hear, sir, she can talk, God be thanked!
Petru. I would I heard it not, sir!
Soph. I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this woman
Makes but an anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never virtuous. [jesting.
Petru. You'll let me in, I hope, for all this
Maria. Hope still, sir.
Petron. You will come down, I am sure.

[13] Spinola's *but a ditcher to her.*] The marquis of Spinola, who was commander in chief at the siege of Ostend, mentioned above. *R.*

[14] *A mere* Ostend, &c.] Alluding to the remarkable siege of *Ostend*, which held from the 5th of July 1601, to the 8th of September 1604, three years and ten weeks. See, 'A true 'history of the memorable siege of *Ostend*, and what passed on either side from the begin-'ning of the siege unto the yielding up of the town.' 4to. 1604.

Maria. I am sure I will not.
Petron. I'll fetch you then. [not, sir,
Bianca. The pow'r of the whole county can-
Unless we please to yield; which yet I think
We shall not: charge when you please, you
Hear quickly from us. [shall
Mor. Heaven bless me from
A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving?
Petru. Prithee, Maria, tell me what's the reason, [with me?
And do it freely, you deal thus strangely
You were not forc'd to marry; your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have, to keep a woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a saint yet:
My person, as it is not excellent, [physick,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with
But well enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her husband.
Maria. 'Tis so. [no shamers
Petru. My means and my conditions are
Of him that owes 'em, (all the world knows that)
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.
Maria. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels
I dare except against; nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aim at,
These idle outward things, these women's fears,
That, were I yet unmarried, free to chuse
Thro' all the tribes of man, I'll take Petruchio [priest,
In's shirt, with one ten groats to pay the
Before the best man living, or the ablest
That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire; and they are right ones. [stand prating
Petron. Why do you play the fool then, and
Out of the window, like a broken miller?
Petru. If you will have me credit you, Maria,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.
Maria. Stay
There, sir; that bargain's yet to make.
Bianca. Play sure, wench!
The pack's in thine own hand.
Soph. Let me die lousy, [very
If these two wenches be not brewing knaTo stock a kingdom!
Petru. Why, this is a riddle;
I love you, and I love you not.
Maria. It is so;
And till your own experience do unty it,
This distance I must keep.
Petru. If you talk more,
I'm angry, very angry!
Maria. I'm glad on't, and I will talk.
Petru. Prithee, peace! [woman,
Let me not think thou'rt mad. I tell thee,
If thou goest forward, I am still Petruchio.
Maria. And I am worse, a woman that can fear
Neither Petruchio Furius, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance:
There's a short method for you; now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry't so, 'tis very well.
Bianca. No, you shall carry't, sir.
Petru. Peace, gentle low-bell!
Petron. Use no more words, but come down instantly;
I charge thee, by the duty of a child!
Petru. Prithee come, Maria! I forgive all.
Maria. Stay there! That duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)
Is now another man's; you gave't away
I' th' church, if you remember, to my husband;
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: your blessing, and I'm
To be I for this night. [gone
Petron. This is monstrous! [devil,
That blessing that St. Dunstan gave the
If I were near thee, I would give thee, whore;
Pull thee down by th' nose!
Bianca. Saints should not rave, sir:
A little rhubarb now were excellent.
Petru. Then, by that duty you owe to me, Maria,
Open the door, and be obedient!
I'm quiet yet.
Maria. I do confess that duty:
Make your best on't.
Petru. Why, give me leave, I will.
Bianca. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff jade to trot; you know the moral.
Maria. Yet, as I take it, sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.
Petru. You will not article?
All I owe, presently (let me but up) I'll pay.
Maria. You are too hot, and such prove jades at length. [you again,
You do confess a duty, or respect to me from
That's very near, or full the same with mine?
Petru. Yes. [what
Maria. Then, by that duty, or respect, or
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.
Petru. Well, what remedy?
Petron. A fine smart cudgel. Oh, that I were near thee! [were we in!
Bianca. If you had teeth now, what a case
Mor. These are the most authentic rebels,
Tyrone, I ever heard of. [next
Maria. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my will observ'd, I may,
With intercession of some friends, be brought
May be to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition.
You understand me?
Soph. Thou, boy, thou!
Petru. Well, [my comfort.
There are more maids than Maudlin; that's
Maria. Yes; and more men than Michael.
Petru. I must not
To bed with this stomach, and no meat, lady.

Maria.

Maria. Feed where you will, so it be sound and wholesome;
Else, live at livery, for I'll none with you.
Bianca. Y' had best back one o' th' dairy maids, they'll carry: [bruise else.
But take heed to your girths, you'll get a
Petru. Now, if thou wouldst come down, and tender me
All the delights due to a marriage-bed;
Study such kisses as would melt a man;
And turn thyself into a thousand figures,
To add new flames unto me; I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings: all the beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
(For without doubt your minds are miserable,
You have no masks for them) all this rare beauty,
Lay but the painter and the silk-worm by,
The doctor with his diets, and the tailor,
And you appear like flea'd cats; not so handsome. [us hither,
Maria. And we appear, like her that sent
That only excellent and beauteous nature,
Truly ourselves, for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle: we are gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
The husband's stamp upon us, then allays,
And base ones, of you men, are mingled with us,
And make us blush like copper!
Petru. Then, and never
'Till then, are women to be spoken of;
For till that time you have no souls, I take it.
Good night! —Come, gentlemen! I'll fast for this night;
But, by this hand—Well, I shall come up yet!
Maria. No. [wither'd jury;
Petru. There will I watch thee like a
Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle, [so soon?
Nor any thing that's easy. Do you rebel
Yet take mercy. [I'll assure you
Bianca. Put up your pipes; to bed, sir!
A month's siege will not shake us.
Mor. Well said, colonel!
Maria. To bed, to bed, Petruchio! Good night, gentlemen!
You'll make my father sick with sitting up.
Here you shall find us any time these ten days, [ment.
Unless we may march off with our content-
Petru. I'll hang first!
Maria. And I'll quarter, if I do not!
I'll make you know, and fear a wife, Pe-
There my cause lies. [truchio;
You have been famous for a woman-tamer,
And bear the fear'd name of a brave wife-breaker: [and tame you.
A woman now shall take those honours off,
Nay, never look so big! she shall, believe me,
And I am she. What think ye? Good
Ye shall find centinels— [night to all.
Bianca. If ye dare sally. [*Exeunt above.*

Petron. The devil's in 'em, ev'n the very
The down-right devil! [devil,
Petru. I'll devil 'em; by these ten bones, I will!
I'll bring't to th' old proverb, 'No sport, no pie.'
Pox! taken down i'th' top of all my speed?
This is fine dancing! Gentlemen, stick to me:
You see our freehold's touch'd; and, by this light, [out,
We will beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em
Or make 'em recreant. [about 'em.
Petron. I'll see all passages stopt, but those
If the good women of the town dare succour
We shall have wars indeed. ['em,
Soph. I'll stand perdue upon 'em.
Mor. My regiment shall lie before.
Jaques. I think so;
'Tis grown too old to stand. [tackle!
Petru. Let's in, and each provide his
We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons
(Hear what I say) on their bare knees.
Am I Petruchio, fear'd, and spoken of,
And on my wedding-night am I thus jaded?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Rowland and Pedro, at several doors.

Rowl. Now, Pedro?
Pedro. Very busy, master Rowland.
Rowl. What haste, man?
Pedro. I beseech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.
Rowl. Thou art not mad?
Pedro. No; but, believe me, as hasty—
Rowl. The cause, good Pedro?
Pedro. There be a thousand, sir. You
Rowl. Not yet. [are not married?
Pedro. Keep yourself quiet then.
Rowl. Why?
Pedro. You'll find a fiddle
That never will be tun'd else: from all women— [*Exit.*
Rowl. What ails the fellow, tro?—Jaques?

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Your friend, sir;
But very full of business.
Rowl. Nothing but business?
Prithee the reason! Is there any dying?
Jaques. I would there were, sir!
Rowl. But thy business? [lay
Jaques. I'll tell you in a word: I'm sent to
An imposition upon souse and puddings,
Pasties, and penny custards, that the women
May not relieve you rebels. Fare you well,
Rowl. How does my mistress? [sir!
Jaques. Like a resty jade;
She's spoil'd for riding. [*Exit.*
Rowl. What a devil ail they?

Enter Sophocles.

Custards, and penny pasties, fools and fiddles!
What's this to th' purpose?—Oh, well met.

Soph. Now, Rowland?
I cannot stay to talk long.
Rowl. What's the matter? [you?
Here's stirring, but to what end? Whither go
Soph. To view the works.
Rowl. What works?
Soph. The women's trenches.
Rowl. Trenches? Are such to see?
Soph. I do not jest, sir.
Rowl. I cannot understand you.
Soph. Don't you hear
In what a state of quarrel the new bride
Stands with her husband?
Rowl. Let him stand with her,
And there's an end.
Soph. It should be; but, by'r lady, [him,
She holds him out at pike's end, and defies
And now is fortified. Such a regiment of rutters
Never defied men braver: I am sent
To view their preparation.
Rowl. This is news, [not
Stranger than armies in the air[14]. You saw
My gentle mistress?
Soph. Yes, and meditating [found it,
Upon some secret business; when sh' had
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight
To shun Moroso. [retir'd
Rowl. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Rowl. No.
Soph. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Rowl. Farewell, sir!— [joy in't,
What should her musing mean, and what her
If not for my advantage? Stay you! may not

Enter Livia at one door, and Moroso at another, hearkening.

That bob-tail jade Moroso, with his gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this? Here she comes;
And yonder walks the stallion to discover!
Yet I'll salute her. Save you, beauteous mistress! [you, sir!
Livia. The fox is kennell'd for me.—Save
Rowl. Why do you look so strange?
Livia. I use to look, sir,
Without examination.
Mor. Twenty spur-ryals for that word!
Rowl. Belike then
The object discontents you?
Livia. Yes, it does. [you not?
Rowl. Is't come to this? You know me, do
Livia. Yes, as I may know many, by repentance.
Rowl. Why do you break your faith?
Livia. I'll tell you that too: [you.
You're under age, and no band holds upon
Mor. Excellent wench!
Livia. Sue out your understanding,
And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle! [kisses)
(For boys were made for nothing but dry
And, if you can, more manners!
Mor. Better still! [or stockings,
Livia. And then, if I want Spanish gloves,
A ten-pound waistcoat, or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.
Rowl. Farewell! and when I credit women more,
May I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck! [thus kind to you:
Livia. Because I've known you, I'll be
Farewell, and be a man! and I'll provide you,
Because I see you're desperate, some staid chambermaid, [doctrine.
That may relieve your youth with wholesome
Mor. She's mine from all the world!—
Livia. Ha, chicken! [Ha, wench!
[*Gives him a box on the ear, and exit.*
Mor. How's this? I do not love these favours.—Save you!
Rowl. The devil take thee!
[*Wrings him by the nose.*
Mor. Oh! [me now!
Rowl. There's a love-token for you; thank
Mor. I'll think on some of ye; and, if I live,
My nose alone shall not be play'd withal!
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Petronius and Moroso.

Petron. A BOX o'th' ear, d'you say?
Mor. Yes, sure, a sound one;
Beside my nose blown to my hand. If Cupid
Shoot arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,
H' has sued his liv'ry, and is no more a boy.
Petron. You gave her some ill language!
Mor. Not a word.
Petron. Or might be you were fumbling?
Mor. 'Would I had, sir!
'Had been aforehand then; but to be baffled
And have no feeling of the cause—
Petron. Be patient; [cure her
I have a medicine clapp'd to her back will
Mor. No, sure't must be afore, sir.

[14] *Than* arms *in the air.*] Corrected in 1750.

Petron

Petron. O' my conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne'er shew'd their riding) I was drunk with bastard[15],
Whose nature is to form things like itself,
Heady and monstrous. Did she slight him too? [by-horse
Mor. That's all my comfort! A mere hob-
She made child Rowland[16]: 'Sfoot, she would not know him,
Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts, which I held more than wonder; [him,
I having seen her within's three days kiss
With such an appetite as tho' she'd eat him.
Petron. There is some trick in this. How did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry, he ran away.
Petron. I fear her:
And yet I tell you, ever to my anger
She is as tame as innocency. It may be
This blow was but a favour.
Mor. I'll be sworn
'Twas well tied on then.
Petron. Go to! pray forget it: [hours
I have bespoke a priest, and within's two
I'll have you married: will that please you?
Mor. Yes. [the lady
Petron. I'll see it done myself, and give
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery,
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month on't.
Mor. Nay, good sir, be not violent.
Petron. Neither—
Mor. It may be
Out of her earnest love there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindness,
To give me a box o'th' ear, or so.
Petron. It may be. [night then
Mor. I reckon for the best still. This I shall enjoy her.
Petron. You shall handsel her. [for't
Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow
Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.
Petron. Where's your jointure?
Mor. I have a jointure for her.
Petron. Have your council perus'd it yet?
Mor. No council but the night, and your sweet daughter,
Shall e'er peruse that jointure.
Petron. Very well, sir.
Mor. I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoinders.
The other's ready seal'd.
Petron. Come then; let's comfort
My son Petruchio: he's like little children
That lose their baubles, crying ripe.
Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?
Petron. Still, and still she shall be,
'Till she be starv'd out: you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad, after this tempest,
To tie their husbands' shoes, and walk their horses. [hear the rumour?
Mor. That were a merry world!—D' you
They say the women are in insurrection,
And mean to make a—
Petron. They'll sooner
Draw upon walls as we do. Let 'em, let 'em!
We'll ship 'em out in cuck-stools; there they'll sail
As brave Columbus did, till they discover
The happy islands of obedience.
We stay too long; come!
Mor. Now St. George be with us!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Livia alone.

Livia. Now if I can but get in handsomely,
Father, I shall deceive you; and this night,
For all your private plotting, I'll no wedlock:
I've shifted sail, and find my sister's safety
A sure retirement. Pray to Heav'n that Rowland
Do not believe too far what I said to him!
For yon old foxcase forc'd me; that's my fear. [chio
Stay, let me see! this quarter fierce Petru-
Keeps with his myrmidons: I must be sudden;
If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
But martial-law; to this place have I scap'd
Above there! [him:

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Maria. Qui va la?
Livia. A friend.
Bianca. Who are you?
Livia. Look out and know!
Maria. Alas, poor wench, who sent thee?

[15] *Bastard.*] A kind of sweet wine. *Johnson.*

[16] Child *Rowland.*] 'Child is frequently used by our old writers, as a title. It is repeatedly given to prince Arthur in the Fairie Queen; and the son of a king is in the same poem called *child* Tristram (B. 5. c. 11. st. 3. 13.—B. 6. c. 2. st. 36.—Ibid. c. 8. st. 15.) In an old ballad quoted in Shakespeare's King Lear, the hero of Ariosto is called *child* Rowland. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *infante* signifies a *prince*. A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *infans, varlets, damoysels, bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *infans*." (Vide Warburton's Shakespeare). A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word cnihz, *knight*, signifies also a *child* (Upton's Glossary to F. Q.)' *See Dr. Percy's Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 54.

What

What weak fool made thy tongue his orator?
I know you come to parley.
Livia. You're deceiv'd.
Urg'd by the goodness of your cause, I come
To do as you do.
Maria. You're too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness: don't we know
Thou hast been kept up tame?
Livia. Believe me!
Maria. No; prithee, good Livia,
Utter thy eloquence somewhere else.
Bianca. Good cousin,
Put up your pipes; we are not for your palate:
Alas! we know who sent you.
Livia. O'my word—
Bianca. Stay there; you must not think your word,
Or by your maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths,
Sworn after even-song, can inveigle us
To loose our hand-fast: did their wisdoms think,
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish
To entertain our gentle sister Sinon[17],
And give her credit, while the wooden jade
Petruchio stole upon us? No, good sister!
Go home, and tell the merry Greeks that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did Æneas,
Will on my back, spite of the myrmidons,
Carry this warlike lady, and thro' seas
Unknown, and unbeliev'd, seek out a land,
Where like a race of noble Amazons
We'll root ourselves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men!
Livia. I'll second you.
Bianca. How long have you been thus?
Livia. That's all one, cousin;
I stand for freedom now.
Bianca. Take heed of lying!
For, by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction
That kill'd the prince of Orange[18], will be sport
To what we purpose.
Livia. Let me feel the heaviest!
Maria. Swear by thy sweetheart Rowland (for by your maidenhead
I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable
To us, and to yourself.
Livia. I swear!
Bianca. Stay yet!
Swear as you hate Moroso (that's the surest),
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dried jack, full of more aches
Than autumn has; more knavery and usury
And foolery, and brokery, than dogs-ditch;
As you do constantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
And that beard such a bob-tail, that it looks
Worse than a mare's tail eaten off with flies;
As you acknowledge, that young handsome wench
That lies by such a Bilboa blade, that bends
With ev'ry pass he makes, to th' hilts, most miserable,
A dry-nurse to his coughs, a fewterer[19]
To such a nasty fellow, a robb'd thing
Of all delights youth looks for; and, to end,
One cast away on coarse beef, born to brush
That everlasting cassock that has worn
As many servants out, as th' North-east passage
Has consum'd sailors: if you swear this, and truly,
Without the reservation of a gown,
Or any meritorious petticoat,
'Tis like we shall believe you.
Livia. I do swear it!
Maria. Stay yet a little! Came this wholesome motion
(Deal truly sister) from your own opinion,
Or some suggestion of the foe?
Livia. Ne'er fear me!
For, by that little faith I have in husbands,
And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty you stand for, sister!
Maria. If we believe, and you prove recreant, Livia,
Think what a maim you give the noble cause
We now stand up for! Think what women shall,
An hundred years hence, speak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations,
Spoke, as we do 'em, wench, shall make new customs!

[17] *Sinon.*] See Virgil's Æneid. *R.*

[18] *That kill'd the prince of Orange.*] This was Balthazar Gerard, who murdered the prince of Orange at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584. The horrible punishments inflicted on this miserable wretch are thus related by a writer who lived not very distant from the time in which the transaction happened: 'Here first he had his right-hand with a hot yron seared 'and cut off, which did the deede, and cast into the fire: next of all, with firie hot pincers 'he had his flesh torne and pluckt off from sixe parts of his bodie, which were most fleshie, 'viz. of his breast, armes, legs, and buttocks, and those cast into the fire; and his body, 'beginning from the lower part, was with an axe chopt in peeces, his belly was ripped, his 'heart was pluckt out and cast at the villaine's face (yet in some life) and afterwards his 'head, being chopt off, was with other foure parts of his bodie, as armes and feete, set upon 'foure poles on foure turrits or ports of the citie, fastened upon a long pole set upon the 'turrit of the schoole house, on the back-side of the prince's lodging; and whatsoever he 'had in his life-time about him was taken from him and given away.' A true Discourse Historicall of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands, and the Civil Warres there begun in the yeere 1565, &c. 4to. 1602. B. L. p. 51. *R.*

[19] *Fewterer.*] A dog-keeper, or leader of a lime-hound, &c. *Coles's Dict.* 1677.

Bianca.

Bianca. If you be false, repent, go home, and pray,
And to the serious women of the city
Confess yourself; bring not a sin so heinous
To load thy soul to this place. Mark me, Livia;
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honours,
And we fail in our purpose, get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be!
Maria. If a mother's daughter, that ever heard the name of stubborn husband,
Find thee, and know thy sin—
Bianca. Nay, if old age,
One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones, smell thee,
Come but i' th' windward of thee, sure she'll
Thou'lt be so rank; she'll ride thee like a night-mare,
And say her prayers backward to undo thee;
She'll curse thy meat and drink, and, when thou marriest,
Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.
Maria. Children of five year old, like little fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley; all that ever
Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all women,
Will (like so many furies) shake their keys,
And toss their flaming distaffs o'er their heads,
Crying, revenge! Take heed; 'tis hideous,
Oh, 'tis a fearful office[20]! If thou hadst
(Tho' thou be'st perfect now) when thou cam'st hither
A false imagination, get thee gone,
And, as my learned cousin said, repent!
This place is sought by soundness.
Livia. So I seek it,
Or let me be a most despis'd example!
Maria. I do believe thee; be thou worthy
You come not empty? of it!
Livia. No, here's cakes and cold meat,
And tripe of proof; behold, here's wine and beer!
Be sudden, I shall be surprized else.
Maria. Meet at the low parlour-door; there lies a close way;
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter
Fling it away; 'twill but defile our off'rings.
Bianca. Be wary as you come.
Livia. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Maids.

1 *Maid.* How goes your business, girls?
2 *Maid.* A-foot, and fair. strength!
3 *Maid.* If fortune favour us. Away to your
The country forces are arriv'd. Be gone!
We are discover'd else.
1 *Maid.* Arm, and be valiant!
2 *Maid.* Think of our cause!
3 *Maid.* Our justice!
1 *Maid.* 'Tis sufficient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Rowland and Tranio, at several doors.

Tra. Now, Rowland?
Rowl. How do you?
Tra. How dost thou, man?
Thou look'st ill.
Rowl. Yes. Pray can you tell me, Tranio,
Who knew the devil first?
Tra. A woman.
Rowl. So.
Were they not well acquainted?
Tra. May be so,
For they had certain dialogues together.
Rowl. He sold her fruit, I take it?
Tra. Yes, and cheese
That choak'd all mankind after.
Rowl. Canst thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith,
After sh' had eaten?
Tra. That is a school-question.
Rowl. No, 'tis no question; for believe me, Tranio, her
That cold fruit, after eating, bred nought in
But windy promises, and cholick vows,
That broke out both ways. Thou hast heard I'm sure
Of Esculapius, a far-fam'd surgeon,
One that could set together quarter'd traitors,
And make 'em honest men.
Tra. How dost thou, Rowland? cure
Rowl. Let him but take (if he dare do a
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
(There will be credit for him, that will speak him)
A broken woman, Tranio, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a wreck of honour,
Let him come here, and practise!
Tra. Now, for honour's sake,
Why, what ail'st thou, Rowland?
Rowl. I am ridden, Tranio,
And spur-gall'd to the life of patience,
(Heav'n keep my wits together!) by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman. may be?
Tra. Your mistress has a little frown'd, it
Rowl. She was my mistress.
Tra. Is she not?
Rowl. No, Tranio:
Sh' has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my mistress, her,
A good sword, or a book. And if you see
Tell her, I do beseech you, even for love's sake—
Tra. I will, Rowland. thought her,
Rowl. She may sooner count the good I've

[20] *Oh, 'tis a fearful* office.] If the measure did not greatly reclaim against it, I should have read *offence*. *Sympson.*

Our

Our old love and our friendship,
Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old and honest, married and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her: [sir!
And now I've met a messenger, farewell,
[*Exit.*

Tra. Alas, poor Rowland! I will do it for thee.
This is that dog Moroso; but I hope [her.
To see him cold i'th' mouth first, ere he enjoys
I'll watch this young man; desperate thoughts may seize him,
And, if my purse or counsel can, I'll ease him.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, and Sophocles.

Petru. For, look you, gentlemen, say that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,
Which you and all men else know, she deserves not, [ing?
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laugh-

Petron. I think not.

Petru. No, by Heaven, they cannot!
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine,
So stiff a Tom-boy, of so set a malice,
And such a brazen resolution, [me!
As this young crab-tree? and then answer
And mark but this too, friends, without a cause,
Not a foul word come cross her, not a fear
She justly can take hold on; and d'ye think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a spindle first! No, no, my masters,
Were she as fair as Nell-a-Greece, and housewife [still,
As good as the wise sailor's wife, and young
Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild mare once a-week, she should,
Believe me friends, she should! I'd tabor her,
[2]Till all the legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with fire i'th' tails.

Soph. Methinks you err now;
For to me seems, a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.

Petru. Yes, I can suffer, [ment.
Where I see promises of peace and amend-

Mor. Give her a few conditions.

Petru. I'll be hang'd first!

Petron. Give her a crab-tree cudgel!

Petru. So I will;
And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a drum
She shall be pamper'd with; [tleme
She shall not know a stool in ten months, ge

Soph. This must not be.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Arm, arm! out with your weapon
For all the women in the kingdom's on ye

Enter Pedro.

They swarm like wasps, and nothing can d
stroy 'em, [of'e
But stopping of their hive, and smoth'ri

Pedro. Stand to your guard, sir! all t
devils extant
Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder
There are more women marching hitherwa
In rescue of my mistress, than e'er turn'd t
At Sturbridge-fair, and I believe as fiery.

Jaques. The forlorn-hope's led by a ta
ner's wife,
(I know her by her hide) a desp'rate woma
She flea'd her husband in her youth, and ma
Reins of his hide, to ride the parish. Tal
'em all together,
They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten
And born thus, by the boisterous breath
husbands; [casi
They serve sure[21], and are swift to catch o
(I mean their foes or husbands) by the for
locks, [ca
And there they hang like favours; cry th
But more for noble spite than fear: and cr
ing
Like the old giants that were foes to Heave
They heave ye stool on stool, and fling ma
pot-lids
Like massy rocks, dart ladles, toasting irons
And tongs like thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspi
ing [tame 'e
At those imperious codsheads[23] that wou
There's ne'er a one of these, the worst a
weakest, [raisin
(Chuse where you will) but dare attempt t
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,
A May-pole and a morris, maugre mainly
Their zeal, and dudgeon-daggers: and y
more, ['e
Dares plant a stand of batt'ring ale again
And drink 'em out o' th' parish.

Soph. Lo, you, fierce
Petruchio! this comes of your impatience.

Pedro. There's one brought in the bea
against the canons
Of the town, made it good, and fought 'em

Jaques. Another, to her everlasting fam
erected

[21] Serve *sure.*] *i. e.* observe *sure.* *Sympson.*

[22] *Dart ladles*, tossing *irons.*] What sort of irons these *tossing irons* are is a secret to m
the corruption has however been fix'd here ever since the year 1647, and if I conjecture rig
the original lection might have been,

——— tosting *irons.* *Sympson.*

[23] *Codsheads.*] So first folio; other editions, *godheads.*

Two ale-houses of ease, the quarter sessions
Running against her roundly; in which business
Two of the disannullers lost their night-caps;
A third stood excommunicate by th' cudgel;
The constable, to her eternal glory, [victor.
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she
Pedro. Then are they victualled with pies and puddings,
(The trappings of good stomachs) noble ale,
(The true defender), sausages, and smoak'd ones,
If need be, such as serve for pikes; and pork,
(Better the Jews ne'er hated) here and there
A bottle of metheglin, a stout Britain
That will stand to 'em;
What else they want, they war for.
Petru. Come to council! [the kingdom
Soph. Now you must grant conditions, or
Will have no other talk but this.
Petron. Away, then,
And let's advise the best!
Soph. Why do you tremble? [o' th' head
Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt
With half a washing-beetle? Pray be wise, sir. [it is, I know not.
Petru. Come; something I'll do; but what
Soph. To council then, and let's avoid their follies!
Guard all the doors, or we sha'n't have a cloak left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio.

Petron. I am indiff'rent, tho' I must confess
I had rather see her carted. [*Tra.* No more of that, sir.
Soph. Are ye resolv'd to give her fair conditions?
'Twill be the safest way. [*Petru.* I am distracted!
'Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first woo'd her! If I offer peace,
She'll urge her own conditions; that's the devil.
Soph. Why, say she do? [*Petru.* Say, I am made an ass then!
I know her aim: may I with reputation,
(Answer me this) with safety of mine honour,
After the mighty manage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made don Hercules horn-mad,
And hid him in his hide, suffer this Cicely,
Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappled with me,
This pink, this painted foist, this cockle-boat,
To hang her fights out[24], and defy me, friends,
A well-known man of war? If this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done.
Petron. I do not think you may.
Tra. You'll make it worse, sir.
Soph. Pray hear me, good Petruchio. But e'en now
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she'd carry: 'Tis a folly
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions;
For, on my life, this trick is put into her—
Petron. I should believe so too.
Soph. And not her own.
Tra. You'll find it so.
Soph. Then, if she flounder with you,
Clap spurs on; and in this you'll deal with temperance;
Avoid the hurry of the world—
Tra. And lose— [*Musick above.*
Mor. No honour, on my life, sir.
Petru. I will do it.
Petron. It seems they're very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why, God hold it!
Mor. Now, Jaques?
Jaques. They are i' th' flaunt, sir.
Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.
Jaques. They have got a stick of fiddles, and they firk it
In wondrous ways: two grand capitanos
(They brought the auxiliary regiments)
Dance with their coats tuck'd up to their bare breeches, [burden.
And bid the kingdom kiss 'em; that's the
They've got the metheglin, and audacious ale,
And talk like tyrants.
Petron. How know'st thou?
Jaques. I peep'd in
At a loose lansket.
Tra. Hark!
Petron. A song! Pray silence.

SONG.

A health for all this day,
To the woman that bears the sway,
And wear the breeches;
Let it come, let it come.
Let this health be a seal,
For the good o' th' common-weal,
The woman shall wear the breeches!
Let's drink then and laugh it,
And merrily, merrily quaff it,

[24] *To hang her* fights out.] This expression, which is to be met with in Shakespeare as well as our authors, inclines me to think, that a passage in act iv. scene 2, of *The Captain*, which runs thus,

1 *Boy.* Does he (captain) bear up still?
2 *Boy.* Afore the wind still with his lights up bravely;

should be read in this sort,

2 *Boy.* Afore the wind still with his *fights* up bravely;

but 'tis with submission to the reader's better judgment. *Sympson.*

And tipple, and tipple a round:
Here's to thy fool,
And to my fool;
Come, to all fools,
Tho' it cost us, wench, many a pound.

Mor. They look out.

[*All the Women above, Citizens and Country Women.*

Petru. Good ev'n, ladies!

Maria. Good you good ev'n, sir!

Petru. How have you slept to-night?

Maria. Exceeding well, sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Maria. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.

Coun. Is that he?

Bianca. Yes.

Coun. Sir.

Soph. She has drank hard: mark her hood.

Coun. You are—

Soph. Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else. Let her utter. [friend,

Coun. And I must tell you, *viva voce*,
A very foolish fellow.

Tra. There's an ale-figure.

Petru. I thank you, Susan Brotes.

Cit. Forward, sister. [woman,

Coun. You have espoused here a hearty
A comely, and courageous—

Petru. Well, I have so. [damsels,

Coun. And, to the comfort of distressed
Women out-worn in wedlock, and such ves-
This woman has defied you. [sels,

Petru. It should seem so.

Coun. And why?

Petru. Yes, can you tell?

Coun. For thirteen causes.

Petru. Pray, by your patience, mistress—

Cit. Forward, sister!

Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?

Cit. Who shall let her[25]? [not now

Petron. Do you hear, velvet-hood? we come
To hear your doctrine.

Coun. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide itself into seven branches.

Petru. Hark you, good Maria,
Have you got a catechiser here?

Tra. Good zeal! [peace,

Soph. Good three-pil'd predication, will you
And hear the cause we come for?

Coun. Yes, bob-tails, [the cause:
We know the cause you come for; here's
But never hope to carry her, ne'er dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.

Cit. Give me sack!
By this, and next, strong ale—

Coun. Swear forward, sister! [we'll bury

Cit. By all that's cordial, in this place
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and
then all
That ever yet was chronicled of woman,
But this brave wench, this excellent despise
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
Her liberal will, and march off with condition
Noble and worth herself.

Coun. She shall, Tom Tilers,
And brave ones too. My hood shall mal
a hearse-cloth,
And I'll lie under it like Joan o'Gaunt,
Ere I go less; my distaff stuck up by me,
For the eternal trophy of my conquests,
And loud Fame at my head with two ma
bottles,
Shall fill to all the world, the glorious fall
Of old don Gillian!

Cit. Yet a little further.
We've taken arms in rescue of this lady,
Most just and noble: if ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade u
Of all our ancient chambering, next that
The symbols of our secresy, silk stockings
Hew off our heels; our petticoats of arms
Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins brea
Over our coward heads.

Coun. And ever after,
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our crests (*videlicet*, our plackets)
Let laces hang, and we return again
Unto our former titles, dairy-maids!

Petru. No more wars! Puissant ladie
And freely I accept 'em. [shew condition

Maria. Call in Livia;
She's in the treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Mor. How! Livia?

Maria. Hear you that, sir?
There's the conditions for you; pray peru
'em. [right rebellio

Petron. Yes, there she is: it had been
Had she held off. What think you, man?

Mor. Nay, nothing: [scien
I have enough o' th' prospect. O' my co
The world's end and the goodness of a wom
Will come together.

Petron. Are you there, sweet lady?

Livia. Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you n
your blessing! [bles with n

Petron. Yes, when I bless a jade that stu
How are the articles?

Livia. This is for you, sir;
And I shall think upon't.

Mor. You've us'd me finely! [exta

Livia. There is no other use of thee n
But to be hung up, cassock, cap, and all,
For some strange monster at th' apothecar

Petron. I hear you, whore.

Livia. It must be his then, sir;
For need will then compel me.

Cit. Blessing on thee! [co

Livia. He will undo me in mere pans
To make him lusty[26].

[25] Let *her.*] i. e. *Hinder* her.

[26] Livia. *He will undo me*, &c.] This speech is only in first folio.

Petr

Petron. There's no talking to 'em.
How are they, sir?
Petru. As I expected: liberty and cloaths,
[*Reads.*
When, and in what way she will; continual monies,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, *why's this?* or, *whither will it?* [points here;
New coaches, and some buildings, she ap-
Hangings, and hunting-horses; and for plate
And jewels for her private use, I take it,
Two thousand pound in present; then for musick,
And women to read French—
Petron. This must not be.
Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That Livia shall by no man be importun'd,
This whole month yet, to marry.
Petron. This is monstrous! [awhile:
Petru. This shall be done; I'll humour her
If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.
Soph. When you are once a-bed, all these
Lie under your own seal. [conditions
Maria. D'you like 'em?
Petru. Yes;
And, by that faith I gave you 'fore the priest,
I'll ratify 'em.
Coun. Stay! what pledges?
Maria. No; I'll take that oath,
But have a care you keep it!
Cit. 'Tis not now
As when Andrea liv'd.
Coun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a letter of these articles
We have set down, the self-same persecu- [tion—
Maria. Mistrust him not.
Petru. By all my honesty—
Maria. Enough; I yield.
Petron. What's this inserted here?
Soph. That the two valiant women that commanded here
Shall have a supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their soldiers.
Petru. That shall be too;
And if a tun of wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice. I ordain ye all
Paymasters, gentlemen.
Tra. Then we shall have sport, boys!
Maria. We'll meet you in the parlour.
Petru. Ne'er look sad, sir;
For I will do it.
Soph. There's no danger in't.
Petru. For Livia's article, you shall ob-
I've tied myself. [serve it;
Petron. I will.
Petru. Along then!—Now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. COME, you shall take my counsel.
Rowl. I shall hang first!
I'll no more love, that's certain; 'tis a bane
(Next that they poison rats with) the most mortal.
No, I thank Heav'n, I've got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sense; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me,
Some serious point of learning, or my state;
No more *ah-me's*, and *misereri's*, Tranio[27],
Come near my brain. I'll tell thee; had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman, [horns do,
'Twould make his head ache worser than his
And firk him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee; there is nothing [me)
(It may be thy case, Tranio, therefore hear
Under the sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,
So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so
Roguy, and scurvy— [wretched,
Tra. Whither wilt thou, Rowland?
Rowl. As 'tis to be in love.
Tra. And why, for virtue sake?
Rowl. And why, for virtue's sake? Dost thou not conceive me?
Tra. No, by my troth.

[27] ——*ay-me's, and* mistresses, *Tranio.*] For *mistresses* the first copy has *miseries*, which the reader may perhaps think the true reading: I imagine the word wants but a syllable, which I would restore thus,

No more ay-me's and *misereri's*, *Tranio.*

And to confirm this, in act v. scene 2, of this very play, we have the very expression repeated again:

——————The two Fish Streets,
Were she (*Maria*) but once arriv'd amongst the whitings,
Would sing a woful *misereri*, Pedro. *Sympson.*

Rowl. Pray then, and heartily, [too,
For fear thou fall into't. I'll tell thee why
For I have hope to save thee: when thou lov'st,
And first begin'st to worship the gilt calf,
(*Imprimis*, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And, like a prentice, flung away thy freedom)
Forthwith thou art a slave.
Tra. That's a new doctrine.
Rowl. Next, thou'rt no more man.
Tra. What then?
Rowl. A frippery;
Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribband,
Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber;
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language.
Tra. Why?
Rowl. Oh, Tranio!
Those things in love ne'er talk as we do.
Tra. No? [shake the head,
Rowl. No, without doubt; they sigh, and
And sometimes whistle dolefully.
Tra. No tongue? [no reason:
Rowl. Yes, Tranio, but no truth in't, nor
And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
You shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em,
(Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot)
Such gibb'rish; such, *believe me—I protest, sweet—* [*stellations*
And, *oh, dear Heav'ns, in which such con-Reign at the births of lovers*—This is too well!
And, *deign me, lady, deign me, I beseech you, Your poor unworthy lump*—and then she licks him.
Tra. A pox on't, this is nothing!
Rowl. Thou hast hit it.
Then talks she ten times worse, and wries, and wriggles,
As tho' she had the itch (and so it may be).
Tra. Why, thou art grown a strange discoverer.
Rowl. Of mine own follies, Tranio.
Tra. Wilt thou, Rowland,
Certain ne'er love again?
Rowl. I think so, certain;
And, if I be not dead-drunk, I shall keep it.
Tra. Tell me but this; what dost thou think of women? [light me,
Rowl. Why, as I think of fiddles; they de-'Till their strings break.
Tra. What strings?
Rowl. Their modesties, [like kits,
Faiths, vows, and maidenheads; for they're
They have but four strings to 'em.
Tra. What wilt thou [lovest,
Give me for ten pound now, when thou next
And the same woman still?
Rowl. Give me the money;
A hundred, and my bond for't.
Tra. But pray hear me;
I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?
Rowl. Do, do; give me the money.
Tra. There!
Rowl. Work, Tranio.

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she i
Rowl. Yes, straight.
This is the first good I e'er got by woman.
Tra. You'd think it strange now, another beauty
As good as hers, say better—
Rowl. Well?
Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o'th' wager.
Rowl. That's all one.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, tha she now hates you—
Rowl. 'Tis a good hearing! Let 'em love ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is;
And so an hundred, if you lose.
Rowl. 'Tis done!
Have you another to put in?
Tra. No, no, sir.
Rowl. I'm very sorry. Now will I erec
A new game, and go hate for th' bell; I'
I am in excellent case to win. [su
Tra. I must have leave
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.
Rowl. Ten pound more,
I ne'er believe you.
Tra. No, sir; I am stinted.
Rowl. Well, take your best way then.
Tra. Let's walk. I'm glad
Your sullen fever's off.
Rowl. Shalt see me, Tranio, [wedding
A monstrous merry man now. Let's to t
And, as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches, and their works.
Tra. I will.
Rowl. And do thy worst.
Tra. Something I'll do—
Rowl. Do, Tranio. [*Exeun*

SCENE II.

Enter Pedro and Jaques.

Pedro. A pair of stocks bestride 'em! a they gone? [pans i' th' to
Jaques. Yes, they are gone; and all t
Beating before 'em. What strange admo tions
They gave my master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em!
Pedro. O' my conscience,
H' has found his full match now.
Jaques. That I believe too.
Pedro. How did she entertain him?
Jaques. She look'd on him—
Pedro. But scurvily.
Jaques. With no great affection [h
That I saw: and I heard some say he kis
But 'twas upon a treaty; and some copies
Say, but her cheek.
Pedro. Jaques, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now?
Jaques. Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veal,

Or birds of prey, cramm'd capons, against players,
And to as good a tune too; but against her,
That Heav'n would bless me from her! Mark it, Pedro; [night
If this house be not turn'd within this fort-
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that those Amorites
That came to back her cause, those heathen whores,
Had their hoods hallowed with sack.
Pedro. How devilish drunk they were!
Jaques. And how they tumbled, Pedro! Didst thou mark
The country cavaliero?
Pedro. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the braggat[28]!
Jaques. Ay, that sunk her.
Pedro. That drink was well put to her: what a somersalt, [heels upward!
When the chair fell, she fetch'd with her
Jaques. And what a piece of landskip she discover'd! [in the posset?
Pedro. Didst mark her when her hood fell
Jaques. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch boy. The tumbrel,
When she had got her ballast—
Pedro. That I saw too. [Sophocles
Jaques. How fain she would have drawn on To come aboard, and how she simper'd it—
Pedro. I warrant her, sh' has been a worthy striker. [been some hope on't.
Jaques. I' th' heat of summer, there had
Pedro. Hang her! [belch'd out,
Jaques. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and Her stomach being blown with ale, such courtship, [since.
Upon my life, has giv'n him twenty stools
Believe my calculation, these old women,
When they are tippled, and a little heated,
Are like new wheels; they'll roar you all 'Till they be greas'd. [the town o'er
Pedro. The city cinque-a-pace,
Dame Toast-and-Butter, had the bob too.
Jaques. Yes: [ing;
But she was sullen drunk, and giv'n to filch-
I see her offer at a spoon.—My master!
I do not like his look; I fear h' has fasted,
For all this preparation: let's steal by him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio and Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?
Petru. Not touch her.
Soph. Where was your courage?
Petru. Where was her obedience?
Never poor man was sham'd so; never rascal
That keeps a stud of whores was us'd so basely. [do you love her?
Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly;
Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I pass'd thee half my land.
Soph. It may be then,
Her modesty requir'd a little violence:
Some women love to struggle.
Petru. She had it,
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did;
But to no end; I wash'd an Ethiop.
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her body prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite—
Soph. 'Tis strange!
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Refus'd a warranted occasion,
And standing on so fair terms.
Petru. I shall quit her.
Soph. Us'd you no more art?
Petru. Yes; I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently,
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatch'd me
Out of the pain I was (for I was nettled),
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would to her chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunts-up— [she answer'd,
Soph. Then she started? [she could not help it;
Petru. No more than I do now: marry,
If I were so dispos'd, she
But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor butler,
One that might well content a single woman.
Soph. And he should tilt her?
Petru. To that sense. And last, [thing,
She bad me yet these six nights look for no-
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good night,
And so good morrow, and a kiss or two [it,
To close my stomach; for her vow had seal'd
And she would keep it constant.
Soph. Stay you, stay you!
Was she thus when you woo'd her?
Petru. Nothing, Sophocles,
More keenly eager: I was oft afraid
She had been light and easy, she would shower
Her kisses so upon me.
Soph. Then I fear
Another spoke's i' th' wheel.
Petru. Now thou hast found me! [tience,
There gnaws my devil, Sophocles. Oh, Pa-
Preserve me! that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as flaying her,
Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her—
Soph. I hear her.
Petru. Mark her then, and see the heir
Of spite and prodigality! sh' has studied
A way to beggar's both, and by this hand.
[*Maria at the door, Servant, and Woman.*
She shall be, if I live, a doxy.
Soph. Fy, sir! [too poor:
Maria. I do not like that dressing; 'tis
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich embroidery;

[28] *Braggat.*] A Welsh drink, made of honey, &c.

Line

Line the gown thro' with plush perfum'd, and
All the sleeves down with pearl! [purfle
Petru. What think you, Sophocles?
In what point stands my state now?
Maria. For those hangings,
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment
(They are too base for my use); and bespeak
New pieces, of the civil wars of France:
Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk-work,
The borders gold.
Soph. Ay, marry, sir, this cuts it.
Maria. That fourteen yards of sattin give my woman;
I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil;
There's too much silk i'th' lace too. Tell the Dutchman,
That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
Another suit of horses; and, by all means,
Ten cast of hawks for th' river: I much care not [flying;
What price they bear, so they be sound, and
For the next winter I am for the country,
And mean to take my pleasure. Where's the horseman?
Petru. She means to ride a great-horse.
Soph. With a side-saddle?
Petru. Yes; and she'll run a-tilt within this twelvemonth. [pray, sir,
Maria. Tomorrow I'll begin to learn: but
Have a great care he be an easy doer;
'Twill spoil a scholar else.
Soph. An easy doer!
Did you hear that?
Petru. Yes; I shall meet her morals
Ere it be long, I fear not.
Maria. Oh, good morrow!
Soph. Good morrow, lady! How is't now?
Maria. Faith, sickly;
This house stands in an ill air—
Petru. Yet more charges?
Maria. Subject to rots, and rheums; out on't! 'tis nothing
But a tit'd fog.
Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?
Maria. I like the seat, but 'tis too little. Sophocles, [ment.
Let me have thy opinion; thou hast judg-
Petru. 'Tis very well!
Maria. What if I pluck it down,
And build a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?
Petru. And i' th' midst
A college for young scolds.
Maria. And to the southward
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
And cast it of the Italian fashion, hanging?
Petru. An you could cast yourself so too.
—Pray, lady,
Will not this cost much money?
Maria. Some five thousand;
Say six. I'll have it battl'd too—
Petru. And gilt?—Maria, [on't:
This is a fearful course you take! Pray think
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That must in honesty and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.
Maria. That bare word [upon't
Shall cost you many a pound more, build
Tell me of due obedience? What's a husband? [ters
What are we married for? to carry sumpAre we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?
Petru. Pray hear me! [equal weigh'd:
Maria. Take two small drops of water
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which
First to descend in duty? [ough
Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love and credit:
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I've brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be.
Maria. That's in my making.
Petru. 'Tis true, it is so.
Maria. Yes, it is, Petruchio: [ing
For there was never man without our mould-
Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,
Left any thing, three ages after him,
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good lady, understand him.
Maria. I do too much, sweet Sophocles he's one
Of a most spiteful self-condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A bravery dwells in's blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fire than
And sooner mischief. [powder
Petru. If I be so sudden,
Do not you fear me?
Maria. No, nor yet care for you;
And, if it may be lawful, I defy you!
Petru. Does this become you now?
Maria. It shall become me.
Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half so wilful as thou spiteful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.
Maria. Drag me? [your pleasure
Petru. But I am friends again; take al
Maria. Now you perceive him, Sophocles
Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature!
Maria. 'Would I had been so happy when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee,
(For I am sure thou'rt good, I know thou'r honest)
A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,
Tho' never a penny with him, and those eyes
That face, and that true heart!—Wear thi
for my sake,
And when thou think'st upon me, pity me;
I'm cast away! [*Exit*
Soph. Why, how now, man?
Petru. Pray leave me;
And follow your advices.

Sop.

Soph. The man's jealous. [ask you
Petru. I shall find a time, ere it be long, to
One or two foolish questions.
Soph. I shall answer
As well as I am able, when you call me!—
If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture, it's—
Farewell, sir! [*Exit.*
Petru. Pray, farewell!—Is there no keeping
A wife to one man's use? no wintering
These cattle without straying? 'Tis hard dealing, [ing!
Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange deal-
Now, in the name of madness, what star reign'd, [married
What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compass? Was I not well warn'd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it)
And beaten to repentance, in the days
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart?
Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast,
Mix'd with a learned lecture of ill language,
Louder than Tom o' Lincoln? and at dinner,
A diet of the same dish? Was there evening
That e'er past over us, without *thou knave*,
Or *thou whore*, for digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for, [first,
But like a cur I was fain to shew my teeth
And almost worry her? And did Heav'n forgive me,
And take this serpent from me, and am I
Keeping tame devils now again? My heart aches!
Something I must do speedily: I'll die,
If I can handsomely, for that's the way
To make a rascal of her. I am sick,
And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Livia, Bianca, Tranio, and Rowland.

Livia. Then I must be content, sir, with
Rowl. And I with mine. [my fortune.
Livia. I did not think a look,
Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too.
Rowl. Come, come, I know your courses!
There's your gewgaws, [gave me:
Your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you
The money's spent in entertaining you
At plays, and cherry-gardens.
Livia. There's your chain too. [still;
But, if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair
I'd yet remember you.
Bianca. Give him his love, wench;
The young man has employment for't.
Tra. Fy, Rowland! [pound
Rowl. You cannot *fy* me out a hundred
With this poor plot.—Yet, let me ne'er see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me!
Bianca. Young man, let me talk with you.
Rowl. Well, young woman?
Bianca. This was your mistress once—
Rowl. Yes.
Bianca. Are you honest?
I see you're young, and handsome.
Rowl. I am honest.
Bianca. Why, that's well said. And there's no doubt your judgment [you
Is good enough, and strong enough, to tell
Who are your foes, and friends: why did you leave her?
Rowl. She made a puppy of me.
Bianca. Be that granted:
She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too serious else.
Rowl. A witty woman!
Bianca. Had you lov'd me—
Rowl. I would I had!
Bianca. And dearly, [worse, sir;
And I had lov'd you so—You may love
But that is not material.
Rowl. I shall lose!
Bianca. Some time or other, for variety,
I should have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you
Play with the pages; but have lov'd you still,
Out of all question, and extremely too:
You are a man made to be lov'd.
Rowl. This woman
Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.
Bianca. I'll tell you one thing; if I were to chuse
A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mother's making would content me;
For o'my conscience she makes good ones.
Rowl. Lady,
I'll leave you to your commendations.—
I'm in again, the devil take their tongues!
Bianca. You shall not go.
Rowl. I will. Yet thus far, Livia;
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again.—If I stay longer,
I've lost two hundred pound.
Livia. Good sir, but thus much—
Tra. Turn, if thou be'st a man.
Livia. But one kiss of you;
One parting kiss, and I am gone too.
Rowl. Come;
I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap.
We'll have one more, and then farewell.
Livia. Farewell!
Bianca. Well, go thy ways! thou bear'st a kind heart with thee.
Tra. H' has made a stand.
Bianca. A noble, brave young fellow.
Worthy a wench indeed!
Rowl. I will—I will not. [*Exit.*
Tra. He's gone; but shot again. Play you but your part,
And I will keep my promise; forty angels

In

In fair gold, lady (wipe your eyes!) he's yours,
If I have any wit.
Livia. I'll pay the forfeit.
Bianca. Come then; let's see your sister, how she fares now,
After her skirmish; and be sure Moroso
Be kept in good hand: then all's perfect, Livia. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?
Oh, my sweet master!
Jaques. Run for a physician,
And a whole peck of 'pothecaries, Pedro.
He will die, didle, didle die, if they come not Quickly; and bring all people that are skilful
In lungs and livers; raise the neighbours,
And all the *aqua-vitæ* bottles extant;
And, oh, the parson, Pedro, oh, the parson!
A little of his comfort, ne'er so little—
Twenty to one you find him at the Bush;
There's the best ale.
Pedro. I fly! [*Exit.*

Enter Maria and Servants.

Maria. Out with the trunks, ho!
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' chamber,
And take the hangings down, and see the linen
Pack'd up, and sent away within this half-hour.
What, are the carts come yet? Some honest body [wardrobe;
Help down the chests of plate, and some the
Alas, we are undone else.
Jaques. Pray, forsooth,
And I beseech you, tell me, is he dead yet?
Maria. No, but he's drawing on. Out with the armour!
Jaques. Then I'll go see him.
Maria. Thou'rt undone then, fellow;
No man that has been near him come near me!

Enter Sophocles and Petronius.

Soph. Why, how now, lady? what means this?
Petron. Now, daughter! [
How does my son?
Maria. Save all you can, for Heav'n's sake!

Enter Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

Livia. Be of good comfort, sister.
Maria. Oh, my casket!
Petron. How does thy husband, woman?
Maria. Get you gone, [ness—
If you mean to save your lives: the sick-
Petron. Stand further off, I prithee!
Maria. Is i' th' house, sir. My husband has it now:
Alas, he is infected, and raves extremely:
Give me some counsel, friends.
Bianca. Why, lock the doors up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.
Maria. I have bespoke two women, and the city
Hath sent a watch by this time: meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers. [
Petron. How long is't
Since it first took him?
Maria. But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

I'm frighted from my wits!—Oh, here's the watch.
Pray do your office; look the doors up, friends:
And patience be his angel!
Tra. This comes unlook'd for.
Maria. I'll to the Lodge: some that are kind, and love me,
I know will visit me.
Petru. [*within*] D'you hear, my masters?
Ho, you that lock the doors up!
Petron. 'Tis his voice.
Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.
Petru. Will ye starve me here?
Am I a traitor, or an heretick?
Or am I grown infectious?
Petron. Pray, sir, pray! [puppy.
Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman
Maria. Pray have patience! You shall want nothing, sir. [wickedness!
Petru. I want a cudgel, and thee, thou
Petron. He speaks well enough.
Maria. H' had ever a strong heart, sir.
Petru. Will ye hear me? First, be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev'ry man's several voice: you that spoke first,
I know my father-in-law; the other, Tranio;
And I heard Sophocles; the last, pray mark
Is my damn'd wife Maria. [me,
If any man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arm, let any man look on't!

Enter Doctor and Apothecary.

Doctor. Save ye, gentlemen!
Petron. Oh, welcome, Doctor! [nion!
You come in happy time. Pray your opi-
What think you of his pulse?
Doctor. It beats with busiest,
And shews a general inflammation,
Which is the symptom of a pestilent fever.
Take twenty ounces from him.
Petru. Take a fool! [Deuz-ace,
Take an ounce from mine arm, and, doctor
I'll make a close-stool of your velvet costard!
Pox, gentlemen, do ye make a May-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,
Or, as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.
[*Exeunt Doctor and Apothecary.*
Petron. Nay, we'll go with you, Doctor.
Maria. 'Tis the safest.
I saw the tokens, sir.
Petron. Then there's but one way.
Petru. Will it please you open?
Tra. His fit grows stronger still.

Maria,

Maria. Let's save ourselves, sir;
He's past all worldly cure.
Petron. Friends, do your office!
And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way may win it, let him have it.
Farewell, and pray, my honest friends.
[*Exeunt.*
Petru. Why, rascals! [Jaques!
Friends! gentlemen! thou beastly wife!
None hear me? Who's at th' door there?
1 *Watch.* Think, I pray, sir,
Whither you're going, and prepare yourself.
2 *Watch.* These idle thoughts disturb you: the good gentlewoman [nothing.
Your wife has taken care you shall want
Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? Answer me!
Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miss,
If I miss three. Ye come here to assault me!
I am as excellent well, I thank Heav'n for't,
And have as good a stomach at this instant—
2 *Watch.* That's an ill sign!
1 *Watch.* He draws on; he's a dead man!
Petru. And sleep as soundly—Will you look upon me?
1 *Watch.* Do you want pen and ink? While you have sense, sir,
Settle your state.
Petru. Sirs, I am well as you are,
Or any rascal living.
2 *Watch.* 'Would you were, sir!
Petru. Look to yourselves, and, if you love your lives,
Open the door, and fly me! for I shoot else;
By Heav'n, I'll shoot, and presently, chain-
And under four I will not kill. [bullets;
1 *Watch.* Let's quit him!
It may be it is a trick. He's dangerous.
2 *Watch.* The de'il take th' hindmost, I cry! [*Exit Watch running.*

Enter Petruchio with a Piece.

Petru. Have among ye? [shoot.
The door shall open too; I'll have a fair
Are ye all gone?—Tricks in my old days? crackers [Sleeves?
Put now upon me? And by lady Green-
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd
As much as they deserve, against these women,
I would now rip up, from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villainies, and all their doubles;
Which are more than a hunted hare e'er thought on.
When a man has the fairest and the sweetest
Of all their sex, and as he thinks the noblest,
What has he then? and I'll speak modestly;
He has a quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his estute to nothing, never cur'd,
Nor never dying; h' has a ship to venture
His fame and credit in, which if he man not
With more continual labour than a gally,
To make her tith, either she grows a tumbrel,
Not worth the cloth she wears, or springs more leaks
Than all the fame of his posterity [hogs!
Can ever stop again[29]. Out on 'em, hedge-
He that shall touch 'em, has a thousand thorns
Run thro' his fingers: if I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any base dunghill slavery; be a hangman,
Ere I would be a husband. Oh, the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us! [fiddles,
Some fall with too much stringing of the
And those are fools; some, that they are not suffer'd, [scorpions,
And those are maudlin lovers; some, like
They poison with their tails, and those are martyrs;
Some die with doing good, those benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away; some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill
With kindness and fair usage; but what they are
My catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought
They're buried in old walls, with their heels upward.
I could rail twenty days together now!
I'll seek 'em out; and if I have not reason,
And very sensible, why this was done,
I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for't! [*Exit.*

[29] *Can ever stop again.* I could rail twenty days;
Out on 'em, hedge hogs,
He that shall, &c.] We think it cannot be doubted but that the words *I could rail twenty days*, have been foisted in here by mistake, and have therefore omitted them. They come in their proper place afterwards lower down, where the line runs,
I could rail twenty days together now.
There they complete the measure; here they interrupt it, as well as break in upon the sense.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Moroso and Petronius.

Mor. THAT I do love her is without all question,
And most extremely, dearly, most exactly;
And that I would e'en now, this present Monday, [widows,
Before all others, maids, wives, women,
Of what degree, or calling, marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a whim-wham,
A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' th' first house,
For all my kindness to her—

Petron. How you take it! [caps!
Thou get a wench? thou get a dozen night-
Wouldst have her come and lick thee like a calf,
And blow thy nose, and buss thee?

Mor. Not so neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she should do; [marry,
Put on a clean smock, and to church, and
And then to bed i' God's name! This is fair play, [her bobs
And keeps the king's peace. Let her leave
(I've had too many of them) and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an eel;
But in the way she ought, to me especially,
A sow of lead is swifter.

Petron. Quoat your griefs down. [crazy,

Mor. Give fair quarter: I am old and
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
Yet something I would have that's warm, to hatch me:
But understand me, I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware's worth I have. If you allow me
Worthy your son-in-law and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit, let me shew so;
And not be troubled in my visitations
With blows, and bitterness, and downright railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing, and loud clamour.

Petron. Thou fond man,
Hast thou forgot the ballad, Crabbed Age[30]?
Can May and anuary match together,
And never a storm between 'em? Say sh'
Put case she do! [abuse thee,

Mor. Well?

Petron. Nay, believe she does.

Mor. I do believe she does.

Petron. And devilishly:
Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor That's not the matter;
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abus'd;
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me.

Mor Nay, more than this; I find too, and find certain, [ouches,
What gold I have, pearl, bracelets, rings, or
Or what she can desire, gowns, petticoats,
Waistcoats, embroider'd stockings, scarfs, cawls, feathers, [and ribbands,
Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, masks, ruffs,
I am to give her for't.

Petron. 'Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I've done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requisite another bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that!

Petron. Go, get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two days, for she is so. [broths,
The boy's beside the saddle! Get warm
And feed apace! think not of worldly business, [they're hateful,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks,
And mere forerunners of the ancient measures; [Verdugo's,
Contrive your beard o' th' top cut, like
It shews you would be wise; and burn your night-cap,
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance;
You may eat onions, so you'll not be lavish.

Mor. I'm glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken;
But after 'em, conceive me, sweet your mouth,
And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.

Mor. Shall I hope once again? say it!

Petron. You shall, sir;
And you shall have your hope.

Mor. Why, there's a match then!

Enter Bianca and Tranio.

Bianca. You shall not find me wanting; get you gone! [plotting else
Here's the old man; he'll think you're
Something against his new son. [*Exit Tra.*

Mor. Fare you well, sir! [*Exit.*

Bianca. An ev'ry buck bad his doe,
And ev'ry cuckold a bell at his toe;
Oh, what sport should we have then, boys, then,
Oh, what sport should we have then!

Petron. This is the spirit that inspires 'em all.

[30] *Crabbed Age.*] The ballad here alluded to is printed amongst the Poems of Shakespeare, and supposed to be one of his productions. It is also preserved in Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. *R.*

Bianca. Give you good ev'n!
Petron. A word with you, sweet lady!
Bianca. I'm very hasty, sir.
Petron. So you were ever.
Bianca. Well, what's your will?
Petron. Was not your skilful hand [chiefs
In this last strat gem? Were not your mis-
Eking the mat.er on?
Bianca. In's shutting up?
Is that it?
Petron. Yes.
Bianca. I'll tell you.
Petron. Do.
Bianca. And truly.
Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much—
Petron. I'm sorry for your heaviness.
Belike you can repent then?
Bianca. There you're wide too:
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Does any way molest me.
Petron. What then, lady? [sorrow,
Bianca. But that I was not in it, there's my
There; now you understand me! for I'll tell you,
It was so sound a piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so handsomely,
Of such a heighth, and excellence, and art,
I have not known a braver; for, conceive me,
When the gross fool her husband would be sick—
Petron. Pray stay! [no sense for't,
Bianca. Nay, good your patience!—And
Then stept your daughter in—
Petron. By your appointment?
Bianca. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one half-smock, I like it so well!—
And, like an excellent cunning woman, cur'd me
One madness with another; which was rare,
And, to our weak beliefs, a wonder.
Petron. Hang you!
For surely, if your husband look not to you,
I know what will.
Bianca. I humbly thank your worship!
And so I take my leave.
Petron. You've a hand, I hear too—
Bianca. I have two, sir.
Petron. In my young d ughter's business.
Bianca. You will find there
A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play *down-diddle* to her.
Petron. I shall watch you.
Bianca Do.
Petron. And I shall have justice.
Bianca. Where?
Petron. That's all one;
I shall be with you at a turn henceforward.
Bianca. Get you a posset, do; and so good ev'n, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Jaques. And, as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brass, pewter, plate, ev'n to the very looking-glasses.
Pedro. And that that hung for our defence, the armor, [Jaques,
And the March-beer was going too: Oh,
What a sad sight was that?
Jaques. E'en the two rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of muskadel,
Better ne'er tongue tript over, those two cannons,
To batter brawn withal at Christmas, sir,
Ev'n those two lovely twins, the enemy
Had almost cut off clean.
Petru. Go trim the house up,
And put the things in order as they were!
[*Exeunt Pedro and Jaques.*
I shall find time for all this;—Could I find her [ness:
But constant any way, I have done my busi-
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rein her; [losses,
But while she shews all these, and all their
A kind of linsey-wolsey, mingled mischief
Not to be guess'd at, and whether true or borrow'd

Enter Maria.

Not certain neither—What a hap had I,
And what a tidy fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this bear-whelp! Here she comes.
Now, if she have a colour, (for the fault is
A cleanly one) upon my conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain I married for, her wit: I'll mark her.
Maria. Not let his wife come near him in his sickness?
Not come to comfort him? she that all laws
Of Heav'n, and nations, have ordain'd his second,
Is she refus'd? and two old paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith,
Clapt in upon him? Has a little pet,
That all young wives must follow necessary,
Having their maidenheads—
Petru. This is an axiom
I never heard before.
Maria. Or say rebellion,
If we durst be so foul, (which two fair words,
Alas, win us from in an hour, an instant,
We are so easy) make him so forgetful
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that tho' she was a little foolish,
Lov'd him, oh, Heav'n forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay, had run mad, had she not married him?
Petru. Tho' I do know this falser than the devil,
I cannot chuse but love it.
Maria. What do I know,
But those that came to keep him, might have kill'd him?

In what a case had I been then! I dare not
Believe him such a base, debosh'd companion,
That one refusal of a tender maid [need,
Would make him feign this sickness out of
And take a keeper to him of fourscore
To play at billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together. Not come near him? [most rare Jesuit;

Petru. This woman would have made a
She can prevaricate on any thing; [her
There was not to be thought a way to save
In all imagination, beside this.

Maria. His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knows whither, all the plate,
And all the houshold-stuff, had I not cross'd it,
By a great providence, and my friends' assistance,
Which he will thank me one day for—Alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have serv'd him
In any use, better, and willinger:
The law commands me to do it, love commands me,
And my own duty charges me.

Petru. Heav'n bless me! [her.—
And, now I've said my prayers, I'll go to
Are you a wife for any man?

Maria. For you, sir, [well,
If I were worse, I were better: that you're
At least, that you appear so, I thank Heav'n,
Long may it hold! and that you're here, I am glad too:
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled
(Never look strangely on me; I dare tell you)
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners—

Petru. Holla! you kick too fast.

Maria. Was I a stranger?
Or had I vow'd perdition to your person?
Am I not married to you? Tell me that!

Petru. I would I could not tell you!

Maria. Is my presence,
The stock I come of, which is worshipful,
If I should say right worshipful I lied not,
My grandsire was a knight—

Petru. O' the shire?

Maria. A soldier,
Which none of all thy family e'er heard of,
But one conductor of thy name, a grasier
That ran away with pay!—Or am I grown,
Because I've been a little peevish to you,
Only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,
I could not be admitted to your presence?

Petru. If I endure this, hang me!

Maria. And two death's heads,
Two Harry-groats, that had their faces worn,
Almost their names away too—

Petru. Now hear me!
For I will stay no longer.

Maria. This you shall!
However you shall think to flatter me
For this offence, (which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so)
Whatever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your land can purchase,
What all your friends or family can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it. Now your will, sir!

Petru. Thou art the subtlest woman I think living, [me;
I'm sure the lewdest! Now be still and mark
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,
I should now think I had met a playfellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me, thou,
Thou most poor, paltry, spiteful whore——
D'you cry?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.

Maria. Your pleasure!

Petru. Was it not sin enough, thou fruiterer, [ker,
Full of the fall thou eat'st, thou devil's bro-
Thou seminary of all sedition, [o'er us,
Thou sword of veng'ance with a thread hung
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance, was it not vexation
At all points, *cap-a-pée*—Nay, I shall pinch you!—
Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse
The name of Heav'n, the tie of marriage,
The honour of thy friends, the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion? but, continuing
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief? [by,
And against him, setting the hope of Heaven
And the dear reservation of his honour,
Nothing above-ground could have won to hate thee?
Well, go thy ways!

Maria. Yes.

Petru. You shall hear me out first:
What punishment mayst thou deserve, thou thing, [rose,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd prim-
That two hours after art a weed, and wither'd.
For this last flourish on me? Am I one
Selected out of all the husbands living,
To be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence?
Am I so blind, and bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the plague, and no man must come near me!
I must be shut up, and my substance bezzled,
And an old woman watch me!

Maria. Well, sir, well;
You may well glory in't. [my plot,

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis
I must undo myself, forsooth! Dost hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Dost thou not well deserve it? O' thy conscience,
Dost thou not cry, *Come beat me?*

Maria. I defy you!

And,

And, my last loving tears, farewell! The first stroke
The very first you gave me, if you dare strike,
(Try me, and you shall find it so) for ever,
Never to be recall'd, (I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me) I do turn
Utterly from you; and what man I meet first,
That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him bear any shape, the worse the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me. What I've said
About your foolish sickness, ere you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear is certain,
And challenge any man that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions.
And so, farewell for this time! [*Exit.*

Petru. Grief go with thee!
If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
Saying my prayers backward, fiends, or fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bianca and Tranio.

Tra. Mistress, you must do't.

Bianca. Are the writings ready
I told you o'?

Tra. Yes, they are ready; but
To what use I know not.

Bianca. You are an ass,
You must have all things constru'd,

Tra. Yes,—and pierc'd too[31],
Or I find little pleasure.

Bianca. Now you're knavish;
Go to! Fetch Rowland hither presently;
Your twenty pound lies bleeding else; she's married
Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not.
And see the papers of one size!

Tra. I have you.

Bianca. And for disposing of 'em—

Tra. If I fail you,
Now I have found the way, use martial law,
And cut my head off with a hand-saw!

Bianca. Well, sir!
Petronius and Moroso I'll see sent for.
About your business; go!

Tra. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Livia.

Bianca. Ho, Livia!

Livia. Who's that? [look now,

Bianca. A friend of yours. Lord, how you
As if y'had a carrack!

Livia. Oh, Bianca!
I am the most undone, unhappy woman—

Bianca. Be quiet, wench! thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all shall split for't.
No more of these minc'd passions! they are mangy,
And ease thee of nothing, but a little wind:
An apple will do more. Thou fear'st Moroso?

Livia. E'en as I fear the gallows.

Bianca. Keep thee there still!
And you love Rowland? say.

Livia. If I say not,
I'm sure I lie. [man,

Bianca. What wouldst thou give that wo-
In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy father's policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a bed together?

Livia. How?

Bianca. Why, fairly, [blood comes!
At half-sword, man and wife: now the red
Ay, marry, now the matter's chang'd.

Livia. Bianca,
Methinks you should not mock me.

Bianca. Mock a pudding! [ing.
I speak good honest English, and good mean-

Livia. I should not be ungrateful to that woman. [but my counsel,

Bianca. I know thou wouldst not: follow
And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune,
Let me ne'er know a good night more! You
Be very sick o' th' instant. [must

Livia. Well, what follows? [your friends,

Bianca. And in that sickness send for all
Your father and your fever, old Moroso;
And Rowland shall be there too.

Livia. What of these? [shall follow

Bianca. Do you not twitter yet? Of this
That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses as the merchants
Do dollars to th' East Indies: you shall know all;
But first walk in, and practise; pray, be sick.

Livia. I do believe you, and I am sick.

Bianca. Do: [servants
To bed then; come!—I'll send away your
Post for your fool, and father: and, good fortune,
As we mean honesty, now strike an up-shot!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money; [you;
But that's all one: I'll never more persuade
I see you're resolute, and I commend you.

Rowl. But did she send for me?

Tra. You dare believe me? [for profit

Rowl. I cannot tell; you have your ways
Allow'd you, Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em fear.

Tra. No, on my word, sir,
I deal directly with you.

[31] *Yes, and* pierc'd *too.*] The word *constru'd* going before, would make one suspect that *pars'd* should have followed, and so I imagine it at first was wrote. *Sympson.*
It is clear that a loose pun is intended; so the text should stand as it does.

Enter

Enter Servant hastily.

Rowl. How now, fellow?
Whither post you so fast?
Serv. Oh, sir, my master!
Pray did you see my master?
Rowl. Why your master?
Serv. Sir, his jewel—
Rowl. With the gilded button?
Serv. My pretty mistress Livia—
Rowl. What of her?
Serv. Is fallen sick o' th' sudden—
Rowl. How, o' th' sullens?
Serv. O' th' sudden, sir, I say; very sick.
Rowl. It seems sh' hath got the tooth-ache with raw apples. [fare you well, sir!
Serv. It seems you've got the head-ache:
You did not see my master?
Rowl. Who told you so?
Tra. No, no; he did not see him.
Rowl. Farewell, blue-bottle.
[*Exit Servant.*
What should her sickness be?
Tra. For you, it may be.
Rowl. Yes, when my brains are out, I may believe it;
Never before, I'm sure. Yet I may see her;
'Twill be a point of honesty.
Tra. It will so. [be fing'ring
Rowl. It may be not too; you would fain
This old sin-off'ring of two hundred, Tranio:
How daintily and cunningly you drive me
Up like a deer to th' toil! yet I may leap it;
And what's the woodman then?
Tra. A loser by you.
Speak, will you go, or not? To me 'tis equal.
Rowl. Come; what goes less?
Tra. Nay, not a penny, Rowland.
Rowl. Shall I have liberty of conscience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses?
Hang me, if I affect her; yet, it may be,
This whorson manners will require a struggling[31],
Of two and twenty, or by'r lady, thirty.
Tra. By'r lady, I'll require my wager then.
For if you kiss so often, and no kindness,
I've lost my speculation: I'll allow you—
Rowl. Speak like a gamester now.
Tra. It may be two. [setting:
Rowl. Under a dozen, Tranio, there's no
You shall have forty shillings, wink at small faults. [nest,
Say I take twenty. Come, by all that's ho-
I do it but to vex her.
Tra. I'll no by-blows.
If you can love her, do; if you can, hate her.
Or any else that loves you—
Rowl. Prithee, Tranio!
Tra. Why, farewell, twenty pound! 'twill not undo me;
You have my resolution.
Rowl. And your money: [feit,
Which, since you are so stubborn, if I for-
Make me a Jack o' Lent[32], and break my shins [with you;
For untagg'd points and counters! I'll go
But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain—
A parting kiss is lawful?
Tra. I allow it. [Yet, a bargain?
Rowl. Knock out my brains with apples.
Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win and wear it.
Rowl. Thou art the strangest fellow!
Tra. That's all one. [if thou dar'st,
Rowl. Along then! Twenty pound more,
I give her not a good word!
Tra. Not a penny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Petru. Prithee, entreat her come; I will not trouble her
Above a word or two. Ere I endure
[*Exit Pedro.*
This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,
I'll go to plough again[33], and eat leek-porridge! [ber'd)
(Begging's a pleasure to't, not to be num-
No, there be other countries, Jaques, for me,
And other people; yea, and other women:
If I have need, here's money, there's your ware,
Which is fair dealing; and the sun, they say,
Shines as warm there as here; and till I've lost
Either myself or her—I care not whether
Nor which first—
Jaques. Will your worship hear me?
Petru. And utterly outworn the memory
Of such a curse as this, none of my nation
Shall ever know me more.
Jaques. Out, alas, sir.
What a strange way do you run!
Petru. Any way,
So I out-run this rascal.
Jaques. Methinks now, [tience—
If your good worship could but have the pa
Petru. The patience? why the patience

[31] *This whorson manners will require a* struggling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r lady, thirty.] *Struggling* here means *kissing*, but I rather think the author's word was *smuggling*, which I have heard used in that sense. The second line seems wrong: he had before mentioned *ten kisses*, and people generally, in increasing a number, advance by decimals: I read therefore, as a much more natural way of speaking
Of ten, or twenty, or by'r lady, thirty. *Seward.*

[32] *Jack o'Lent.*] See note 28 on the Wild-Goose Chase.

[33] *I'll go to plough, and eat leek-porridge.*] The copies in general, except that of 1647, want the dissyllable *again*. *Sympson.*

Jaques. Why, I'll tell you;
Could you but have the patience—
Petru. Well, the patience. [she rails,
Jaques. To laugh at all she does, or, when
To have a drum beaten o' th' top o' th' house,
To give the neighbours warning of her larum,
As I do when my wife rebels—
Petru. Thy wife?
Thy wife's a pigeon to her, a mere slumber;
The dead of night's not stiller—
Jaques. Nor an iron-mill.
Petru. But thy wife's certain—
Jaques. That's false doctrine;
You never read of a cert in woman.
Petru. Thou know'st her way.
Jaques. I should do, I am sure;
I've ridden it night and day, this twenty year.
Petru. But mine is such a drench of balderdash, [bow,
Such a strange carded cunningness, the rain-
When she hangs bent in Heav'n, sheds not her colours [man
Quicker, and more, than this deceitful wo-

Enter Pedro.

Weaves in her dyes of wickedness.—What says she? [pointed to me,
Pedro. Nay, not a word, sir; but she
As tho' she meant to follow. Pray, sir, bear it
E'en as you may: I need not teach your worship [mortal—
The best men have their crosses, we are all
Petru. What ails the fellow?
Pedro. And no doubt she may, sir—
Petru. What may she? or what does she? or what is she?
Speak and be hang'd!
Pedro. She's mad, sir.
Petru. Heaven continue it!
Pedro. Amen, if't be his pleasure.
Petru. How mad is she?
Pedro. As mad as heart can wish, sir: she has dress'd herself [cut
(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th'
Of one of those that multiply i' th' suburbs
For single money, and as dirtily:
If any speak to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she'd have.
Petru. What new way's this?
Pedro. There came in master Sophocles—
Petru. And what,
Did master Sophocles, when he came in?
Get my trunks ready, sirrah! I'll be gone
Pedro. He's here to tell you. [straight.
She's horn mad, Jaques.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Call you this a woman?
Petru. Yes, sir, she is a woman.
Soph. Sir, I doubt it.
Petru. I'd thought y'had made experience.
Soph. Yes, I did so,
And almost with my life.
Petru. You rid too fast, sir,
Soph. Pray, be not mistaken: by this hand,
Your wife's as chaste and honest as a virgin,
For any thing I know! 'Tis true, she gave me a ring—
Petru. For rutting.
Soph. You are much deceiv'd still:
Believe me, I ne'er kiss'd her since; and now
Coming in visitation like a friend,
(I think she's mad, sir,) suddenly she started,
And snatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.
Petru. Is this certain?
Soph. As I am here, sir.
Petru. I believe you honest;
And pray continue so.

Enter Maria.

Soph. She comes.
Petru. Now, damsel,
What will your beauty do, if I forsake you?
[*She makes signs.*
D' you deal by signs and tokens? As I guess then, [captains;
You'll walk abroad this summer, and catch
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' suburbs,
And keep a nest of nuns?
Soph. Oh, do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is.
Petru. She's dogged,
And in a beastly case, I'm sure.—I'll make her, [cles,
If she have any tongue, yet tattle.—Sopho-
Prithee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well; and when th' hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing.
Soph. I'll tell you,
I've seen a sweeter—
Petru. An hundred times, cry oysters.
There's a poor beggar-wench about Black-Friars, [her.
Runs on her breech, may be an empress to
Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petru. Never a whit, sir.— [thee,
I'll tell thee, woman, for now I've day to see
And all my wits about me, and I speak
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping; [give
I know you're well enough).—Now would I
A million but to vex her!—When I chose thee
To make a bedfellow, I took more trouble[34]
Than twenty terms can come to; such a cause,
Of such a title, and so everlasting,
That Adam's genealogy may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I took a leprosy,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession,

[34] *Took more* TROUBLE.] *i. e.* Not *took more* PAINS, but *chose more* VEXATION.

And

And had the devil with thee, if not more;
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a jade to fling my fortunes:
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darkness, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and fox from fern-bush,
That would have married thee?
Soph. She's not so ill.
Petru. She's worse than I dare think of; she's so lewd,
No court is strong enough to bear her cause;
Sh' hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wifehood, nor womanhood; nor any mortal
Can force me think she had a mother: no,
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her,
To be a woman-wolf by transmigration;
Her first form was a ferret's under-ground;
She kills the memories of men.—Not yet?
Soph. D'you think she's sensible of this?
Petru. I care not!
Be what she will, the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this point, I unty, and thus I loose it;
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:
My vanity, farewell! Yet, for you've been
So near me, as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much,
(Tho' you deserve it well) you shall not beg:
What I ordain'd your jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you, and half my house;
The other half shall be employ'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at also)
Yet to confirm you Christian; your apparel,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep, I beseech you, it infects our uses:
And now I am for travel.
Maria. Now I love you;
And now I see you are a man, I'll talk to you;
And I forget your bitterness.
Soph. How now, man? [mous,
Petru. Oh, Pliny, if thou wilt be ever fa-
Make but this woman all thy wonders!
Maria. Sure, sir,
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you virtuous.
Petru. She will ship me. [wish'd for;
Maria. A way of understanding I long
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, sir!
Methinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence; and now I see
Some great design set in you. You may think now [part
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you;
Nay, hang about your neck, and like a dotard
Urge my strong tie upon you: but I love you,
And all the world shall know it, beyond w
man:
And more prefer the honour of your countr
Which chiefly you are born for, and may pe
fect,
The uses you may make of other nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, conversatio
The full ability and strength of judgment,
Than any private love, or wanton kisses.
Go, worthy man, and bring home understan
ing. [breed school-mo
Soph. This were an excellent woman
Maria. For if the merchant thro' unknow
seas plough [y
To get his wealth, then, dear sir, what mu
To gather wisdom? Go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion
And if a woman may win credit with you,
Go far, too far you cannot, still the farthe
The more experience finds you: and go spa
ing;
One meal a-week will serve you, and one su
Thro' all your travels; for you'll find it ce
tain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look thro' still.
Petru. Dost hear her?
Soph. Yes. [were suffer
Petru. What would this woman do, if s
Upon a new religion[35]?
Soph. Make us Pagans.
I wonder that she writes not.
Maria. Then when time,
And fullness of occasion, have new-made yo
And squar'd you from a sot into a signor,
Or nearer, from a jade into a courser;
Come home an aged man, as did Ulysses,
And I your glad Penelope—
Petru. That must have
As many lovers as I languages; [nig
And what she does with one i'th' day, i'
Undo it with another.
Maria. Much that way, sir;
For in your absence it must be my honour
That that must make me spoken of hereafte
To have temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offer'd me, and strongly,
Almost believ'd against me, to set off
The faith and loyalty of her that loves you
Petru. What should I do?
Soph. Why, by my soul, I would travel;
Did not you mean so?
Petru. Alas, no; nothing less, man;
I did it but to try, sir. She's the devil!
And now I find it, (for she drives me) I mu
go. [read
Are my trunks down there, and my hors
Maria. Sir, for your house, and, if y
please to trust me
With that you leave behind—
Petru. Bring down the money!

[35] *Upon a new* adventure.

Soph. Make us nothing.] So the first folio. We have no doubt but the text (which is fro
the second) is genuine, and that an ideal delicacy caused the variation.

Mar

Maria. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow. I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit;
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies, or Canhaya,
Those are the climes must make you.
Petru. How's the wind?—
She'll wish me out o'th' world anon!
Maria. For France
'Tis very fair: get you aboard to-night, sir,
And lose no time; you know the tide stays no man.
I have cold meats ready for you.
Petru. Fare thee well! [vengeance!
Th'hast fool'd me out o'th' kingdom with a
An thou canst fool me in again—
Maria. Not I, sir; [sure:
I love you better; take your time and plea-
I'll see you hors'd. [too,
Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hang'd
Were I but half as willing.
Maria. Any thing
That you think well off, I dare look upon.
Petru. You'll bear me to the land's end, Sophocles?
And other of my friends, I hope.
Maria. Ne'er doubt, sir;
You cannot want companions for your good:
I'm sure you'll kiss me ere I go; I've business,
And stay long here I must not.
Petru. Get thee going!
For if thou tarriest but another dialogue,
I'll kick thee to thy chamber.
Maria. Fare you well, sir! [more,
And bear yourself, I do beseech you once
(Since you have undertaken doing wisely)
Manly, and worthily; 'tis for my credit. [lies,
And for those flying fames here of your fol-
Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
(Nothing should make me leave you else) I'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die. If you want limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o'th' sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.
Petru. Now the devil, [blessing
That was your first good master, shower his
Upon ye all! into whose custody—
Maria. I do commit your reformation;
And so I leave you to your *stilo novo*[36]!
[*Exit.*
Petru. I will go!—Yet I will not!—Once more, Sophocles,
I'll put her to the test.
Soph. You had better go. [ther out,
Petru. I will go then! Let's seek my fa-
And all my friends, to see me fair aboard:
Then, women, if there be a storm at sea
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more broken
Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests, till they crack my keel!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Petronius and Bianca.

Bianca. NOW whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world discern, sir!
Petron. If this motion
(I mean this fair repentance of my daughter)
Spring from your good persuasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I've spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.
Bianca. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you;
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good and gentle yet, with free contrition,
Again you might be purchas'd: loving woman!
She heard me, and, I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point. Yet all my counsel
And comfort in this case could not so heal her,
But that grief got his share too, and she sicken'd. [sickness
Petron. I'm sorry she's so ill; yet glad her
Has got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

Bianca. Here comes Moroso.
Petron. Oh, you are very welcome;
Now you shall know your happiness.
Mor. I'm glad on't.
What makes this lady here?
Bianca. A dish for you, sir,
You'll thank me for hereafter.
Petron. True, Moroso:
Go get you in, and see your mistress.
Bianca. She is sick, sir;
But you may kiss her whole.
Mor. How?
Bianca. Comfort her.
Mor. Why am I sent for, sir?
Petron. Will you in and see?
Bianca. May be she needs confession.

[36] *Stilo novo.*] Alluding to the manner in which foreign letters were dated. R.

Mor. By St. Mary,
She shall have absolution then and penance;
But not above her carriage.
Petron. Get you in, fool! [*Exit Mor.*
Bianca. Here comes the other too.

Enter Rowland and Tranio.

Petron. Now, Tranio!
Good ev'n to you too! and you're welcome.
Rowl. Thank you.
Petron. I have a certain daughter—
Rowl. 'Would you had, sir!
Petron. No doubt you know her well—
Rowl. Nor never shall, sir:
She is a woman; and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep-fall'n snow.
Petron. Well, that's by th' bye still.
This daughter that I tell you of is fall'n
A little crop-sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.
Rowl. Mine, sir?
Petron. Yes, sir:
Or rather as it seems, repenting. And there
She lies within, debating on it.
Rowl. Well, sir?
Petron. I think 'twere well you'd see her.
Rowl. If you please, sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petron. But this I'll tell you, she is alter'd much;
You'll find her now another Livia.
Rowl. I have enough o'th' old, sir.
Petron. No more fool, [land,
To look gay babies in your eyes, young Row-
And hang about your pretty neck—
Rowl. I'm glad on't,
And thank my fates I've scap'd such execution.
Petron. And buss you till you blush again.
Rowl. That's hard, sir;
She must kiss shamefully ere I blush at it;
I never was so boyish. Well, what follows?
Petron. She's mine now, as I please to settle her, [her:
At my command, and where I please to plant
Only she'd take a kind of farewell of you,
And give you back a wandring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.
Rowl. She shall have 'em, [better,
With all my heart, sir; and, if you like it
A free release in writing.
Petron. That's the matter;
And you from her shall have another, Rowland,
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you. [Tranio.
Rowl. So be't. Your twenty pound sweats,
Tra. 'Twill not undo me, Rowland; do your worst!
Rowl. Come, shall we see her, sir?
Bianca. Whate'er she says [ness
You must bear manly, Rowlan'; for her sick-
Has made her somewhat teatish.
Rowl. Let her talk
Till her tongue ache, I care not. By this hand, [body
Thou hast a handsome face, wench, and a
Daintily mounted!—Now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I piss'd it.

Livia discovered a-bed, and Moroso by her.

Bianca. Pray draw her softly! the least hurry, sir,
Puts her to much impatience.
Petron. How is't daughter? [what
Livia. Oh, very sick, very sick; yet somewhat
Better, I hope, a little lightsomer,
Because this good man has forgiven me.
Pray set me higher: oh, my head!
Bianca Well done, wench!
Livia. Father, and all good people that shall hear me,
I have abus'd this man perniciously;
Was never old man humbled so; I've scorn'd him, [him,
And call'd him nasty names; I have spit at
Flung candles' ends in's beard, and call'd him *Harrow*, [him,
That must be drawn to all he does; contemn'd
For methought then he was a beastly fellow,
(Oh, God, my side!) a very beastly fellow;
And gave it out, his cassock was a barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his predecessor by a sculler,
The man yet living; I gave him purging comfits
At a great christning once, [night
That spoil'd his camblet breeches; and one
I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he pass'd down; [for't!)
And the good gentleman, (woe worth me
Ev'n with his reverend head, this head of wisdom,
Told two and twenty stairs, good and true,
Miss'd not a step, and as we say, *verbatim*
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting-bottle,
Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,
And was translated. All this villainy
Did I; I, Livia; I alone, untaught.
Mor. And I, unask'd, forgive it.
Livia. Where's Bianca?
Bianca. Here, cousin.
Livia. Give me drink.
Bianca. There.
Livia. Who's that?
Mor. Rowland. [part.
Livia. Oh, my dissembler, you and I must
Come nearer, sir.
Rowl. I'm sorry for your sickness.
Livia. Be sorry for yourself, sir: you have wrong'd me;
But I forgive you. Are the papers ready?
Bianca. I have 'em here: will't please you
Petron. Yes. [view 'em?
Livia. Shew 'em the young man too; I know he's willing

To

To shift his sails too; 'tis for his more advancement:
Alas, we might have beggar'd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies;
We had been undone, Bianca, had we married,
Undone for ever. I confess I lov'd him
(I care not who shall know it) most entirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me:
But farewell that! we must be wiser, cousin;
Love must not leave us to the world. Have you done?

Rowl. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

Livia. Pray stay then.
Give me the papers, (and let me peruse them)
And so much time as may afford a tear
At our last parting.

Bianca. Pray retire, and leave her;
I'll call ye presently.

Petron. Come, gentlemen;
The shower must fall.

Rowl. 'Would I had never seen her!
[*Exeunt.*

Bianca. Thou hast done bravely, wench.

Livia. Pray Heav'n, it prove so!

Bianca. There are the other papers: when they come,
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As drapers do their wares.

Livia. Didst mark Moroso, [most
In what an agony he was? and how he cried
When I abus'd him most?

Bianca. That was but reason.

Livia. Oh, what a stinking thief is this!
Tho' I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed: Thames-street, to him,
Is a mere pomander.

Bianca. Let him be hang'd!

Livia. Amen!

Bianca. And lie you still;
And once more to your business!

Livia. Call 'em in.
Now, if there be a power that pities lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers!

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, and Moroso.

Petron. Is she ready? [go to her.

Bianca. Sh'has done her lamentations: pray

Livia. Rowland, come near me; and, before you seal, [me!
Give me your hand: take it again; now kiss
This is the last acquaintance we must have!
I wish you ever happy! There's the paper.

Rowl. Pray stay a little!

Petron. Let me never live more,
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!

Bianca. There's pen and ink, sir.

Livia. Ev'n here, I pray you: 'tis a little emblem
How near you have been to me.

Rowl. There.

Bianca. Your hands too,
As witnesses.

Petron. By any means; to th' book, son.

Mor. With all my heart.

Bianca. You must deliver it. [on thee!

Rowl. There, Livia; and a better love light
I can no more.

Bianca. To this you must be witness too.

Petron. We will.

Bianca. Do you deliver't now.

Livia. Pray set me up. [may
There, Rowland, all thy old love back; and
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy!
I must no more.

Rowl. Farewell!

Livia. A long farewell! [*Exit Rowland.*

Bianca. Leave her, by any means, till this wild passion
Be off her head. Draw all the curtains close.
A day hence you may see her; 'twill be better:
She's now for little company. [along too,

Petron. Pray tend her.
I must to horse straight; you must needs
To see my son aboard: were but his wife
As fit for pity as this wench, I were happy.

Bianca. Time must do that too. Fare ye well! To-morrow
You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, and Porters, with Chest and Hampers.

Jaques. Bring 'em away, sirs!

Pedro. Must the great trunks go too?

Jaques. Yes, and the hampers. Nay, be speedy, masters!
He'll be at sea before us else.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques!
What a most blessed turn hast thou—

Jaques. I hope so, [this woman!

Pedro. To have the sea between thee and
Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.

Jaques. By your leave,
We'll get us up to Paris with all speed;
For, on my soul, as far as Amiens
She'll carry blank. Away to Lyon-key,
And ship 'em presently! we'll follow ye.

Pedro. Now could I wish her in that trunk.

Jaques. God shield, man!
I had rather have a bear in't.

Pedro. Yes, I'll tell you:
For in the passage, if a tempest take you,
As many do, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleas'd the fates, I would have the master,
Out of a powerful providence, to cry,
'Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;'
Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by
Over-board presently. [all means

Jaques. O' that condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us. But, believe me, Pedro,
She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever;

For none would keep her company but dog-fish,
As currish as herself, or porpoises,
Made to all fatal uses: the two Fish-Streets,
Were she but once arriv'd among the whitings,
Would sing a woful *misereri*, Pedro,
And mourn in Poor-John, till her memory
Were cast o'shore again, with a strong sea-breach; [fork,
She would make god Neptune, and his fire-
And all his demi-gods and goddesses,
As weary of the Flemish channel, Pedro,
As ever boy was of the school; 'tis certain,
If she but meet him fair, and were well anger'd,
She would break his god-head.

Pedro. Oh, her tongue, her tongue!

Jaques. Rather her many tongues!

Pedro. Or rather strange tongues!

Jaques. Her lying tongue!

Pedro. Her lisping tongue!

Jaques. Her long tongue!

Pedro. Her lawless tongue!

Jaques. Her loud tongue!

Pedro. And her liquorish—

Jaques. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,
Were women rais'd withal; but ne'er a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your stuff again! the journey's ended.

Jaques. What does your worship mean?

Soph. Your master—Oh, Petruchio! Oh, poor fellows!

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Soph. Oh, your master's dead,
His body coming back! His wife, his devil,
The grief of her[36]—

Jaques. Has kill'd him?

Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him!

Pedro. Is there no law to hang her?

Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery: I dare not,
For fear impatience seize me, see her more;
I must away again. Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,
E'en to avoid the shame that follows her,
Cry if she can. Your weeping cannot mend it. [tell her)
The body will be here within this hour, (so
And all his friends to curse her. Farewell, fellows! [*Exit.*

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Jaques. Oh, my worthy master! [her—

Pedro. Oh, my most beastly mistress! Hang

Jaques. Split her—

Pedro. Drown her directly—

Jaques. Starve her—

Pedro. Stink upon her— [be eggs,

Jaques. Stone her to death! May all she eat
'Till she run kicking-mad for men!

Pedro. And he,
That man that gives her remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipso facto* lose his longings[37]!

Jaques. Let's go discharge ourselves; and he that serves her,
Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
A sedgly curse light on him; which is, Pedro
The fiend ride thro' him booted and spurr'd, with a scythe at's back! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him.

Rowl. What a dull ass was I to let her go thus! [paper,
Upon my life, she loves me still. Well,
Thou only monument of what I've had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever. Farewell, Livia!
Oh, bitter words, I'll read ye once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye.—
How's this? let me look better on't! A contract?
By Heaven, a contract, seal'd and ratified,
Her father's hand set to it, and Moroso's!
I do not dream sure! Let me read again:
The same still; 'tis a contract!

Tra. 'Tis so, Rowland;
And, by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound to-morrow.

Rowl. Art sure, Tranio,
We're both alive now?

Tra. Wonder not; you've lost.

Rowl. If this be true, I grant it.

Tra. 'Tis most certain!
There's a ring for you too; you know it?

Rowl. Yes.

Tra. When shall I have my money?

Rowl. Stay you, stay you!
When shall I marry her?

Tra. To-night.

Rowl. Take heed now
You do not trifle with me: if you do,
You'll find more payment than your money comes to!
Come, swear (I know I am a man, and find
I may deceive myself), swear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I Rowland?

Tra. Yes.

Rowl. Am I awake?

[36] *The grief of—her.*] So the former copies; but surely the *dash* should be after *her*, instead of before:

The grief of *her*—

Jaques. Has kill'd him?

The grief of her *signifies*, his grief occasioned by her.

[37] *Lose his* longings.] So first folio; other copies,

——lose his *faddings*

Tra.

Tra. You are.
Rowl. Am I in health?
Tra. As far as I conceive.
Rowl. Was I with Livia?
Tra. You were, and had this contract.
Rowl. And shall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes, if you dare.
Rowl. Swear to all these.
Tra. I will. [conscience,
Rowl. As thou art honest, as thou hast a
As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these
To be no vision, but a truth, and serious!
Tra. Then, by my honesty, and faith, and
All this is certain. [conscience,
Rowl. Let's remove our places[78].
Swear it again.
Tra. By Heaven, it is true. [I'm glad on't.
Rowl. I have lost then, and Heaven knows
Let's go; and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I am a Pagan in't.
Tra. I have a priest too;
And all shall come as even as two testers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, and Petruchio borne in a Coffin.

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out!

Enter Maria in black, and Jaques.

You're welcome to the last cast of your fortunes! [husband;
There lies your husband; there, your loving
There he that was Petruchio, too good for you! [him,
Your stubborn and unworthy way has kill'd
Ere he could reach the sea: if you can weep,
Now you have cause; begin, and after death
Do something yet to th' world, to think you honest.
So many tears had sav'd him, shed in time;
And as they are (so a good mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move compassion.
Maria. Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable:
'Tis true, I've cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.
Soph. I see there's some good nature left in her. [not; not this man,
Maria. But what's the cause? Mistake me
As he is dead, I weep for; Heav'n defend it!
I never was so childish: but his life,
His poor, unmanly, wretched, foolish life, [ing.
Is that my full eyes pity; there's my mourn-
Petron. Dost thou not shame?
Maria. I do, and e'en to water, [simple,
To think what this man was; to think how
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all gentry,
While he was living here, he walk'd amongst us.
He had a happy turn, he died! I'll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person;
The memory of this man, had he liv'd
But two years longer, had begot more follies,
Than wealthy autumn flies. But let him rest,
He was a fool, and farewell he! not pitied,
I mean in way of life, or action,
By any understanding man that's honest,
But only in's posterity, which I,
Out of the fear his ruins might out-live him,
In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
Like one indeed born only to preserve him,
Denied him means to raise.
Petru. Unbutton me!
Oh, God, I die indeed else!—Oh, Maria,
Oh, my unhappiness, my misery! [he perish,
Petron. Go to him, whore! By Heaven, if
I'll see thee hang'd myself!
Petru. Why, why, Maria—
Maria. I've done my worst, and have my end: forgive me! [I've tam'd you,
From this hour make me what you please:
And now am vow'd your servant. Look not strangely, [me?
Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss
Thus I begin my new love.
Petru. Once again!
Maria. With all my heart.
Petru. Once again, Maria!
Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am.
Soph. Get ye to bed then; there you'll quickly know, sir.
Petru. Never no more your old tricks?
Maria. Never, sir. [a faith,
Petru. You shall not need; for, as I have
No cause shall give occasion.
Maria. As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this hour, since you make so free profession,
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.
Soph. Ay, marry, this goes roundly off!
Petru. Go, Jaques, [ney,
Get all the best meat may be bought for mo-
And let the hogsheads blood: I'm born again!
Well, little England, when I see a husband
Of any other nation, stern or jealous,
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding;
And if he have not butter to his bread

[78] *Let's remove our places.*] This is plainly a sneer at the scene in Hamlet, where (on account of the Ghost calling under the stage) the prince and his friends two or three times remove their situations.—Again, in this play, p. 145, Petruchio's saying,

Something I'll do; but what it is, I know not!

seems to be meant as a ridicule on Lear's passionate exclamation,

——————I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not! *J. N.*

Till

'Till his teeth bleed, I'll never trust my travel.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

Petron. What have we here?
Rowl. Another morris, sir,
That you must pipe to.
Tra. A poor married couple
Desire an offering, sir.
Bianca. Never frown at it;
You cannot mend it now: there's your own hand,
And yours, Moroso, to confirm the bargain.
Petron. My hand?
Mor. Or mine?
Bianca. You'll find it so.
Petron. A trick,
By Heaven, a trick!
Bianca. Yes, sir, we trick'd you.
Livia. Father—
Petron. Hast thou lain with him? Speak!
Livia. Yes, truly, sir.
Petron. And hast thou done the deed, boy?
Rowl. I have done, sir,
That that will serve the turn, I think.
Petru. A match then!
I'll be the maker-up of this. Moroso,
There's now no remedy, you see: be willing
For be, or be not, he must have the wench
Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in t
And, if I can, I'll drink't away. [dinner
Tra. That's well said! [trick: look to't
Petron. Well, sirrah, you have play'd
And let me be a grandsire within this twelve month, [tunes
Or, by this hand, I'll curtail half your for
Rowl. There shall not want my labour, sir
Here's one has undertaken. [Your money
Tra. Well, I'll trust her;
And glad I have so good a pawn.
Rowl. I'll watch you. [and be jovial
Petru. Let's in, and drink of all hands
I have my colt again, and now she carries:
And, gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his text.
[*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

The Tamer's Tam'd; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives:
Nor can the women, from this precedent,
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And, as they stand bound, to love mutually
If this effect, arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded, may deserve ap plause, [end
We something more than hope, our hones
Will keep the men, and women too, ou friends.

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play solely to Fletcher; but the Prologue speaks of it as the production of both Authors. It was altered and revived by Durfey, in the year 1688, under the title of The Fool's Preferment, or The Three Dukes of Dunstable, and acted at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Gardens.

PROLOGUE.

Wit is become an antick, and puts on
As many shapes of variation,
To court the time's applause, as the times dare [rare
Change several fashions: nothing is thought
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again: and we pursue
That custom, by presenting to your view
A play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memory, whose name,
Beyond all power of death, lives in their fame.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

MARINE, *the* Noble Gentleman.
JAQUES, *an old Servant in Marine's family.*
CLERIMONT, *Cousin to Marine.*
GENTLEMAN, *Servant, or Suitor, to Marine's Wife.*
LONGUEVILLE, } *two Courtiers that plot to*
BEAUFORT, } *abuse Marine.*
SHATTILLION, *a Lord, mad for love.*
DOCTOR.
PAGE.
GENTLEMEN.
SERVANTS.

WOMEN.

LADY, *Wife to Marine, a witty Wanton.*
WIFE *to Clerimont.*
Shattillion's LOVE, *a virtuous Virgin.*
MARIA, *attendant on Marine's Wife.*

SCENE, *France.*

ACT I.

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Marine. WHAT happiness waits on the life at court,
What dear content, greatness, delight and ease! [honour,
What ever-springing hopes, what tides of
That raise their fortunes to the height of wishes! [nature,
What can be more in man, what more in
Than to be great and fear'd? A courtier,
A noble courtier! 'Tis a name that draws
Wonder and duty from all eyes and knees.
Jaques. And so your worship's land within the walls,
Where you shall have it all enclos'd, and sure.
Mar. Peace, knave! dull creature, bred of sweat and smoke,
These mysteries are far above thy faith:
But thou shalt see—

Jaques.

Jaques. And then I shall believe,
Your fair revenues, turn'd into fair suits;
I shall believe your tenants bruis'd and rent,
Under the weight of coaches; all your state
Drawn thro' the streets in triumph; suits for places
Plied with a mine of gold, and being got
Fed with a great stream. I shall believe all this. [glorious.—
Mar. You shall believe, and know me
Cousin, good day and health!

Enter Clerimont:

Cler. The same to you, sir; [know
And more, without my wishes, could you
What calm content dwells in a private house[1]—
Yet look into yourself; retire! This place
Of promises, and protestations, fits [this;
Minds only bent to ruin: you should know
You have their language perfect; you have tutors
I do not doubt, sufficient: but beware!
Mar. You are merry, cousin.
Cler. Yet your patience;
You shall learn that too, but not like itself,
Where it is held a virtue. Tell me, sir,
Have you cast up your state, rated your land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of time and fashion? Is it always harvest?
Always vintage? Have you ships at sea,
To bring you gold and stone from rich Peru,
Monthly returning treasure? Doth the king
Open his large exchequer to your hands,
And bid you be a great man? Can your wife
Coin off her beauty? or the week allow
Suits to each day, and know no ebb in honour?
If these be possible, and can hold out,
Then be a courtier still, and still be wasting!
Mar. Cousin, pray give me leave!
Cler. I have done. [strain
Mar. I could requite your gall, and in a
As bitter, and full of rhubarb, preach
Against your country life; but 'tis below me,
And only subject to my pity! Know,
The eminent court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessings, is a sun
That draws men up from coarse and earthly being,
(I mean these men of merit that have power
And reason to make good her benefits)
Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues [please,
Sweetness of language, makes them apt to
Files off all rudeness and uncivil 'haviour,
Shews them as neat in carriage as in cloaths.
Cousin, have you e'er seen the court?
Cler. No, sir;
Nor am I yet in travail with that longing.
Mar. Oh, the state [found
And greatness of that place, where men are
Only to give the first creation glory!
Those are the models of the ancient world,
Left like the Roman statues to stir up
Our following hopes; the place itself puts on
The brow of majesty, and flings her lustre
Like the air newly lighten'd; form, and order,
Are only there themselves, unforc'd, and sound,
As they were first created to this place.
Cler. You nobly came, but will go from thence base! [ceit;
Mar. 'Twas very pretty, and a good con-
You have a wit, good cousin: I do joy in't;
Keep it for court. But to myself again!
When I have view'd these pieces, turn'd these eyes,
And, with some taste of superstition,
Look'd on the wealth of nature, the fair dames, [shew
Beauties, that light the court, and make it
Like a fair heaven in a frosty night,
And 'mongst these mine, not poorest—'Tis for tongues
Of blessed poets, such as Orpheus was,
To give their worth and praises! Oh, dear cousin,
You have a wife, and fair; bring her hither,
Let her not live to be the mistress of
A farmer's heir, and be confined ever
T' a searge, far coarser than my horse-cloth
Let her have velvets, tiffinies, jewels, pearls
A coach, an usher, and her two lacquies;
And I will send my wife to give her rules,
And read the rudiments of court to her.
Cler. Sir, I had rather send her to Virginia[2],
To help to propagate the English nation.

Enter a Servant.

Mar. Sirrah, how slept your mistress, and
Are to pay service? [what visitant
Serv. Sir, as I came out,
Two counts were newly enter'd.

[1] *And more, without my wishes, could you know*
What calm content dwells in a private house.] We do not quite understand these two lines: the meaning, though obscurely expressed, seems to be, 'I wish you happiness; which 'you might have, and more, without my wishes, if you knew the comforts of a private life.'

[2] *Virginia.*] The attempt to settle Virginia was at first very unsuccessful, and many reports were propagated, which made it difficult to procure any persons to venture thither to these circumstances the author plainly alludes. Among the pamphlets published about this period was the following: 'A true declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia 'with a confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy 'an enterprise. Published by advise and direction of the Councell of Virginia.' 4to 1610. *R.*

Mar

Mar. This is greatness;
But few such servants wait a country beauty.
Cler. They are the more to thank their modesty:
God keep my wife, and all my issue female,
From such uprisings!

Enter Doctor.

Mar. What, my learned Doctor!
You will be welcome: give her health and youth,
And I will give you gold. [*Exit Doctor.*
Cousin, how savours this? Is it not sweet,
And very great? tastes it not of nobleness?
Cler. Faith, sir, my palate is too dull and lazy;
I cannot taste it; 'tis not for my relish:
But be so still! since your own misery
Must first reclaim you; to which I leave you, sir!
If you will yet be happy, leave the humour,
And base subjection to your wife; be wise,
And let her know with speed you are her husband!
I shall be glad to hear it. My horse is sent for. [*Exit.*
Mar. Even such another country thing as this
Was I; such a piece of dirt, so heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,
And be an ass; such musty cloaths wore I,
So old and thread-bare: I do yet remember
Divers young gallants, lighting at my gate
To see my honour'd wife, have offer'd pence,
And bid me walk their horses. Such a slave
Was I in show then; but my eyes are open'd.

Enter Lady.

Many sweet morrows to my worthy wife!
Lady. 'Tis well, and aptly giv'n; as much for you!
But to my present business, which is money.
Mar. Lady, I have none left. [imagine
Lady. I hope you dare not say so, nor
So base and low a thought: 'I have none left?'
Are these words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credit? Do you know
The place you live in? me? and what I labour
For you, and your advancement?
Mar. Yes, my dearest. [slight answer,
Lady. And do you pop me off with this
In troth, 'I have none left?' In troth, you must have!
Nay, stare not; 'tis most true: send speedily
To all that love you, let your people fly
Like thunder thro' the city, and not return
Under five thousand crowns. Try all, take all;
Let not a worthy merchant be untempted,
Or any one that hath the name of money;
Take up at any use; give band[3], or land,
Or mighty statutes[4], able by their strength
To tie up Samson were he now alive,
There must be money gotten; for, be persuaded,
If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink
Under our fair beginnings, 'tis our ruin,
And then good night to all but our disgrace!
Farewell, the hope of coming happiness,
And all the aims we levell'd at so long[5]!
Are you not mov'd at this? No sense of want,
Towards yourself yet breeding?
Be old, and common, jaded to the eyes
Of grooms, and pages, chambermaids, and guarders; [house in order
And when you have done, put your poor
And hang yourself! for such must be the end
Of him that willingly forsakes his hopes,
And hath a joy to tumble to his ruin.
All that I say is certain; if you fail,
Do not impute me with it; I am clear.
Mar. Now Heav'n forbid I should do wrong to you, [leave
My dearest wife, and madam! Yet give
To your poor creature to unfold himself:
You know my debts are many more than means,
My bands not taken in, my friends at home
Drawn dry with these expences, my poor tenants [course
More full of want than we; then what new
Can I beget to raise those crowns by? Speak,
And I shall execute.
Lady. Pray tell me true;
Have you not land in the country?
Mar. Pardon me!
I had forgot it.
Lady. Sir, you must remember it;
There is no remedy: this land must be
In Paris ere to-morrow night.
Mar. It shall.
Let me consider: some three hundred acres
Will serve the turn.
Lady. 'Twill furnish at all points. [him[6]
Now you speak like yourself, and know like
That means to be a man; suspect no less,

[3] *Band.*] i. e. *Bond;* the ancient mode of spelling the word:

'Since faith could get no credit at his hand,
'I sent him word to come and sue my *band.*' *Churchyard's Challenge*, p. 152.

[4] *Or mighty* statutes, *&c.*] The poet means either *statute merchant*, or *statute staple*, or both. (What the meaning of these terms are, any technical dictionary will inform my readers). The mention of them we find in Hamlet, and over and over again in Ben Jonson's Staple of News. *Sympson.*

[5] *We* levied *at so long.*] Mr. Theobald saw with me, that this oversight must take its birth no where but at the press; and yet it is upwards of an hundred years old. *Sympson.*

[6] *And* know *like him.*] We apprehend the true reading to be *now* instead of *know.*

For the return will give you five for one:
You shall be great to-morrow; I have said it.
Farewell; and see this business be a-foot
With expedition! [*Exit.*

Mar. Health, all joy, and honour,
Wait on my lovely wife!—What, Jaques, Jaques!

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, did you call?

Mar. I did so. Hie thee, Jaques,
Down to the bank, and there to some good merchant [private)
(Conceive me well, good Jaques, and be
Offer three hundred acres of my land:
Say it is choice and fertile; ask upon it
Five thousand crowns: this is the business
I must employ thee in; be wise and speedy!

Jaques. Sir, do not do this.

Mar. Knave, I must have money.

Jaques. If you have money thus, your knave must tell you, [more wary,
You will not have a foot of land left: be
And more friend to yourself! This honest land,
Your worship has discarded, has been true,
And done you loyal service.

Mar. Gentle Jaques,
You have a merry wit; employ it well
About the business you have now in hand.
When you come back, enquire me in the presence;
If not i' th' Tennis-court, or at my house.
[*Exit.*

Jaques. If this vein hold, I know where to enquire you. [bandry,
Five thousand crowns? This, with good hus-
May hold a month out; then five thousand more, [more,
And more land a-bleeding for't; as many
And more land laid aside! God, and St. Dennis,
Keep honest-minded young men batchelors!
'Tis strange, my master should be yet so young
A puppy, that he cannot see his fall,
And got so near the sun. I'll to his cousin,
And once more tell him of it; if he fail,
Then to my mortgage, next unto my sale!
[*Exit.*

Enter Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Gent. Gentlemen, hold on discourse a while;
I shall return with knowledge how and where
We shall have best access unto my mistress,
To tender your devotions. [*Exit.*

Long. Be it so.
Now to our first discourse!

Beau. I prithee, peace!
Thou canst not be so bad, or make me know[7]
Such things are living! Do not give thyself
So common and so idle, so open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, so low!
I cannot, nor I must not credit thee.

Long. Now, by this light, I am a whore-master;
An open and an excellent whoremaster;
And take a special glory that I am so!
I thank my stars I am a whoremaster;
And such a one as dare be known and seen
And pointed at to be a noble wencher.

Beau. Do not let all ears hear this: hark you, sir!
I am myself a whoremaster; I am,
Believe it, sir; (in private be it spoken)
I love a whore directly: most men are
Wenchers, and have profess'd the science
few men
That look upon ye now, but whoremasters,
Or have a full desire to be so.

Long. This is noble! [vate

Beau. It is without all question, being pri-
And held as needful as intelligence;
But, being once discover'd, blown abroad;
And known to common senses, 'tis no more
Than geometrical rules in carpenters,
That only know some measure of an art,
But are not grounded. Be no more deceiv'd
I have a conscience to reclaim you, sir;
(Mistake me not! I do not bid you leave
Your whore, or less to love her; Heaven forbid it,
I should be such a villain to my friend,
Or so unnatural! 'twas ne'er harbour'd here!
Learn to be secret first; then strike you deer! [shall I earn

Long. Your fair instructions, monsieur,

Beau. And you shall have them: I desire your ears[8].

Long. They are your servants.

Beau. You must not love—

Long. How, sir!

Beau. I mean a lady; there is danger:
She hath an usher, and a waiting-gentlewoman, [fee'd
A page, a coachman; these are fee'd, and
And yet for all that will be prating.

Long. So! [discover'

Beau. You understand me, sir; they will
And there's a loss of credit; table-talk
Will be the end of this, or worse than that
Will this be worthy of a gentleman?

[7] *Or make me* know.] I once thought the line faulty, and had alter'd it thus,

——— or make me *trow*,

i. e. *believe*: but 'tis certainly right as it stands. Thus, in sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, book page 10, of the edition of 1674—beseeching her (Parthenia) even with tears, to *know*, tha his love was not so superficial as to go no farther than her skin. *Sympson.*

[8] *I desire your* care.] Sympson reads *ear* for *care*. The reply makes it necessary to rea *ears*.

Lon

Long. Proceed, good sir!
Beau. Next, leave your city dame;
The best of that tribe are most merely coy,
Or most extremely foolish; both which vices
Are no great stirrers up, unless in husbands
That owe this cattle; fearing her that's coy
To be but seeming, her that's fool too forward.
Long. This is the rarest fellow, and the soundest,
I mean in knowledge, that e'er wore a codpiece[9];
H'has found out that will pass all Italy,
All France and England (to their shames I speak,
And to the griefs of all their gentlemen),
The noble theory of luxury[10].
Beau. Your patience,
And I will lay before your eyes a course
That I myself found out; 'tis excellent,
Easy, and full of freedom.
Long. Oh, good sir,
You rack me, 'till I know it.
Beau. This it is: [heated,
When your desire is up, your blood well
And apt for sweet encounter, chuse the night,
And with the night your wench; the streets have store; [ber,
There seize upon her, get her to your cham-
Give her a cardecue, 'tis royal payment;
When ye are dull, dismiss her; no man knows,
Nor she herself, who hath encounter'd her.
Long. Oh! but their faces!
Beau. Never talk of faces!
The night allows her equal with a duchess:
Imagination doth all; think her fair,
And great, yclad in velvet[11], she is so.
Sir, I have tried those, and do find it certain,
It never fails me: 'tis but twelve nights since
My last experience.
Long. Oh, my miching varlet,
I'll fit you, as I live!—
'Tis excellent; I'll be your scholar, sir.

Enter Lady and Gentleman.

Lady. You are fairly welcome both!
Troth, gentlemen,
You have been strangers; I could chide you for't, [news?
And task you with unkindness. What's the
The town was never empty of some novelty:
Servant, what's your intelligence?
Gent. Faith, nothing:
I have not heard of any worth relating.
Beau. Nor I, sweet lady.
Long. Then give me attention:
Monsieur Shattillion's mad.
Lady. Mad?
Long. Mad as May-butter;
And, which is more, mad for a wench.
Lady. 'Tis strange,
And full of pity.
Long. All that comes near him
He thinks are come of purpose to betray him;
Being full of strange conceit, the wench he lov'd
Stood very near the crown.
Lady. Alas, good monsieur!
A' was a proper man, and fair demean'd;
A person worthy of a better temper.
Long. He's strong opinion'd, that the wench he lov'd [maud,
Remains close prisoner by the king's com-
Fearing her title: when the poor griev'd gentlewoman [ing
Follows him much lamenting, and much lov-
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
Nor any else that comes to visit him.
Lady. Let's walk in, gentlemen, and there discourse
His further miseries! You shall stay dinner;
In truth, you must obey.
Omnes. We are your servants! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. There's no good to be done, no cure to be wrought
Upon my desp'rate kinsman: I'll to horse,
And leave him to the fool's whip, misery.
I shall recover twenty miles this night;
My horse stands ready; I'll away with speed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Sir, may I crave your name?
Cler. Yes, sir, you may:
My name is Clerimont.
Shat. 'Tis well. Your faction?
What party knit you with?
Cler. I know no parties,
Nor no factions, sir.
Shat. Then wear this cross of white:
And where you see the like, they are my friends;
Observe them well; the time is dangerous.
Cler. Sir, keep your cross; I'll wear none.
Sure this fellow
Is much beside himself, grown mad.
Shat. A word, sir!
You can pick nothing out of this; this cross
Is nothing but a cross, a very cross,
Plain, without spell, or witchcraft; search it[12]!

[9] *That e'er wore a codpiece.*] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, in which such matters are very amply discussed. *Mr. Steevens's Note on Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

[10] *The noble theory.*] Sympson varies to,
I'th' noble theory, &c.

[11] *And great,* clapt *in velvet.*] Amended by Sympson.

[12] *Search it.*] We apprehend these words were repeated, *search it,* SEARCH IT! and that the repetition has been dropt at press.

You may suspect, and well, there's poison in't,
Powder, or wild-fire; but 'tis nothing so.
Cler. I do believe you, sir; 'tis a plain cross. [the king,
Shat. Then do your worst, I care not! Tell
Let him know all this, as I'm sure he shall;
When you have spit your venom, then will I
Stand up a faithful and a loyal subject.
And so, God save his grace! This is no treason.
Cler. He is March mad: farewell, monsieur! [*Exit.*
Shat. Farewell!
I shall be here attending. 'Tis my life
They aim at; there's no way to save it. Well,
Let 'em spread all their nets, they shall not draw me
Into any open treason: I can see,
And can beware; I have my wits about me,
I thank Heaven for it!

Enter Love.

Love. There he goes, [bred,
That was the fairest hope the French court
The worthiest and the sweetest-temper'd spirit, [judgment
The truest and the valiantest, the best of
'Till most unhappy I sever'd those virtues,
And turn'd his wit wild with a coy denial;
Which Heav'n forgive me! And be pleas'd, oh, Heav'n,
To give again his senses, that my love
May strike off all my follies!
Shat. Lady!
Love. Ay, sir.
Shat. Your will with me, sweet lady?
Love. Sir, I come— [know it, lady:
Shat. From the dread sovereign king; I
He is a gracious prince; long may he live!
Pertain you to his chamber?
Love. No, indeed, sir; [me?
That place is not for women. Do you know
Shat. Yes, I do know you.
Love. What's my name? Pray you speak.
Shat. That's all one; I do know you and your business:
You are discover'd, lady! I am wary;
It stands upon my life. Pray excuse me!
The best man of this kingdom sent you hither,
To dive into me: Have I touch'd you? ha?
Love. You are deceiv'd, sir; I come from your Love, [kisses.
That sends you fair commends, and many
Shat. Alas, poor soul, how does she; is she living?
Keeps she her bed still?
Love. Still, sir, she is living;
And well, and shall do so.
Shat. Are you in council?
Love. No, sir, nor any of my sex.
Shat. Why, so?
If you had been in council, you would know
Her time to be but slender; she must die.
Love. I do believe it, sir.
Shat. And suddenly;
She stands too near a fortune.
Love. Sir?
Shat. 'Tis so;
There is no jesting with a prince's title.
Would we had both been born of common parents,
And liv'd a private and retir'd life
In homely cottage! we had then enjoy'd
Our loves, and our embraces; these are things
That cannot tend to treason.
Love. I am wretched!
Shat. Oh,
I pray as often for the king as any,
And with as true a heart, for his continuance;
And do moreover pray his heirs may live,
And their fair issues; then, as I am bound,
For all the states and commons: if these prayers
Be any ways ambitious, I submit,
And lay my head down; let 'em take it off!
You may inform against me; but withal
Remember my obedience to the crown,
And service to the state.
Love. Good sir, I love you. [with me,
Shat. Then love the gracious king, and say
Heav'n save his grace!
Love. Heav'n save his grace[13]!
Shat. This is strange,
A woman should be sent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my spirit;
Offer me kisses, and enticing follies,
To make me open and betray myself:
It was a subtle and a dangerous plot,
And very soundly follow'd!—Farewell, lady
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honest man. Heav'n save the king
[*Exit*
Love. I'll never leave him, 'till, by art o
prayer,
I have restor'd his senses: If I make
Him perfect man again, he's mine; 'till when
I here abjure all loves of other men!
[*Exit*

Enter Clerimont and Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, good sir, be persuaded! G
but back,
And tell him he's undone; say nothing else,
And you shall see how things will work upon't
Cler. Not so, good Jaques! I am held a
ass,
A country fool, good to converse with dirt,

[13] Shat. *Then love the gracious king, and say with me—*
Love. *Heav'n save his grace.*] But may we not reasonably ask, How could his *Love* know what he would say, till he himself had said it? And if so, then we should surely read thus,
—— then say with me
Heav'n save his grace.
Love. Heav'n save his grace. *Sympson.*

And eat coarse bread, wear the worst wool, know nothing
But the highway to Paris: and wouldst thou have me bring these stains
And imperfections to the rising view
Of the right worshipful thy worthy master?
They must be bright, and shine, their cloaths soft velvet [gums[14],
And the Tyrian purple, like the Arabian
Hung like the sun, their golden beams on all sides; [ter, I
Such as these may come and know thy mas-
Am base, and dare not speak unto him, he's above me. [state,
Jaques. If ever you did love him, or his
His name, his issue, or yourself, go back!
'Twill be an honest and a noble part,
Worthy a kinsman; save three hundred acres
From present execution[15]; they've had sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd; be merciful! [sons
Cler. Have I not urg'd already all the rea-
I had, to draw him from his will? his ruin?
But all in vain! no counsel can prevail:
H' has fix'd himself; there's no removing, Jaques; [vain.
'Twill prove but breath and labour spent in
I'll to my horse; farewell!
Jaques. For God's sake, sir,
As ever you have hope of joy, turn back!
I'll be your slave for ever, do but go;
And I will lay such fair directions to you,
That, if he be not doting on his fall,
He shall recover sight, and see his danger.
And you shall tell him of his wife's abuses,
(I fear, too foul against him!) how she plots
With our young monsieurs, to milk dry husband,
And lay it on their backs: the next her pride;
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curses of his tenants; this will work;
I'll pawn my life and head, he cries, 'Away!
'I'll to my house in the country.'
Cler. Come, I'll go,
And once more try him: if he yield not so;
The next that tries him shall be want and woe.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Marine solus.

Mar. JAQUES!
Jaques. [*within*] Sir?
Mar. Rise, Jaques! 'tis grown day.
The country life is best; where quietly,
Free from the clamour of the troubled court,
We may enjoy our own green shadow'd walks,
And keep a moderate diet without art.
Why did I leave my house, and bring my wife,
To know the manner of this subtle place?
I would, when first the lust to fame and honour
Possess'd me, I had met with any evil
But that! Had I been tried to stay at home,
And earn the bread for the whole family
With my own hand, happy had I been!

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, this is from your wonted course at home: [hours?
When did you there keep such inordinate

[14] *They must be bright, and shine, their cloaths*
Soft velvet, and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian gums, hung *like the sun,*
Their golden beams on all sides;
Such as these, &c.] Seward would read,
They must be bright and shine, their cloaths soft velvet
And of the Tyrian purple; THEY MUST SMELL
Like the Arabian gums, HURL like the sun
Their golden beams on all sides; such as these, *&c.*
And Sympson, who would go 'a shorter way to work,' proposes,
They must be bright and shine,
Their cloaths soft velvet and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian *gem-hung*, like the sun
Their golden beams on all sides;
For 'the Arabians (says he) were remarkable for being adorn'd with jewels.' We have no doubt but that the text is genuine, assisted by the present division.

[15] ——— save *three hundred acres*
From present execution; they've had sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, *be merciful.*] But how must they be *sav'd* if they cannot be *repriev'd?* Would not one imagine then our authors wrote,
And cannot be reprieved *else;* be merciful, *Sympson.*

Go

Go to bed late, start thrice, and call on me?
'Would you were from this place! Our country sleeps,
Altho' they were but of that moderate length,
That might maintain us in our daily work,
Yet were they sound and sweet.
Mar. Ay, Jaques; there [gether,
We dream'd not of our wives; we lay toge-
And needed not. Now at length my cousin's words,
So truly meant, mix'd with thy timely prayers
So often urg'd, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.
Jaques. 'Twas not your father's course:
He liv'd and died in Orleans, where he had
His vines as fruitful as experience
(Which is the art of husbandry) could make;
He had his presses for 'em, and his wines
Were held the best, and out-sold other men's;
His corn and cattle serv'd the neighbour-towns
With plentiful provision, yet his thrift
Could miss one beast amongst the herd; he rul'd
More where he liv'd, than ever you will here.
Mar. 'Tis true: why should my wife then, 'gainst my good,
Persuade me to continue in this course?
Jaques. Why did you bring her hither? At the first, [lights,
Before you warm'd her blood with new de-
Our country sports could have contented her:
When you first married her, a puppet-play
Pleas'd her as well as now the tilting doth.
She thought herself brave in a bugle-chain,
Where orient pearl will scarce content her now. [my good
Mar. Sure, Jaques, she sees something for
More than I do; she oft will talk to me
Of offices, and that she shortly hopes,
By her acquaintance with the friends she hath,
To get a place shall many times outweigh
Our great expences; and if this be so—
Jaques. Think better of her words; she doth deceive you,
And only for her vain and sensual ends
Persuade you thus. Let me be set to dwell
For ever naked in the barest soil,
So you will dwell from hence!
Mar. I see my folly:
Pack up my stuff! I will away this morn.
Haste, haste!
Jaques. Ay, now I see your father's honours
Trebling upon you, and the many prayers
The country spent for him, (which almost now
Begun to turn to curses) turning back,
And falling like a timely shower upon you.
Mar. Go, call up my wife!
Jaques. But shall she not prevail,
And sway you, as she oft hath done before?
Mar. I will not hear her, but rail on her,
'Till I be ten miles off.
Jaques. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worse, sir.
Mar. Call her up!
Jaques. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Mar. Why, what an ass was I, that such a thing
As a wife is could rule me! Know not I
That woman was created for the man? [be
That her desires, nay, all her thoughts, should
As his are? Is my sense restor'd at length?
Now she shall know, that which she should desire,
She hath a husband that can govern her,

Enter Lady.

If her desires lead against my will[13].
Are you come?
Lady. What sad unwonted course
Makes you raise me so soon, that went to bed
So late last night?
Mar. Oh, you shall go to bed
Sooner hereafter, and be rais'd again
At thrifty hours: in summer-time we'll walk
An hour after our supper, and to bed;
In winter you shall have a set at cards,
And set your maids to work.
Lady. What do you mean?
Mar. I will no more of your new tricks, your honours,
Your offices, and all your large preferments,
(Which still you beat into my ears hang o'er me);
I'll leave behind for others the great sway
Which I shall bear at court; my living here,
With countenance of your honour'd friends,
I'll be content to lose: for you speak this
Only that you may still continue here
In wanton ease, and draw me to consume,
In cloaths and other things for idle show,
That which my father got with honest thrift.
Lady. Why, who hath been with you, sir, that you talk
Thus out of frame?
Mar. You make a fool of me!
You provide one to bid me forth to supper,
And make promise; then must some one or other
Invite you forth: if you have borne yourself
Loosely to any gentleman in my sight,
At home, you ask me how I like the carriage;
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come, I perceive all; talk not! we'll away.
Lady. Why, sir, you'll stay 'till the next triumph-day
Be past? [umphing
Mar. Ay, you have kept me here tri-
This seven years; and I have ridden thro' the streets, [too,
And bought embroider'd hose and foot-cloths
To shew a subject's zeal! I rode before
In this most gorgeous habit, and saluted

[13] *If her desires lead* me *against my will.*] The context declares the word ME to be an interpolation.

All

All the acquaintance that I could espy
From any window: these were ways, you told me, [straight,
To raise me: I see all! Make you ready
And in that gown which you came first to town in, [suitable,
Your safe-guard, cloak, and your hood
Thus on a double gelding shall you amble,
And my man Jaques shall be set before you.
Lady. But will you go?
Mar. I will.
Lady. And shall I too?
Mar. And you shall too.
Lady. But shall I, by this light?
Mar. Why, by this light, you shall!
Lady. Then, by this light,
You have no care of your estate and mine.
Have we been seven years venturing in a ship,
And now upon return, with a fair wind,
And a calm sea, full fraught with our own wishes,
Laden with wealth and honour to the brim,
And shall we fly away, and not receive it?
Have we been tilling, sowing, labouring,
With pain and charge, a long and tedious winter,
And when we see the corn above the ground,
Youthful as is the morn, and the full ear,
That promises to stuff our spacious garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?
Mar. Wife, talk no more! Your rhetorick comes too late;
I am inflexible: and how dare you
Adventure to direct my course of life?
Was not the husband made to rule the wife?
Lady. 'Tis true; but where the man doth miss his way,
It is the woman's part to set him right:
So, fathers have a power to guide their sons
In all their courses; yet you oft have seen
Poor little children, that have both their eyes,
Lead their blind fathers.
Mar. Sh'has a plaguy wit!
I say, you're but a little piece of man.
Lady. But such a piece, as, being ta'en away,
Man cannot last: the fairest and tallest ship,
That ever sail'd, is by a little piece [about.
Of the same wood steer'd right, and turn'd
Mar. 'Tis true she says; her answers stand with reason. [your head,
Lady. But, sir, your cousin put this in
Who is an enemy to your preferment,
Because I should not take place of his wife:
Come, by this kiss, thou shalt not go, sweet-heart. [heart.
Mar. Come, by this kiss, I will go, sweet-
On with your riding-stuff! I know your tricks;
And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
'Tis welcome; else, adieu, the city-life!
Lady. Well, sir, I will obey.
Mar. About it then. [dress myself
Lady. To please your humour, I would
In the most loathsome habit you could name,
Or travel any whither o'er the world,
If you command me: it shall ne'er be said,
The frailty of a woman, whose weak mind
Is often set on loose delights, and shows,
Hath drawn her husband to consume his state,
In the vain hope of that which never fell.
Mar. About it then! Women are pleasant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himself.
Lady. But hark you, sir; because I will be sure
You shall have no excuse, no word to say
In your defence hereafter; (when you see
What honours were prepar'd for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away)
I tell you, I did look for present honour
This morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the sooner, lest they should)
When I am once set in a country life,
Not all the power of earth shall alter me;
Not all your prayers or threats shall make me speak
The least word to my honourable friends,
To do you any grace!
Mar. I will not wish it. [able!
Lady. And never more hope to be honour-
Mar. My hopes are lower.
Lady. As I live, you shall not!
You shall be so far from the name of noble,
That you shall never see a lord again;
You shall not see a masque, or barriers,
Or tilting, or a solemn christning,
Or a great marriage, or new fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you shall live
At home, bespotted with your own lov'd dirt,
In scurvy cloaths, as you were wont to do;
And, to content you, I will live so too.
Mar. 'Tis all I wish. Make haste; the day draws on;
It shall be my care to see your stuff pack'd up. [*Exit.*
Lady. It shall be my care to gull you!
You shall stay;
And more than so, entreat me humbly too:
You shall have honours presently. Maria!

Enter Maria.

Maria. Madam!
Lady. Bring hither pen, ink, and paper.
Maria. 'Tis here.
Lady. Your master will not stay,
Unless preferment come within an hour.
Maria. Let him command one of the city-gates,
In time of mutiny; or, you may provide him
To be one of the council for invading
Some savage country, to plant Christian faith.
Lady. No, no; I have it for him. Call my page! [*Exit Maria.*
Now, my dear husband, there it is will fit you:
And, when the world shall see what I have done,
Let it not move the spleen of any wife,
To make an ass of her beloved husband,
Without

Without good ground: but, if they will be drawn
To any reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves,
And be fine gentlemen, have no mercy.
Publish them to the world! 'twill do them good
When they shall see their follies understood.

Enter Page.

Go bear these letters to my servant[17],
And bid him make haste. I will dress myself
In all the journey-cloaths I us'd before,
Not to ride, but to make the laughter more.
[*Exit.*

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Mar. Is all pack'd up?
Jaques. All, all, sir; there is no tumbler
Runs thro' his hoop with more dexterity,
Than I about this business: 'tis a day
That I've long long'd to see—
Mar. Come; where's my spurs?
Jaques. Here, sir.—And now 'tis come—
Mar. Ay, Jaques, now,
I thank my fates, I can command my wife.
Jaques. I'm glad to see it, sir.
Mar. I don't love always
To be made a puppy, Jaques. [not look
Jaques. But yet methinks your worship does
Right like a country gentleman.
Mar. I will;
Give me my t'other hat.
Jaques. Here.
Mar. So; my jerkin!
Jaques. Yes, sir.
Mar. On with it, Jaques; thou and I
Will live so finely in the country, Jaques,
And have such pleasant walks into the woods
A-mornings, and then bring home riding-rods,
And walking-staves—
Jaques. And I will bear them, sir;
And scourge-sticks for the children.
Mar. So thou shalt;
And thou shalt do all, oversee my work-folks?
And at the week's end pay 'em all their wages.
Jaques. I will, sir, so your worship give me money. [my drawers.
Mar. Thou shalt receive all too. Give me
Jaques. They're ready, sir.
Mar. And I will make thy mistress,
My wife, look to her landry, and her dairy,
That we may have our linen clean on Sundays.
Jaques. And holidays.
Mar. Ay; and ere [breakfast,
We walk about the grounds provide our
Or she shall smoke; I'll have her a good huswife:
She shall not make a voyage to her sisters,
But she shall live at home,
And feed her pullen fat, and see her maids
In bed before her, and lock all the doors.
Jaques. Why, that will be a life for kings and queens! [button quickly.
Mar. Give me my scarf with the great
Jaques. 'Tis done, sir.
Mar. Now my mittens!
Jaques. Here they are, sir.
Mar. 'Tis well; now my great dagger!
Jaques. There. [my riding-rod!
Mar. Why, so! thus it should be; now
Jaques. There's nothing wanting, sir.
Mar. Another, man, to stick under my
Jaques. There it is. [girdle.
Mar. All is well. [looks
Jaques. Why now, methinks, your worship
Like to yourself, a man of means and credit:
So did your grave and famous ancestors
Ride up and down to fairs, and cheapen cattle.
Mar. Go, hasten your mistress, sirrah!
Jaques. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman and Page.

Gent. Who's that? who's that, boy?
Page. I think it be my master.
Gent. Who? he that walks in grey, whisking his riding-rod?
Page. Yes, sir, 'tis he.
Gent. 'Tis he indeed; he is prepar'd
For his new journey. When I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the gentleman 'tis time.—
Monsieur, good day!
Mar. Monsieur,
Your mistress is within, but yet not ready.
Gent. My business is with you, sir: 'tis reported,
I know not whether by some enemy
Maliciously, that envies your great hopes,
And would be ready to sow discontents
Betwixt his majesty and you, or truly,
(Which on my faith I would be sorry for)
That you intend to leave the court in haste.
Mar. Faith, sir, within this half-hour.—
Jaques. [*within*] Sir! [Jaques!
Mar. Is my wife ready?
Jaques. Presently.
Gent. But, sir,
I needs must tell you, as I am your friend,
You should have ta'en your journey privater,
For 'tis already blaz'd about the court.
Mar. Why, sir, I hope it is no treason, is it? [common talk;
Gent. 'Tis true, sir; but 'tis grown the
There's no discourse else held[18]; and in the
All the nobility and gentry [presence
Have nothing in their mouths but only this,
'Monsieur Marine, that noble gentleman,
'Is now departing hence;' ev'ry man's face
Looks ghastly on his fellow's; such a sadness
(Before this day) I ne'er beheld in court;
Men's hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,

[17] *Servant.*] i. e. In the old sense, *lover, suitor.*
[18] *There's no* discovery *else held.*] Amended by Sympson.

In expectation of the great event [good!
That needs must follow it: pray Heaven it be
Mar. Why, I had rather all their hearts should fail,
Than I stay here until my purse fail me.
Gent. But yet you are a subject; and beware,
(I charge you by the love I bear to you)
How you do venture rashly on a course,
To make your sovereign jealous of your deeds!
For prince's jealousies, where they love most,
Are easily found, but they be hardly lost.
Mar. Come, these are tricks; I smell 'em; I will go. [your friend?
Gent. Have I not still profess'd myself
Mar. Yes, but you never shew'd it to me yet. [wise;
Gent. But now I will, because I see you
And give you thus much light into a business[17]
That came to me but now: be resolute,
Stand stiffly to it, that you will depart,
And presently!
Mar. Why, so I mean to do. [you will!
Gent. And, by this light, you may be what
Will you be secret, sir?
Mar. Why? what's the matter?
Gent. The king does fear you.
Mar. How?
Gent. And's now in counsel.
Mar. About me?
Gent. About you; an you be wise,
You'll find he is in counsel about you.
His counsellors have told him all the truth.
Mar. What truth? [well.
Gent. Why, that which now he knows too
Mar. What is't? [years
Gent. That you have follow'd him seven
With a great train; and, tho' he have not grac'd you, [sands,
Yet you have div'd into the hearts of thou-
With liberality and noble carriage;
And if you should depart home unpreferr'd,
All discontented and seditious spirits
Would flock to you, and thrust you into action: [doth not know
With whose help, and your tenants', who
(If you were so dispos'd) how great a part
Of this yet-fertile peaceful realm of France
You might make desolate? But when the king
Heard this— [king
Mar. What said he?
Gent. Nothing; but shook,
As never Christian prince did shake before;
And, to be short, you may be what you will.
But be not ambitious, sir; sit down [self
With mod'rate honours, lest you make your-
More fear'd.
Mar. I know, sir, what I have to do
In mine own business.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Where's monsieur Mount-Marine?
Gent. Why, there he stands; will you aught with him?
Long. Yes. Good day, monsieur Marine!
Mar. Good day to you!
Long. His majesty doth commend himself
Most kindly to you, sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favour: kneel down: rise a knight!
Mar. I thank his majesty!
Long. And he doth further
Request you not to leave the court so soon;
For tho' your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no office fall
Worthy your spirit (as he doth confess
There's none so great), but you shall surely have it. [are an ass.
Gent. D'you hear? If you yield yet, you
Mar. I'll shew my service to his majesty
In greater things than these; but for this small one
I must entreat his highness to excuse me.
Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,
And bring his princely answer back again.
[*Exit.*
Gent. Well said! Be resolute a while; I know
There is a tide of honours coming on;
I warrant you!

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Where is this new-made knight?
Mar. Here, sir.
Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord! the king will have it so;
Who doth entreat your lordship to remember
His message sent to you by Longueville.
Gent. If you be dirty[18], and dare not mount aloft, [do.
You may yield now; I know what I would
Mar. Peace! I will fit him.—Tell his majesty
I am a subject, and I do confess [heap'd
I serve a gracious prince, that thus hath
Honours on me without desert; but yet
As for the message, business urgeth me,
I must be gone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand kings and emperors.
Beau. I'll tell him so.
Gent. Why, this was like yourself!
Beau. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow
That e'er was Christmas-lord! he carries it

[17] *And give* me *thus much light.*] Thus Mr. Sympson chuses to vary the text: it may be added, to his honour, that he offers no vindication of this reading.

[18] *If ye be* dirty, *and, &c.*] Possibly our poets here gave it,
If ye be *dirt-ty'd.* *Sympson.*
It is to be sure *possible;* but we cannot think it *probable.*

So truly to the life, as tho' he were
One of the plot to gull himself. [*Exit.*

Gent. Why, so!
You sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the king, I swear, my honour'd friend,
That ever any subject sent his liege. [hip,

Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the
I'll follow it.

Enter Longueville.

Long. My honourable lord! [peer,
Give me your noble hand, right courteous
And from henceforth be a courtly earl;
The king so wills, and subjects must obey:
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.

Gent. Why, faith, you're well, my lord;
Yield to him.

Mar. Yield? Why, 'twas my plot—

Gent. Nay,
'Twas your wife's plot.

Mar. To get preferment by it.
And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth
But with an earldom? I'll be one step higher.

Gent. It is the finest lord! I am afraid
anon [him.
He'll stand upon't to share the kingdom with

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Where's this courtly earl?
His majesty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a duke, and chuse of whence.

Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are
undone; [kingdom?
What can you wish to have more, but the

Mar. So please his majesty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, because I like the place.

Beau. I know the king is pleas'd.

Mar. Then will I stay,
And kiss his highness' hand.

Beau. His majesty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.

Long. But how shall we keep this from
the world's ear,
That some one tell him not, he is no duke?

Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why,
gentlemen,
Is this a gracious habit for a duke?
Each gentle body set a finger to, [weeds)
To pluck the clouds (of these his riding-
From off the orient sun, off his best cloaths;
I'll pluck one boot and spur off.

Long. I another.

Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.

Gent. Sit down, my lord.—
Both his spurs off at once, good Longueville!
And, Beaufort, take that scarf off; and that
hat [head.
Doth not become his largely-sprouting fore-
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine;
One pluck will do it; so! Off with the other!

Long. Lo, thus your servant Longueville
doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort!

Gent. Didst thou never see
A nimble-footed tailor stand so in's stockings,
Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his jerkin
To dance a jig? [off

Enter Jaques.

Long. Here's his man Jaques come,
Booted and ready still.

Jaques. My mistress stays. [mean]
Why, how now, sir? What do your worship
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off?

Mar. My slippers, Jaques! [man,

Long. Oh, thou mighty duke! pardon this
That thus hath trespassed in ignorance.

Mar. I pardon him.

Long. His grace's slippers, Jaques!

Jaques. Why, what's the matter?

Long. Footman, he's a duke:
The king hath rais'd him above all his land.

Jaques. I'll to his cousin presently, and
tell him so;
Oh, what a dunghill country rogue was I!
[*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Gent. See, see, my mistress! [ought
Long. Let's observe their greeting.
Lady. Unto your will, as every good wife
I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am
ready.

Mar. Oh, wife, I am not worthy to kiss
The least of all thy toes, much less thy
thumb, [counse
Which yet I would be bold with! All thy
Hath been to me angelical; but mine
To thee hath been most dirty, like my mind
Dear duchess, I must stay.

Lady. What! are you mad, [wind me
To make me dress, and undress, turn and
Because you find me pliant? Said I not
The whole world should not alter me, if once
I was resolved? and now you call me du
Why, what's the matter? [chess

Mar. Lo, a knight doth kneel—

Lady. A knight?

Mar. A lord—

Lady. A fool!

Mar. I say doth kneel
An earl, a duke.

Long. In drawers.

Beau. Without shoes.

Lady. Sure you are lunatick.

Gent. No, honour'd duchess;
If you dare but believe your servant's truth
I know he is a duke.

Long. God save his grace!

Lady. I ask your grace's pardon!

Mar. Then I rise:
And here, in token that all strife shall end
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall,
And to thy hands I do deliver them;
Which signifies, that in all acts and speeches
From this time forth, my wife shall wear th
breeches.

Gent. An honourable composition!
[*Exeunt*
ACT

ACT III.

Enter Clerimont and Jaques.

Cler. SHALL I believe thee, Jaques?

Jaques. Sir, you may.

Cler. Didst thou not dream?

Jaques. I did not.

Cler. Nor imagine?

Jaques. Neither of both: I saw him great and mighty; [cry,
I saw the monsieurs bow, and heard them
'Good health and fortune to my lord the duke!'

Cler. A duke? art sure, a duke?

Jaques. I'm sure, a duke;
And so sure, as I know myself for Jaques.

Cler. Yet the sun may dazzle! Jaques, was it not [house,
Some lean commander of an angry block-
To keep the Flemish eel-boats from invasion?
Or some bold baron able to dispend
His fifty pounds a-year, and meet the foe
Upon the king's command, in gilded canvas,
And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
Of marrowbones, that people call the Switzers?
Men made of beef and sarcenet[19]?

Jaques. Is a duke [sence?
His chamber hung with nobles like a pre-

Cler. I'm something wav'ring in my faith:
'Would you would settle me, and swear it is
Is he a duke indeed? [so!

Jaques. I swear he is. [Jaques,

Cler. I'm satisfied. He is my kinsman,
And I his poor unworthy cousin.

Jaques. True, sir. [had means,

Cler. I might have been a duke too; I
A wife as fair as his, and as wise as his, [his,
And could have brook'd the court as well as
And laid about her for her husband's honour:
Oh, Jaques, had I ever dream'd of this,
I had prevented him.

Jaques. Faith, sir, it came
Above our expectation: we were wise
Only in seeking to undo this honour, [dirt.
Which shew'd our dunghill breeding and our

Cler. But tell me, Jaques,
Why could we not perceive? what dull devil
Wrought us to cross this noble course, persuading
'Twould be his overthrow? For me, a courtier
Is he that knows all, Jaques, and does all:
'Tis as his noble grace hath often said,
And very wisely, Jaques, we are fools,
And understand just nothing.

Jaques. Ay, as we were, [ter,
I confess it; but, rising with our great mas-
We shall be call'd to knowledge with our places:
('Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there)
There is not the least of the billet-dealers[20],
Nor any of the pastry, or the kitchen,
But have it in measure delicate.

Cler. Methinks this greatness of the duke's my cousin's,
(I ask your mercy, Jaques! that near name
Is too familiar for me) should give promise
Of some great benefits to his attendants.

Jaques. I have a suit myself; and it is sure,
Or I mistake my ends much.

Cler. What is't, Jaques?
May I not crave the place?

Jaques. Yes, sir, you shall;
'Tis to be but his grace's secretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
'Till my known worth shall take me by the hand
And set me higher. How the fates may do
In this poor thread of life, is yet uncertain:
I was not born, I take it, for a trencher,
Nor to espouse my mistress' dairy-maid.

Cler. I am resolv'd my wife shall up to court;
(I'll furnish her) that is a speeding course,
And cannot chuse but breed a mighty fortune.
What a fine youth was I, to let him start,

[19] *Men made of* beufe *and sarcenet.*] So the folios. The octavo of 1711 varies *beufe* to *beef*; and Sympson to *buff*.

Our ancient dramatic writers are so very careless in adapting the manners of their characters to the places in which their scenes are laid, that although France is the country in which all the events in this play are supposed to have happened, yet we apprehend the allusion here is to a matter proper only to England; and therefore we are not warranted to make any alteration in the text. The *yeomen of the guard* in England are generally called BEEF-*eaters*; and to this circumstance, it is probable, the author here refers. To this we may add, that *Switzers* appears to have been the title given to such guards as attended about the royal person, at least in Denmark, unless Shakespeare has violated the same rules of propriety, and in the same manner we suppose our author to have offended. In Hamlet, act iv. scene 5, the King says,

'Where are my *Switzers*? Let them guard the door.' *R.*

[20] *Billet-dealers*] We conceive, refers to *wood dispensed for fuel.*

And get the rise before me! I'll dispatch,
And put myself in monies.
Jaques. Mass, 'tis true! [ness
And, now you talk of money, sir, my busi-
For taking those crowns must be dispatch'd:
This little plot[21] i' th' country lies most fit
To do his grace such serviceable uses.
I must about it.
Cler. Yet, before you go, [vice
Give me your hand, and bear my humble ser-
To the great duke your master, and his duchess,
And live yourself in favour! Say, my wife
Shall there attend them shortly; so, farewell!
Jaques. I'll see you mounted, sir.
Cler. It may not be!
Your place is far above it; spare yourself,
And know I am your servant. Fare you well!
[*Exit.*
Jaques. Sir, I shall rest to be commanded by you.—
This place of secretary will not content me;
I must be more and greater. Let me see!
To be a baron is no such great matter,
As people take't: for, say I were a count,
I'm still an under person to this duke,
(Which methinks sounds but harshly); but a duke?
Oh, I am strangely taken! 'tis a duke,
Or nothing; I'll advise upon't, and see
What may be done by wit and industry.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Lady. It must be carried closely, with a care [him,
That no man speak unto him, or come near
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Aforehand to our practice. My good husband,
I shall entreat you now to stay a while,
And prove a noble coxcomb. Gentlemen,
Your counsel and advice about this carriage[22]! [mourn
Gent. Alas, good man, I do begin to
His dire massacre: what a persecution
Is pouring down upon him! Sure he's sinful.
Long. Let him be kept in's chamber, under show
Of state and dignity, and no man suffer'd
To see his noble face, or have access,
But we that are conspirators!
Beau. Or else,
Down with him into th' country 'mongst his tenants!
There he may live far longer in his greatness,
And play the fool in pomp amongst his fellows. [and stay;
Lady. No, he shall play the fool i' th' city,
I will not lose the greatness of this jest,
(That shall be given to my wit) for th' whole revenues. [his person,
Gent. Then thus; we'll have a guard about
That no man come too near him, and ourselves
Always in company; have him into th' city
To see his face swell; whilst in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing shall be ready
To cry, Heav'n bless your grace, long live your grace! [good,
Lady. Servant, your counsel is excellent
And shall be follow'd; 'twill be rarely strange
To see him stated thus, as tho' he went
A-shroving thro' the city, or intended
To set up some new stake[23]: I shall not hold
From open laughter, when I hear him cry,
'Come hither, my sweet duchess; let me kiss
'Thy gracious lips!' for this will be his phrase.
I fear me nothing, but his legs will break
Under his mighty weight of such a greatness.
Beau. Now methinks, dearest lady, you're too cruel;
His very heart will freeze in knowing this.
Lady. No, no; the man was never of such deepness, [you
To make conceit his master: sir, I'll assure
He will out-live twenty such pageants.
Were he but my cousin, or my brother,
And such a desp'rate killer of his fortune,
In this belief he should die, tho' it cost me
A thousand crowns a-day to hold it up;
Or, were I not known his wife, and so to have
An equal feeling of this ill he suffers,
He should be thus 'till all the boys i' th' town
Made suit to wear his badges in their hats,
And walk before his grace with sticks and nosegays.
We married women hold—
Gent. 'Tis well; no more!
The duke is entering: set your faces right,
And bow like country prologues. Here he comes.
Make room afore! the duke is entering.

Enter Marine.

Long. The choicest fortunes wait upon our duke! [piness!
Gent. And give him all content and hap-
Beau. Let his great name live to the end of time!
Mar. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you notice

[21] *Plot.*] i. e. *Plot* of ground.
[22] *About this* carriage.] That is, the *conducting* the plot on *Marine.*
[23] ——————*or intended*
To set up some new wake.] This reading runs no higher than the edition of 1679. That of 1647 gives it thus:
To set up some new *stake*, *i. e.* as I understand it, *May-pole.* *Sympson.*

We

We shall at fitter times wait on your loves;
'Till when, be near us.
Long. 'Tis a valiant purge,
And works extremely; 't has delivered him
Of all right worshipful and gentle humours,
And left his belly full of nobleness.
Mar. It pleas'd the king my master,
For sundry virtues not unknown to him,
And the all-seeing state, to lend his hand,
And raise me to this eminence: how this
May seem to other men, or stir the minds
Of such as are my fellow-peers, I know not;
I would desire their loves in just designs.
Lady. Now, by my faith, he does well, very well:
Beshrew my heart, I have not seen a better,
Of a raw fellow, that before this day [well!
Never rehears'd his state: 'Tis marvellous
Gent. Is he not duke indeed? see how he
As if his spirit were a last or two [looks,
Above his veins, and stretch'd his noble hide!
Long. He's high-brac'd, like a drum; pray God he break not! [calf's-skin lost.
Beau. Why, let him break; there's but a
Long. May't please your grace to see the city? 'twill
Be to the minds and much contentment of
The doubtful people.
Mar. I'm determin'd so: till my return,
I leave my honour'd duchess to her chamber.
Be careful of your health! I pray you be so.
Gent. Your grace shall suffer us, your humble servants,
To give attendance, fit so great a person,
Upon your body?
Mar. I am pleased so.
Long. Away, good Beaufort; raise a guard sufficient [quick!
To keep him from the reach of tongues; be
And, do you hear? remember how the streets
Must be dispos'd for cries and salutations.—
Your grace determines not to see the king?
Mar. Not yet; I shall be ready ten days hence
To kiss his highness' hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should, for his great bounty.
Set forward, gentlemen!
Groom. Room for the duke there!
[*Exeunt Mar. and Train.*
Lady. 'Tis fit he should have room to shew his mightiness,
He swells so with his poison!—'Tis better to
Reclaim you thus, than make a sheep's-head of you; [sir,
It had been but your due; but I have mercy,
And mean to reclaim you by a directer course.
That woman is not worthy of a soul, [band,
That has the sovereign power to rule her hus-
And gives her title up; so long provided
As there be fair play, and his state not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new duke springs,
The people buz abroad: or by what title
He receiv'd his dignity: 'tis very strange
There should be such close juggling in the state!
But I am tied to silence; yet a day
May come, and soon, to perfect all these doubts. [soul,
Lady. It is the mad Shattillion: by my
I suffer much for this poor gentleman!
I will speak to him; may be he yet knows me.
Monsieur Shattillion!
Shat. Can you give me reason,
From whence this great duke sprang that walks abroad?
Lady. E'en from the king himself.
Shat. As you're a woman,
I think you may be cover'd: yet your prayer
Would do no harm, good woman.
Lady. God preserve him!

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Shat. I say *amen*, and so say all good subjects!
Love. Lady, as ever you have lov'd, or shall,
As you have hope of Heaven, lend your hand
And wit, to draw this poor distracted man
Under your roof, from the broad eyes of peo- [ple,
And wonder of the streets.
Lady. With all my heart:
My feeling of his grief and loss is much.
Love. Sir, now you're come so near the prison, will you
Go in, and visit your fair Love? Poor soul!
She would be glad to see you.
Shat. This same duke
Is but apocryphal; there's no creation
That can stand, where titles are not right.
Love. 'Tis true, sir.
Shat. This is another draft upon my life!
Let me examine well the words I spake:
The words I spake were, that this novel duke is [tain.
Not o'th' true making: 'tis to me most cer-
Lady. You are as right, sir, as you went by line. [more—
Shat. And, to the grief of many thousands
Lady. If there be any such, God comfort them! [time shall please,
Shat. Whose mouths may open when the
I am betray'd! Commend me to the king,
And tell him I am sound, and crave but justice. [me,
You shall not need to have your guard upon
Which I am sure are plac'd for my attachment.
Lead on! I am obedient to my bonds.
Love. Good sir, be not displeas'd with us! We are [that good.
But servants to his highness' will, to make
Shat. I do forgive you, even with my heart.
Shall I entreat a favour?
Lady. Any thing. [stroke,
Shat. To see my Love, before that fatal
And publish to the world my Christian death,
And true obedience to the crown of France.

Love.

Love. I hope it shall not need, sir; for there's mercy,
As well as justice, in his royal heart.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Every man take his corner! Here am I, [perfect;
You there, and you in that place; so! be
Have a great care your cries be loud, and faces [comes.
Full of dejected fear and humbleness. He

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Fy, how these streets are charg'd and swell'd [room,
With these same rascally people! Give more
Or I shall have occasion to distribute
A martial alms among you: as I'm a gentleman,
I have not seen such rude disorder! They
Follow him like a prize. There's no true gaper
Like to your citizen! he will be sure
The bears shall not pass by his door in peace,
But he and all his family will follow.

Enter Marine and his Company.

Room there afore; sound! Give room and keep your places!
And you may see enough; keep your places!
Long. These people are too far unmanner'd, thus
To stop your grace's way with multitudes.
Mar. Rebuke them not, good monsieur: 'Tis their loves,
Which I will answer, if it please my stars
To spare me life and health.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless your grace!
Mar. And you, with all my heart!
1 *Gent.* Now Heav'n preserve your happy days!
Mar. I thank you too. [days!
3 *Gent.* Now Heav'n save your grace!
Mar. I thank you all.
Beau. On there before!
Mar. Stand, gentlemen!
Stay yet a while; for I am minded to
Impart my love to these good people, and
My friends, whose love and prayers for my greatness,
Are equal in abundance. Note me well,
And with my words my heart; for as the tree— [be inform'd
Long. Your grace had best beware; 'twill
Your greatness with the people.
Mar. I had more,
My honest and ingenuous people; but
The weight of business hath prevented me;
I am call'd from you: but this tree I spake of
Shall bring forth fruit, I hope to your content.
And so, I share my bowels 'mongst you all.
Omnes. A noble duke! a very noble duke!

Enter Fourth Gentleman.

Gent. Afore there, gentlemen!
4 *Gent.* You're fairly met[24], good monsieur Mount Marine!
Gent. Be advis'd! the time is alter'd.
4 *Gent.* Is he not the same man he was afore?
Mar. Still the same man to you, sir.
Long. You have received mighty grace; be thankful.
4 *Gent.* Let me not die in ignorance.
Long. You shall not: [pleas'd
Then know, the king, out of his love, hath
To stile him duke of Burgundy.
4 *Gent.* Oh, great duke,
Thus low I plead for pardon, and desire
To be enroll'd amongst your poorest slaves.
Mar. Sir, you have mercy, and withal my hand,
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.
Gent. Make room afore there, and dismiss the people! [and quiet!
Mar. Ev'ry man to his house in peace
People. Now Heav'n preserve the duke!
Heav'n bless the duke! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, with a Letter in her hand.

Lady. This letter came this morning from my cousin:
'To the great lady, high and mighty duchess
'Of Burgundy, be these delivered.'
Oh, for a stronger lace to keep my breath,
That I may laugh the nine days, 'till the wonder [chess[25]?
Fall to an ebb! the high and mighty du-
The high and mighty God, what a stile's this!
Methinks it goes like a dutchy lope-man[26]!
A ladder of one hundred rounds will fail
To reach the top on't. Well, my gentle cousin,
I know, by these contents, your itch of honour: [ly:
You must to th' court you say, and very short-
You shall be welcome; and if your wife have wit,
I'll put her in a thriving course; if not,
Her own sin on her own head! not a blot
Shall stain my reputation, only this;

[24] *You're* faithfully *met.*] Amended by Sympson.

[25] —— *The high and mighty duchess?*
—— Duchy *lope-man,*
A ladder of an hundred. &c.] This is a severe sneer upon the states of Holland, &c. for arrogating the title of *high and mighty*, who, not long before, had not dar'd to assume a better than that of *the poor distressed.* The time when the states took this stile upon 'em, will be a pretty certain æra to fix the date of this Play; but I have not leisure to consult the books of those times, and therefore shall wish the reader will do it for me. *Sympson.*

[26] Lope-*man.*] *Lope* is an obsolete word, which, we learn from *Coles's Dict.* meant *to leap.*

I must

I must for health's sake sometimes make an ass [good,
Of the tame moil[27] my husband; 'twill do him
And give him fresher brains, me fresher blood.
Now for the noble duke! I hear him coming.

Enter Marine and his Train.

Your grace is well return'd.
Mar. As well as may be;
Never in younger health, never more able:
I mean to be your bedfellow this night;
Let me have good encounter.
Beau. Bless me, Heav'n,
What a hot meat this greatness is!
Long. It may be so;
For I'll be sworn he hath not got a snap
This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
Is damn'd for swearing it. [tendance,
Mar. I thank you, gentlemen, for your at-
And also your great pains! Pray know my lodgings
Better and oftner; do so, gentlemen!
Now, by my honour, as I am a prince,
I speak sincerely, know my lodgings better,
And be not strangers! I shall see your service
And your deservings, when you least expect—
Omnes. We humbly thank your grace for this great favour.
Mar. Jaques!
Jaques. Your grace?
Mar. Be ready for the country,
And let my tenants know the king's great love;
Say I would see them, but the weight at court
Lies heavy on my shoulders; let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
'Gainst the next feast, wait for my coming to
Take up post-horses[28], and be full of speed.
[*Exit Jaques.*
Lady. I would desire your grace—
Mar. You shall desire, [speak!
And have your full desire: sweet duchess,
Lady. To have some conference with a gentleman
That seems not altogether void of reason:
He talks of titles, and things near the crown;
And knowing none so fit as your good grace
To give the difference[29] in such points of state—
Mar. What is he?
If he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converse, we do accept him. [noble;
Lady. I can assure your grace, his strain is
But he is very subtle.
Mar. Let him be so! [strate
Let him have all the brains, I shall demon-
How this most Christian crown of France can bear
No other show of title than the king's.
I will go in and meditate for half an hour,
And then be ready for him presently;
I will convert him quickly, or confound him:
Gent. Is mad Shattillion here?
Lady. 'Is here, and's lady.
I prithee, servant, fetch him hither.
Gent. Why,
What do you mean to put him to?
Lady. To chat [brave
With the mad lad my husband; 'twill be
To hear them speak, babble, stare, and prate!
Beau. But what shall be the end of all this, lady?

Enter Shattillion and Love.

Lady. Leave that to me. Now for the grand dispute!
For see, here comes Shattillion: as I live,
Methinks all France should bear part of his griefs.
Long. I'll fetch my lord the duke.
Shat. Where am I now?
Or whither will you lead me? to my death?
I crave my privilege!
I must not die, but by just course of law.
Gent. His majesty hath sent by me your pardon; [entreat you
He meant not you should die, but would
To lay the full state of your title open,
Unto a grave and noble gentleman.

Enter Marine and Longueville.

The duke of Burgundy, who here doth come;
Who, either by his wisdom will confute you,
Or else inform and satisfy the king.
Beau. May't please your grace, this is the gentleman.
Mar. Is this he that chops logick with my liege?

[27] *Moil.*] i. e. A *mule*. Anciently it was always spelt thus. From many examples which might be produced, take the following:

'For one that is sand-blynd wouldе take an asse for a *moyle*, or another praise a rime of 'Robyn Hode for as excellent a making as Troylus of Chaucer; yet shoulde they not straight-'wais be counted madde therfore.' *Erasmus Praise of Folly, by Sir Thos. Chaloner*, 1556. *R.*

[28] ——— *wait for my coming to*
Take up post-horses.] As his grace *in imagination* was not going into the country, but only was sending his man with a message thither, one should think it no injury done to the poets, to suppose they wrote,

——————— Go
Take up post-horses, &c. *Sympson.*

We think this may refer to *their attendance 'gainst the next feast.*

[29] *Difference.*] Sympson would read, '*Deference*, from the French *deferer*, to decree,' which variation we think hard.

Shat.

Shat. D'ye mock me? You are great; the time will come,
When you shall be as much contemn'd as I.
Where are the ancient compliments of France,
That upstarts brave the princes of the blood?
Mar. Your title, sir, in short?
Shat. He must, sir, be
A better statesman than yourself, that can
Trip me in any thing; I will not speak
Before these witnesses.
Mar. Depart the room; [duchess.
For none shall stay, no, not my dearest
Lady. We'll stand behind the arras, and hear all. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. In that chair take your place; I in
Discourse your title now. [this:
Shat. Sir, you shall know,
My Love's true title[30], mine by marriage;
Setting aside the first race of French kings,
Which will not here concern us, as Pharamond,
With Clodius, Meroveus, and Chilperick,
And to come down into the second race,
Which we will likewise slip—
Mar. But, take me with you! [Charles,
Shat. I pray you give me leave! Of Martel
The father of king Pepin (who was sire
To Charles the Great) and famous Charlemain; [kings,
And to come to the third race of French
Which won't be greatly pertinent in this cause
Betwixt the king and me, of which you know
Hugh Capet was the first;
Next his son Robert, Henry then, and Philip,
With Lewis, and his son a Lewis too,
And of that name the seventh; but all this
Springs from a female, as it shall appear—
Mar. Now give me leave! I grant you this your title,
At the first sight, carries some show of truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye shall find light.
Is not his majesty possess'd in peace,
And justice executed in his name?
And can you think the most Christian king
Would do this, if he saw not reason for it?
Shat. But had not the tenth Lewis a sole [daughter?
Mar. I cannot tell.
Shat. But answer me directly.
Mar. It is a most seditious question.
Shat. Is this your justice?
Mar. I stand for my king.
Shat. Was ever heir-apparent thus abus'd?
I'll have your head for this!
Mar. Why, do your worst! [traitor?
Shat. Will no one stir to apprehend this
A guard about my person! Will none come?
Must my own royal hands perform the deed?
Then thus I do arrest you.
Mar. Treason! help!

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Lady. Help, help, my lord and husband!
Mar. Help the duke!
Long. Forbear his grace's person!
Shat. Forbear you
To touch him that your heir-apparent weds!
But, by this hand, I will have all your heads. [*Exit.*
Gent. How doth your grace?
Mar. Why, well.
Gent. How do you find his title?
Mar. 'Tis a dangerous one,
As can come by a female.
Gent. Ay, 'tis true;
But the law Salique cuts him off from all.
Long. I do beseech your grace how stands his title? [him off from all.
Mar. Pho! nothing! th' law Salique cuts
Lady. My gracious husband, you must now prepare,
In all your grace's pomp to entertain
Your cousin, who is now a convertite,
And follows here; this night he will be here.
Mar. Be ready all in haste! I do intend
To shew before my cousin's wondring face,
The greatness of my pomp, and of my place. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Clerimont, his Wife, and a Servant.

Cler. SIRRAH, is all things carried to the tailor?
The measure, and the fashion of the gown,
With the best trim?
Serv. Yes, sir, and 'twill be ready
Within this two days.
Cler. For myself I care not;
I have a suit or two of ancient velvet,
Which, with some small correcting and addition, [dition,
May steal into the presence.
Wife. 'Would my gown
Were ready! husband, I will lay my life
To make you something ere tomorrow-night.
Cler. It must not be
Before we see the duke, and have advice,
How to behave ourselves. Let's in the while,
And keep ourselves from knowledge, 'till time shall call us! [*Exeunt.*

[30] This seems a flirt on the English king's title to France, in Henry the Fifth. *Theobald.*

Enter

Enter Longueville and Beaufort.

Long. I much admire the fierce masculine spirit
Of this dread Amazon.
Beau. This following night
I'll have a wench in solace.
Long. Sir, I hear you,
And will be with you, if I live; no more!

Enter Maria.

Maria. My lady would entreat your presence, gentlemen. [worthy.
Beau. We will obey your lady; she is
Long. You, light o'love[31], a word or two.
Maria. Your will, sir?
Long. Hark in your ear! [marry?
Wilt thou be married? Speak, wilt thou
Maria. Married? to whom, sir?
Long. To a proper fellow,
Landed, and able-bodied!
Maria. Why do you flout me, sir?
Long. I swear I do not;
I love thee for thy lady's sake: be free!
Maria. If I could meet such matches as you speak of,
I were a very child to lose my time, sir.
Long. What sayest thou to monsieur
Maria. Sir, [Beaufort?
I say he is a proper gentleman, and far
Above my means to look at.
Long. Dost thou like him?
Maria. Yes, sir, and ever did.
Long. He is thine own.
Maria. You are too great in promises.
Long. Be rul'd,
And follow my advice, he shall be thine.
Maria. 'Would you would make it good, sir!
Long. Do but thus:
Get thee a cushion underneath thy cloaths,
And leave the rest to me.
Maria. I'll be your scholar;
I cannot lose much by the venture sure.
Long. Thou wilt lose a pretty maidenhead, my rogue, [member,
Or I am much o'th'bow hand. You'll re-
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deserve for such a kindness?
Maria. Yours, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques and Shattillion severally.

Jaques. Save you, sir!
Shat. Save the king! [way—
Jaques. I pray you, sir, which is the nearest
Shat. Save the king! This is the nearest way. [post-house?
Jaques. Which is the nearest way to the
Shat. God save the king and his post-house!
Jaques. I pray, sir, direct me to the house.
Shat. Heaven save the king! You cannot catch me, sir.
Jaques. I do not understand you, sir.
Shat. You do not? I say, you cannot catch me, sir.
Jaques. Not catch you, sir?
Shat. No, sir; nor can the king,
With all his stratagems, and his forc'd tricks,
(Altho' he put his nobles in disguise,
Never so oft, to sift into my words)
By course of law, lay hold upon my life.
Jaques. It is a business that my lord the duke
Is by the king employ'd in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it.
Shat. I sha'n't need
To rip the cause up, from the first, to you;
But if his majesty had suffer'd me
To marry her, tho' she be, after him,
The right heir-general to the crown of France,
I would not have convey'd her into Spain,
As it was thought, nor would I e'er have join'd
With the reformed churches, to make them
Stand for my cause.
Jaques. I do not think you would.
Shat. I thank, you, sir. And since I see you are
A favourer of virtues kept in bondage,
Tell directly to my sovereign king,
(For so I will acknowledge him for ever)
How you have found my staid affections
Settled for peace, and for the present state.
Jaques. Why, sir—
Shat. And, good sir, tell him further this;
That notwithstanding all suggestions brought
To him against me, and all his suspicions,
(Which are innumerable) of my treasons,
If he will warrant me but public trial,
I'll freely yield myself into his hands:
Can he have more than this?
Jaques. No, by my troth. [reason,
Shat. I would his majesty would hear but
As well as you!
Jaques. But, sir, you do mistake me,
For I ne'er saw the king
In all my life but once: therefore, good sir,
May't please you to shew me which is the post-house? [my friend?
Shat. I cry you mercy, sir! then you're
Jaques. Yes, sir.
Shat. And such men are very rare with me!
The post-house is hard by. Farewell!
Jaques. I thank you, sir! I must ride hard to-night,
And it is dark already.
Shat. I am cruel,
To send this man directly to his death,
That is my friend, and I might easily save him: [back!
He shall not die. Come back, my friend, come
Jaques. What is your will?
Shat. Do you not know?
Jaques. Not I. [face?
Shat. And do you gather nothing by my

[31] *You, light* alone.] Amended in 1750.

Jaques. No, sir.
Shat. Virtue is ever innocent.
Lay not the fault on me; I grieve for you,
And wish that all my tears might win your safety.
Jaques. Why, sir?
Shat. Alas, good friend, you are undone,
The more ill fortune mine, to be the means
Of your sad overthrow: you know not me?
Jaques. No, truly, sir.
Shat. 'Would you had never seen me!
I am a man pursued by the whole state,
And sure some one hath seen me talk with you.
Jaques. Yes, divers, sir.
Shat. Why then, your head is gone.
Jaques. I'll out of town.
Shat. 'Would it were soon enough!
Stay, if you love your life: or else you're taken.
Jaques. What shall I do?
Shat. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than cast away an innocent:
Take courage, friend! I will preserve thy life,
With hazard of mine own.
Jaques. I thank you, sir.
Shat. This night thou shalt be lodg'd within my doors, [morn
Which shall be all lock'd fast; and in the
I'll so provide, you shall have free access
To the sea-side, and so be shipt away,
Ere any know it.
Jaques. Good sir, suddenly!
I am afraid to die.
Shat. Then follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Love. This way he went, and there's the house: I hope
His better angel hath directed him [man!
To leave the wandring streets. Poor gentle-
'Would I were able with as free a heart
To set his soul right, as I am to grieve
The ruin of his fame, which God forgive me!
Sir, if you be within, I pray, sir, speak to me.
Shat. I am within, and will be: what are
Love. A friend. [you?
Shat. No, sir; you must pardon me;
I am acquainted with none such.—Be speedy,
[*To Jaques within.*
Friend; there is no other remedy.
Love. A word, sir! I say, I am your friend.
Shat. You cannot scape by any other means; [is your business, sir?
Be not fearful.—God save the king! What
Love. To speak with you.
Shat. Speak out then.
Love. Shall I not come up?
Shat. Thou shalt not.—Fly, if thou be'st thine own friend;
There lies the suit, and all the furniture
Belonging to the head: on with it, friend!
Love. Sir, do you hear?
Shat. I do: God bless the king!—
It was a habit I had laid aside [me.
For my own person, if the state had forc'd

Love. Good sir, unlock your door!
Shat. Be full of speed!
I see some twenty musqueteers in ambush.—
Whate'er thou art, know I am here, and will be. [venge?—
Seest thou this bloody sword that cries re-
Shake not, my friend; thro' millions of these foes
I'll be thy guard, and set thee safe aboard.
Love. Dare you not trust me, sir?
Shat. My good sword before me,
And my allegiance to the king, I tell thee,
Captain, (for so I guess thee by thy arms,
And the loose flanks of halberdiers about thee)
Thou art too weak and foolish to attempt me.—
If you be ready, follow me; and hark you,
Upon your life speak to no living wight,
Except myself!
Love. Monsieur Shattillion!
Shat. Thou shalt not call again! Thus with my sword,
And the strong faith I bear unto the king,
(Whom God preserve!) I will descend my chamber, [throat.—
And cut thy throat; I swear, I'll cut thy
Steal after me, and live.
Love. I will not stay
The fury of a man so far distracted.
[*Exit.*

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Where is the officer that dares not enter,
To entrap the life of my distressed friend?
Ay, have you hid yourself? you must be found!
What do you fear? is not authority
On your side? Nay, I know the king's command [Speak!
Will be your warrant; why then fear you?
What strange designs are these! Shattillion,
Be resolute and bear thyself upright,
Tho' the whole world despise thee. Soft! methinks
I heard a rushing which was like the shake
Of a discover'd officer; I'll search
The whole street over, but I'll find thee out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Jaques in Woman's Apparel.

Jaques. How my joints do shake! Where had I been
But for this worthy gentleman, that hath
Some touch of my infortunes? 'Would I were
Safe under hatches once, for Callicut!
Farewell, the pomp of court! I never more
Can hope to be a duke, or any thing;
I never more shall see the glorious face
Of my fair-spreading lord that lov'd me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Fly you so fast? I had a sight of you,
But would not follow you, I was too wise;
You shall not lead me with a cunning trick,
Where you may catch me. Poor Shattillion!
Hath the king's anger left thee ne'er a friend?
No,

No, all men's loves move by the breath of kings. [life.
Jaques. It is the gentleman that sav'd my Sir!
Shat. Bless Shattillion! Another plot?
Jaques. No, sir, 'tis I.
Shat. Why, who are you?
Jaques. Your friend whom you preserv'd.
Shat. Whom I preserv'd?
My friend? I have no woman-friend but one,
Who is too close in prison to be here.
Come near! let me look on you.
Jaques. It is I. [stature.
Shat. You should not be a woman, by your
Jaques. I am none, sir.
Shat. I know it; then keep off.
Strange men and times! How I am still preserv'd!
Here they have sent a yeoman of the guard
Disguis'd in woman's cloaths, to work on me,
To make love to me, and to trap my words,
And so ensnare my life. I know you, sir:
Stand back, upon your peril! Can this be
In Christian commonweals? From this time forth
I'll cut off all the means to work on me:
I'll ne'er stir from my house, and keep my doors
Lock'd day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
At the next shops by signs out of my window,
And, having bought it, draw't up in my garters.
Jaques. Sir, will you help me?
Shat. Do not follow me!
I'll take a course to live, despite of men.
[*Exit.*
Jaques. He dares not venture for me: wretched Jaques!
Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to rise again. What shall I do?

Enter Beaufort.

Where shall I hide me? Here is one to take me:
I must stand close, and not speak for my life.
Beau. This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
In which I use to catch my waistcoateers:
It is not very dark; no, I shall spy 'em.
I have walk'd out in such a pitchy night,
I could not see my fingers this far off,
And yet have brought home venison by the smell;
I hope they have not left their old walk. Ah!
Have I espied you sitting? By this light,
To me there's no such fine sight in the world,
As a white apron betwixt twelve and one:
See how it glisters! Do you think to scape?
So! now I have you fast: come, and don't strive;
It takes away the edge of appetite:
Come, I'll be lib'ral every way. Take heed
You make no noise, for waking of the watch!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clerimont and Wife.

Cler. Now the blessing of some happy guide,
To bring us to the duke! and we are ready.

Enter Longueville and Gentleman.

Come forward! See the door is opened;
And two of's gentlemen! I'll speak to them;
And mark how I behave myself!—God save
For less I cannot wish to men of sort, [ye!
And of your seeming: are you of the duke's?
Long. We are, sir, and your servants; your salutes
We give you back again with many thanks.
Cler. When did you hear such words before, wife? Peace!
Do you not dare to answer yet.—Is't fit
So mean a gentleman as myself should crave
The presence o'th' great duke, your master?
Gent. Sir, you may. [siness, sir?
Long. Shall we desire your name, and bu-
And we will presently inform him of you.
Cler. My name is Clerimont.
Gent. You're his grace's kinsman,
Or I am much mistaken.
Cler. You are right;
Some of his noble blood runs thro' these veins,
Tho' far unworthy of his grace's knowledge.
Long. Sir, we must all be yours: his grace's kinsman,
And we so much forgetful? 'Twas a rudeness,
And must attend your pardon: thus I crave it:
First o' this beauteous lady, whom I take
To be your wife, sir; next, your mercy!
Cler. You have it, sir.—I do not like this kissing;
It lies so open to a world of wishes. [*Aside.*
Gent. This is the merry fellow; this is he
That must be noble too!
Long. And so he shall,
If all the art I have can make him noble:
I'll dub him with a knighthood, if his wife
Will be but forward, and join issue;
I like her above excellent.
Gent. Will't please you
To walk a turn or two, whilst to the duke
We make your coming known?
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Longueville.*
Cler. I shall attend, sir.
Wife. These gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiss the best that e'er I tasted. For
Goodness-sake, husband, let us never more
Come near the country, whatsoe'er betide us!
I am in malice with the memory
Of that same stinking dunghill.
Cler. Why, now you are my chicken and my dear;
Love where I love, hate where I hate! Now
You shall have twenty gowns, and twenty
See! the door's opening. [chains.
Groom. Room afore there! the duke is entring.

Enter Marine, Lady, Longueville, Gentleman, and Maria.

Cler. It is the duke, even he himself: be merry!
This is the golden age the poet speaks on.
Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their faces;
And yet methinks they are the neatest pieces
For shape and cutting that e'er I beheld.
Cler. Most gracious duke, my poor spouse and myself
Do kiss your mighty foot; and next to that,
The great hand of your duchess; ever wishing,
Your honours ever springing, and your years—
Mar. Cousin!
Cler. Your grace's vassal, far unworthy
The nearness of your blood.
Mar. Correct me not; [son.
I know the word I speak, and know the per-
Tho' I be something higher than the place
Where common men have motion! and, descending [to me;
Down with my eye, their forms are lessen'd
Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
(From millions of those men that have no mark)
And in my fearful stoop can make them stand,
When others feel my souse[32] and perish.
Cousin,
Be comforted! you're very welcome! So
Is your fair wife! the charge of whom I give
To my own dearest and best beloved.
Tell me; have you resolv'd yourself for court,
And utterly renounce'd the slavish country,
With all the cares thereof?
Cler. I have, sir.
Mar. Have you [hangings
Dismiss'd your eating houshold, sold your
Of Nebuchadnezar (for such they were,
As I remember), with the furnitures
Belonging to your beds and chambers?
Cler. Ay, sir. [the lead
Mar. Have you most carefully ta'en off
From your roof, weak with age, and so prevented
The ruin of your house, and clapt him in
A summer suit of thatch, to keep him cool?
Cler. All this I have perform'd.
Mar. Then lend me
All your hands: I will embrace my cousin,
Who is an understanding gentleman;
And with a zeal mighty as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the court.
My state again! [must be
Lady. As I was telling you, your husband
No more commander; look to that! be several
At meat, and lodging; let him have board-wages,
And diet 'mongst his men i'th' town; for pleasure,
If he be given to it, let him have it; [sin,
Else as your own fancy shall direct you. Cou-
You see this mighty man here; he was an ass
When he came first to town; indeed he was
Just such another coxcomb as your husband,
God bless the mark, and every good man's
This must not stir you, cousin. [child!
Wife. Heav'n forbid! [ready for it.
Long. Sweet Maria, provide the cushion
Maria. It shall be done. [self;
Mar. Receive all your advices from our-
Be once a-day with us: and so, farewell
For this time, my fair cousin! Gentlemen,
Conduct him to his lodging.
Lady. Farewell,
And think upon my words!
Wife. I shall observe them.
[*Exeunt Marine and Lady.*
Cler. Health, and the king's continual love, attend you! [lungs!
Gent. Oh, for a private place to ease my
Heaven give me patience! such a pair of jades
Were never better ridden to this hour. [end!
Pray Heaven they hold out to the journey's
Long. Twitch him aside, good monsieur, whilst I break
Upon the body of his strength, his wife:
I have a constant promise she's my own.
Gent. Ply her to windward!—Monsieur, you have taken
The most compendious way to raise yourself,
That could have been delivered by a counsel.
Cler. I have some certain aims, sir. But my wife— [trouble you.
Gent. Your wife? you must not let that
Cler. 'Twill, sir, to see her in a stranger's
Gent. What mean you? [arms.
Let her alone; be wise; stir not a foot;
For if you do, all your hopes are buried;
I swear you are a lost man if you stir. [vis'd.
Cler. I thank you, sir; I will be more ad-
Gent. But what great office do you level at?
Cler. Sir, they are kissing! [must kiss,
Gent. Let them kiss,
And much good may't do their hearts! they
And kiss, and double kiss, and kiss again,
Or you may kiss the post for any rising:
Had your noble kinsman ever mounted
To these high spheres of honour, now he
But for the kisses of his wife? [moves in,
Cler. I know not. [lost,
Gent. Then I do: credit me, he had been
A fellow of no mark, and no repute,
Had not his wife kiss'd soon, and very sweetly:

[32] *When others feel my* soul, *and perish.*] So the first folio; but the two following editions read,

When others feel my *feet*, and perish.

Sympson alters *soul* to *souse*, which is undoubtedly right, as corresponding with the other terms of falconry used in this speech.

She

She was an excellent woman, and dispatch'd him
To his full being, in a moment, sir—
[*Exeunt Longueville and Wife.*
Cler. But yet methinks he should not take
Into a private room. [her, sir,
Gent. Now stand and flourish!
You're a made man for ever. I do
Envy you! if you stand, your fortune's up;
You are the happiest man, but your great cousin,
This day in court. Well, I will marry surely,
And not let every man out-run me thus.
'Tis time to be mine own friend; I'll not live
In town here, and direct the readiest way
To other men, and be a slave myself!
Cler. Nay, good sir, be not mov'd; I am your servant,
And will not be ungrateful for this knowledge.
Gent. Will you be walking home?
Cler. I would desire
To have my wife along.
Gent. You are too raw: [her;
Be gone, and take no notice where you left
Let her return at leisure! If she stay [me;
A month, 'twill be the better: understand
This gentleman can do it.
Cler. I will, sir:
And, wife, remember me; a duke, a duke, wife! [*Exit.*
Gent. Aboard her, Longueville! she's thine own. To me,
The fooling of this fool is venery. [*Exit.*

Enter Beaufort and Jaques.

Beau. Come, prithee, come! have I not crowns? Behold,
And follow me! here! not a word! go in;
Grope by the walls, and you shall find a bed;
Lie down there, see, see! A turn or two, to give
My blood some heat, and I am presently
For action, Darkness, by thy leave, I come.
[*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Maria. I'm perfect in my lesson: be my speed, [knock.
Thou god of marriage! This is the door; I'll
Beau. [*within*] Who's there? I cannot come yet.
Maria. Monsieur Beaufort! [you?
Beau. Stay till I light a candle. Who are
Maria. Sir, a poor gentlewoman.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Oh, come in:
I'll find a time for you too.—Be not loud.
Maria. Sir, you have found that time already; shame on
My soul therefore!
Beau. Why, what is the matter? [so dim?
Maria. Do you not see, sir? is your light
Beau. Do you not wait o'th' lady Mount-Marine?
Maria. I do, sir; but my love on you.
Beau. Poor soul!
How cam'st thou by this big belly?
Maria. By yourself. [body.
Beau. By Heaven, I never touch'd your
Maria. Yes!
Unswear that oath again! I'll tell you all:
These two years I have lov'd you; but the means
How to enjoy you I did never know,
'Till Twelfth-night last; when, hearing of your game
To take up wenches private in the night,
I apprehended straight this course to make
Mysel as one of them, and wait your coming:
I did so, and enjoy'd you, and now this child
That now is quick within me—Hide my shame,
And marry me, or else I must be forc'd—
Long. [*within*] Monsieur Beaufort, monsieur Beaufort!
Beau. Who's that calls?
Long. Are you a-bed?
Beau. No, sir.—The hangings!

Enter Longueville.

Long. Nay, monsieur, I'll forbid that; we'll have fair play. [fort?
Lend me your candle! Are you taken, Beau-
A lecher of your practice, and close carriage,
To be discover'd thus? I am asham'd
So great a master in his art should fail,
And stagger in his grounds.
Beau. You're wide;
This woman and myself are man and wife,
And have been so this half-year.
Where are you now? Have I been discover'd?
You cannot break so easily on me, sir;
I am too wary to be open'd by you. [colour
Long. But these are but illusions, to give
To your most mystic lechery! But, sir,
The belly hath betray'd you; all must out.
Beau. Good Longueville, believe me, on
I am her husband. [my faith,
Long. On my faith, I cannot,
Unless I saw your hands fast, and your hearts.
Beau. Why,
Longueville, when did I give that to your ears
That was not truth? By all the world, she's mine,
She is my wife! And, to confirm you better,
I give myself again: here, take my hand,
And I yours! we are once more married:
Will this content you?
Long. Yes, I'm believing; and God give you joy!
Beau. My loving wife, I will not wrong thee:
Since I am thine, and only lov'd of thee,
From this hour, I vow myself a new man.
Be not jealous; for tho' I had a purpose to
Have spent an hour or two in solace otherwise,
(And was provided for it) yet my love
Shall put a better temper to my blood.—
Come

Come out, thou woman of unwholesome life!
Be sorry for thy sins, and learn to mend!

Enter Jaques.

Nay, never hide your face; you shall be seen.
Long. Jaques! why, Jaques! art thou that Jaques,
The very staff and right-hand of our duke?
Speak, thou bearded Venus.
Jaques. I am he,
By miracle preserv'd to be that Jaques.
Within this two hours, gentlemen, poor Jaques
Was but as corse in grave: a man of wisdom,
That, of my conscience, if he had his right
Should have a pretty state—But that's all one—
That noble gentleman did save this life;
I keep it for him; 'tis his own.
Long. Oh, Bacchus! [duke;
Is all the world drunk?—Come! we'll to the
And give thanks for this delivery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Marine. NOT gone unto my tenants, to relate
My grace, and honour, and the mightiness
Of my new name, which would have struck a terror [hearts?
Thro' their coarse doublets to their very
Jaques. Alas, great lord and master, I could scarce
With safety of my life return again
Unto your grace's house: and, but for one
That had some mercy, I had sure been hang'd.
Mar. My house? [i'th' town.
Jaques. Yes, sir, this house; your house
Mar. Jaques, we are displeas'd; hath it
Jaques. What name? [no name?
Mar. Dull rogue! what, hath the king bestow'd
So many honours, open'd all his springs,
And shower'd his graces down upon my head,
And has my house no name? no title yet?
Burgundy-house, you ass!
Jaques. Your grace's mercy!
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy-house, I durst not yet be seen,
But lay all night, for fear of pursuivants,
In Burgundy privy-house.
Mar. Oh, sir, 'tis well;
Can you remember now? But, Jaques, know,
Since thy intended journey is so crost,
I will go down myself this morning.
Jaques. Sir?
Mar. Have I not said this morning?
Jaques. But consider,
That nothing is prepar'd yet for your journey;
Your grace's teams not here to draw your cloaths,
And not a carrier yet in town to send by.
Mar. I say, once more, go about it.
You're a wise man! you'd have me linger time,
Till I have worn these cloaths out. Will you go? [*Exit Jaques.*
Make you ready, wife!

Enter Lady.

Lady. I am so, mighty duke.
Mar. Nay, for the country.
Lady. How! for the country?
Mar. Yes; I am resolv'd
To see my tenants in this bravery, [show
Make them a sumptuous feast, with a slight
Of Dives and Lazarus, and a squib or two,
And so return.
Lady. Why, sir, you are not mad?
Mar. How many dukes have you known mad? I pray speak. [the last:
Lady. You are the first, sir, and I hope
But you are stark horn-mad.
Mar. Forbear, good wife! [horns
Lady. As I have faith, you're mad! Your
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your skull in pieces, if you be in earnest.
Mar. Well, you shall know my skull and wits are whole,
Ere I have done; and yet I am in earnest.
Lady. Why, do you think I'll go?
Mar. I know you shall.
Lady. I shall? By what authority shall I?
Mar. I am your husband.
Lady. True; I confess it:
And, by that name, the world hath given you
A power to sway me: but, sir, you shall know
There is a greater bond that ties me here,
Allegiance to the king: has he not heap'd
Those honours on you to no other end, but
To stay you here? and shall I have a hand
In the offending such a gracious prince?
Besides, our own undoing lies upon't.
Were there no other cause, I do not see,
Why you should go, if I should say you [should not;
Mar. Do you think so?
Lady. Yes, faith.
Mar. Now, good wife,
Make me understand that point.
Lady. Why, that you shall:
Did I not bring you hither?
Mar. Yes.
Lady. And were

Not all these honours wrought out of the fire
By me?
Mar. By you?
Lady. By me? How strange you make it!
When you came first, did you not walk the town
In a long cloak, half-compass? an old hat
Lin'd with vellure, and on it, for a band,
A skein of crimson crewel?
Mar. I confess it.
Lady. And took base courses?
Mar. Base?
Lady. Base, by this light!
Extreme base, and scurvy, monstrous base!
Mar. What were these courses, wife?
Lady. Why, you shall know:
Did you not, thus attir'd, trot up and down,
Plotting for vile and lousy offices,
And agreed with the serjeant of the bears,
To buy his place? Deny this, if you can.
Mar. Why, it is true.
Lady. And was not that monstrous base?
Mar. Be advis'd, wife; a bear's a princely
Lady. A bear? [beast.
Mar. Yes, wife; and one side venison.
Lady. You're more than one side fool;
I'm sure of that. [know you shall go;
Mar. But since you've vex'd me, wife,
Or you shall never have penny from me.
Lady. Nay, [overthrow,
I have done: and tho' I know 'twill be your
I'll not forsake you now.
Mar. Be ready then. [*Exit.*
Lady. I will.

Enter Beaufort, Longueville, Gentleman, and Maria.

Long. What, are you married, Beaufort?
Beau. Ay, as fast [can make us.
As words, and hearts, and hands, and priest
Lady. Oh, gentlemen, we are undone!
Long. For what? [my husband,
Lady. This gentleman, the lord of Lorne,
Will be gone down to shew his play-fellows
Where he is gay.
Beau. What, down into the country?
Lady. Yes, faith. Was ever fool but he so cross?
I would as fain be gracious to him,
As he could wish me; but he will not let me:
Speak faithfully, will he deserve my mercy?
Long. According to his merits, he should wear
A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger[33].
Lady. If there be any woman, that doth know
The duties 'twixt a husband and his wife,
Will speak but one word for him, he shall scape:
Is not that reasonable? But there's none.
Be ready therefore to pursue the plot
We had against a pinch; for he must stay.
Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I go,
And make the king acquainted with your sport,
For fear he be incens'd for our attempting
Places of so great honour. [*Exit.*
Lady. Go; be speedy!

Enter Marine, Clerimont, Wife, Jaques, and a Servant.

Mar. Come; let me see how all things are dispos'd of. [furniture,
Jaques. One cart will serve for all your
With room enough behind to ease the foot-man,
A cap-case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with Amen[34].
For my young lord, because of easy portage,
A quiver of your grace's, lin'd with cunny,
Made to be hang'd about the nurse's neck,
Thus, with a scarf or towel—
Mar. Very good!
Jaques. Nay,
'Tis well; but had you stay'd another week,
I would have had you furnish'd in such pomp
As never duke of Burgundy was furnish'd:
You should have had a sumpter, tho' 't had cost me [fain
The laying on myself[35], where now you're
To hire a ripier's mare[36], and buy new dossers;

[33] *A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger.*] This was, we apprehend, the old habit of *the fool.*

[34] *With a strange lock that opens with* Amen.] This will be easily understood by a quotation of a few lines from Mr. Carew's verses to Mr. May, on his Comedy, called The Heir: speaking of the plot of that play, he expresses himself thus:

'The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
'Through the five acts, as doth a lock that goes
'With letters; for, 'till every one be known,
'The lock's as fast as if you had found none' *Sympson.*

[35] *The* laying on *myself.*] Sympson proposes a reading here, which we think greatly mends the text:

The *buying one* myself.

[36] *To hire a* ripper's *mare, and buy new* dossers,
With a fair Darnex *carpet.*] As *rippers* is a word, not of English, but French growth, I imagine we should write as the French do, thus:

A *ripier's* mare, *i. e.* of one that carries fish from the sea-side, &c. *Dossers,* or *dorsers,* are paniers. *Darnex* carpet, *i. e.* a carpet of Tournay. *Sympson.*

Ripper, for *ripier,* was printed in the Beggars' Bush, 'till this edition. See note 54 on that play.

But

But I have got them painted with your arms,
With a fair Darnex carpet of my own
Laid cross for the more state.
Mar. Jaques, I thank you: [home.
Your carpet shall be brush'd, and sent you
What, are you ready, wife?
Lady. An hour ago.
Mar. I cannot chuse but kiss thy royal lips,
Dear duchess mine, thou art so good a woman. [man Duckling!
Beau. You'd say so, if you knew all, good-
Cler. This was the happiest fortune could befal me!
Now, in his absence, will I follow close
Mine own preferment; and I hope, ere long,
To make my mean and humble name so strong [know
As my great cousin's; when the world shall
I bear too hot a spirit to live low.
The next spring will I down, my wife and houshold;
I'll have my ushers, and my four lacquies,
Six spare caroches too; but mum, no more!
What I intend to do, I'll keep in store.
Mar. Montez, montez! Jaques, be our equerry! [in couples!
Groom. To horse there, gentlemen, and fall
Mar. Come, honour'd duchess!

Enter Longueville.

Long. Stand, thou proud man!
Mar. Thieves, Jaques! raise the people!
Long. No; raise no people! 'Tis the king's command; [ty man!
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haugh-
Thou art a monster; for thou art ungrateful,
And, like a fellow of a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces: and, for
His honours given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks; and to oppose his will,
Resolv'd to leave the court, and set the realm
Afire, in discontent, and open action:
Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
Whilst with the whisking of my sword about,
I take thy honours off: this first sad whisk
Takes off thy dukedom: thou art but an earl.
Mar. You are mistaken, Longueville.
Long. Oh, 'would I were! This second whisk divides
Thy earldom from thee; thou art yet a baron.
Mar. No more whisks, if you love me, Longueville! [behind,
Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet
Yet all must come: but, not to linger time
With these two whisks I end: now Mount Marine,
For thou art now no more, so says the king
And I have done his highness' will wit grief.
Mar. Degraded from my honours?
Long. 'Tis too certain.
Mar. I am no traitor sure, that I know o
Speak, Jaques, hast thou e'er heard me utte word
Tending to treason, or to bring in the enemy
Jaques. Alas, sir, I know nothing?
Why should your worship bring me in t hang me?
God's my judge, gentlemen, I never meddled
But with the brushing of his cloaths, or fetch ing
In water in a morning for his hands.
Cler. Are these the honours of this place —Anthony,
Help me to take her gown off! Quickly,
Or i'll so swinge you for't—
Wife. Why, husband! sir!
Cler. I will not lose a penny by this town
Long. Why, what do you mean, sir: hav her to her lodging,
And there undress her; I will wait upon her
Cler. Indeed you shall not; your month i out, I take it.
Get you out before me, wife.
Cousin, farewell! I told you long ago,
That pride begins with pleasure, ends wit woe. [*Exit with his Wife.*
Beau. Go thy way, Sentences! 'twill b thy fortune
To live and die a cuckold, and churchwarden
Lady. Oh, my poor husband! what a heav
Is fallen him? [fortun
Beau. Methinks 'tis strange,
That, Heaven forewarning great men of thei falls ['em
With such plain tokens, they should not avoi
For the last night, betwixt eleven and twelve
Two great and hideous blazing stars wer seen
To fight a long hour by the clock, the one
Dress'd like a duke, the other like a king;
'Till at the last the crowned star o'ercame.
Gent. Why do you stand so dead, mon sieur Marine?
Mar. So Cæsar fell, when in the capitol
They gave his body two and thirty wounds[37]

B

[37] *So* Cæsar *fell, when in the* capitol,
They gave his body two and thirty *wounds.*] Here we have two blunders, the first with respect to the place where Cæsar fell, which was not in the *capitol*, but in *Curiâ Pompeii*; the other as to the number of wounds he fell by; as to the first, it was a blunder peculiar to the playwrights of that time; Shakespeare began it in Hamlet, act iii. scene 5.

'*Ham.* Now, my lord (*Polonius*), you play'd once in the university, you say?
'*Pol.* I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
'*Ham.* And what did you enact?
'*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was kill'd i'th' *capitol.*'

Our authors, treading in their master's steps, took up the same mistake here: and after them Shakerly Marmion, in his Antiquary, inadvertently continued the same error, making Vete rano say;

'Ane

Be warned, all ye peers; and, by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all!
Gent. Monsieur Marine, pray let me speak with you:
Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party[38];
It stands upon my utter overthrow.
Seem not discontented, nor don't stir a foot,
For, if you do, you and your hope—
I swear you are a lost man, if you stir!
And have an eye to Beaufort, he will tempt you.
Beau. Come, come; for shame go down!
Were I Marine, by Heaven I would go down;
And being there, I'd rattle him such an an-[swer
Should make him smoke.
Mar. Good monsieur Beaufort, peace!
Leave these rebellious words; or, by the honours
Which I once enjoy'd, and yet may swear by,
I'll tell the king of your proceedings! I
Am satisfied.
Lady. You talk'd of going down
When 'twas not fit; but now let's see your spirit!
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.
Mar. Why, wife, are you mad?
Lady. No, nor drunk, but I'd have you know your own strength. [wife;
Mar. You talk like a most foolish woman,
I tell you I will stay! Yet I have a
Crotchet troubles me.
Long. More crotchets yet? [counsel.
Mar. Follow me, Jaques! I must have thy
I will return again; stay you there, wife!
Long. I fear this loss of honour will give him
Some few stools. [foot,
Lady. No, no; he's resolv'd, he'll not stir a
I'll lay my life.
Beau. Ay, but he's discontented;
How shall we resolve that, and make him stay with comfort? [Nature work;
Lady. Faith, Beaufort, we must e'en let
For he's the sweetest-temper'd man for that
As one can wish; for let men but go about
To fool him, and he'll have his finger as deep
In't as the best. But see where he comes
Bless us all! [frowning:

Enter Marine.

Mar. Off with your hats! for here doth come
The high and mighty duke of Burgundy!
Whatever you may think, I've thought, and thought,
And thought upon it; and I find it plain,
The king cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of law.
Not all the water in the river Seine,
Can wash the blood out of these princely veins. [best
Lady. God-a-mercy, husband, thou art the
To work out a thing at a pinch in France!
Mar. I will ascend my state again. Duchess,
Take your place, and let our champion enter.
Long. Has he his champion? that is excellent! [entrance!
Mar. And let loud musick sound before his
Sound trumpet[39]!

Enter Jaques in armour, one carrying a Scutcheon before him, and a two-handed Sword.

Lady. How well our champion doth demean himself,
As if he had been made for such an action!
Methinks his sturdy truncheon he doth wield,
Like Mars approaching to a bloody field.
Mar. I think there is no man so desperate
To dare encounter with our champion.
But trust me, Jaques, thou hast pleas'd us well! [ceed!
Once more, our warlike music; then pro-

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. What wond'rous age is this? what close proceedings?
I hear the clang of trumpets in this house:
To what intent do not our statesmen search?
Oh, no; they look not into simple truth,
For I am true, and they regard not me.
A man in armour too? God save the king!
The world will end; there's nought but treachery.
Jaques. I, Jaques, servant to the high and mighty Godfrey, duke of Burgundy, do come

'And this was Julius Cæsar's hat when he was kill'd in the *capitol*.'

As for the second fault, 'twas made no where but at the press, for the number (I suppose) in the original MS. was wrote in figures, thus, 23, which, by an easy shifting place was altered to 32; and thus we have nine wounds more than Cæsar ever received. *Sympson.*

[38] *Sir, I must* wave *you to conceal this party.*
It stands upon my utter overthrow.] To *wave one to conceal*, should mean here to *advise one to conceal*, but I don't remember any such sense of the word *wave*, and so would propose reading the lines thus:

Sir, I must *counsel* you to *wave* this party,
It stands upon my utter overthrow.

The good lady's gallants want to keep the poor gentleman in town, and for this end the Gentleman takes him aside, and says, I would advise you to lay aside this *party*, i. e. resolution, of going down, &c. *Sympson.*

[39] *Sound trumpet.*] This possibly was once only a stage direction, but in time has crept into the text. And I fancy the same of *sound*, after *room there afore*, in the third act, upon the new duke's first public appearance. *Sympson.*

hither to prove by natural strength, and activity of my body, without the help of sorcery, enchantment, or necromancy, that the said Godfrey, late of Mount-Marine, and now of Burgundy, hath perfect right thereto, notwithstanding the king's command to the contrary, and no other person whatsoever: and in token that I will be ready to make good the same, I throw down my gage, which is my honour. Pronounced the 37th of February *stilo novo*. God save the duke!

Shat. Of all the plots the king hath laid for me
This was the shrewdest; 'tis my life they seek,
And they shall have it: if I should refuse
T' accept the challenge in the king's behalf,
They have some cause to take away my life;
And if I do accept it, who can tell
But I may fall by doubtful chance of war?
'Twas shrewd; but I must take the least of evils.—
I take thy gauntlet up, thou treacherous man,
That stands in armed coat against the king,
Whom God preserve! and with my single sword
Will justify whatever he commands.
I'll watch him for catching of my words.

Mar. Jaques, go on! defend our princely title. [an evil cause.

Shat. Why shrink'st thou back? Thou hast
Come forward, man! I have a rock about me;
I fight for my true liege.

Mar. Go forward, Jaques! [me;

Jaques. I do beseech your grace to pardon
I will not fight with him: with any else
I'll shew my resolution speedily.

Shat. Come, do thy worst; for the king shall see
All is not true that is reported of me.

Jaques. I may not fight with him, by law of arms. [not fight?

Mar. What, shall my title fall? Wilt thou

Jaques. Never with him that once hath sav'd my life. [I do go,

Shat. Dar'st thou not fight? Behold then,
Strong with the zeal I bear my sovereign,
And seize upon that haughty man himself.
Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd
Against the king and state) down to the ground!
And if thou utter but a syllable
To cross the king's intent, thou art but dead:
There lie upon the earth, and pine, and die!
Did ever any man wade thro' such storms
To save his life, as poor Shattillion?

Long. I fear this challenge hath spoil'd all.

Lady. Ne'er fear it;
He'll work it out again.—Servant,
See where Shattillion's Love, poor lady, comes.

Enter Love.

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Lie still, sir, if you love your life.
I'll whistle when he's gone. [love

Love. Oh, gentlemen, I charge you, by the
Which you bear to women, take some pity
On this distressed man! help to restore
That precious jewel to him he hath lost.

Beau. Lady, whatever power doth lie in us,
By art, or prayer, or danger, we are yours.

Love. A strange conceit hath wrought this malady;
Conceits again must bring him to himself:
My strict denial to his will wrought this;
And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts
To know me, he would sure recover sense.

Long. That charge I'll undertake.

Mar. Look, Jaques, look!
For God's sake, let me rise! This greatness is
A jade, I cannot sit it.

Jaques. His sword's up,
And yet he watches you.

Mar. I'll down again!
Pray for thy master, Jaques.

Shat. Now the king
May see all the suggestions are not true,
He hath receiv'd against my loyalty:
When all men else refuse, I fight his battles,
And thrust my body into danger's mouth:
I am become his champion, and this sword
Has taught his enemies to know themselves:
Oh, that he would no more be jealous of me!

Long. Monsieur Shattillion, the king assures you
That, for this valiant loyal act of yours,
He hath forgot all jealousies and fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.

Shat. But how shall I believe this? what new token
Of reconcilement will he shew me? [ment,
Let him release my poor Love from her tor-
From her hard fare, and strict imprisonment.

Long. He hath done this, to win your after-love:
And see, your lady sent you from the king
By these two gentlemen; be thankful for her.

Shat. She lives, she lives! I know her by the power
Shoots from her eyes. [*He kneels.*

Love. Rise, dear Shattillion!

Shat. I know my duty: next unto my king,
I am to kneel to you.

Love. I'll have you rise;
Fetch me a chair; sit down, Shattillion!

Shat. I am commanded! And, faith, tell me, mistress,
What usage have you had? Pray be plain!

Love. Oh, my most lov'd Shattillion, pain enough;
But now I'm free, thanks to my God and king!

Long. His eyes grow very heavy. Not a word,
That his weak senses may come sweetly home!

Shat. The king is honourable.

Mar. When do you whistle, Jaques?

Jaques. By and by. [laugh a little?

Long. Come hither, monsieur: canst thou

Gent. Yes, sir.

Long.

Long. So thou shalt then. Beaufort, how dost thou?
Beau. Why, well. [wife?
Long. I'm glad on't; and how does thy
Beau. Why, you may see her, sir; she stands behind you. [where's her belly?
Long. By th' mass, she's there indeed; but
Beau. Belly? [sent thee?
Long. Her great belly, man: what hast thou
Gent. A boy, I'll lay my life, it tumbled so.
Beau. Catch'd, by this light!
Long. I'll be a gossip, Beaufort.
Gent. And I.
Long. I have an odd apostle-spoon[40].
Beau. 'Sfoot, catch'd?
Lady. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen?
Long. He's married to your woman?
[*Maria kneels.*
Lady. And I not know it?
Gent. 'Twas a venial sin.
Beau. Gall, gall, gall! ['twas her love.
Lady. Forgive her, monsieur Beaufort;
Beau. You may rise, if you please; I must endure it. [ground,
Long. See how my great lord lies upon the
And dares not stir yet! [*Jaques whistles.*
Mar. Jaques, Jaques! is the king's champion gone yet?
Jaques. No, but he's asleep.
Mar. Is he asleep, art sure?
Jaques. I am sure he is; I hear him snore.
Mar. Then, by your favours, gentlemen,
And know I am a duke still. [I rise;
Jaques. And I'm his champion.
Lady. Hold thee there, and all France cannot mend thee! [thoughts
Mar. I am a prince, as great within my
As when the whole state did adorn my person:
What trial can be made to try a prince?
I will oppose this noble corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.
Lady. Great duke, and husband, there is but one way
To satisfy the world of our true right;
And it is dangerous.
Mar. What may it be?
Were it to bring the Great-Turk bound in chains
Thro' France in triumph, or to couple up
The Sophy and great Prester-John together,
I would attempt it! Duchess, tell the course.
Lady. There is a strong opinion thro' the world,
And no doubt grounded on experience,
That lions will not touch a lawful prince:
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongst the lions bear your naked body;
And if you come off clear, and never wince,
The world will say you are a perfect prince.
Mar. I thank you, duchess, for your kind advice;
But now we don't affect those ravenous beasts.
Long. A lion is a beast to try a king;
But for the trial of a state like this,
Pliny reports a mastive dog will serve.
Mar. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men. [at all.
Gent. You shall not need to deal with them
Hark you, sir! the king doth know you are
Mar. No! does he? [a duke.
Gent. Yes, and is content you shall be; but with this caution, [do,
That none know't but yourself; for, if you
He'll take't away by act of parliament.
Mar. Here is my hand; and whilst I live or breathe,
No living wight shall know I am a duke.
Gent. Mark me directly, sir; your wife
Mar. May not Jaques? [may know it.
Gent. Yes, he may.
Mar. May not my country cousin?
Gent. By no means, sir, if you love your life and state.
Mar. Well then, know all, I am no duke.
Gent. No, I'll swear it.
Long. See! he wakes. [all this while?
Shat. Where am I? or where have I been
Sleep hath not sat so sound upon mine eyes,
But I remember well that face:
Oh, thou too cruel, leave at length to scorn
Him that but looking on thy beauty dies;
Either receive me, or put out my eyes!

[40] *Apostle-spoon.*] In Henry VIII. act v. scene 2, the king desires Cranmer to be the godfather to his daughter, which being modestly declined by the archbishop, his majesty says,

'Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your *spoons*;'

On which Mr. Steevens remarks, 'It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, 'for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons 'were called *apostle*-spoons; because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of 'the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous gave the whole twelve; those 'who were either more moderately rich or liberal escaped at the expence of the four 'Evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, 'which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

'Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, mentions spoons of this kind:

"And all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in.'

'So in Middleton's Comedy of A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, 1620, "What has he given "her? what is it, gossip? A fair high standing cup and two great *postle-spoons*, one of them "gilt: sure that was Judas with the red beard."

These *apostle-spoons* are also mentioned by Addison in the Drummer. *R.*

Love. Dearest Shattillion, see upon my knees
I offer up my love; forget my wrongs.
Shat. Art thou mine own?
Love. By Heav'n, I am.
Shat. Then all the world is mine.
Love. I've stranger things to tell thee, my dearest love. [own:
Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine
I do not care to know where I have been,
Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,
But that thou art mine own. [made us wed,
Beau. Well, wife; tho' 'twere a trick that
We'll make ourselves merry soon in bed.
Mar. Know all, I am no duke.
Lady. What say you?
Mar. Jaques!
Jaques. Sir!
Mar. I am a duke.
Both. Are you?
Mar. Yes, faith, yes, faith;
But it must only run among ourselves.
And, Jaques, thou shalt be my secretary still.
Lady. Kind gentlemen, lead in Shattillion,
For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.
Now all my labours have a perfect end,
As I could wish: let all young sprightly wives, [husbands,
That have dull foolish coxcombs to their
Learn by me their duties, what to do,
Which is, to make 'em fools, and please 'em too! [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

The monuments of virtue, and desert,
Appear more goodly, when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst.
We've done our best, for your contents, to fit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.

THE CORONATION[1].

A COMEDY.

The first edition of this Play was printed in quarto in the year 1640, and has the name of John Fletcher prefixed to it, as the Author. Upon this authority we have retained it in the present edition, notwithstanding there is evidence of equal weight to authorize us to ascribe it to James Shirley, the editor of the first folio in 1647. That writer, in the year 1653, published a volume of his Plays, and at the end of one of them, viz. The Cardinal, has enumerated the several dramatic pieces written by him: amongst the rest, he has claimed the present performance, which, he says, was 'falsely ascribed to Fletcher;' with what degree of truth, it is impossible now to determine. We think no argument can be drawn from the omission of it in the first folio, for the reason assigned in the first note to the Play. It has not been acted for many years past, nor do we know of its having ever been altered.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

SELEUCUS, *supposed Son to Eubulus; but, in reality,* Leonatus, *the right King of Epirus.*
ARCADIUS, *supposed Nephew to Macarius; but, in reality,* Demetrius, *second Son to the dead King.*
EUBULUS, } *Noblemen, Guardians to the*
MACARIUS, } *late King's Sons.*
CASSANDER, *Lord-Protector.*
LYSIMACHUS, *his Son, a worthy Gentleman.*
NESTORIUS, *Father to Polidora.*
PHILOCLES, } *Courtiers.*
LYSANDER, }
POLEANUS, *Captain of the Castle.*
A BISHOP, *and Trustee of the dead King's Will.*
ANTIGONUS, *a Gentleman in waiting.*
SERVANT *to Polidora.*

WOMEN.

SOPHIA, *Queen of Epirus.*
POLIDORA, *courted by Arcadius, and his noble and constant Mistress.*
CHARILLA, *an Attendant on Sophia.*
Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Masquers, &c. &c.

SCENE, *Epirus.*

[1] *The Coronation.*] It were to be wished that the publisher of our authors' works in 1679 had given his reasons in the preface, or elsewhere, why he took this play into that edition. There seems to be no just grounds upon which he could go for so bold a practice, seeing the editor of the first folio in 1647, Mr. Shirley, has left it out; a person who must be better acquainted with what was our authors', as living nearer to their time, than the editor of the second folio in 1679. 'Tis true, there are several fine strokes in it, which might possibly be Fletcher's; but those will no more entitle him to claim it for his own, than it will Shakespeare to assert the play of the Noble Kinsman, in which we know he was partially concerned: to Mr. Shirley, therefore, as he has laid claim to it, let's give this performance; nor rob him of the glory which *The Coronation* may do his memory. *Sympson.*

This note betrays a wonderful inattention in Sympson: since the *Coronation* was one of the plays printed in *quarto*, and Shirley professed to insert none in the *folio* that had ever appeared in *quarto*.

PROLOGUE.

Since 'tis become the title of our play,
A woman once in a Coronation may
With pardon speak the Prologue, give as free
A welcome to the theatre, as he
That with a little beard, a long black cloak,
With a starch'd face and supple leg, hath spoke
Before the plays the twelve-month; let me then
Present a welcome to these gentlemen!
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worse of me for my petticoat.—
But to the play; the poet bad me tell
His fears first in the title, lest it swell
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,
That but once could be seen in a king's reign.
This Coronation he hopes you may
See often; while the genius of his play
Doth prophesy, the conduits may run wine,
When the day's triumph's ended, and divine
Brisk nectar swell his temples to a rage,
With something of more price t'invest the stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that altho'
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No under-mirth, such as doth lard the scene
For coarse delight; the language here is clean;
And confident, our poet bad me say,
He'll bate you but the folly of a play:
For which, altho' dull souls his pen despise,
Who think it yet too early to be wise[2],
The nobler will thank his Muse, at least
Excuse him, 'cause his thought aim'd at the best.
But we conclude not; it does rest in you
To censure poet, play, and Prologue too.
But, what have I omitted? is there not
A blush upon my cheeks, that I forgot
The ladies? and a female Prologue too!
Your pardon, noble gentlewomen! you
Were first within my thoughts: I know you sit
As free and high commissioners of wit,
Have clear and active souls; nay, tho' the men
Were lost, in your eyes they'll be found again:
You are the bright intelligences move,
And make a harmony this sphere of love:
Be you propitious then! our poet says,
One wreath from you[3], is worth their grove of bays.

[2] *Who* thinks *it yet too early.*——] Corrected in 1750.

[3] Our *wreath from you.*] Mr. Seward conjectured with me, that *one*, not *our*, must be the word, and so I have altered the text. *Sympson.*

ACT I.

Enter Philocles and Lysander.

Philocles. MAKE way for my lord-protector!

Lysan. Your grace's servants!

Enter Cassander and Lysimachus.

Cass. I like your diligent waiting. Where's Lysimachus?

Lysim. I wait upon you, sir.

Cass. The queen looks pleasant
This morning; does she not?

Lysim. I ever found
Her gracious smiles on me.

Cass. She does consult
Her safety in't; for I must tell thee, boy,
But in the assurance of her love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the power I have in Epire, to
Settle our own, and uncontroled greatness:
But since she carrieth herself so fairly,
I am content t'expect, and by her marriage
Secure, thy fortune; that's all my ambition
Now: be still careful in thy applications
To her; I must attend other affairs.
Return, and use what art thou canst to lay
More charms of love upon her.

Lysim. I presume
She always speaks the language of her heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happiness on earth, than she encourages
Me to expect.

Cass. It was an act becoming
The wisdom of her father, to engage
A tie between our families, and she
Hath play'd her best discretion to allow it.
But we lose time in conference; wait on her,
And be what thou wert born for, king of Epire!
I must away. [*Exit.*

Lysim.

Lysim. Success ever attend you.
Is not the queen yet coming forth[4]?
* * * * * * *

Lysan. Your servant!
You may command our duties. [*Exit Lysim.*
This is the court-star, Philocles.
Phil. The star that we must sail by.
Lysan. All must borrow
A light from him; the young queen directs all
Her favours that way.
Phil. He's a noble gentleman,
And worthy of his expectations:
Too good to be the son of such a father.
Lysan. Peace! remember he is lord-protector. [protection
Phil. We have more need of Heav'n's
I'th' mean time: I wonder the old king
Did in his life design him for the office.
Lysan. He might suspect his faith; I have heard when
The king, who was no Epirote, advanc'd
His claim, Cassander, our protector now,
Young then, oppos'd him toughly with his faction;
But forc'd to yield, had fair conditions,
And was declar'd, by the whole state, next heir,
If the king wanted issue: our hopes only
Thriv'd in this daughter.
Phil. Whom, but for her smiles
And hope of marriage with Lysimachus,
His father, by some cunning, had remov'd
Ere this. [ears.
Lysan. Take heed! the arras may have
I should not weep much if his grace would
Remove to Heav'n. [hence
Phil. I prithee what should he do there?
Lysan. Some offices will fall. [higher
Phil. And the sky too, ere I get one stair
While he's in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lysander, Philocles, [queen?
How looks the day upon us? Where's the
Phil. In her bed-chamber.
Ant. Who was with her?
Lysan. None but
The young lord Lysimachus.
Ant. It is no treason,
If a man wish himself a courtier
Of such a possibility: he has
The mounting fate.
Phil. I would his father were
Mounted to th' gallows!
Ant. H'has a path fair enough
If he survive, by title of his father.
Lysan. The queen will hasten his ascent.
Phil. 'Would I were queen!
Ant. Thou wouldst become rarely the
What wouldst thou do? [petticoat!
Phil. Why, I would marry my
Gentleman-usher, and trust all the strength
And burden of my state upon his legs,
Rather than be called wife by any son
Of such a father.
Lysan. Come, let's leave this subject!
We may find more secure discourse. When saw
You young Arcadius, lord Macarius' nephew?
Ant. There's a spark, a youth moulded for a favourite!
The queen might do him honour.
Phil. Favourite?
It is too cheap a name; there were a match
Now for her virgin blood!
Lysan. Must every man,
That has a handsome face or leg, feed such
Ambition? I confess I honour him,
He has a nimble soul, and gives great hope
To be no woman-hater; dances handsomely,
Can court a lady powerfully; but more
Goes to the making of a prince. He's here,
And's uncle.

Enter Arcadius, Macarius, and Seleucus.

Sel. Save you, gentlemen! Who can direct
To find my lord-protector? [me
Lysan. He was here
Within this half-hour: young Lysimachus
His son is with the queen.
Sel. There let him compliment;
I've other business.—Ha, Arcadius! [*Exit.*
Phil. Observ'd you with what eyes Arcadius
And he saluted? their two families
With hardly reconcile.
Ant. Seleucus carries [scorn
Himself too roughly: with what pride and
He pass'd by 'em!
Lysan. The other, with less show
Of anger, carries pride enough in's soul:
I wish 'em all at peace! Macarius' looks
Are without civil war, a good old man,
The old king lov'd him well; Seleucus' father
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character
Of an honest lord thro' Epire: that two men,
So lov'd of others, should be so unwelcome
To one another!
Arc. The queen was not wont
To send for me.
Mac. The reason's to herself;
It will become your duty to attend her.
Arc. Save you, gentlemen! What novelty
Does the court breathe to-day?
Lysan. None, sir; the news

[4] *Is not the queen yet coming forth?*

Lysan. *Your servant.*] *Lysander*'s asking this question supposes, that the gentlemen interrogated were capable of giving him an answer; but that the reader sees is no where to be found; therefore I have thought proper to mark an *hiatus* in the present text. *Sympson.*

Sympson, we suppose, meant *Lysimachus*, instead of *Lysander*, who asks no question, but is the next speaker.

That

That took the last impression is, that you
Purpose to leave the kingdom, and those men
That honour you take no delight to hear it.
Arc. I have ambition to see the difference
Of courts, and this may spare me; the delights
At home do surfeit; and the mistress, whom
We all do serve, is fix'd upon one object;
Her beams are too much pointed. But no country
Shall make me lose your memories.

Enter Sophia, Lysimachus, and Charilla.

Sophia. Arcadius!
Mac. Your lordship honour'd me;
I have no blessing in his absence.
Lysim. 'Tis
Done like a pious uncle.
Sophia. We must not
Give any licence.
Arc. If your majesty
Would please— [your duty
Sophia. We are not pleas'd! It had become
T' have first acquainted us, ere you declar'd
Your resolution public. Is our court
Not worth your stay?
Arc. I humbly beg your pardon!
Sophia. Where's Lysimachus?
Lysim. Your humble servant, madam.
Sophia. We shall find [us.
Employment at home for you; do not lose
Arc. Madam, I then write myself bless'd on earth
When I may do you service. [*Exit.*
Sophia. We would be
Private, Macarius.
Mac. Madam, you have bless'd me!
Nothing but your command could interpose to
Stay him. [*Exit.*
Sophia. Lysimachus, you must not leave us.
Lysan. Nothing but
Lysimachus? Has she not ta'en a philter?
[*Exit.*
Sophia. Nay, pray be cover'd; ceremony
Must be excus'd. [from you
Lysim. It will become my duty.
Sophia. Not your love.
I know you would not have me look upon
Your person as a courtier [5], but a favourite;
That title were too narrow to express
How we esteem you.
Lysim. The least of all
These names from you, madam, is grace enough.
Sophia. Yet here you would not rest?
Lysim. Not if you please
To say there is a happiness beyond,
And teach my ambition how to make it mine:
Altho' the honours you already have
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all
My merit, I've a heart is studious
To reach it with desert, and make if possible
Your favours mine by justice, with your pardon. [don, sir,
Sophia. We're confident this needs no par-
But a reward to cherish your opinion:
And that you may keep warm your passion,
Know we resolve for marriage; and if
I had another gift, besides myself,
Greater, in that you should discern how much
My heart is fix'd.
Lysim. Let me digest my blessing!
Sophia. But I cannot resolve when this shall be. [dream of Heav'n,
Lysim. How, madam! Do not make me
And wake me into misery, if your purpose
Be, to immortalize your humble servant!
Your power on earth's divine; princes are here
The copies of eternity, and create,
When they but will, our happiness.
Sophia. I shall
Believe you mock me in this argument;
I have no power.
Lysim. How! no power?
Sophia. Not as a queen.
Lysim. I understand you not. [tector.
Sophia. I must obey; your father's my pro-
Lysim. How!
Sophia. When I'm absolute, Lysimachus,
Our power and titles meet; before, we're but
A shadow, and to give you that were nothing.
Lysim. Excellent queen! my love took no original
From state, or the desire of other greatness,
'Bove what my birth may challenge modestly.
I love your virtues; mercenary souls
Are taken with advancement: you've an empire
Within you, better than the world's; to that
Looks my ambition.
Sophia. T' other is not, sir,
To be despis'd; cosmography allows
Epire a place i' th' map; and know, 'till I

[5] *I know you would have me look upon Your person as a courtier,* not *a favourite.*] This unmusical, nonsensical place, is differently read in the quarto of 1640,

I know you would *not* have me look upon
Your person as a courtier, not as favourite;

That of 1679,

I know, &c.
—— as a courtier, but *a* favourite;

But yet the place is sad stuff still. I would suppose it once originally run thus:

I know you would *not*——
Your person as a courtier, *but a (or as)* favourite;
(Tho') that title were too narrow, &c. *Sympson.*

Possess

Possess what I was born to, and alone
Do grasp the kingdom's sceptre, I account
Myself divided; he that marries me [some:
Shall take an absolute queen to his warm bo-
My temples yet are naked; until then
Our loves can be but compliments and wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.
Lysim. I apprehend.
Sophia. Your father!

Enter Cassander and Seleucus.

Cass. Madam, a gentleman has an humble suit. [are protector;
Sophia. 'Tis in your power to grant; you I am not yet a queen.
Cass. How's this?
Lysim. I shall expound her meaning.
Sophia. Why kneel you, sir?
Sel. Madam, to reconcile two families
That may unite both counsels and their blood
To serve your crown.
Sophia. Macarius', and Eubulus',
That bear inveterate malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
(Which some of either family had made)
Which of their fathers was the best commander:
If we believe our stories, they have both
Deserv'd well of our state; and yet this quarrel
Has cost too many lives; a severe faction!
Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet
And peace in both our houses, which are torn
With their dissensions, and lose the glory
Of their great names: my blood speaks my relation
T' Ebulus; and I wish my veins were emptied
T' appease their war.
Sophia. Thou hast a noble soul!
This is a charity above thy youth, [way.
And it flows bravely from thee. Name the
Sel. In such a desperate cause, a little stream [hearts:
Of blood might purge the foulness of their
If you'll prevent a deluge—
Sophia. Be particular!
Sel. Let but your majesty consent that two
May, with their personal valour, undertake
The honour of their family, and determine
Their difference.
Sophia. This rather will enlarge
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood
Into the stream.
Sel. Not if both families
Agree, and swear—
Sophia. And who shall be the champions?
Sel. I beg the honour, for Ebulus' cause
To be engag'd, if any for Macarius
(Worthy to wager heart with mine) accept it:
I'm confident, Arcadius
(For honour would direct me to his sword)
Will not deny to stake against my life
His own, if you vouchsafe us privilege.
Sophia. You are the expectation and top boughs
Of both your houses; it would seem injustice
To allow a civil war to cut you off,
And yourselves the instruments. Besides,
You appear a soldier; Arcadius
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,
More fit to drill a lady than expose
His body to such dangers; a small wound
I' th' head may spoil the method of his hair,
Whose curiosity exacts more time
Than his devotion; and who knows but he
May lose his ribbon by it in his lock[6],
Dear as his saint, with whom he would exchange
His head for her gay colours; then his band
May be disorder'd and transform'd from lace
To cutwork; his rich cloaths be discomplexion'd
With blood, beside th' infashionable slashes;
And he at the next festival take physick,
Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches; [sweet
His hands, cas'd up in gloves all night, and
Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd
To blisters with a sword; how can he stand
Upon his guard, who hath fiddles in his head,
To which his feet must ever be a-dancing?
Besides, a falsify may spoil his cringe
Or making of a leg, in which consists
Much of his court-perfection.
Sel. Is this character
Bestow'd on him?
Sophia. It something may concern [lenge
The gentleman; whom if you please to chal-
To dance, play on the lute, or sing—
Sel. Some catch? [tain him
Sophia. He shall not want those will main-
For any sum.
Sel. You are my sovereign; [what[7];
I dare not think—yet I must speak some-
I shall burst else:—I have no skill in jigs,
Nor tumbling—

[6] *May lose his* ribbon *by it in his* lock.] Alluding to the ridiculous fashion, in our authors time, of wearing *love-locks*. This custom is also satyrized in Cupid's Revenge: which see.

[7] *I dare not think, yet I must speak somewhat.*] Why then 'tis plain he would speak without thinking; and is not this heroically said? However, tho' he durst not think, yet he was obliged to speak, *to keep himself from bursting*. How nonsense, like fame, *vires acquirit eundo!* Surely, if we suppose the words could ever be sense, we must imagine they run once thus:

I dare not speak—*and* yet I must speak something,
I shall burst else;—

i. e. He was afraid of speaking lest he should utter an affront to his queen; and yet if he did not speak, his anger unvented might do him a mischief. *Sympson.*

We think the text good and genuine, and Sympson's raillery pointless and ill-founded.

Sophia. How, sir!

Sel. Nor was I born a minstrel; and in this
You have so infinitely disgrac'd Arcadius,
But that I've heard another character,
And with your royal licence do believe it,
I should not think him worth my killing.

Sophia. Your killing?

Sel. Does she not jeer me?
I shall talk treason presently; I find it
At my tongue's end already: this is an
Affront! I'll leave her.

Sophia. Come back! Do you know Arcadius? [our persons

Sel. I ha' chang'd but little breath with him;
Admit no familiarity; we were [him
Born to live both at distance: yet I ha' seen
Fight, and fight bravely.

Sophia. When the spirit of wine
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.

Sel. Altho' he be my enemy, should any
Of the gay flies that buz about the court,
Sit to catch trouts[8] i' th' summer, tell me so,
I durst in any presence but your own—

Sophia. What?

Sel. Tell him he were not honest.

Sophia. I see, Seleucus, thou art resolute,
And I but wrong'd Arcadius: your first
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm
First place and honour to his family:
Is it not this you plead for?

Sel. You are gracious.

Sophia. Lysimachus!

Lysim. Madam.

Cass. She has granted then?

Sel. With much ado.

Cass. I wish thy sword may open
His wanton veins! Macarius is too popular,
And has taught him to insinuate.

Sophia. It shall
But haste the confirmation of our loves,
And ripen the delights of marriage. Seleucus!
[*Exit cum Seleuco.*

Lysim. As I guess'd!
It cannot be too soon. [invest

Cass. To-morrow then we crown her, and
My son with majesty; 'tis to my wishes.
Beget a race of princes, my Lysimachus!

Lysim. First, let us marry, sir.

Cass. Thy brow was made
To wear a golden circle; I'm transported!
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee.

Lysim. Altho' you be my father, that will not
Concern my obedience, as I take it.

Enter Philocles, Lysander, and Antigonus.

Cass. Gentlemen[9],
Prepare yourselves for a solemnity
Will turn the kingdom into triumph: Epirē,
Look fresh to-morrow!—'Twill become your duties,
In all your glory, to attend the queen at
Her coronation; she is pleas'd to make
The next day happy in our calendar:
My office doth expire, and my old blood
Renews with thought on't.

Phil. How's this?

Ant. Crown'd to-morrow?

Lysan. And he so joyful to resign his regency! [hasty

Phil. There's some trick in't: I do not like these
Turnings[10], and whirls of state; they've commonly [save
As strange and violent effects. Well, Heav'n
The queen! [send her

Phil. Heav'n save the queen, say I, and
A sprightly bedfellow! For the protector,
Let him pray for himself; he's like to have
No benefit of my devotion. [Lysimachus,

Cass. But this doth quicken my old heart!
There is not any step into her throne,
But is the same degree of thy own state.
Come, gentlemen!

Lysan. We attend your grace.

Cass. Lysimachus!

Lysim. What heretofore could happen to mankind [in
Was with much pain to climb to Heav'n; but
Sophia's marriage, of all queens the best,
Heav'n will come down to earth, to make me blest. [*Exeunt.*

[8] Sit *to catch trouts.*] The editors of 1750 substitute *fit* for *sit*; we think improperly: Seleucus seems to mean, 'Courtiers that buz about the court, AND *sit* to catch, &c.'

[9] *Gentlemen,*

Prepare yourselves.] Mr. Seward has happily restored the speaker, *Cassander*, which is dropt negligently thro' all the copies. *Sympson.*

[10] ——— *these hasty*

Proceedings, *and whirls of state.*] Every judge of poetry must see, that *proceedings* is very unpoetical, both in sense and measure: I take the true word to have been blotted in the manuscript, and this to have been either the player or printer's insertion. I conjectur'd *turnings, and whirls of state*, which I afterwards found a strong confirmation of in this very Play, act iii. scene 3.

Phil. 'Tis a strange *turn*,
Lysan. The whirligigs of women. *Seward.*

ACT II.

Enter Arcadius and Polidora.

Polid. INDEED you shall not go.

Arc. Whither?

Polid. To travel.
I know you see me but to take your leave;
But I must never yield to such an absence.

Arc. I prithee leave thy fears! I am commanded
To th' contrary; I wonot leave thee now.

Polid. Commanded? by whom?

Arc. The queen. [think

Polid. I'm very glad; for, trust me, I could
Of thy departure with no comfort! Thou
Art all the joy I have, half of my soul;
But I must thank the queen now for thy company.
I prithee what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad?

Arc. Only to get an appetite
To thee, Polidora[11].

Polid. Then you must provoke it?

Arc. Nay, prithee, do not so mistake thy servant.

Polid. Perhaps you surfeit with my love.

Arc. Thy love?

Polid. Altho' I have no beauty to compare
With the best faces, I've a heart above
All competition.

Arc. Thou art jealous now:
Come, let me take the kiss I gave thee last!
I am so confident of thee, no lip
Has ravish'd it from thine. I prithee come
To court!

Polid. For what?

Arc. There is the throne for beauty.

Polid. 'Tis safer dwelling here.

Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an ill to Polidora;
The greatest will be proud to honour thee:
Thy lustre wants the admiration here[12]!
There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a reverence
Into the gazer.

Polid. You can flatter too. [thy virtue

Arc. No praise of thee can be thought so;
Will deserve all. I must confess, we courtiers
Do oftentimes commend, to shew our art:
There is necessity sometimes to say
This madam breathes Arabian gums,
Amber, and cassia; tho', as we are praising,
We wish we had no nostrils to take in
Th'offensive steam of her corrupted lungs.
Nay, some will swear they love their mistress,
Would hazard lives and fortunes to preserve
One of her hairs brighter than Berenice's,
Or young Apollo's; and yet, after this,
A favour from another toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the officious hangman whips
Her head off.

Polid. Fine men!

Arc. I am none of these:
Nay, there are women, Polidora, too,
That can do pretty well at flatteries;
Make men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,
Can kiss a jewel out of one, and dally
A carcanet[13] of diamonds from another,
Weep into th' bosom of a third, and make
Him drop as many pearls: they count it nothing
To talk a reasonable heir within ten days
Out of his whole estate, and make him mad
He has no more wealth to consume.

Polid. You'll teach me
To think I may be flatter'd in your promises,
Since you live where this art is most profess'd.

Arc. I dare not be so wicked, Polidora.
The infant errors of the court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuse
So rare a goodness; nor indeed did ever
Converse with any of those shames of court,
To practise for base ends. Be confident
My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the figure of my Polidora,
It is not in the power of time or distance
To cancel it. By all that's blest, I love thee,
Love thee above all women; dare invoke
A curse when I forsake thee.

Polid. Let it be
Some gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an oath I prithee,
One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find
Any suspicion of my faith; or else
Direct me in some horrid imprecation!
When I forsake thee for the love of other
Woman, may Heav'n reward my apostacy,

[11] *To* thee, *Polidora.*] Seward reads, *To Polidora.*

[12] *Thy lustre wants* the *admiration* here.] We must either read,

——— *that* admiration;

or, ——— admiration *there.* *Sympson.*

There needs no variation at all; the meaning is simply, 'Thy lustre wants (*i. e.* is without) 'its due admiration HERE; THERE you would be noticed.'

[13] *A* carcanet.] *A necklace*, from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. It is used in Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 172. *R.*

To blast my greatest happiness on earth[14],
And make all joys abortive! [carry
Polid. Revoke these hasty syllables! they
Too great a penalty for breach of love
To me; I am not worth thy suffering;
You do not know what beauty may invite
Your change, what happiness may tempt
And heart together. [your eye
Arc. Should all the graces of your sex conspire
In one, and she should court me with a dower
Able to buy a kingdom, when I give
My heart from Polidora—
Polid. I suspect not;
And to requite thy constancy, I swear—
Arc. It were a sin to let thee waste thy breath;
I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your uncle hath been every where
I' th' court enquiring for you; his looks speak
Some earnest cause. [*Exit.*
Arc. I'm more acquainted with
Thy virtue, than t' imagine thou wilt not
Excuse me now: one kiss dismisses him
Whose heart shall wait on Polidora.
Polid. Prithee[15]
Let me not wish for thy return too often!
My father? [*Exit Arcadius.*

Enter Nestorius and a Servant.

Nest. I met Arcadius in strange haste; he
He had been with thee. [told me
Polid. Some affair too soon
Ravish'd him hence; his uncle sent for him.
You came now from court: how looks the
This golden morning? [queen
Nest. Like a bride: her soul [fires,
Is all on mirth; her eyes have quick'ning
Able to strike a spring into the earth
In winter.
Polid. Then Lysimachus can have [beams.
No frost in's blood, that lives so near her
Nest. His politic father, the protector, smiles too.
Resolve to see the ceremony of the queen;
'Twill be a day of state.
Polid. I am not well.
Nest. How! not well? retire then, I must return;
My attendance is expected. Polidora,
Be careful of thy health!
Polid. It will concern me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arcadius and Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me, sir. [safety,
Mac. Dear nephew, if thou respect thy
My honour, or my age, remove thyself;
Thy life's in danger.
Arc. Mine? Who is my enemy?
Mac. Take horse, and instantly forsake the city,
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling
Obscure thyself; stay not to know the reason. [i' th' number
Arc. Sir, I beseech your pardon! Which,
Of my offences unto any, should
Provoke this dishonourable flight? [stay,
Mac. I would, when I petitioned for thy
I'd pleaded for thy banishment; thou know'st
What threatens thee. [not
Arc. I would desire to know it:
I am in no conspiracy of treason,
Have ravish'd no man's mistress, not so much
As given the lie to any: what should mean
Your strange and violent fears? I will not stir
Until you make me sensible I've lost
My innocence.
Mac. I must not live to see
Thy body full of wounds; it were less sin
To rip thy father's marble, and fetch from
The reverend vault his ashes, and disperse them [find
By some rude winds, where none should ever
The sacred dust: it was his legacy, [Heaven,
The breath he mingled with his prayers to
I should preserve Arcadius, whose fate
He prophesied in death, would need protection:
Thou wot disturb his ghost, and call it to
Affright my dreams, if thou refuse t' obey me.
Arc. You more inflame me, to enquire the cause
Of your distraction; and you'll arm me better
Than any coward flight, by acquainting me
Whose malice aims to kill me: good sir, tell me!
Mac. Then, prayers and tears assist me!
Arc. Sir?
Mac. Arcadius,
Thou art a rash young man, witness the spirit

[14] ——————— *of other*
Women, may Heav'n *reward my apostacy*
To *blast*, &c.] Mr. Seward supposes the words misplac'd here, and that the natural order is thus:

—— may *to* reward my apostacy
Heav'n blast my greatest happiness. *Sympson.*

The old reading gives good sense, and more strongly expresses, that 'blasting his happiness would be the proper reward of his falsehood.'

[15] *Whose heart shall wait on Polidora, prithee*
Let me not wish———] The least attention to this passage will convince the reader, that the insertion of *Polidora*'s name before *Prithee let me not*, which Mr. Seward too communicated to me, is entirely requisite to the sense of this place. *Sympson.*

Of

Of him that trusted me so much! I bleed,
'Till I prevent this mischief. [*Exit.*

Enter Philocles and Lysander.

Arc. Ha! keep off.
Phil. What mean you, sir?
Lysan. We are your friends.
Arc. I know your faces, but
Am not secure: I would not be betray'd.
Lysan. You wrong our hearts, who truly honour you.
Arc. They say I must be kill'd.
Phil. By whom?
Arc. I know not.
Nor would I part with life so tamely.
Phil. We dare
Engage ours in your quarrel; hide your sword,
It may beget suspicion; it is
Enough to question you.
Arc. I'm confident;
Pray pardon me! come, I despise all danger;
Yet a dear friend of mine, my uncle, told me
He would not see my body full of wounds.
Lysan. Your uncle? this is strange.
Arc. Yes, my honest uncle.
If my unlucky stars have pointed me
So dire a fate—
Phil. There is some strange mistake in't.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Arcadius, the queen would speak with you;
You must make haste.
Arc. Tho' to my death, I fly
Upon her summons; I give up my breath
Then willingly, if she command it from me.
[*Exit.*
Phil. This does a little trouble me.
Lysan. I know not
What to imagine; something is the ground
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any such danger as he apprehends.

Enter Sophia, Lysimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Seleucus, Arcadius, Ladies, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Sophia. We have already granted to Seleucus,
And they shall try their valour, if Arcadius
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge:
Our royal word is passed.
Phil. This is strange. [ask'd,
Eub. Madam, my son knew not what he
And you were cruel to consent so soon.
Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd
At once of all the wealth I have? Arcadius
Is part of me.
Eub. Seleucus' life and mine
Are twisted on one thread, both stand or fall
Together. Hath the service for my country
Deserv'd but this reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternal home? Was't not enough,
When I was young, to lose my blood in wars,
But the poor remnant that is scarcely warm,
And faintly creeping thro' my wither'd veins,
Must be let out to make you sport?
Mac. How can
We, that shall this morn see the sacred oil
Fall on your virgin tresses, hope for any
Protection hereafter, when this day [you?
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for
Arcadius, I prithee speak thyself;
It is for thee I plead.
Eub. Seleucus, kneel,
And say thou hast repented thy rash suit!
If ere I see thee fight I be thus wounded,
How will the least drop forced from thy veins
Afflict my heart?
Mac. Why, that's good!
Arcadius, speak to her; hear him, madam.
Arc. If you call back this honour you have done me,
I shall repent I live.—Do not persuade me!—
Seleucus, thou'rt a noble enemy;
And I will love thy soul, tho' I despair
Our bodies' friendly conversation:
I would we were to tug upon some cliff,
Or, like two prodigies i'th' air, our conflict
Might generally be gaz'd at, and our blood
Appease our grandsires' ashes!
Mac. I'm undone!
Sel. Madam, my father says I have offended;
If so, I beg your pardon, but beseech you,
For your own glory, call not back your word!
Eub. They are both mad.
Sophia. No more! we have resolv'd:
And since their courage is so nobly flam'd,
This morning we'll behold the champions
Within the list. Be not afraid their strife
Will stretch so far as death. So soon as we
Are crown'd, prepare yourselves. Seleucus!
[*Seleucus kisses her hand.*
Sel. I have receiv'd another life in this
High favour, and may lose what nature gave me. [valour,
Sophia. Arcadius, to encourage thy young
We give thee our father's sword;
Command it from our armory. Lysimachus,
To our Coronation. [*Exeunt.*
Eub. I will forfeit sooner
My head for a rebellion, than suffer it[16].
[*Exit.*

[16] Sel. *I'll forfeit*, &c.
Arc. *I am circled*—] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward agree with me, here are two false names put into these two places; and that *Eubulus* should supply *Seleucus*, and *Macarius Arcadius*, and 'tis plain, for *Seleucus* and *Arcadius* are not now upon the stage, but went off with the queen, Lysimachus, &c. I have likewise ventured to add a word to

Eub. I'll forfeit
My head, &c.

which was not sense, as it stood in all the copies. *Sympson.*

Mac.

Mac. I'm circled with confusions! I'll do somewhat:
My brains and friends assist me!
Phil. But do you think they'll fight indeed?
Lysan. Perhaps
Her majesty will see a bout or two:
And yet 'tis wondrous strange! such spectacles
Are rare i'th' court. An they were to skirmish naked
Before her, then there might be some excuse.
There is some gimcracks in't; the queen is wise
Above her years.
Phil. Macarius is perplex'd.

Enter Eubulus.

Lysan. I cannot blame him. But my lord Eubulus [men!
Returns; they are both troubled: 'las, good
But our duties are expected; we forget.
[*Exeunt Philocles and Lysander.*
Eub. I must resolve; and yet things are
My brain's upon the torture! [not ripe.
Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his person, whose least drop
Of blood is worth more than our families.
My lord Eubulus, I have thought a way
To stay the young men's desperate proceedings:
It is our cause they fight; let us beseech
The queen, to grant us two the privilege
Of duel, rather than expose their lives
To either's fury: it were pity they
Should run upon so black a destiny;
We are both old, and may be spar'd; a pair
Of fruitless trees, mossy and wither'd trunks,
That fill up too much room.
Eub. Most willingly;
And I will praise her charity t' allow it:
I have not yet forgot to use a sword.
Let's lose no time! By this act, she will licence
Our souls to leave our bodies but a day,
Perhaps an hour, the sooner; they may live
To do her better service, and be friends
When we are dead. And yet I have no hope
This will be granted; curse upon our faction!
Mac. If she deny us—
Eub. What?
Mac. I would do somewhat—
Eub. There's something o' the sudden struck upon
My imagination, that may secure us.
Mac. Name it; if no dishonour wait upon't,
To preserve them, I'll accept any danger.
Eub. There is no other way—and yet my heart
Would be excus'd—but 'tis to save his life.
Mac. Speak it, Eubulus.
Eub. In your ear I shall;
It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it.
Mac. Hum! tho' it stir my blood, I'll meet. Arcadius,
If this preserve thee not, I must unseal
Another mystery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophia, Lysimachus, Cassander, Charilla, Lysander, Philocles, and Antigonus.

Sophia. We owe to all your loves, and will deserve,
At least by our endeavours, that none may
This day repent their prayers. My lord-
Cass. Madam, [protector!
I have no such title now, and am blest to lose
That name so happily: I was but trusted
With a glorious burden.
Sophia. You have prov'd [still
Yourself our faithful counsellor, and must
Protect our growing state: a kingdom's sceptre [sits heavy
Weighs down a woman's arm; this crown
Upon my brow already; and we know
There's something more than metal in this wreath
Of shining glory; but your faith and counsel,
That are familiar with mysteries,
And depths of state, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which both you shall
Do loyal service, and reward your duties.
Cass. Heav'n preserve your highness!
Sophia. But yet, my lords and gentlemen, let none [doms,
Mistake me, that, because I urge your wis-
I shall grow careless, and impose on you
The managing of this great province! no,
We will be active too; and as we are
In dignity above your persons, so
The greatest portion of the difficulties
We call to us, you in your several places
Relieving us with your experience,
Observing in your best directions
All modesty, and distance; for altho'
We are but young, no action shall forfeit
Our royal privilege, or encourage any
To unreverent boldness. As it will become
Our honour to consult, ere we determine,
Of the most necessary thing of state;
So we are sensible of any check[17],
But in a brow, that saucily controls
Our action, presuming on our years
As few, or frailty of our sex; that head
Is not secure, that dares our power or justice.
Phil. Sh'has a brave spirit! Look how the protector
Grows pale already! [
Sophia. But I speak to you
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare
This theme; yet 'twas no immaterial
Part of our character, since I desire
All should take notice I have studied

[17] *So we are sensible of* a *check.*] Seward would read,
So *were not* sensible of *any* check.
But in a brow, &c.
We have adopted Sympson's reading, which he thus explains: '*Even the least seeming dislike to our judgment expressed by a wrinkled brow, we are sensible of*, &c.'

The

The knowledge of myself; by which I shall
Better distinguish of your worth and persons
In your relations to us.
Lysan. This language
Is but a threatening to somebody.
Sophia. But we miss some, that use not to absent
Their duties from us: where's Macarius?
Cass. Retir'd to grieve, your majesty hath given
Consent Arcadius should enter list
To-day, with young Seleucus.
Sophia. We purpose

Enter Gentleman.

They shall proceed. What's he?
Phil. A gentleman
Belonging to Seleucus, that gives notice
He is prepar'd, and waits your royal pleasure.
Sophia. He was compos'd for action. Give notice
To Arcadius, and admit the challenger!
Let other princes boast their gaudy tilting,
And mockery of battles! but our triumph
Is celebrated with true noble valour,

Enter Seleucus and Arcadius at several doors, their Pages before them, bearing their Targets.

Two young men spirited enough to have
Two kingdoms stak'd upon their swords. Lysimachus,
Do not they excellently become their arms?
'Twere pity but they should do something more
Than wave their plumes. [*A shout within.*]
What noise is that?

Enter Macarius and Eubulus.

Mac. The people's joy, to know us reconcil'd,
Is added to the jubilee o'th' day:
We have no more a faction, but one heart.
Peace flow in every bosom!
Eub. Throw away [friends
These instruments of death, and like two
Embrace by our example.
Sophia. This unfeign'd? [madam,
Mac. By our duties to yourself! Dear
Command them not advance: our houses from
This minute are incorporated; happy day!
Our eyes, at which before revenge look'd forth,
May clear suspicion. Oh, my Arcadius!
Eub. We've found a nearer way to friendship, madam,
Than by exposing them to fight for us.
Sophia. If this be faithful, our desires are bless'd.
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile
Your blood this way, and we did prophesy[15]
This happy chance: spring into either's bosom,
Arcadius and Seleucus!—What can now
Be added to this day's felicity? [lord,
Yes, there is something, is there not, my
While we are virgin-queen?
Cass. Ha! that string
Doth promise musick.
Sophia. I am yet, my lords,
Your single joy; and when I look upon
What I have took to manage, the great care
Of this most flourishing kingdom, I incline
To think I shall do justice to myself
If I chuse one, whose strength and virtue may
Assist my undertaking: think you, lords,
A husband would not help?
Lysan. No question, madam;
And he that you propose to make so bless'd,
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty:
It is the general vote.
Sophia. We will not then
Trouble ambassadors to treat with any
Princes abroad; within our own dominion,
Fruitful in honour, we shall make our choice;
And that we may not keep you over long
In th' imagination, from this circle we
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a king and husband.
Lysan. Now my lord Lysimachus!
Sophia. Nor shall we in this action be accus'd
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare
Deserving our affection hath been early
In our opinion, (which had reason first
To guide it, and his known nobility)
Long married to our thoughts, will justify
Our fair election.
Phil. Lysimachus blushes.
Cass. Direct our duties, madam, to pray for him! [*She comes from the state.*
Sophia. Arcadius, you see from whence we come;
Pray lead us back: you may ascend.
Cass. How's this? o'er-reach'd?
Arc. Madam, be charitable to your humblest creature!
Do not reward the heart, that falls in duty
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden
Of the court-mirth, a mockery for pages!
'Twere treason in me but to think you mean thus.
Sophia. Arcadius, you must refuse my love,
Or shame this kingdom.
Phil. Is the wind in that corner?
Cass. I shall run mad, Lysimachus!
Lysim. Sir, contain yourself.
Sel. Is this to be believ'd?
Mac. What dream is this?
Phil. He kisses her! now, by this day, I'm glad on't.
Lysan. Mark the protector!

[15] *And we did* prophesy.] *i. e. Foresee.* *Sympson.*

Ant. Let him fret his heart-strings!
Sophia. Is the day cloudy on the sudden?
Arc. Gentlemen,
It was not my ambition; (I durst never
Aspire so high in thought) but since her majesty
Hath pleas'd to call me to this honour, I
Will study to be worthy of her grace,
By whom I live.
Sophia. The church to-morrow shall
Confirm our marriage. Noble Lysimachus,
We'll find out other ways to recompense
Your love to us. Set forward! Come, Arcadius!
[*Exeunt Sophia, Arcadius, and Philocles.*
Mac. It must be so; and yet let me consider!
Cass. He insults already! Policy, assist me
To break his neck!
Lysim. Who would trust woman?
Lost, in a pair of minutes lost! How bright
A morning rose but now, and now 'tis night.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Polidora and Servant.

Polid. OH, where shall virgins look for faith hereafter,
If he prove false, after so many vows?
And yet, if I consider, he was tempted
Above the strength of a young lover: two
Such glories courting[19] his acceptance, were
Able to make disloyalty no sin,
At least not seem a fault: a lady first,
Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen [than winter;
Than th' Alps, quicken a soul more dead
Add to her beauty and perfection,
That she's a queen, and brings with her a kingdom
Able to make a great mind forfeit Heaven.
What could the frailty of Arcadius
Suggest, t' unspirit him so much as not
To fly to her embraces?—You were present
When she declar'd herself?
Serv. Yes, madam.
Polid. Tell me, [queen
Did not he make a pause, when the fair
A full temptation stood him?
Serv. Very little [sooner
My judgment could distinguish: she did no
Propound, but he accepted.
Polid. That was ill. [nutes;
He might with honour stand one or two mi-
Methinks it should have startled him a little
To have remember'd me; I have deserv'd
At least a cold thought. Well, pray give it him. [*Polid. gives him a letter.*
Serv. I shall.
Polid. When?
Serv. Instantly.
Polid. Not so;
But take a time when his joy swells him most,
When his delights are high and ravishing,
When you perceive his soul dance in his eyes,
When she, that must be his, hath dress'd her beauty, [pids
With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cu-
To call him to the tasting of her lip;
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live
I'll pray for him.
Serv. I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassander and Lysimachus.

Cass. There is no way but death.
Lysim. That's black and horrid!
Consider, sir, it was her sin, not his;
I cannot accuse him; what man could carry
A heart so frozen, not to melt at such
A glorious flame? Who could not fly to such
A happiness?
Cass. Have you ambition
To be a tame fool? See so vast an injury,
And not revenge it? Make me not suspect
Thy mother for this sufferance, my son.
Lysim. Pray hear me, sir.
Cass. Hear a patient gull,
A property? Thou hast no blood of mine,
If this affront provoke thee not: how canst
Be charitable to thyself, and let him live
To glory in thy shame? Nor is he innocent;
He had before crept slily into her bosom,
And practis'd thy dishonour.
Lysim. You begin
To stir me, sir.
Cass. How else could she be guilty
Of such contempt of thee, and in the eye
Of all the kingdom? they conspir'd this stain,
When they had cunning meetings. Shall thy love [Lysimachus
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and
Stand idle gazer?
Lysim. What, sir, will his death
Advantage us, if she be false to me?
So irreligious? and to touch her person—
Pause, we may be observ'd.

Enter Philocles and Lysander.

Lysan. 'Tis the protector
And his son.
Phil. Alas, poor gentleman! I pity his
Neglect, but am not sorry for his father.
'Tis a strange turn.
Lysan. The whirligigs of women!

[19] *Such* glorious *courting.*] Corrected in 1750.

Phil. Your grace's servant.
Cass. I am yours, gentlemen;
And should be happy to deserve your loves.
Phil. Now he can flatter.
Lysan. Not, sir, to enlarge
Your sufferings, I have a heart doth wish
The queen had known better to reward
Your love and merit.
Lysim. If you would express
Your love to me, pray do not mention it.
I must obey my fate.
Phil. She will be married
To t'other gentleman for certain then?
Cass. I hope you'll wish 'em joy.
Phil. Indeed I will, sir.
Lysan. Your grace's servant! [*Exeunt.*
Cass. We are grown
Ridiculous, the pastime of the court!—
Here comes another.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your son, my lord? [tress—
Cass. Like a neglected servant of his mis-
Sel. I would ask him a question.
Cass. What?
Sel. Whether the queen,
As 'tis reported, lov'd him: he can tell
Whether she promis'd what they talk of, marriage.
Cass. I can resolve you that, sir.
Sel. She did promise?
Cass. Yes.
Sel. Then she's a woman; and your son—
Cass. What?
Sel. Not
Worthy his blood and expectation,
If he be calm.
Cass. There's no opposing destiny.
Sel. I'd cut the throat—
Cass. Whose throat? [don, sir!
Sel. The destiny's; that's all. Your par-
I am Seleucus still; a poor shadow
O'th' world, a walking picture! it concerns
Not me; I am forgotten by my stars.
Cass. The queen, with more discretion, might ha' chosen thee.
Sel. Whom?
Cass. Thee, Seleucus.
Sel. Me? I
I cannot dance, and frisk with due activity!
My body's lead, I've too much phlegm; what should I
Do with a kingdom? No, Arcadius
Becomes the cushion, and can please. Yet, setting
Aside the trick that ladies of blood look at,
Another man might make a shift to wear
Rich cloaths, sit in the chair of state, and nod,
Dare venture on discourse that does not trench
On compliment, and think the study of arms
And arts more commendable in a gentleman,
Than any galliard[20].
Cass. Arcadius
And you were reconcil'd?
Sel. We? yes; oh, yes.
But 'tis not manners now to say we are friends;
At our equality there had been reason,
But now *subjection* is the word.
Cass. They are not yet married?
Sel. I'll make no oath upon't. My lord Lysimachus,
A word! You'll not be angry if I love you?
May not a batchelor be made a cuckold?
Lysim. How, sir!
Cass. Lysimachus, this gentleman
Is worthy our embrace; he's spirited,
And may be useful.
Sel. Hark you; can you tell [mean
Where's the best dancing-master? An you
To rise at court, practise to caper: farewell,
The noble science that makes work for cutlers!
It will be out of fashion to wear swords;
Masques and devices, welcome! I salute you.
Is it not pity any division
Should be heard out of musick? Oh, 'twill be
An excellent age of crotchets, and of canters!
B'y', captains[21], that like fools will spend your blood
Out of your country! you will be of less
Use than your feathers; if you return unmaim'd,
You shall be beaten soon to a new march,
When you shall think it a discretion
To sell your glorious buffs to buy fine pumps,
And pantables: this is, I hope, no treason.

Enter Arcadius, leading Sophia, Charilla, Eubulus, Lysander, Philocles, and Polidora's Servant[22].

Cass. Wo't stay, Lysimachus?
Lysim. Yes, sir, and shew
A patience above her injury. [Assume
Arc. This honour is too much, madam!
Your place, and let Arcadius wait still;
'Tis happiness enough to be your servant.
Cass. Now he dissembles.
Sophia. Sir, you must sit.
Arc. I am obedient. [*Music heard.*
Sophia. This is not music [lancholy.
Sprightly enough; it feeds the soul with me-
How says Arcadius?
Arc. Give me leave to think,
There is no harmony but in your voice,
And not an accent of your heav'nly tongue,

[20] *Galliard.*] The *galliard* is a lively air in triple time; Brossard intimates that it is the 'same with the *Romanesca*, a favourite dance with the Italians.'
Sir John Hawkins, Hist. Musick, vol. iv. p. 387.

[21] Buy *captains, that like fools——if you return* unmann'd.] Both errors corrected by Seward.

[22] *Polidora, Servant.*] Corrected by Sympson.

But strikes me into rapture: I incline
To think the tale of Orpheus no fable;
'Tis possible he might enchant the rocks,
And charm the forest, soften Hell itself,
With his commanding lute; it is no miracle
To what you work, whose ev'ry breath conveys
The hearer into Heav'n: how at your lips
Winds gather perfumes, proudly glide away,
To disperse sweetness round about the world!
Sel. Fine stuff!
Sophia. You cannot flatter.
Arc. Not, if I should say [wonder,
Nature had plac'd you here the creatures'
And her own spring, from which all excellence [when
On earth's deriv'd, and copied forth; and
The character of fair and good in others
Is quite worn out, and lost, looking on you
It is supplied, and you alone made mortal,
To feed and keep alive all beauty. [men?
Sel. Ha! ha! Can you endure it, gentle-
Lysan. What do you mean?
Sel. Nay, ask him what he means;
Mine is a down-right laugh.
Sophia. Well, sir, proceed. [themselves,
Arc. At such bright eyes the stars do light
At such a forehead swans renew their white,
From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.
Sel. The morning is more modest than thy praises:
What a thing does he make her?
Arc. And when you fly to Heav'n, and leave this world [you,
No longer maintenance of goodness from
Then poetry shall lose all use with us,
And be no more, since nothing in your absence
Is left, that can be worthy of a verse.
Sel. Ha, ha!
Sophia. Who's that?
Sel. 'Twas I, madam.
Arc. Scleucus?
Cass. Ha!
Sel. Yes, sir; 'twas I that laugh'd.
Arc. At what?
Sel. At nothing.
Lysan. Contain yourself, Seleucus.
Eub. Are you mad? [sir?
Sophia. Have you ambition to be punish'd,
Sel. I need not; 'twas punishment
Enough to hear him make an idol of you;
He left out the commendation of your patience.
I was a little moved in my nature,
To hear his rhodomontados, and make
A monster of his mistress; which
I pitied first; but seeing him proceed, [tions.
I guess'd he brought you mirth with his inven-
And so made bold to laugh at it.
Sophia. You're saucy! [merry,
We'll place you where you shall not be so
Take him away!
Lysan. Submit yourself.
Arc. Let me
Plead for his pardon.
Sel. I would not owe
My life so poorly! Beg thy own: when you
Are king you cannot bribe your destiny.
Eub. Good madam, hear me! I fear he is distracted. [ter of a soul
Cass. Brave boy!—Thou shouldst be mas-
Like his; thy honour's more concern'd[23].
Sel. 'Tis charity;
Away wo' me! B'y', madam[24]!
Cass. He has a daring spirit.
[*Exeunt Sel. Eub. Cass.*
Arc. These, and a thousand more affronts, I must
Expect; your favours draw them all upon me;
In my first state I had no enemies;
I was secure, while I did grow beneath
This expectation; humble vallies thrive with
Their bosoms full of flowers, when the hills melt
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds.
Let me retire.
Sophia. And can Arcadius
At such a breath be mov'd? I had opinion
Your courage durst have stood a tempest for
Our love: can you for this incline to leave
What other princes should in vain have sued for?
How many lovers are in Epire now [pect
Would throw themselves on danger, not ex-
One enemy, but empty their own veins,
And think the loss of all their blood rewarded,
To have one smile of us when they are dying!
And shall this murmur shake you?
Arc. Not, dear madam;
My life is such a poor despised thing,
In value your least graces, that to lose
It were to make myself a victory.
It is not for myself I fear: the envy
Of others cannot fasten wound in me
Greater, than that your goodness should be
So daringly. [check'd
Sophia. Let not those thoughts afflict thee,

[23] *Brave boy, &c.*] This speech was joined to that of *Eubulus*, 'till Mr. Seward discovered the error.

[24] ——— 'boy, *madam?*] We find afterward *Seleucus* sent to prison, for which there is now no express command given by the queen; and in the next place it is evident that she had call'd him *boy*, to which, *Boy, madam*, is an answer. The words omitted, might probably come in between *Eubulus* and *Cassander*'s speeches, and might be to this effect,

Away with that *audacious boy* to prison. *Seward.*

What occurr'd to me upon reading this passage was this, that *boy* is only a corruption of *b'y'*, and designed as an ironical taking leave of the queen on his going to prison. *Sympson.*

Sympson is undoubtedly right.

While

While we have power to correct th' offences.
Arcadius, be mine! This shall confirm it.
[*Kisses him.*
Arc. I shall forget, [been
And lose my way to Heav'n: that touch had
Enough to have restor'd me, and infus'd
A spirit of a more celestial nature,
After the tedious absence of my soul.
Oh, bless me not too much! one smile a day
Would stretch my life to immortality[25].
Poets, that wrap divinity in tales, [gels!
Look here, and give your copies forth of an-
What blessing can remain?
Sophia. Our marriage.
Arc. Place then some horrors in the way
For me, not you, to pass; the journey's end
Holds out such glories to me, I should think
Hell but a poor degree of suffering for it.—
[*Servant delivers him a paper.*
What's that? some petition? a letter to me?
'You had a Polidora.' Ha! that's all! [forth,
I' th' minute when my vessel's new launch'd
With all my pride, and silken wings about me,
I strike upon a rock: what power can save me?
'You had a Polidora!' There's a name!
Killed with grief, I can so soon forget her.
Serv. She did impose on me this service, sir; [you.
And while she lives, she says, she'll pray for
Arc. She lives! [fame
That's well; and yet 'twere better for my
And honour, she were dead. What fate hath
Upon this fearful precipice? [plac'd me
Serv. He's troubled.
Arc. I must resolve: my faith is violated
Already; yet poor loving Polidora
Will pray for me, she says; to think she can,
Renders me hated to myself, and every
Thought's a tormentor; let me then be just.
Sophia. Arcadius! [dora,
Arc. That voice prevails again. Oh, Poli-
Thou must forgive Arcadius; I dare not
Turn rebel to a princess: I shall love
Thy virtue, but a kingdom has a charm
To excuse our frailty. Dearest madam!
Sophia. Now set forward.
Arc. To perfect all our joys!

Enter Macarius and a Bishop.

Mac. I'll fright their glories.
Cass. By what means?
Mac. Observe.
Arc. Our good uncle, welcome!
Sophia. My lord Macarius, we did want your person; [share.
There's something in our joys wherein you
Mac. This you intend your highness' wed-
Sophia. We are going— [ding-day?
Mac. Save your labour;
I've brought a priest to meet you.
Arc. Reverend father!
Sophia. Meet us? Why?
Mac. To tell you that you must not marry.
Cass. Didst thou hear that, Lysimachus?
Lysim. And wonder what will follow.
Sophia. We must not marry?
Bishop. Madam, 'tis a rule [clare
First made in Heav'n; and I must needs de-
You and Arcadius must tie no knot
Of man and wife.
Arc. Is my uncle mad?
Sophia. Joy has transported him,
Or age has made him dote: Macarius,
Provoke us not too much; you will presume
Above our mercy.
Mac. I'll discharge my duty, [you know,
Could your frown strike me dead.—My lord,
Whose character this is?
Cass. It is Theodosius',
Your grace's father.
Bishop. I am subscrib'd a witness.
Phil. Upon my life, 'tis his.
Mac. Fear not; I'll cross this match.
[*Aside to Cassander.*
Cass. I'll bless thee for't.
Arc. Uncle, d'ye know what you do,
Or what we are going to finish? You will not break [foot's
The neck of my glorious fortune, now my
I' th' stirrups, and, mounting, throw me o'er the saddle?
I hope you'll let one be a king.—Madam,
'Tis as you say, my uncle is something craz'd,
There's a worm in's brain, but I beseech you pardon him: [talk'd
He is not the first of your council, that has
Idly. D'ye hear, my lord-bishop, I hope you have more
Religion than to join with him to undo me.
Bishop. Not I, sir; but I am commanded by oath and conscience,
To speak truth.
Arc. If your truth should do me
Any harm, I shall never be in charity
With a crozier's staff; look to't!
Sophia. My youngest brother?
Cass. Worse and worse! my brains!
[*Exit.*
Mac. Deliver'd to me an infant with this writing,
To which this reverend father is a witness.
Lysan. This he whom we so long thought dead, a child? [to trust him
Sophia. But what should make my father
To your concealment? give abroad his death,
And bury an empty coffin?
Mac. A jealousy he had
Upon Cassander, whose ambitious brain
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose
His son, to make Lysimachus king of Epire.
Sophia. He made no scruple to expose me
To any danger? [then
Mac. He secur'd you, madam,
By an early engagement of your affection
To Lysimachus, exempt this testimony:

[25] *To* mortality.] Corrected in 1750.

Had he been Arcadius, and my nephew,
I needed not obtrude him on the state;
Your love and marriage had made him king
Without my trouble, and sav'd that ambition.
There was necessity to open now
His birth and title.
Phil. Demetrius alive? [they talk of?
Arc. What riddles are these? Whom do
Omnes. We congratulate your return to life and honour, [you,
And, as becomes us, with one voice salute
Demetrius, king of Epire. [sister;
Mac. I am no uncle, sir: this is your
I should have suffer'd incest, to have kept you
Longer i'th' dark: love, and be happy both!
My trust is now discharg'd.
Lysan. And we rejoice.
Arc. But do not mock me, gentlemen;
May I be bold upon your words to say
I am prince Theodosius' son?
Mac. The king.
Arc. You'll justify it?
Sister, I'm very glad to see you.
Sophia. I am
To find a brother, and resign my glory.
My triumph is my shame. [*Exit.*

Enter Cassander.

Cass. Thine ear, Lysimachus.
Arc. Gentlemen, I owe
Unto your loves as large acknowledgment
As to my birth, for this great honour; and
My study shall be equal to be thought
Worthy of both. [*Exit Sophia.*
Cass. Thou art turn'd marble.
Lysim. There will be the less charge for my monument.
Cass. This must not be: sit fast, young king! [*Exit.*
Lysan. Your sister, sir, is gone.
Arc. My sister should have been my bride. That name
Puts me in mind of Polidora; ha!
Lysander! Philocles! gentlemen! [me
If you will have me think your hearts allow
Theodosius' son, oh, quickly snatch some wings,
Express it in your haste to Polidora;
Tell her, what title is new dropt from Heav'n
To make her rich, only created for me;
Give her the ceremony of my queen;
With all the state that may become our bride, [there?
Attend her to this throne. Are you not
Yet stay! 'tis too much pride to send for her;
We'll go ourself; no honour is enough
For Polidora, to redeem our fault;
Salute her gently from me, and, upon
Your knee, present her with this diadem!
'Tis our first gift; tell her Demetrius follows
To be her guest, and give himself a servant
To her chaste bosom; bid her stretch her heart
To meet me! I am lost in joy and wonder!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Cassander, Eubulus, and Soldier.

Cass. WHERE'S the captain of the castle?
Sold. He'll attend your honours presently.
Cass. Give him knowledge we expect him.
Sold. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Cass. He is my creature, (fear not!)
And shall run any course that we propound.
Eub. My lord, I like the substance of your plot, [quence
'Tis promising; but matters of this conse-
Are not so easily perfect; and it does
Concern our heads to build upon secure
Principles: tho' Seleucus, I confess,
Carry a high and daring spirit in him,
'Tis hard to thrust upon the state new settled
Any impostor; and we know not yet
Whether he'll undertake to play the prince;
Or, if he should accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himself.
Cass. My lord, affairs
Of such a glorious nature are half finish'd,
When they begin with confidence.
Eub. Admit
He want no art, nor courage, it must rest
Upon the people to receive his title;
And with what danger their uncertain breath
May flatter ours, Demetrius scarcely warm
In the king's seat, I may suspect.
Cass. That reason
Makes for our part; for if it be so probable
That young Demetrius should be living, why
May not we work them to believe Leonatus,
The eldest son, was by some trick preserv'd,
And now would claim his own? There were two sons,
Who in their father's life we suppos'd dead;
May not we find a circumstance to make
This seem as clear as t'other? Let the vulgar
Be once possess'd, we'll carry Epire from
Demetrius, and the world.
Eub. I could be pleas'd

Enter Polcanus.

To see my son a king.—The captain's here.
Polcanus. I wait your lordship's pleasure.
Cass. We come to visit your late prisoner.
I will

I will not doubt, but you entreat him fairly;
He will deserve it for himself, and you
Be fortunate in any occasion
To have express'd your service.
Poleanus. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honourable lord his father, will
Instruct me to behave myself with all
Respects becoming me, to such a son.
Cass. These things will least
Oblige you; but how bears he his restraint?
Poleanus. As one whose soul's above it.
Eub. Patiently? [great command
Poleanus. With contempt rather of the
Which made him prisoner: he will talk
So strangely to himself! [sometimes
Eub. He's here.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Why was I born to be a subject? 'Tis
Soon answer'd sure; my father was no prince,
That's all: the same ingredients use to make
A man, as active, tho' not royal blood,
Went to my composition, and I
Was gotten with as good a will, perhaps,
And my birth cost my mother as much sorrow,
As I'd been born an emp'ror.
Cass. While I look
Upon him, something in his face presents
A king indeed.
Eub. He does resemble much
Theodosius too.
Cass. Whose son we would pretend him:
This will advance our plot.
Sel. 'Tis but a name,
And mere opinion, that prefers one man
Above another: I'll imagine then
I am a prince, or some brave thing on earth,
And see what follows. But it must not be
My single voice will carry it; the name
Of king must be attended with a troop
Of acclamations, on whose airy wings
He mounts, and, once exalted, threatens Heav'n,
And all the stars. How to acquire this noise,
And be the thing I talk of—Men have risen
From a more cheap nobility to empires,
From dark originals, and sordid blood;
Nay, some that had no fathers, sons o'th' earth,
And flying people, have aspir'd to kingdoms,
Made nations tremble[26], nay, have practis'd frowns
To awe the world: their memory is glorious,
And I would hug them in their shades. But what's
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And less in expectation?
Poleanus. Are you serious? [us?
Cass. Will you assist, and run a fate with
Poleanus. Command my life; I owe it to your favour.
Sel. Arcadius was once as far from king[27]
As I; and had we not so cunningly
Been reconcil'd, or one, or both, had gone
To seek our fortunes in another world.—
What's the device now? If my death be next,
The summons shall not make me once look pale. [bring
Cass. Chide your too vain suspicions; we
A life, and liberty, with what else can make
Thy ambition happy: th' hast a glorious flame!
We come t' advance it.
Sel. How?
Cass. Have but a will, [thee to,
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt
A king!
Sel. You do not mock me, gentlemen?
You are my father, sir.
Eub. This minute shall
Declare it, my Seleucus: our hearts swell'd
With joy, with duty rather—Oh, my boy!
Sel. What is the mystery?
Poleanus. You must be a king. [dulous:
Cass. Seleucus, stay! thou'rt too incre-
Let not our faith and study to exalt thee
Be so rewarded!
Eub. I pronounce thee king!
Unless thy spirit be turn'd coward, and
Thou faint t' accept it.
Sel. King of what?
Cass. Of Epire. [hither,
Sel. Altho' the queen, since she sent me
Were gone to Heaven, I know not how
That title could devolve to me.
Cass. We have [her
No queen, since he that should have married
Is prov'd her youngest brother, and now king
In his own title.
Sel. Thank you, gentlemen!
There's hope for me.
Cass. Why, you dare fight with him,
An need be, for the kingdom?
Sel. With Arcadius?
If you'll make stakes, my life against his crown, [son,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine
And all the courtiers one after another.
Cass. 'Two'not come to that.
Sel. I'm of your lordship's mind:
So, fare you well!
Cass. Yet stay and hear.
Sel. What, that you have betray'd me?
Do, tell your king! my life is grown a burden;
And I'll confess; and make your souls look pale, [battlement
To see how nimble mine shall leap this
Of flesh, and, dying, laugh at your poor malice.

[26] *Tremble,* any *have practis'd frowns.*] Amended by Sympson.

[27] *As far from* being
As I.] This is true indeed, yet no mighty discovery, nor what the poets designed him to say: but the true lection, and what the place requires absolutely, is this:
———was as far from *king.* *Sympson.*

Omnes.

Omnes. No more; long live Leonatus, king of Epire!

Sel. Leonatus? Who's that? [have been

Cass. Be bold, and be a king! Our brains Working to raise you to this height. Here are None but friends: dare you but call yourself Leonatus, and but justify with confidence What we'll proclaim you, if we do not bring The crown to your head, we will forfeit ours.

Eub. The state is in distraction—Arcadius Is prov'd a king—there was an elder brother— If you dare but pronounce you are the same, Forget you are my son— [plotted

Poleanus. These are no trifles, sir: all is T' assure your greatness, if you will be wise, And take the fair occasion that's presented.

Sel. Arcadius, you say, is lawful king; And now, to depose him, you would make me An elder brother; is't not so?

Cass. Most right. [true meaning—

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your

Omnes. Upon our lives!

Sel. I'll venture mine. But, with your pardon, whose brain was this? From whom took this plot life?

Eub. My lord Cassander. [and think

Sel. And you are of his mind? and you? This may be done?

Eub. The destinies sha'n't cross us, If you have spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it? I am not us'd to compliment: I'll owe My life to you, my fortunes to your lordship. Compose me as you please; and when you've made Me what you promise, you shall both divide Me equally. One word, my lord! I'd rather [*Apart to Eubulus.* Live in the prison still, than be a property T' advance his politick ends.

Eub. Have no suspicion!

Cass. So, so! I see Demetrius' heels already [*Aside.* Tripp'd up, and I'll dispatch him out o'th' way; Which gone, I can depose this at my leisure, Being an impostor; then my son stands fair, And may piece with the princess. We lose time: [court, What think you? If we first surprize the While you command the castle, we shall curb All opposition.

Eub. Let's proclaim him first. I have some faction; the people love me; They gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the court.

Cass. Unless Demetrius yield himself, he bleeds.

Sel. Who dares call treason sin, when it succeeds? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophia and Charilla.

Char. Madam, you are too passionate, and lose The greatness of your soul, with the expence Of too much grief, for that which Providence Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a state Above your tender bearing.

Sophia. Thou'rt a fool, And canst not reach the spirit of a lady Born great as I was, and made only less By a too-cruel destiny! 'Above 'Our tender bearing?' What goes richer to The composition of man than ours? Our soul's as free, and spacious, our heart's As great, our will as large, each thought as active, And in this only man more proud than we, That would have us less capable of empire: But search the stories, and the name of queen Shines bright with glory, and some precedents Above man's imitation.

Char. I grant it, [madam, For th' honour of our sex; nor have you, By any weakness, forfeited command: He that succeeds, in justice was before you, And you have gain'd more, in a royal brother, Than you could lose by your resign of Epire.

Sophia. This I allow, Charilla, I ha' done; 'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me (At the same time I feel a joy to know My brother living); no, there is another Wound in me above cure.

Char. Virtue forbid!

Sophia. Canst find me out a surgeon for that?

Char. For what?

Sophia. My bleeding fame.

Char. Oh, do not injure Your own clear innocence.

Sophia. Don't flatter me: I have been guilty of an act will make All love in women question'd; is not that A blot upon a virgin's name? my birth Cannot extenuate my shame; I am Become the stain of Epire!

Char. It is but Your own opinion, madam, which presents Something to fright yourself, which cannot be In the same shape so horrid to our sense.

Sophia. Thou wouldst, but canst not appear ignorant: [take Did not the court, nay, the whole kingdom, Notice I lov'd Lysimachus?

Char. True, madam.

Sophia. No, I was false! Tho' counsell'd by my father to affect him, I had my politic ends upon Cassander, To be absolute queen, flattering his son with hopes Of love and marriage, when that very day (I blush to think) I wrong'd Lysimachus, That noble gentleman: but Heav'n punish'd me! For tho' to know Demetrius was a blessing, Yet who will not impute it my dishonour?

Char. Madam, you yet may recompense Lysimachus: If you affect him now, you were not false To him, whom then you lov'd not; if you can Find any gentle passion in your soul

To

To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,
Tho' sad, retains a noble will to meet it:
His love was firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted with one storm.
Sophia. He will not sure [mock'd him,
Trust any language from her tongue that
Altho' my soul doth weep for it, and is punish'd
To love him above the world.

Enter Lysimachus.

Char. He's here,
As Fate would have him reconcil'd: be free,
And speak your thoughts.
Lysim. If, madam, I appear
Too bold, your charity will sign my pardon:
I heard you were not well, which made me haste
To pay the duty of an humble visit.
Sophia. You do not mock me, sir?
Lysim. I'm confident
You think me not so lost to manners, in [me
The knowledge of your person, to bring with
Such rudeness; I have nothing to present,
But an heart full of wishes for your health,
And what else may be added to your happiness.
Sophia. I thought you had been sensible—
Lysim. How, madam? [spend
Sophia. A man of understanding: can you
One prayer for me, remembring the dishonour
I have done Lysimachus?
Lysim. Nothing can deface [for you.
That part of my religion in me, not to pray
Sophia. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too: indeed I have a soul
Is full of penitence, and something else,
If blushing would allow to giv't a name.
Lysim. What, madam?
Sophia. Love; a love that should redeem
My past offence, and make me white again.
Lysim. I hope no sadness can possess your thoughts
or me; I am not worthy of this sorrow:
But if you mean it any satisfaction
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange overflow of charity,
To keep me still alive. Be yourself, madam,
And let no cause of mine be guilty of
This rape upon your eyes; my name's not worth
The least of all your tears.
Sophia. You think 'em counterfeit?
Lysim. Altho' I may
Suspect a woman's smile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet eyes; and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one reply.
Sophia. I wait it.
Lysim. I have now
Another mistress—
Sophia. Stay!
Lysim. To whom I've made,
Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,
Which not the second malice of my fate
Shall violate: and she deserves it, madam,
Even for that wherein you're excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you;
Her virtue, if she but maintain what now
She is mistress of, beyond all competition,
So rich she cannot know to be improv'd,
At least in my esteem: I may offend,
But truth shall justify I have not flatter'd her.
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty
Upon your hand. All that is good flow in you!
[*Exit.*
Sophia. Did he not say, Charilla, that he had
Another mistress?
Char. Such a sound, methought,
Came from him.
Sophia. Let's remove! here's too much air;
The sad note multiplies.
Char. Take courage, madam,
And my advice. He has another mistress?
If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him
With entertaining twice as many servants;
And when he sees your humour, he'll return
And sue for any livery. Grieve for this?
Sophia. It must be she; 'tis Polidora has
Taken his heart; she live my rival?
How does the thought inflame me?
Char. Polidora? [he too;
Sophia. And yet she does but justly, and
I would have robb'd her of Arcadius' heart,
And they will both have this revenge on me.
But something will rebel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Demetrius, Philocles, and Lysander.

Dem. The house is desolate; none comes forth to meet us;
She's slow to entertain us. Philocles,
I prithee tell me, did she wear no cloud
Upon her brow? was't freely that she said
We should be welcome?
Phil. To my apprehension;
Yet 'tis my wonder she appears not.
Lysan. She,
Nor any other. Sure there's some conceit
T' excuse it.
Dem. Stay! who's this? Observe what follows. [sir.
Phil. Fortune? some mask to entertain you,

Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth, Health, and Pleasure.

Fort. Not yet? What silence doth inhabit here?
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome?
Fortune, the genius of the world? Have we
Descended from our pride and state, to come
So far, attended with our darlings, Youth,
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the place. Call hither Fame!

Enter Fame.

Fame. What would great Fortune?
Fort. Know
Who dwells here.
Fame. Once more I report, great queen,
This is the house of Love.

Fort.

Fort. It cannot be;
This place has too much shade, and looks as if
It had been quite forgotten of the spring
And sun-beams: Love affects society
And heat; here all is cold as the airs of winter[28];
No harmony to catch the busy ear
Of passengers; no object of delight,
To take the wandring eyes; no song, no groan
Of lovers, no complaint of willow garlands;
Love has a beacon upon his palace-top,
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrim
To rest, and dwell with him; I see no fire
To rest and dwell with him; I see no fire
To threaten, or to warm: can Love dwell here?
Fame. If there be noble Love upon the world,
Trust Fame, and find it here.
Fort. Make good your boast,
And bring him to us.
Dem. What does mean all this?
Lysan. I told you, sir, we should have some device.

Enter Love.

There's Cupid now! that little gentleman
Has troubled every masque at court this seven [year.
Dem. No more.
Love. Welcome to Love! how much you honour me!
It had become me, that upon your summons,
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune;
But since you have vouchsaf'd to visit me,
All the delights Love can invent shall flow
To entertain you. Music, thro' the air
[*Music plays.*
Shoot your enticing harmony!
Fort. We came
To dance and revel with you.
Love. I am poor
In my ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honour Love. [*Dance.*

Enter Honour.

Hon. What intrusion's this?
Whom do you seek here?
Love. 'Tis Honour.
Fort. He's my servant.
Love. Fortune is come to visit us.
Hon. And has
Corrupted Love! Is this thy faith to her,
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus
To Fortune's triumph? Take her giddy wheel,
And be no more companion to Honour:
I blush to know thee! Who'll believe there can
Be truth in Love hereafter?
Love. I have found
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it this
Proud sorceress, from whom, and all her charms,
I fly again to Honour: be my guard!
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast
The merit of a name. [*Exit Honour.*
Fort. Despis'd? I shall
Remember this affront.
Dem. What moral's this?
[*Exeunt Masquers.*

Re-enter Honour, with the Crown upon a mourning Cushion.

What melancholy object strikes a sudden
Chillness thro' all my veins, and turns me ice?
It is the same I sent, the very same,
As the first pledge of her ensuing greatness:
Why, in this mourning liv'ry, if she live
To whom I sent it? Ha! what shape of sorrow?

Enter Polidora, in mourning.

It is not Polidora! she was fair
Enough, and wanted not the setting off
With such a black: if thou be'st Polidora,
Why mourns my love? It neither does become
Thy fortune, nor my joys.
Polid. But it becomes
My griefs; this habit fits a funeral,
And it were sin, my lord, not to lament
A friend new dead.
Dem. And I yet living? Can
A sorrow enter but upon thy garment,
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I
Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deserve,
Weigh'd with thy living comforts, but a piece
Of all this ceremony? Give him a name.
Polid. He was Arcadius.
Dem. Arcadius? [once,
Polid. A gentleman that lov'd me dearly
And does compel these poor and fruitless drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,
T' embalm him twice.
Dem. And are you sure he's dead? [yet
Polid. As sure as you are living, sir; and
I did not close his eyes; but he is dead,
And I shall never see the same Arcadius.
He was a man so rich in all that's good,
(At least I thought him so) so perfect in
The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate
Were glory in a prince: nature herself,
'Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,
As she had made but trial of the rest,
To mould him excellent[29].

[28] *Here all is cold as* th' hairs *of winter.*] The amendment in the text was made by Theobald.

[29] *He was a man,* &c.] Dryden has a passage similar to this in All for Love.

'So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd
'At their own skill, and cried, 'A lucky hit
"Hath mended our design!' Their envy hinder'd,
'Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
'When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
'To copy out again.' *R.*

Dem.

Dem. And is he dead?
Come, shame him not with praises; recollect
Thy scatter'd hopes, and let me tell my best
And dearest Polidora, that he lives,
Still lives to honour thee!
Polid. Lives? where?
Dem. Look here;
Am not I worth your knowledge?
Polid. And my duty;
You are Demetrius, king of Epire, sir.
I could not easily mistake him so
To whom I gave my heart.
Dem. Mine is not chang'd,
But still hath fed upon thy memory:
These honours and additions of state
Are lent me for thy sake. Be not so strange!
Let me not lose my entertainment, now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height
Beneath which I did blush to ask thy love!
Polid. Give me your pardon, sir! Arcadius,
At our last meeting, without argument
To move him, more than his affection to me,
Vow'd he did love me, love me above all women,
And to confirm his heart was truly mine,
He wish'd—I tremble to remember it—
When he forsook his Polidora's love,
That Heaven might kill his happiness on earth: [promise
Was not this nobly said? Did not this
A truth to shame the turtle's?
Dem. And his heart
Is still the same, and I thy constant lover.
Polid. Give me your leave, I pray! I would not say
Arcadius was perjur'd; but the same day,
Forgetting all his promises and oaths,
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsook me,
(D'ye not remember this too?) gave his faith
From me; transported with the noise of greatness,
And would be married to a kingdom.
Dem. But
Heaven permitted not I should dispose
What was ordain'd for thee.
Polid. It was not virtue
In him; for sure he found no check, no sting,
In his own bosom, but gave freely all
The reins to blind ambition.
Dem. I am wounded! [joys,
The thought of thee, i'th' throng of all my
Like poison pour'd in nectar, turns me frantick:
Dear, if Arcadius have made a fault,
Let not Demetrius be punish'd for't!
He pleads, that ever will be constant to thee.
Polid. Shall I believe man's flatteries again,
Lose my sweet rest, and peace of thought again? [virtue
Be drawn by you from the straight paths of
Into the maze of love? [chides me:
Dem. I see compassion in thy eye, that
If I have either soul, but what's contain'd
Within these words, or if one syllable
Of their full force be not made good by me,
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,
And thy disdain be doubled! From thy pardon,
I'll count my Coronation; and that hour
Fix with a rubrick in my calendar[30],
As an auspicious time to entertain [now
Affairs of weight with princes. Think who
Entreats thy mercy! Come, thou shalt be
And divide titles with me. [kind,
Polid. Hear me, sir:
I lov'd you once for virtue, and have not
A thought so much unguarded, as to be
Won from my truth and innocence, with any
Motives of state to affect you. [here,
Your bright temptation mourns while it stays
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you
Forget me so, court my opinion back.
Were you no king, I should be sooner drawn
Again to love you; but 'tis now too late;
A low obedience shall become me best.
May all the joys I want
Still wait on you! If time hereafter tell you,
That sorrow for your fault hath struck me dead, [pity,
May one soft tear, dropt from your eye in
Bedew my hearse, and I shall sleep securely!
I have but one word more: for goodness' sake,
For your own honour, sir, correct your passion
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you. [*Exit.*
Dem. Her heart is frozen up, nor can
Thaw it to any softness. [warm prayers
Phil. I'll fetch her, sir, again.
Dem. Persuade her not. [to triumph.
Phil. You give your passion too much leave
Seek in another what she denies.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Where is the king? Oh, sir, you are
A dangerous treason is afoot. [undone;
Dem. What treason? [claim'd
Mac. Cassander and Eubulus have pro-
Another king, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus, your elder brother, he that was
But this morning prisoner in the castle.
Dem. Ha!
Mac. The easy Epirotes
Gather in multitudes t'advance his title;
They have seiz'd upon the court. Secure your person, [rection.
Whilst we raise power to curb this insur-
Ant. Lose no time then.
Dem. We will not arm one man.
Speak it again! have I a brother living,
And must be no king?
Mac. What means your grace? [exalts
Dem. This news doth speak me happy; it
My heart, and makes me capable of more
Than twenty kingdoms!

[30] *Fix with a rubrick in my calendar.*] *i. e.* Consider it as a *red-letter* day.

Phil. Will you not, sir, stand
Upon your guard?
Dem. I'll stand upon my honour:
Mercy relieves me.
Lysan. Will you lose the kingdom?
Dem. The world's too poor to bribe me.
Leave me all,
Lest you extenuate my fame, and I
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your counsel!
You shall not share one scruple in the honour.
Titles may set a gloss upon our name,
But virtue only is the soul of fame.
Mac. He's strangely possess'd, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Philocles and Lysander.

Phil. HERE'S a strange turn, Lysander.
Lysan. 'Tis a kingdom
Easily purchas'd: who will trust the faith
Of multitudes?
Phil. It was his fault, that would
So tamely give his title to their mercy.
The new king has possession.
Lysan. And is like
To keep it. We're alone; what dost think of
This innovation? Is it not a fine jig?
A precious cunning in the late protector,
To shuffle a new prince into the state?
Phil. I know not how they've shuffled, but, my head on't, [look to't!
A false card's turn'd up trump: but, fates

Enter Cassander and Eubulus.

Eub. Does he not carry't bravely?
Cass. Excellently.—
Philocles! Lysander!
Phil. Lysan. Your lordship's servants!
Cass. Are we not bound to Heaven, for multiplying
These blessings on the kingdom[31]?
Phil. Heaven alone
Works miracles, my lord.
Lysan. I think your lordship had
As little hope once to see these princes revive.
Cass. Here we
Must place our thanks, next Providence, for preserving
So dear a pledge[32].

Enter Leonatus, attended.

Eub. The king!
Leo. It is our pleasure
The number of our guard be doubled. Give
A largess to the soldiers; but dismiss not
The troops 'till we command.
Cass. May it please—
Leo. It will not please us otherwise, my lord,
We've tried your faith! [lord,
Eub. Does he not speak with confidence?
Leo. My lords and gentlemen, to whose faith we must [safety,
Owe (next to Heaven) our fortune and our
After a tedious eclipse, the day
Is bright, and we invested in those honours
Our blood and birth did challenge.
Cass. May no time
Be register'd in our annals, that shall mention
One that had life t'oppose your sacred person!
Leo. Let them, whose title's forg'd and flaw'd, suspect
Their state's security! Our right to Epire
Heaven is oblig'd to prosper: treason has
No face so black to fright it. All my cares
Level to this, that I may worthily[33]
Manage the province, and advance the honour
Of our dear country: and, be confident,
If an expence of blood may give addition
Of any happiness to you, I shall
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoice
To make myself a ghost, to have inscrib'd
Upon my marble but whose cause I died for.
Eub. May Heaven avert such danger!

[31] *Are we not bound to Heaven.*] The retorting of these very words by *Philocles* in the next scene upon *Cassander*, led Mr. Seward, Mr. Theobald, and myself, to the assurance of their belonging to *Cassander* here, and accordingly I have placed his name before them. *Sympson.*

[32] Phil. *Here we must place.*] I once imagined that this was a speech with action, and might easily be understood, by supposing *Philocles* to point to *Eubulus*; but I believe Mr. Seward has more happily conjectured it ought to belong to *Cassander*. *Sympson.*

[33] ——— *worthily*
Manage the province, *and advance the honour*
Of our dear country.] To manage *the province of our dear country*, and *advance the honour of our dear country*, seems a little inaccurate: perhaps we should read,
——— worthily
Manage *this* province; or, *my* province,
i. e. *The* charge *I have undertook*, &c. *Sympson.*

Cass.

Cass. Excellent prince,
In whom we see the copy of his father!
None but the son of Theodosius,
Could have spoke thus.
Leo. You're pleas'd t'interpret well.
Yet, give me leave to say in my own justice,
I've but express'd the promptness of my soul
To serve you all; but 'tis not empty wishes
Can satisfy our mighty charge, a weight
Would make an Atlas double. A king's name
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance;
And those, who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark and out-skin of a commonwealth
Or state, have eyes but ravish'd with the ceremony [not
That must attend a prince, and understand
What cares allay the glories of a crown:
But good kings find and feel the contrary.
You've tried, my lord, the burden; and can tell
It would require a pilot of more years
To steer this kingdom, now impos'd on me
By justice of my birth.
Cass. I wish not life
But to partake those happy days which must
Succeed these fair proceedings: we are blest!
But, sir, be sparing to yourself! we shall
Hazard our joys in you too soon; the burden
Of state-affairs impose upon your council.
'Tis fitter that we waste our lives, than you
Call age too soon upon you with the trouble
And cares that threaten such an undertaking:
Preserve your youth!
Leo. And chuse you our protector?
Is't that you would conclude, my lord? We will
Deserve our subjects' faith for our own sake,
Not sit an idle gazer at the helm.

Enter Messenger.

Phil. How! observ'd you that? Mark how Cassander's planet-struck. [for all that.
Eub. He might have look'd more calmly
I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled[34]. [must secure
Leo. With what news travels his haste? I
Myself betimes; not be a king in jest,
And wear my crown a tenant to their breath.
Cass. Demetrius, sir, your brother,
With other traitors that oppose your claims,
Are fled to th' castle of Nestorius,
And fortify—
Mess. I said not so, my lord.
Cass. I'll have it thought so; hence!
[*Exit Messenger.*
Leo. Plant force to batter
The walls; and in their ruin bring us word
They live not.
Eub. Good sir, hear me!
Cass. Let it work. [crown
Were Demetrius dead, we easily might un-
This swoln impostor, and my son be fair
To piece with young Sophia, who, I hear,
Repents her late affront.
Eub. Their lives may do [nings!
You service; let not blood stain your begin-
The people, not yet warm in their allegiance,
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it,
With hazard of yourself.
Leo. Who dares but think it?
Yet, offer first our mercy: if they yield, [sel:
Demetrius must not live—My lord, your coun-
What if he were in Heaven?
Cass. You have my
Consent.—You shall not stay long after him.
[*Aside.*
Leo. Sophia's not my sister: to prevent all
That may endanger us, we'll marry her;
That done, no matter tho' we stand discover'd;
For in her title then we're king of Epire,
Without dispute.
Cass. Hum!—In my judgment, sir,
That wo'not do so well.
Leo. What's your opinion? [so cunning?
Cass. He countermines my plot: are you
Leo. What's that you mutter, sir?
Cass. I mutter, sir? [postor
Leo. Best say I am no king, but some im-
Rais'd up to gull the state.
Cass. Very fine! To have said within
Few hours you'd been no king, nor like to be,
Was not i'th' compass of high-treason, I take it. [mov'd; speak not.
Eub. Restrain your anger! the king's
Cass. I will speak louder: do I not know him? [throne
That self-same hand that rais'd him to the
Shall pluck him from it! Is this my reward?
Leo. Our guard! To prison with him!
Cass. Me to prison?
Leo. Off with his head!
Cass. My head?
Eub. Vouchsafe to hear me,
Great sir!
Leo. How dares he be so insolent[35]?
Cass. I ha' wrought myself into a fine con-
D'ye know me, gentlemen? [dition!
Phil. Very well, my lord: [ing
'How are we bound to Heaven for multiply-
'These blessings on the kingdom.'
Leo. We allow it. [ear.
Eub. Counsel did never blast a prince's

[34] Eub. *He might have look'd.*] If the reader will consider this answer, he will find that *Lysander*, and not *Eubulus*, should be prefix'd before it. *Sympson.*

'If the reader will consider this answer, he will find,' that *Lysander* could not speak it, nor any but a partisan in the plot for elevating *Seleucus*. *Eubulus* means by it to continue the deceit on *Cassander*, till he procures his dismission to the castle of Nestorius.

[35] Cas. *How dares he be so insolent?*] 'Tis possible that this line belongs to *Cassander*; but I think more probable it should be *Leonatus*'s, and accordingly I have prefixed his name to it. *Sympson.*

Leo. Convey him to the sanctuary of rebels,
Nestorius' house, where our proud brother has
Enscons'd himself! they'll entertain him lovingly;
He'll be a good addition to the traitors.
Obey me, or you die for't!—What are kings,
When subjects dare affront 'em?
Cass. I shall vex
Thy soul for this.
Leo. Away with him! When kings
Frown, let offenders tremble!—This flows not
From any cruelty in my nature, but
The fate of an usurper: he that will
Be confirm'd great without just title to it
Must lose compassion; know what's good, not do it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Polidora and her Servant.

Serv. Madam, the princess Sophia!
Polid. I attend her highness.

Enter Sophia.

How much your grace honours your humble servant!
Sophia. I hope my brother's well.
Polid. I hope so too, madam. [your guest.
Sophia. Do you but hope? He came to be
Polid. We are all his, whilst he is pleas'd to honour [dam.
This poor roof with his royal presence, ma-
Sophia. I came to ask your pardon, Polidora. [me;
Polid. You never, madam, trespass'd upon
Wrong not your goodness.
Sophia. I can be but penitent,
Unless you point me out some other way
To satisfy.
Polid. Dear madam, do not mock me!
Sophia. There is no injury, like that to love;
I find it now in my own sufferings:
But tho' I would have robb'd thee of Arcadius,
Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,
And punish'd me in those joys you have found.
I read the story of my loss of honour,
Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you
Have met your own again.
Polid. Whom do you mean?
Sophia. My brother.
Polid. He's found to himself and honour:
He is my king; and tho' I must acknowledge
He was the glory of my thoughts, and I
Lov'd him, as you did, madam, with desire
To be made his, reason and duty since
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now
Look on him without any wish of more
Than to be call'd his subject.
Sophia. Has he made
Himself less capable, by being king?
Polid. Of what?
Sophia. Of your affection?
Polid. With your pardon, madam,
Love, in that sense you mean, left Polidora
When he forsook Arcadius: I disclaim
All ties between us, more than what the name
Of king must challenge from my obedience.
Sophia [*aside*]. This does confirm my jealousy: my heart!—
For my sake, madam, has he lost his value?
Polid. Let me beseech your grace, I may have leave
To answer in some other cause, or person!
This argument but opens a sad wound
To make it bleed afresh; we may change this
Discourse: I would elect some subject whose
Praises may more delight your ear than this
Can mine. Let's talk of young Lysimachus!
Sophia. Ha! my presaging fears!
Polid. How does your grace? [machus;
Sophia. Well. You were talking of Lysi-
Pray give me your opinion of him.
Polid. Mine? [him
It will be much short of his worth: I think
A gentleman so perfect in all goodness,
That if there be one in the world deserves
The best of women, Heaven created him
To make her happy.
Sophia. You've in a little, madam,
Express'd a volume of mankind, a miracle.
But all have not the same degree of faith:
He is but young—
Polid. What mistress would desire
Her servant old? He has both spring to please
Her eye and summer to return a harvest.
Sophia. He's black—
Polid. He sets a beauty off more rich,
And she that's fair will love him: faint complexions
Betray effeminate minds, and love of change;
Two beauties in a bed compound few men;
He's not so fair to counterfeit a woman,
Nor yet so black but blushes may betray
His modesty.
Sophia. His proportion exceeds not—
Polid. That praises him: and a well-compacted frame
Speaks temper, and sweet flow of elements;
Vast buildings are more oft for show than use:
I would not have my eyes put to the travel
Of many acres, ere I could examine
A man from head to foot; he has no great,
But he may boast an elegant, composition.
Sophia. I'll hear no more! You have so far outdone
My injuries to you, that I call back
My penitence; and must tell Polidora,
This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in soul to hear, and forgive this?
In what shade do I live? or shall I think
I have not, at the lowest, enough merit,
Setting aside my birth, to poize with yours?
Forgive my modest thoughts, if I rise up
My own defence, and tell this unjust lady,
So great a winter hath not frozen yet
My cheek, but there is something Nature planted
That carries as much bloom, and spring upon't
As yours! What flame is in your eye, but may
Find competition here? (forgive again,
My virgin honour!) what is in your lip
To tice th' enamour'd soul to dwell with more
Ambition,

Ambition, than the yet-unwither'd blush
That speaks the innocence of mine? Oh, brother!

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. I'll talk with you anon. My Polidora!
Allow thy patience 'till my breath recover,
Which now comes laden with the richest news
Thy ear was ever blest with.
Sophia. Both your looks
And voice express some welcome accident.
Dem. Guess what in wish could make me fortunate,
And Heaven hath dropt that on Demetrius.
Sophia. What means this extasy?
Dem. 'Twere sin to busy [I could
Thy thoughts upon't; I'll tell thee.—That
Retain some part! it is too wide a joy
To be express'd so soon; and yet it falls
In a few syllables—thou wo't scarce believe
I am no king. [me!
Sophia. How's that?
Polid. Good Heaven forbid!
Dem. Forbid? Heaven has reliev'd me with a mercy
I knew not how to ask: I have, they say,
An elder brother living, crown'd already:
I only keep my name Demetrius,
Without desire of more addition
Than to return thy servant.
Polid. You amaze me!
Can you rejoice to be depos'd?
Dem. It but
Translates me to a fairer and better kingdom
In Polidora.
Polid. Me?
Dem. Did you not say, [me
Were I no king, you could be drawn to love
Again? That was consented to in Heaven.
A kingdom first betray'd my ambitious soul
To forget thee: that, and the flattering glories,
How willingly Demetrius does resign,
The angels know! Thus naked, without titles,
I throw me on thy charity; and shall
Boast greater empire to be thine again, than
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Be not so careless of yourself! the people
Gather in multitudes to your protection,
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may
But see you, sir, and hear you speak to 'em:
Accept their duties, and in time prevent
Your ruin.
Sophia. Be not desperate; 'tis counsel—
Dem. You trouble me with noise!—Speak, Polidora! [My fears
Polid. For your own sake, preserve yourself!
Distract my reason.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord Lysimachus,
With something that concerns your safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.
Mac. His soul is honest: be not, sir, a madman,
And for a lady give up all our freedoms!
[*Exit.*
Polid. I will say any thing, hear Lysimachus,
Sophia. Dear brother, hear him!

Enter Lysimachus.

Lysim. Sir, I come to yield
Myself your prisoner: if my father have
Rais'd an impostor to supplant your title,
(Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for)
I shall not only, by the tender of
Myself, declare my innocence, but either,
By my unworthy life, secure your person,
Or by what death you shall impose, reward
The unexpected treason.
Sophia. Brave young man!
Did you not hear him, brother?
Lysim. I'm not minded!
Polid. Be witness, madam, I resign my heart!
It never was another's.—You declare
Too great a satisfaction.—I hope
This will destroy your jealousy.—
Remember now your danger!
Dem. I despise it!
What fate dares injure me?
Lysim. Yet hear me, sir! [py.
Sophia. Forgive me, Polidora! you are hap-
My hopes are remov'd further: I had thought
Lysimachus had meant you for his mistress.
'Tis misery to feed, and not know where
To place my jealousy.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Now 'tis too late!
You may be deaf, until the cannon make
You find your sense; we are shut up now by
A troop of horse: thank yourself!
Polid. They will
Admit conditions—
Sophia. And allow us quarter?
[*A shout within.*
Polid. We are all lost!
Dem. Be comforted!

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. News!
My lord Cassander's sent by the new king
To bear us company.
Dem. Not as prisoner?
Ant. It does appear no otherwise. The soldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noise
Of scorn and joy to see him so rewarded.
Dem. It cannot be!
Ant. You'll find it presently: [him
He curses the new king, talks treason 'gainst
As nimble as he were in's shirt[36]. He's here.

[36] *As nimble as he were in's shirt.*] This may allude to Hieronimo's appearing *in his shirt* on the stage, in the Spanish Tragedy, and inveighing against the murderer of his son. *R.*

Enter

Enter Cassander.

Cass. Oh, let me beg until my knees take root
I'th' earth. Sir, can you pardon me?
Dem. For what? [treason:
Cass. For treason, desperate, most malicious
I have undone you, sir!
Dem. It does appear
You had a will. [can;
Cass. I'll make you all the recompense I
But ere you kill me, hear me! Know the man
Whom I, to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd
T'your throne, is an impostor, a mere counterfeit,
Eubulus' son. [*Exit Ant.*
Dem. It is not then our brother?
Cass. An insolent usurper, proud and bloody
Seleucus. Is no leprosy upon me?
There is not punishment enough in nature
To quit my horrid act; I have not in
My stock of blood, to satisfy with weeping;
Nor could my soul, tho' melted to a flood
Within me, gush out tears to wash my stain off.
Dem. How! an impostor? What will become on's now?
We're at his mercy.
Cass. Sir, the people's hearts [see
Will come to their own dwelling, when they
I dare accuse myself, and suffer for it. [not
Have courage then, young king! thy fate can-
Be long compell'd.
Dem. Rise, our misfortune
Carries this good; altho' it lose our hopes,
It makes you friend with Virtue: we'll expect
What Providence will do.
Cass. You are too merciful.
Lysim. Our duties shall beg Heaven still to preserve you.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Our enemy desires some parley, sir.
Lysim. 'Tis not amiss to hear their proposition.
Polid. I'll wait upon you.
Dem. Thou art my angel, [ourselves!
And canst best instruct me!—Boldly present
You'll with's, Cassander?
Cass. And in death be blest
To find your charity. [*Exit.*
Sophia. Lysimachus!
Lysim. Madam? [the small time
Sophia. They will not miss your presence,
Is spent in asking of a question.
Lysim. I wait your pleasure.
Sophia. Sir, I have a suit to you.
Lysim. To me? it must be granted.
Sophia. If you
Have cancelled your kind opinion of me,
Deny me not to know who hath succeeded
Sophia in your heart? I beg the name
Of your new mistress.
Lysim. You shall know her, madam,
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us
To see the court again. I hope you'll bring
No mutiny against her. But this is
No time to talk of love: let me attend you!
Sophia. I must expect, 'till you are pleas'd to satisfy
My poor request. Conduct me at your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Bishop, Lysander, and Philocles.

Leo. They are too slow! dispatch new messengers,
T'entreat 'em fairly hither. I am extasied!
Were you witness for me too? Is't possible
I am what this affirms, true Leonatus?
And were you not my father? Was I given
In trust to you an infant?
Eub. 'Tis a truth [plied
Our soul's bound to acknowledge: you sup-
The absence and opinion of my son,
Who died but to make you my greater care.
I knew not of Demetrius; but suppos'd
Him dead indeed, as Epire thought you were.
Your father's character doth want no testimony, [metrius,
Which, but compar'd with what concerns De-
Will prove itself king Theodosius' act,
Your royal father.
Bishop. I am subscrib'd to both his legacies,
By oath oblig'd to secresy, until
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the trust.
Eub. Cassander had no thought you would prove thus,
To whose policy I gave this aim, altho'
He wrought you up to serve but as his engine
To batter young Demetrius: for it was
Your father's prudent jealousy that made him
Give out your early deaths, as if his soul
Prophesied his own first, and fear'd to leave
Either of you to the unsafe protection
Of one, whose study would be to supplant
Your right, and make himself the king of Epire.
Bishop. Your sister, fair Sophia, in your father's
Life, was design'd to marry with Lysimachus;
That guarded her; altho' she us'd some art
To quit her pupillage, and being absolute,
Declar'd love to Demetrius, which enforc'd
Macarius to discover first your brother.
Leo. No more! lest you destroy again Leonatus, [yet?—
With wonder of his fate! Are they not come
Something it was I felt within me envy
Of young Demetrius' fortune; there were seeds
Scatter'd upon my heart, that made it swell
With thought of empire: princes I see cannot
Be totally eclips'd. But wherefore stay
Demetrius and Sophia, at whose names
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood[37]?
Enter

[37] ——— *at whose names*
A gentle spirit walk'd *upon my blood*?] This would imply, that before he knew his relation

Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius, Cassander, and Lysimachus.

Eub. They're here.

Leo. Then thus I fly into their bosoms!
Nature has rectified in me, Demetrius,
The wandrings of ambition. Our dear sister,
You are amaz'd; I did expect it: read
Assurance there! the day is big with wonder.

Mac. What means all this?

Leo. Lysimachus, be dear to us!
Cassander, you are welcome too.

Cass. Not I;
I do not look for't; all this sha'not bribe
My conscience to your faction, and make
Me false again. Seleucus is no son
Of Theodosius: my dear countrymen,
Correct your erring duties, and to that,
Your lawful king, prostrate yourselves! De-
Doth challenge all your knees. [metrius

Dem. All love and duty
Flow from me to my royal king, and brother!
I am confirm'd.

Cass. You are too credulous!
What can betray your faith so much?

Leo. Sophia, you appear sad, as if your will
Gave no consent to this day's happiness.

Sophia. No joy exceeds Sophia's for your-
self. [hend

Lysim. With your pardon, sir, I appre-
A cause that makes her troubled: she desires
To know what other mistress, since her late
Unkindness, I have chosen to direct
My faith and service.

Leo. Another mistress?

Lysim. Yes, sir.

Leo. And does our sister love Lysimachus?

Sophia. Here's something would confess.

Leo. He must not dare
To affront Sophia.

Cass. How my shame confounds me!
I beg your justice, without pity, on
My age.

Leo. Your penance shall be, to be faithful
To our state hereafter.

Omnes. May you live long
And happy, Leonatus, king of Epire!

Leo. But where's your other mistress?

Lysim. Even here, sir. [sir?

Leo. Our sister? is this another mistress,

Lysim. It holds [gan
To prove my thoughts were so: when she be-
Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetness
Deserv'd I should esteem her another mistress
Than when she cruelly forsook Lysimachus.
Your pardon, madam! and receive a heart
Proud with my first devotions to serve you!

Sophia. In this I'm crown'd again! now
mine for ever!

Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily.
Joy to you both!

Dem. We're ripe for the same wishes;
Polidora's part of me.

Polid. He all my blessing.

Leo. Heav'n pour full joys upon you!

Mac. We're all blest:
There wants but one to fill your arms.

Leo. My mistress
And wife shall be my country, to which I
Was in my birth contracted: your love since
Hath play'd the priest to perfect what was
ceremony.
Tho' kingdoms by just titles prove our own,
The subjects' hearts do best secure a crown.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

tion to his brother and sister, he had often had, by secret instinct, a love for them: but as no hint of this appears in any thing he before says or does, I prefer the present tense:

——— *walks* upon my blood?

This expression is noble, and seems taken from Genesis. *The spirit of God* mov'd *upon the face of the waters.* *Seward.*

I conceive, that the poet designed here to express, how dormant that affection which ought to be toward brethren, though strangers to each other, had lain in *Seleucus;* and upon this account I would suppose, that a word of a stronger import may yet bid fairer for the true one: I read thus,

A gentle spirit *wakes* upon my blood? *Sympson.*

We have retained the old reading, as thinking it far preferable to either of the variations.

EPILOGUE.

There is no Coronation to-day,
Unless your gentle votes do crown our play.
If smiles appear within each lady's eye,
Which are the leading stars in this fair sky,
Our solemn day sets glorious; for then
We hope, by their soft influence, the men
Will grace what they first shin'd on: make't
appear, [ear
(Both) how we please, and bless our covetous
With your applause; more welcome than
the bells
Upon a triumph, bonfires, or what else
Can speak a Coronation! And tho' I
Were late depos'd, and spoil'd of majesty,
By the kind aid of your hands, gentlemen,
I quickly may be crown'd a queen again.

THE

THE SEA-VOYAGE[1].

A COMEDY.

This Play is in the Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribed to Fletcher alone, and was first printed in the folio of 1647. It was revived by Tom Durfey, with alterations, in the year 1686, and exhibited at the Theatre-Royal, under the title of The Commonwealth of Women, and at the same time printed in quarto.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Albert, *a French Pirate, in love with Aminta.*
Tibalt du Pont, *a merry Gentleman, friend to Albert.*
Master *of the Ship, an honest merry Man.*
Lamure, *an usuring Merchant.*
Franville, *a vain-glorious Gallant.*
Morillat, *a shallow-brained Gentleman.*
Boatswain, *an honest Man.*
Sebastian, *a noble Gentleman of Portugal, Husband to Rosellia.*
Nicusa, *Nephew to Sebastian; both cast upon a desart Island.*
Raymond, *Brother to Aminta.*
Surgeon.
Sailors.

Women.

Aminta, *Mistress to Albert, a noble French Virgin.*
Rosellia, *Governess of the Amazonian Portugals.*
Clarinda, *Daughter to Rosellia, in love with Albert.*
Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta, *three Ladies, Members of the Female Commonwealth.*

The SCENE, *first at Sea, then in the Desart Islands.*

[1] This play, as it stands in all the former copies, has not received so much injury in its sense as measure, and so we have not so much cause to complain of the former as of the latter; yet cause there is, as the reader will see in the following notes. Mr. Shirley, who published the old folio edition, seems to have had little care of making our poets appear to advantage, when he sent this play into the world in so unpoetical a dress; I own the restoring of the measure cost me abundantly more application and pains than the correcting the text; but yet the reader must not expect that musical, exact flow of numbers which our modern gentlemen of Parnassus are so careful about, here, any more than in Shakespeare: however, I think I may remark once for all, both upon our authors and him, that whenever any subject requires the sublime, the pathetick or descriptive, there the numbers are equal to both the sentiment and diction, and the happy mixture is capable of transporting any soul who has the least taste for the beauties of poetry. *Sympson.*

In 'restoring the measure' (as Mr. Sympson calls it) he has tacitly interpolated, and omitted in a manner unprecedented in any editors but those of these Works in 1750. The variations, both avowed and secret, we may safely pronounce to be almost all for the worse, and unworthy mention; those which are otherwise, shall be properly noticed.

ACT I.

A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Master and two Sailors.

Master. LAY her aloof, the sea grows dangerous:
How't spits against the clouds! how it capers,
And how the fiery element frights it back!
There be devils dancing in the air, I think.
I saw a dolphin hang i'th' horns o'th' moon,
Shot from a wave. Hey-day, hey-day, how she kicks and yerks!
Down with the main-mast! lay her at hull!
Furl up all her linens, and let her ride it out!
1 *Sailor.* She'll never brook it, Master;
She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.
Master. Hang her!
Can she not buffet with a storm a little?
How it tosses her! she reels like a drunkard.
2 *Sailor.* We have discover'd the land, sir; pray let's make in!
She is so drunk else she may chance
To cast up all her lading.
1 *Sailor.* Stand in, stand in!
We are all lost else, lost and perish'd.
Master. Steer her a-starboard there!
2 *Sailor.* Bear in with all the sail we can!
See, Master,
See what a clap of thunder there is! what
A face of Heav'n! how dreadfully it looks!
Master. Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, th' hast been praying!
I see it in thy face; thou hast been mumbling,
When we are split, you slave[2]! Is this a time
To discourage our friends with your cold orizons?
Call up the boatswain. How it storms! holla!

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. What shall we do, Master? Cast over all her lading?
She will not swim an hour else.

Enter Albert, Franville, Lamure, Tibalt Du-Pont, and Morillat.

Master. The storm is loud; we cannot
Hear one another. What's the coast?
Boats. We know
Not yet; shall we make in?
Alb. What comfort, sailors?
I never saw, since I have known the sea,
(Which has been this twenty years) so rude
In what state are we? [a tempest.
Master. Dangerous enough, captain:
We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;
(Still rage!) besides, her ribs are open[3],
Her rudder almost spent: prepare yourselves,
And have good courages! Death comes but once;
And let him come in all his frights!
Alb. Is't not possible
To make in to the land? 'Tis here before us.
Mor. Here hard by, sir.
Master. Death's nearer, gentlemen.
Yet, do not cry; let's die like men!
Tib. Shall's hoise the boat out,
And go all at one cast? The more the merrier!

Enter Aminta.

Master. You are too hasty, monsieur; do you long
To be i' th' fish-market before your time?
Hold her up there!
Aminta. Oh, miserable fortune!
Nothing but horror sounding in mine ears;
No minute to promise to my frighted soul!
Tib. Peace, woman! [howling!
We ha' storms enough already; no more
Aminta. Gentle master!
Master. Clap this woman under hatches.
Alb. Prithee speak mildly to her.
Aminta. Can no help—
Master. None, that I know.
Aminta. No promise from your goodness—
Master. Am I a god? For Heaven's sake, stow this woman! [to your business!
Tib. Go, take your gilt prayer-book, and Wink and die! There an old haddock stays for you. [the terrors,
Aminta. Must I die here in all the frights, The thousand several shapes death triumphs
No friend to counsel me? [in?
Alb. Have peace, sweet mistress!
Aminta. No kindred's tears upon me? Oh, my country!
No gentle hand to close mine eyes?
Alb. Be comforted; [same mercy.
Heaven has the same pow'r still, and the

[2] *When we are* split, you *slave.*] The accurate Sympson reads,
When we are splitting, *slave.*

[3] *We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;*
Still rage; besides, her ribs are open.] Here the words *still rage*, should either be in a parenthesis with a note of admiration, *(still rage!)* or else, which is more probable, from the defect in the measure, something is lost, and I believe the original was,
——five leaks, and no little ones;
The winds still rage; besides, her ribs are open,
or perhaps, *The seas.* *Sympson.*
We think the first conjecture best.

Aminta.

Aminta. Oh, that wave will devour me!
Master. Carry her down, captain,
Or, by these hands, I'll give no more direction,
Let the ship sink or swim! We ha' ne'er better luck [with us,
When we've such stowage as these trinkets
These sweet sin-breeders: how can Heaven smile on us,
When such a burden of iniquity
Lies tumbling, like a potion, in our ship's belly? [*Exit.*
Tib. Away with her! and, if she have a prayer [ly,
That's fit for such an hour, let her say't quick-
And seriously! [*Exit.*
Alb. Come; I see it clear, lady;
Come in, and take some comfort! I'll stay with you. [should I hope?
Aminta. Where should I stay? to what end
Am I not circled round with misery?
Confusions in their full heights dwell about me! [you,
Oh, monsieur Albert, how am I bound to curse
(If curses could redeem me) how to hate you!
You fore'd me from my quiet, from my friends,
Even from their arms that were as dear to me
As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forc'd my friends, some from their peaceful rest, [groans;
Some your relentless sword gave their last
('Would I had there been number'd!) and to fortune's [ther
Never-satisfied afflictions you turn'd my bro-
And those few friends I'd left, like desperate creatures, [pities.
To their own fears and the world's stubborn
Oh, merciless!
Alb. Sweet mistress!
Aminta. And whether they are wandring to avoid you, ['em—
Or whether dead, and no kind earth to cover
Was this a lover's part? but Heaven has found you,
And in his loudest voice, his voice of thunder,
And in the mutiny of his deep-wonders[4],
He tells you now, you weep too late.
Alb. Let these tears
Tell how I honour you! You know, dear lady,
Since you were mine, how truly I have lov'd you,
How sanctimoniously observ'd your honour:
Not one lascivious word, not one touch, lady,
No, not a hope that might not render me
The unpolluted servant of your chastity.
For you I put to sea, to seek your brother[5],
(Your captain, yet your slave) that his redemption,
If he be living where the sun has circuit,
May expiate your rigour, and my rashness.
Aminta. The storm grows greater; what shall we do?
Alb. Let's in,
And ask Heaven's mercy! My strong mind yet presages,
Thro' all these dangers, we shall see a day yet
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wishes. [*Exit with Aminta.*

Enter Master, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatswain.

Master. It must all overboard.
Boats. It clears to seaward, Master.
Master. Fling o'er the lading there, and let us lighten her, [else!)
(All the meat, and the cakes; we are all gone
That we may find her leaks, and hold her up!
Yet save some little biscuit for the lady,
'Till we come to th' land[6]!
Lam. Must my goods over too?
Why, honest Master, here lies all my money,
The money I ha' rak'd by usury,
To buy new lands and lordships in new countries, [been
'Cause I was banish'd from mine own: I ha'
This twenty years a-raising it.
Tib. Out with it!
The devils are got together by the ears,
Who shall ha't; and here they quarrel in the clouds.
Lam. I am undone, sir! [perish.
Tib. And be undone; 'tis better than we
Lam. Oh, save one chest of plate!
Tib. Away with it lustily, sailors!
It was some pawn that he has got unjustly;

[4] *Of his deep* wonders.] *Deep wonders* may be good English, but it is not very intelligible as it is here circumstanced; the addition of a single hyphen makes all clear, *deep-wonders*. *Sympson.*

[5] *For you I put to sea, to seek your brother.*] This, if it has any meaning, must signify that his sole end of putting to sea was to find out her brother, and yet, act iii. scene 1, *Franville* says positively, that they were bound

For happy places, and most fertile islands;

but that afterwards

She turn'd the captain's mind, *&c.*

This inconsistency might possibly be owing to some over and above complaisant player, who was willing to enhance the value of *Albert*'s service, and make him compliment his mistress, not only at the expence of our poets, but even of truth itself. *Sympson.*

This assertion here is too positive, and too much pursued, and the circumstance too unimportant to be ascribed to the interpolation of a player. If there is an inconsistency, it is more probably owing to the inadvertency of the authors.

[6] *Fling o'er the lading*, &c.] The giving this and the following four lines to the *Master* (which was before a continuation of the *Boatswain*'s speech) is recommended by Sympson.

Down with it low enough, and let crabs breed
Master. Over with the trunks too. [in't!

Enter Albert.

Alb. Take mine, and spare not.
Master. We must over with all.
Fran. Will ye throw away my lordship that I sold, [sea with?
Put it into cloaths and necessaries, to go to
Tib. Over wi't! I love to see a lordship sink:
Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;
You might ha' sav'd it else.
Fran. I am undone
For ever.
Alb. Why, we're all undone: would you
Be only happy?
Lam. Sir, you may lose too.
Tib. Thou liest! I ha' nothing but my skin,
And my cloaths; my sword here, and myself;
Two crowns in my pocket, two pair of cards[7],
And three false dice: I can swim like a fish,
Rascal; nothing to hinder me.
Boats. In with her of all hands!
Master. Come, gentlemen; come, captain; ye must help all.
My life now for the land! 'Tis high and rocky,
And full of perils.
Alb. However, let's attempt it!
Master. Then cheer lustily, my hearts!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Seb. Yes, 'tis a ship; I see it now; a tall ship!
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance.
Heaven's mercy, what a wretched day has here been! [no misery,
Nicusa. To still and quiet minds that knew
It may seem wretched; but with us 'tis ordinary: [terror,
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no
That can seem new to us.
Seb. 'Tis true, Nicusa:
If fortune were determin'd to be wanton,
And would wipe out the stories of men's miseries,
Yet we two living, we could cross her purpose;
For 'tis impossible she should cure us,
We are so excellent in our afflictions:
It would be more than glory to her blindness,
And stile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.
Nicusa. Do they live still?
Seb. Yes, and make to harbour.
Nicusa. Most miserable men! I grieve their fortunes.
Seb. How happy had they been, had the sea cover'd 'em!
They leap from one calamity to another;
Had they been drown'd, they'd ended all their sorrows.
What shouts of joy they make!
[*Shout within.*
Nicusa. Alas, poor wretches!
Had they but once experience of this island,
They'd turn their tunes to wailings.
Seb. Nay, to curses,
That ever they set foot on such calamities:
Here is no thing but rocks and barrenness[8],
Hunger and cold, to eat; here's no vineyards
To chear the heart of man, no crystal rivers,
After his labour to refresh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to restore him,
But heav'nly hopes: Nature, that made those remedies, [tresses,
Dares not come here, nor look on our dis-
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren. [what we were!
Nicusa. Oh, uncle, yet a little memory of
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities:
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes—
Seb. Curse on those French pirates
That displanted us! That flung us from that happiness
We found there, constrained us to sea,
To save our lives, honours, and our riches,
With all we had, our kinsmen and our jewels,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers! [where
Where a mighty storm sever'd our barks, that

[7] *Two* pair *of cards.*] *i. e. Two* PACKS *of cards*, as they are now called. They were formerly called, as here, PAIRS *of cards*. Thus in 'The honorable historie of the Frier Bacon 'and Frier Bongay, by Robert Greene, 1630,' 'Have you not good tippling houses there? may 'not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, *a* PAIRE *of cardes*, a swinging piece of 'chalke, and a brown toast that will clap a white wastcoat on a cup of good drinke?' *R.*

[8] *Here's nothing but rocks and barrenness,*
Hunger and cold to eat; here's no vineyards, &c.] *Nothing but rocks and barrenness to eat,* is intelligible and good language, but surely no poetical license will excuse what follows,
Hunger and cold to eat;———
I would read, *for meat*; *i. e.* instead of meat, and propose to supply the measure thus,
There's nothing here but rocks and barrenness,
Hunger and cold for meat; here are no vineyards, &c. *Seward.*
I would read and point thus,
Here's nothing here but rocks and barrenness,
Hunger and cold; nothing to eat; no vineyards——
As I have not alter'd the text, the reader may take his choice. *Sympson.*
We do not understand why *meat* is better than *eat*; the sense is the same; and the rest of the variation is unauthorized.

My

My wife, my daughter, and my noble ladies
That went with her, virgins and loving souls,
To scape those pirates—
Nicusa. They are living yet; such goodness cannot perish. [again.
Seb. But never to me, cousin, never to me
What bears their flag-staves?
Nicusa. The arms of France sure.
Nay, do not start! we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a cordial now, come when it will.
Seb. They get to shore apace; they'll fly as fast [which swims there?
When once they find the place. What's that
Nicusa. A strong young man, sir, with a handsome woman
Hanging about his neck.
Seb. That shews some honour:
May thy brave charity, whate'er thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not die here!
Nicusa. The boat, it seems, turn'd over,
So forced to their shifts; yet all are landed.
They're pirates, on my life.
Seb. They will not rob us;
For none will take our misery for riches.
Come, cousin, let's descend, and try their pities!
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched island
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, Lamure, Master, Franville, Surgeon, and Sailors.

Tib. Wet come ashore[9], my mates! we're safe arriv'd yet. [man lost:
Master. Thanks to Heaven's goodness, no
The ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight. [—How does my dear?
Alb. The weather's turn'd more courteous.
Alas, how weak she is, and wet!
Aminta. I am glad yet, I scap'd with life:
Which certain, noble captain, next to Heaven's goodness,
I must thank you for; and, which is more,
Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love,
To your unworthy mistress; and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,
Those cruel unkind thoughts, I heap'd upon you:
Further than that, I must forget your injuries,
So far I am tied and fetter'd to your service;
Believe me, I will learn to love.
Alb. I thank you, madam;
And it shall be my practice to serve.
What cheer, companions?
Tib. No great cheer, sir; a piece of soused biscuit, [order,
And half an hard egg; for the sea has ta'en
Being young and strong, we shall not surfeit, captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I am dry:
Come, Surgeon, out with your clyster-pipe,
And strike a galliard. [fair weather,
Alb. What a brave day again! and what
After so foul a storm!
Lam. Ay, an't pleas'd the Master,
He might ha' seen this weather, and ha' sav'd our goods. [and healths.
Alb. Never think on 'em! we've our lives
Lam. I must think on 'em, and think 'twas most maliciously
Done to undo me.
Fran. And me too; I lost all:
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me,
Nor cloaths, but these poor rags: I had fifteen
Fair suits, the worst was cut upon taffaty.
Tib. I am glad you ha' lost: give me thy hand! [with scabs?
Is thy skin whole? Art thou not purl'd[10]
No antient monuments of madam Venus?
Th' hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st tailor,
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,
'Till thy executors, the worms, uncase thee;
They take off glorious suits, Franville! thou'rt happy
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no brokers,
No alchymists to turn 'em into metal;
Nor leather'd captains,
With ladies to adore 'em! Wilt thou see
A dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry?
Or an old haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword
Thou paid'st a hundred crowns for?
A mermaid in a mantle of your worship's?
Or a dolphin in your double ruff?
Fran. Ye're merry;
But if I take it thus, if I be foisted
And jeer'd out of my goods—
Lam. Nor I, I vow thee!
Nor master nor mate—I see your cunning.
Alb. Oh,
Be not angry, gentlemen!
Mor. Yes, sir, we've reason:
And some friends I can make.
Mast. What I did, gentlemen,
Was for the general safety: if ye aim
At me, I'm not so tame—
Tib. Pray take my counsel;
Gallants, fight not till the surgeon be well!
He's damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all;
Besides, h' has lost his fiddlestick, and the best

[9] Wet come *ashore—arrived yet.*
Mast. *Thanks*—] *Wet come* alluding to *welcome*, is exceeding right and proper here in *Tibalt*'s mouth, whose droll character is well supported throughout the play. *Sympson.*
[10] *Purl'd.*] Perhaps from the French word *perle, rough, rugged, not smooth.* Cotgrave's Dictionary. *R.*

Box

Box of boar's-grease. Why do you make such faces,
And hand your swords?
Alb. Who would ye fight with, gentlemen?
Wh' has done ye wrong? for shame, be better ties,
temper'd!
No sooner come to give thanks for our safe-
But we must raise new civil broils amongst us,
Inflame those angry powers, to shower new murs,
vengeance on us:
What can we expect for these unmanly mur-
These strong temptations of their holy pities,
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so
dreadful
That the singing storms are slumbers to it?
Tib. Be men, and rule your minds!
If you will needs fight, gentlemen,
And think to raise new riches by your va-
lours,
Have at ye! I have little else to do now;
I have said my prayers. You say you have lost,
And make your loss your quarrel, ter,
And grumble at my captain here, and th' mas-
Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for
such rascals,
Thou galloon gallant, and Mammon you
That build on golden mountains! thou mo-
ney-maggot! miserable.
Come, all draw your swords! Ye say ye're
Alb. Nay, hold, good Tibalt!
Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em!—
I'll make ye ten times worse!—I will not
leave 'em— eating;
For look ye, fighting's as nourishing to me as
I was born quarrelling.
Master. Pray, sir! 'em!—
Tib. I will not leave 'em skins to cover
Do you grumble when ye are well, ye rogues?
Master. Noble Du-Pont!
Tib. Ye have cloaths now, and ye prate.
Aminta. Pray, gentlemen, for my sake, be
at peace!
Let it become me to make all friends!
Fran. You've stopt our angers, lady.
Alb. This shews noble. a biscuit;
Tib. 'Tis well; 'tis very well! There's half
Break it amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.
This is cloaths and plate too; come, no more
quarrelling!
Aminta. But ha! what things are these?
Are they human creatures?

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Tib. I've heard of sea-calves.
Alb. They're no shadows sure;
They've legs and arms.
Tib. They hang but lightly on tho'. faces?
Aminta. How they look! Are they men's
Tib. They have horse-tails growing to 'em,
Goodly long manes.
Aminta. 'Las, what sunk eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been
Sure they are wretched men. frighted!
Tib. Where are their wardrobes? tiers!
Look ye, Franville, here are a couple of cour-
Aminta. They kneel: alas, poor souls!

Alb. What are ye? speak!
Are ye alive? or wandring shadows,
That find no peace on earth, till ye reveal
Some hidden secret?
Seb. We are men as you are,
Only our miseries make us seem monsters.
If ever pity dwelt in noble hearts—
Alb. We understand 'em too! Pray mark
'em, gentlemen! charity;
Seb. Or that Heaven's pleas'd with human
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,
Or suffer'd in yourselves the least afflictions;
Have gentle fathers that have bred ye ten-
derly, tunes;
And mothers that have wept for your misfor-
Have mercy on our miseries!
Alb. Stand up, wretches.
Speak boldly, and have release!
Nicusa. If ye be Christians,
And by that blessed name bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this island!
Alb. Speak! what are ye? more,
Seb. As you are, gentle born; to tell ye
Were but to number up our own calamities,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual
weepings.
These many years in this most wretched island
We two have liv'd, the scorn and game of
fortune:
Bless yourselves from it, noble gentlemen!
The greatest plagues that human nature suffers
Are seated here, wildness and wants innu-
merable!
Alb. How came ye hither?
Nicusa. In a ship, as you do, and (as you
might have been, noble use)
Had not Heav'n preserv'd ye for some more
Wreckt desperately; our men and all con-
sum'd,
But we two, that still live, and spin out
The thin and ragged threads of our misfor-
Alb. Is there no meat above? tunes.
Seb. Nor meat nor quiet:
No summer here, to promise any thing;
Nor autumn, to make full the reapers' hands;
The earth, obdurate to the tears of Heav'n,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds;
No rivers, nor no pleasant groves, no beasts:
All that were made for man's use fly this de-
sart;
No airy fowl dares make his flight o'er it,
It is so ominous. ture,
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Na-
Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing wa-
ters:
Sometimes we find a fulsome sea-root,
And that's a delicate; a rat sometimes,
And that we hunt like princes in their plea-
sure; quet
And when we take a toad, we make a ban-
Aminta. For Heav'n's sake, let's aboard!
Alb. D'ye know no further?
Nicusa. Yes;
We've sometimes seen the shadow of a place
Inhabited, and heard the noise of hunters,
And

And have attempted to find it: so far as a river, [rocks,
Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high
We've gone; but, not able t'atchieve that hazard,
Return'd to our old miseries. If this
Sad story may deserve your pities—
Alb. Ye shall [ries.
Aboard with us; we will relieve your mise-
Seb. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit;
No, gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance:
Look, ye that plough the seas for wealth and pleasures, [tions,
That out-run day and night with your ambi-
Look on those heaps! they seem hard ragged quarries;
Remove, and view 'em fully! [jewels!
Master. Oh, Heav'n, they're gold and
Seb. Be not too hasty! Here lies another heap.
Mor. And here another, all perfect gold!
Alb. Stand further off!
You must not be your own carvers.
Lam. We have shares, and deep ones.
Fran. Yes, sir, we will maintain't: ho, fellow-sailors! [all this.
Lam. Stand all to your freedoms! I'll have
Fran. And I this.
Tib. You shall be hang'd first.
Lam. My losses shall be made good.
Fran. So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do't.—
All that will share with us, assist us!
Tib. Captain, let's set in!
Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all.
Seb. This gold was th' overthrow of my happiness:
I had command too, when I landed here,
And led young, high, and noble spirits under me: [their captain,
This cursed gold enticing 'em, they set upon
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor gentleman; [own
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our
And then their civil swords, who should be owners, [own lives;
And who lords over all, turn'd against their
First, in their rage consum'd the ship,
(That poor part of the ship that scap'd the first wreck) [and careful!
Next, their lives by heaps: oh, be you wise
Lam. We'll ha' more: sirrah, come shew it!
Fran. Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of—
Alb. Nay, an ye will be dogs—[*Beats 'em.*
Tib. Let me come, captain!
This golden age must have an iron ending.
Have at the bunch! [*He beats 'em off. Exit.*
Aminta. Oh, Albert! oh, gentlemen! oh, friends! [*Exit.*
Seb. Come, noble nephew! if we stay here we die: [th' spoil;
Here rides their ship yet; all are gone to
Let's make a quick use!
Nicusa. Away, dear uncle!
Seb. This gold
Was our o'erthrow.
Nicusa. It may now be our happiness.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tibalt, pursuing and beating the rest.

Tib. You shall have gold! yes, I will cram it in't'ye! [ye.
You shall be your own carvers! yes, I'll carve
Mor. I'm sore: I pray hear reason!
Tib. I'll hear none:
Covetous base minds have no reason.
I'm hurt myself; but, whilst I have a leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded souls—How d'ye, captain?
You bleed apace; curse on the causers on't!
You do not faint?
Alb. No, no; I'm not so happy.
Tib. D'ye howl? nay, ye deserve it:
Base greedy rogues! Come, shall we make an end of 'em? [sake, spare 'em!
Alb. They are our countrymen; for Heav'n's
Alas, they're hurt enough, and they relent now.
Aminta [*above*]. Oh, captain, captain!
Alb. Whose voice is that?
Tib. The lady's.
Aminta. Look, captain, look! you are undone: poor captain!
We're all undone, all, all! we are all miserable! [your ship!
Mad wilful men, ye are undone: your ship,
Alb. What of her?
Aminta. She is under sail, and floating;
See, where she flies! See, to your shames, you wretches, [gold!
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you
[*Lamure and Franville go up to see the ship.*
1 *Sailor.* They have cut the cables, ['em.
And got her out; the tide too has befriended
Master. Where are the sailors that kept her? [money,
Boats. Here, here i' th' mutiny, to take up
And left no creature; left the boat ashore too:
This gold, this damn'd enticing gold!
2 *Sailor.* How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies!
Lam. Come back, good old men!
Fran. Good honest men, come back!
Tib. The wind's against ye; speak louder!
Lam. Ye shall have all your gold again.
They see us.
Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel, and howl, ye blockheads!
They'll have compassion on ye?
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely; ye've deserv'd it.
D'ye look like dogs now? Are your mighty Abated? [courages
Alb. I bleed apace, Tibalt.
Tib. Retire, sir;
And make the best use of our miseries!
They but begin now.

Enter Aminta.

Aminta. Are ye alive still?

Alb.

Alb. Yes, sweet.
Tib. Help him off, lady, [something
And wrap him warm in your arms; here is
That's comfortable; off with him handsomely!
I'll come to ye straight, but vex these rascals a little. [*Exeunt Albert and Aminta.*
Fran. Oh, I'm hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.
Tib. Here is a pestle of a Portigue, sir!
'Tis excellent meat with sour sauce:
And here's two chains; suppose 'em sausages!
Then there wants mustard; but the fearful surgeon
Will supply ye presently[11].
Lam. Oh, for that surgeon! I shall die else.
Tib. Faith there he lies in the same pickle too. [are lost;
Surgeon. My salves and all my instruments
And I am hurt and starv'd: good sir, seek for
Some herbs!
Tib. Here's herb-graceless; will that serve?
Gentlemen, will ye go to supper?
Omnes. Where is the meat? [is there?
Tib. Where is the meat? What a veal-voice
Fran. Would we had it, sir, or any thing else! [but that
Tib. I would now cut your throat, you dog,
I wo'not do you such a courtesy,
To take you from the benefit of starving.
Oh, what a comfort will your worship have
Some three days hence! Ye things beneath pity!
Famine shall be your harbinger: [hangings;
You must not look for down-beds here, nor
Tho' I could wish ye strong ones; [bers,
Yet there be many lightsome cool star-cham-
Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,
Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye:
Your first course is serv'd; expect the second!
[*Exit.*
Fran. A vengeance on these jewels!
Lam. Oh, this cursed gold! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Alb. ALAS, dear soul, you faint!
Aminta. You speak the language
Which I should use to you. Heav'n knows my weakness
Is not for what I suffer in myself,
But to imagine what you endure,
And to what fate your cruel stars reserve you.
Alb. Do not add to my afflictions by
Your tender pities! Sure we have chang'd sexes:
You bear calamity with a fortitude [fer.
Would become a man; I like a weak girl suf-
Aminta. Oh, but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape! and every one
To me's a sepulchre. If I lov'd truly,
(Wise men affirm, that true love can do wonders) [cur'd,
These bath'd in my warm tears would soon be
And leave no orifice behind. Pray give me leave
To play the surgeon, and bind 'em up!
The raw air rankles 'em.
Alb. Sweet, we want means.
Aminta. Love can supply all wants.
Alb. What have ye done, sweet?
Oh, sacrilege to beauty! there's no hair
Of these pure locks[12], by which the greatest king [ters.
Would not be gladly bound, and love his fet-
Aminta. Oh, Albert, I offer
This sacrifice of service to the altar
Of your staid temperance, and still adore it:
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I curs'd the door; but, now I consider
How long I was in your power, and with what honour
You entertain'd me, (it being seldom seen,
That youth and heat of blood could e'er prescribe
Laws to itself) your goodness is the Lethe
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye. How do you, sir? Receive you
The least ease from my service? If you do,
I'm largely recompensed.
Alb. You good angels
That are engag'd, when man's ability fails,
To reward goodness, look upon this lady!

[11] *But th' fearful surgeon will supply ye presently.*
Lam. *Oh, for that surgeon, I shall die else.*] *Fearful*, in the present passage, is an epithet which carries neither sense nor humour. If we would make *Tibalt* congruous with himself; methinks it should be done by reading in both lines thus:
But th' *careful* surgeon, &c.
To which *Lamure* should answer;
Oh, for that *careful* surgeon, I shall die else. *Sympson.*

[12] *Oh, sacrilege to beauty!* &c.] This is seemingly from *Tasso*, book 10, stanz. 112, where *Erminia* binds up *Tancred*'s wounds with her hair.
'For with her amber locks cut off, each wound
'She tied: oh, happy man, so cur'd, so bound.' *Sympson.*

Tho'

Tho' hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet, when I kiss these rubies, methinks
I'm at a banquet, a refreshing banquet.
Speak, my bless'd one; art not hungry?
Aminta. Indeed I could eat, to bear you
Alb. Blush, unkind nature, [company.
If thou hast power or being! To bear
Thyself, and by such innocence, accus'd,
Must print a thousand kinds of shames upon
Thy various face: canst thou supply a drunkard, [wines,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of
'Till he cast up thy blessings? or a glutton,
That robs the elements to soothe his palate,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be satisfied? and suffer here [guest,
A virgin, which the saints would make their
To pine for hunger? [*Horns within.*] Ha! if my sense
Deceive me not, these notes take being from
The breath of men. Confirm me, my Aminta!
Again! This way the gentle wind conveys it
Hear you nothing? [to us[13].
Aminta. Yes; it seems free hunters' musick.
Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the Portugals
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,
But ne'er could touch the shore from whence it came.
Follow me, my Aminta! My good genius,
Shew me the way! Still, still we are directed;
When we gain the top of this near rising hill,
We shall know further.
[*Exeunt, and enter above.*
Alb. Courteous Zephyrus, [us:
On's dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer
The air clears too; and now we may discern another island,
And questionless, the seat of fort'nate men:
Oh, that we could arrive there!
Aminta. No, Albert;
It is not to be hop'd: this envious torrent
Is cruelly interpos'd; we have no vessel
That may transport us, nor hath nature given
Us wings to fly.
Alb. Better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless; I feel
New vigour in me, and a spirit that dares
More than a man, to serve my fair Aminta:
These arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim, [wings,
And my zeal to save thy innocent self, like
Shall bear me up above the brackish waves.
Aminta. Will ye then leave me? 'Till now I ne'er was wretched[14].
Alb. My best Aminta, I swear by goodness, 'tis not
Hope, nor fear, of myself, that invites me
To this extreme; 'tis to supply thy wants: and believe me,
Tho' pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,
And happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.
Aminta. Oh, but your absence— [may,
Alb. Suppose it but a dream, and, as you
Endeavour to take rest! And when that sleep
Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,
Think you have sent me for discovery
Of some most fortunate continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be queen of!—
And now, ye pow'rs that e'er heard lovers' prayers,
Or cherish'd pure affection, look on him
That is your votary; and make it known,
Against all stops, you can defend your own! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, and Juletta.

Hip. How did we lose Clarinda?
Croc. When we believ'd the stag was spent,
And would take soil, the sight of the Black Lake,
Which we suppos'd he chose for his last refuge,
Frighted him more than we that did pursue him. [terrible
Jul. That's usual; for death itself is not so To any beast of chase.
Hip. Since we liv'd here,
We ne'er could force one to it.
Croc. 'Tis so dreadful, [air
The birds that with their pinions cleave the
Dare not fly o'er it. When the stag turn'd
And we even tir'd with labour, [head,
Clarinda, as if she were made of air
And fire, and had no part of earth in her,
Eagerly pursu'd him: [yields
Nor need we fear her safety; this place
Not fawns nor satyrs, or most lustful men;
Here we live secure,
And have among ourselves a commonwealth,
Which in ourselves begun, with us must end.
Jul. Ay, there's the misery!
Croc. But being alone,
Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts!
The strictness of our governess, that forbids us,

[13] Again, *this way the gentle wind conveys it to us.*] Sympson seems positive that 'the 'word *again* is only an order for the horns to sound a second time,' and therefore places it as a marginal direction: but we think it might very well be a part of the text.

[14] Aminta. *Will ye then leave me?*
Alb. *Till now I ne'er was wretched.*] This is the most material corruption in the sense that I have met with in this play. The pretty softness and tender fears of *Aminta* are given to *Albert*. I read,
Aminta. Will ye leave me then? 'till now I ne'er was wretched.
Alb. My best Aminta, I swear by goodness, 'tis
Not hope, &c. *Seward.*

On pain of death, the sight and use of men,
Is more than tyranny: for herself, she's past
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for: and her daughter,
The fair Clarinda, tho' in few years improv'd
In height and large proportion, came here so young,
That, scarce remembring that she had a father,
She never dreams of man; and should she see one,
In my opinion, a' would appear
A strange beast to her.
Jul. 'Tis not so with us. [made for
Hip. For my part, I confess't, I was not
This single life; nor do I love hunting so,
But that I had rather be the chase myself.
Croc. By Venus (out upon me! I should have
Sworn by Diana), I'm of thy mind too, wench:
And tho' I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of man,
Ev'ry hour something tells me I'm forsworn;
For, I confess, imagination helps me
Sometimes, and that's all's left for us to feed on;
We might starve else; for if I've any pleasure in
This life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan.
Then, from the courtier to the country clown,
I have strange visions—
Jul. Visions, Crocale?
Croc. Yes, and fine visions too;
And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by' our canons. The last night
(Troth, 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my cabin, betwixt sleeping and [waking—
Hip. Upon your back? [waking—
Croc. How should a young maid lie, fool,
When she would be intranc'd?
Hip. We are instructed;
Forward, I prithee.
Croc. Methought a sweet young man,
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one[15],
Stole slily to my cabin all unbrac'd,
Took me in's arms, and kiss'd me twenty times;
Yet still I slept. [Yet still I slept.
Jul. Fy! thy lips run over, Crocale.
But to the rest!
Croc. Lord, what a man is this,
Thought I, to do this to a maid! Yet then
For my life I could not wake. The youth,
A little daunted, with a trembling hand
Heav'd up the cloaths.
Hip. Yet still you slept?
Croc. I'faith, I did.
And when, methoughts, he was warm by my side,
Thinking to catch him, I stretch'd out both mine arms;
And when I felt him not, I shrieked out,
And wak'd for anger.
Hip. 'Twas a pretty dream!
Croc. Ay, if it had been a true one.
[*Albert discovered lying along upon the shore.*
Jul. But stay!
What's here cast on the shore?
Hip. It is a man:
Shall I shoot him?
Croc. No, no, 'tis a handsome beast;
'Would we had more o'th' breed! Stand close, wenches,
And let's hear if he can speak!
Alb. Do I yet live?
Sure it is air I breathe! What place is this?
Sure something more than human keeps residence here,
For I have past the Stygian gulph,
And touch upon the blessed shore: 'tis so;
This is th' Elysian shade; these, happy spirits
That here enjoy all pleasures!
Hip. He makes towards us.
Jul. Stand, or I'll shoot!
Croc. Hold! he makes no resistance.
Alb. Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate at your feet! or, if not such,
But nymphs of Dian's train, that range these groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know
I am a man, a wicked sinful man:
And yet not sold
So far to impudence, as to presume
To press upon your privacies, or provoke
Your heavenly angers! 'tis not for myself
I beg thus poorly; for I'm already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath is for
A virgin, comes as near yourselves in all
Perfection, as what is mortal may
Resemble things divine. Oh, pity her,
And let your charity free her from that desart,
If heav'nly charity can reach to hell;
For sure that place comes near it! and where-e'er
My ghost shall find abode, eternally
I shall pour blessings on ye!
Hip. By my life,
I cannot hurt him!
Croc. Tho' I lose my head for't,
Nor I: I must pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda.

Jul. But stay!
Clarinda!

[15] *And yet no* red *one.*] Painters used frequently, in the times of our authors, to pourtray Judas with a *red* beard. In many of our old plays, a Judas beard, or Judas-coloured beard, are mentioned; and to this circumstance, joined to Judas's being a deceiver, our author seems here to allude. See *Leland's Collectanea*, vol. v. p. 295, where it is said, painters constantly represented Judas the traytor with a *red beard*. *R.*
See also p. 195, of this volume.

Clar. What new game have ye found here? Ha!
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore?
Croc. Keep off!
Clar. Wherefore, I pray? I never turn'd
From a fell lioness robb'd of her whelps;
And shall I fear dead carrion?
Jul. Oh, but—
Clar. But, what is't?
Hip. It is infectious.
Clar. Has it not a name?
Croc. Yes;
But such a name, from which, as from the devil,
Your mother commands us fly.
Clar. Is it a man?
Croc. It is.
Clar. What a brave shape it has in death!
How excellent would it appear, had it life!
Why should it be infectious? I have heard
My mother say, I had a father;
And was not he a man?
Croc. Questionless, madam.
Clar. Your fathers too were men?
Jul. Without doubt, lady.
Clar. And without such it is impossible
We could have been?
Hip. A sin against Nature to deny it.
Clar. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a mother,
Without the help of men.
Croc. Impossible! [that knew
Clar. Which of you then, most barbarous,
You from a man had being, and owe to it
The name of parent, durst presume to kill
The likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose arrows made these wounds? speak, or, by Dian,
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all!
Jul. Not mine.
Hip. Nor mine.
Croc. 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.
Restrain your fury, madam! had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your mother's command. [things,
Clar. But if she command unjust and cruel
We're not t' obey it.
Croc. We are innocent: [shore,
Some storm did cast him shipwreck'd on the
As you see wounded: nor durst we be surgeons
To such your mother doth appoint for death.
Clar. Weak excuse! where's pity? [ful,
Where's soft compassion? Cruel and ungrate-
Did Providence offer to your charity
But one poor subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too, and could you
So carelessly neglect it?
Hip. For aught I know, [mother,
He's living yet; and you may tempt your
By giving him succour.
Clar. Ha! come near, I charge ye.
So! bend his body softly; rub his temples;
Nay, that shall be my office: how the red steals
Into his pale lips! Run and fetch the simples
With which my mother heal'd my arm, when
Was wounded by the boar. [last I

Croc. Do; but remember
Her to come after you, that she may behold
Her daughter's charity!
Clar. Now he breathes! [*Exit Hip.*
The air passing thro' th' Arabian groves
Yields not so sweet an odour: prithee taste it,
Taste it, good Crocale! yet I envy thee
So great a blessing. 'Tis not sin to touch
These rubies, is it?
Jul. Not, I think. [could
Clar. Or thus to live, camelion-like? I
Resign my essence to live ever thus.
Oh, welcome! Raise him up gently. Some soft hand [What fury,
Bound up these wounds: a woman's hair?
For which my ign'rance does not know a name,
Is crept into my breast? But I forget

Enter Hippolita.

My pious work. Now if this juice hath power,
Let it appear! His eye-lids ope: prodigious!
Two suns break from these orbs. [this?
Alb. Ha! where am I? what new vision's
To what goddess do I owe this second life?
Sure thou art more than mortal!
And any sacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short
Of your immortal bounty: but to shew
I'm not unthankful, thus in humility
I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,
By bearing of your weight.
Clar. No goddess, friend, [are;
But made of that same brittle mould as you
One too acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver. Oh, forbear this duty!
I have a hand to meet with yours, and lips
To bid yours welcome.
Croc. I see that, by instinct,
Tho' a young maid hath never seen a man,
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

Enter Rosellia.

But here's our governess: now I expect a storm. [unspotted mind,
Ros. Child of my flesh, and not of my fair
Unhand this monster!
Clar. Monster, mother?
Ros. Yes;
And every word he speaks, a syren's note,
To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught thee
The falshood and the perjuries of men,
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,
Is to be cruel to herself? The sovereignty
Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,
We confer on ourselves, and love those fetters
We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, Clarinda,
Since thy father's wreck, sought liberty,
To lose it uncompell'd? Did fortune guide,
Or rather destiny, our bark (to which
We could appoint no port) to this blest place,

Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,
That kept men in subjection? did we then,
By their example, after we had lost
All we could love in man, here plant ourselves,
With execrable oaths never to look
On man, but as a monster? and wilt thou
Be the first precedent to infringe those vows
We made to Heaven?
Clar. Hear me, and hear me with justice!
And as you are delighted in the name
Of mother, hear a daughter that would be
like you! [nence
Should all women use this obstinate absti-
You would force upon us, in a few years
The whole world would be peopled only with
beasts.
Hip. We must and will have men.
Croc. Ay, or we'll shake off all obedience.
Ros. Are ye mad? can no persuasion
alter ye?
Suppose you had my suffrage to your suit,
Can this shipwreck'd wretch supply ye all?
Alb. Hear me, great lady!
I've fellows in my misery: not far hence,
Divided only by this hellish river,
There live a company of wretched men,
Such as your charity may make your slaves:
Imagine all the miseries mankind
May suffer under, and they groan beneath 'em.
Clar. But are they like to you?
Jul. Speak they your language?
Croc. Are they able, lusty men?
Alb. They were, good ladies,
And in their May of youth, of gentle blood,
And such as may deserve ye: now cold and
hunger
Have lessen'd their perfection; but, restor'd
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your favours.
Jul. This is a blessing
We durst not hope for.
Clar. Dear mother, ben't obdurate!
Ros. Hear then my resolution, and labour
not
To add to what I'll grant! for 'twill be fruit-
less.
You shall appear as good as angels to these
wretched men;
In a small boat we will pass over to 'em,
And bring 'em comfort: if you like their
persons, [nothing—
And they approve of yours, for we'll force
And since we want ceremonies,
Each one shall chuse a husband, and enjoy
His com any a month; but that expir'd,
You shall no more come near 'em: if you
prove fruitful,
The males ye shall return to them, the females
We will reserve ourselves. This is the ut-
most
Ye shall ever obtain.—As ye think fit,
Ye may dismiss this stranger, and prepare
To-morrow for the journey. [*Exit.*
Clar. Come, sir, will you walk?
We'll shew you our pleasant bowers, and
something you
Shall find to cheer your heart.
Alb. Excellent lady,
Tho' 'twill appear a wonder, one near starv'd
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take
Your noble offer: I left in yonder desart
A virgin almost pin'd.
Clar. She's not your wife? [dangerous
Alb. No, lady, but my sister.—'Tis now
To speak truth.—To her I deeply vow'd
Not to taste food, or rest, if fortune brought
it me,
Till I blest her with my return: now if
You please t'afford me an easy passage to her,
And some meat for her recovery,
I shall live your slave, and thankfully she shall
Ever acknowledge her life at your service.
Clar. You plead so well, I can deny you
nothing:
I myself will see you furnished, and with
The next sun visit and relieve thee.
Alb. You're all goodness! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter severally, Lamure, Franville, and Morillat.

Lam. OH! what a tempest have I in my
stomach! [ache;
How my empty guts cry out! my wounds
'Would they would bleed again, that I might
Something to quench my thirst! [get
Fran. Oh, Lamure, the happiness my dogs
had [storehouse,
When I kept house at home! they had a
A storehouse of most blessed bones and
crusts,
Happy crusts! Oh, how sharp hunger pinches
me! [*Exit.*
Mor. Oh, my importunate belly! I have
nothing to satisfy thee: [carry me,
I've sought as far as my weak legs would
Yet can find nothing, neither meat nor water,
Nor any thing that's nourishing. My belly
Is grown together like an empty satchel.

Re-enter Franville.

Lam. How now? what news?
Mor. Hast any meat yet?
Fran. Not a bit that I can see;

Here

Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard to gnaw.
I ha' got some mud (we will eat with spoons),
Very good thick mud; but it stinks damnably:
There's old rotten trunks of trees too,
But not a leaf nor blossom in all th' island.
Lam. How it looks!
Mor. It stinks too.
Lam. It may be poison.
Fran. Let it be any thing, so I can get it down! Why, man,
Poison's a princely dish!
Mor. Hast thou no biscuit? [doublet,
No crumbs left in thy pocket? here's my
Give me but three small crumbs.
Fran. Not for three kingdoms,
If I were master of 'em. Oh, Lamure,
But one poor joint of mutton we ha' scorn'd, man!
Lam. Thou speak'st of paradise.
Fran. Or but the snuffs of those healths we have lewdly
At midnight flang away!
Mor. Ah, but to lick the glasses!

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the Surgeon: what hast thou discover'd?
Smile, smile, and comfort us.
Surgeon. I am expiring; [tlemen;
Smile they that can! I can find nothing, gen-
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.
Oh, that I had my boxes and my lints now,
My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature,
What dainty dishes could I make of 'em!
Mor. Hast ne'er an old suppository?
Surgeon. Oh, would I had, sir! [dial,
Lam. Or but the paper where such a cor-
Potion, or pills hath been entomb'd?
Fran. Or the blest bladder where a cooling-clister— [any old poultices?
Mor. Hast thou no searcloths left? nor
Fran. We care not to what it hath been minister'd. [ties, gentlemen.
Surgeon. Sure I have none of these dain-
Fran. Where's the [shoulder?
Great wen thou cut'st from Hugh the sailor's
That would serve now for a most princely banquet.
Surgeon. Ay, if we had it, gentlemen:
I flung it overboard, slave that I was!
Lam. A most unprovident villain!
Surgeon. If I had any thing that were but supple now! [men,
I could make sallads of your shoes, gentle-
And rare ones! any thing unctuous.
Mor. Ay, and then we might fry the soals i' th' sun;
The soals would make a second dish.
Lam. Or souse 'em in the salt-water;
An inner soal well sous'd—

Enter Aminta.

Fran. Here comes the woman;
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us!
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready:
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.
Aminta. How weary and how hungry am I,
How feeble and how faint is all my body!
Mine eyes, like spent lamps glowing out[17], grow heavy,
My sight forsaking me; and all my spirits,
As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny.
Oh, for a little water! a little, little meat,
A little to relieve me, ere I perish!
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourish'd me, [bert!
But they are all consum'd for thee, dear Al-
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless Fate has swallow'd thee!—Oh! I
Grow heavy; sleep's a salve for misery:
Heav'n look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy!
Lam. She's fast asleep already.
Why should she have this blessing, and we wake still,
Wake to our wants?
Mor. This thing hath been our overthrow,
And all these biting mischefs that fall on us
Are come thro' her means.
Fran. True; we were bound, ye all know,
For happy places, and most fertile islands,
Where we had constant promises of all things:
She turn'd the captain's mind, and must have him go
In search, I know not of who, nor to what end;
Of such a fool her brother, and such a coxcomb her
Kinsman, and we must put in every where:
She has put us in now, i'faith!
Lam. Why should we
Consume thus, and starve, have nothing to relieve us,
And she live there, that bred all our miseries,
Unroasted or unsod?
Mor. I've read in stories—
Lam. Of such restoring meats we have examples, [lent;
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excel-
Women that have eat their children, men
Their slaves, nay their brothers; but these are nothing; [chattels);
Husbands devour'd their wives (they are their
And of a schoolmaster that in a time of famine
Powder'd up all his scholars.
Mor. She's young and tidy;

[17] *Like spent lamps* glowing *out.*] Perhaps *going* out; for though *glowing out* may properly express the *blaze* which the candle often exerts before it is extinguished, yet this is not a circumstance proper to the context. The light of *Aminta*'s eyes was fading gradually. But as the former is poetical, I would not propose a change of the text. *Seward.*

In

In my conscience, she'll eat delicately, just like young pork,
A little lean. Your opinion, Surgeon?
Surgeon. I think she may be made good meat; but look,
We shall want salt.
Fran. Tush, she needs no powdering.
Surgeon. I grant you, [means,
But to suck out the humorous parts. By all
Let's kill her in a chafe; she'll eat the sweeter.
Lam. Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly:
That we might be at our meat!
Surgeon. How if the captain—
Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.
Awake her, Surgeon, and cut her throat;
And then divide her, every man his share!
Fran. She wakes herself.
Aminta. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these?
Oh, they're my friends! For Heav'n's sake, gentlemen,
Give me some food to save my life, if ye
Have aught to spare, a little to relieve me,
I may bless ye! for, weak and wretched, ready to perish,
Ev'n now I die.
Mor. You'll save a labour then:
You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't. [not,
We have no meat, nor where to have we know
Nor how to pull ourselves from these afflictions; [luded;
We are starv'd too, famish'd, all our hopes de-
Yet, ere we die thus, we'll have one dainty meal.
Aminta. Shall I be with ye, gentlemen?
Lam. Yes, marry shall ye; in our bellies,
We love you well— [lady!
Aminta. What said you, sir?
Lam. Marry, we'll eat your ladyship.
Fran. You that have buried us in this base island;
We'll bury you in a more noble monument.
Surgeon. Will you say your prayers, that I may perform, lady?
We're wondrous sharp-set. Come, gentlemen;
Who are for the hinder parts?
Mor. I.
Fran. I.
Lam. And I.
Surgeon. Be patient!
They will not fall to every man's share.
Aminta. Oh, hear me,
Hear me, ye barbarous men!
Mor. Be short and pithy;
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.
Surgeon. And be not fearful; for I'll kill you daintily.
Aminta. Are ye not Christians?
Lam. Why, don't Christians eat[18], woman?

Enter Tibalt, Master, and Sailors.

Aminta. Eat one another? 'Tis most im- [pious.
Surgeon. Come, come!
Aminta. Oh, help, help, help!
Tib. The lady's voice! [lains? I have
Stand off, slaves! what do you intend vil-
Strength enough left me, if you abuse this soul, to— [my life:
Master. They would have ravish'd her, upon
Speak! how was it, lady?
Aminta. Forgive 'em! 'twas their hungers.
Tib. Ha! their hungers?
Master. They would have eaten her.
Tib. Oh, damned villains!
Speak; is it true?
Surgeon. I confess an appetite.
Tib. An appetite? I'll fit ye for an appetite!
Are ye so sharp-set, that her flesh must serve you? [ships.
Murder's a main good service, with your wor-
Since ye would be such devils, why did you
Begin with one another handsomely, [not
And spare the woman to beget more food on?
Aminta. Good sir—
Tib. You shall grow mummy, rascals;
I'll make ye fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,
And worry one another like keen bandogs.
Aminta. Good sir, be merciful!
Tib. You shall know what 'tis to be damn'd canibals.
Aminta. Oh, my best friend!

Enter Albert.

Alb. Alas, poor heart! Here, [you.
Here's some meat and sovereign drink to ease
Sit down, gentle sweet!
Aminta. I am bless'd to see you.
Tib. Stir not within forty foot of this food!
If you do, dogs—
Omnes. Oh, captain, captain, captain!
Alb. Ye shall have meat, all of you.
Tib. Captain, hear me first: hark! 'tis so inhuman
I would not ha' the air corrupted with it.
[*Whispers.*
Alb. Oh, barbarous men! Sit down, Du-Pont! good Master,
And honest sailors!
Tib. But stand you off, and wait
Upon our charity; (I'll wait on you else!)
And touch nothing but what is flung to ye,
As if you were dogs; if you do, [carving!
I'll cut your fingers, friends; I'll spoil your
Aminta. There, wretches, there!
Tib. Eat your meat handsomely now,
And give Heaven thanks!
Alb. There is more bread.
Tib. See,
They snarl like dogs! Eat quietly, you rascals,
Eat quietly.

[18] *Don't Christians* eat women?] Amended in 1750.

Alb. There's drink too.
Tib. Come, come, I [feit.
Will fill you each your cups; ye shall not sur-
Aminta. And what have you discover'd?
Alb. Sweet, a paradise,
A paradise inhabited with angels;
Such as you are; their pities make 'em angels;
They gave me these viands, and supplied me
With these precious drinks.
Aminta. Shall not we see 'em?
Alb. Yes, they will see you:
Out of their charities, having heard our story,
They'll come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.
Aminta. Are they all women?
Alb. All, and all in love with us.
Aminta. How? [fortunes;
Alb. Don't mistake; in love with our mis-
They'll cherish and relieve our men.
Tib. Do you shrug now,
And pull up your noses? You smell comfort.
See, they stretch out their legs like dottrels[19],
Each like a new Saint Dennis[20]!
Alb. Dear mistress, [here,
When you would name me, and the women
Call me your brother; you I'll call my sister:
And pray observe this all.—Why do you change colour, sweet?
Aminta. Eating too much meat.
Alb. Sauc'd with jealousy:
Fy, fy, dear saint! i'faith, you are to blame;
Are you not here? here fixed in my heart?
Omnes. Hark, hark!

Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Juletta.

Alb. They're come! Stand ready, and look nobly,
And with all humble reverence receive 'em!
Our lives depend upon their gentle pities,
And death waits on their anger.
Mor. Sure they're fairies.
Tib. Be they devils, devils of flesh and blood,
After so long a Lent, and tedious voyage,
To me they're angels.
Fran. Oh, for some eringoes[21]!
Lam. Potatoes, or cantharides!
Tib. Peace, ye rogues,
That buy abilities of your apothecaries!
Had I but took the diet of green cheese
And onions for a month, I could do wonders.
Ros. Are these the jewels you run mad for?
What can
You see in one of these, to whom you would
Vouchsafe a gentle touch? Can nothing persuade you
To love yourselves, and place your happiness
In cold and chaste embraces of each other?
Jul. This is from the purpose.
Hip. We had your grant
To have them as they were.
Clar. It is a beauteous creature;
And to myself I do appear deform'd,
When I consider her: and yet she is
The stranger's sister; why then should I fear?
She cannot prove my rival.
Ros. When you repent
That you refus'd my counsel, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forewarn'd[22],
Yet leap'd into the gulph of your misfortunes!
But, have your wishes.
Master. Now she makes to us. [bert,
Aminta. I am instructed: but take heed Al-
You prove not false!
Alb. You are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear not!
Ros. That you are poor and miserable men,
My eyes inform me; that without our succours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety,
The present plight you are in can resolve you;
That to be merciful is to draw near
The heav'nly essence; whether you will be
Thankful I do not question; nor demand
What country bred you, what your names, what manners:
To us it is sufficient we relieve [you,
Such as have shapes of men; and I command
As we are not ambitious to know
Further of you, that you on pain of death
Presume not to enquire what we are,
Or whence deriv'd!
Alb. In all things we obey you;
And thankfully we ever shall confess
Ourselves your creatures!
Ros. You speak as becomes you.
First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those weapons we could force from you.
Alb. We lay 'em down most gladly at your feet. [wench;
Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall
But never was disarm'd before.
Ros. And now, hear comfort:
Your wants shall be supplied; and tho' it be
A debt women may challenge, to be sued to,
Especially from such they may command,

[19] *Dottrels.*] A *dottrel* is a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, 'till at last he is taken: if the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so too. So, in the Devil is an Ass, by Ben Jonson, act iv. scene 5,

'We have another leg strain'd for this *dottrel*.'

See Whalley's note. *R.*

[20] *Each like a new St. Dennis.*] The legend of *St. Dennis* affirms, that, after that saint was beheaded at Paris, he walked from thence with his head in his hand to a town four miles from the place where he was executed. *R.*

[21] *Eringoes—Potatoes.*] See note 43 on the Elder Brother.

[22] *That you were* forward.] Amended by Sympson.

We

We give up to you that power; and therefore
Freely each make his choice.
Fran. Then here I fix.
Mor. Nay, she is mine: I ey'd her first.
Lam. This mine!
Tib. Stay, [lant;
Good rascals! you're too forward, sir Gal-
You are not giving order to a tailor
For the fashion of a new suit:
Nor are you in your warehouse, master Mer-
chant! [betters;
Stand back, and give your betters leave, your
And grumble not! if you do, as I love meat,
I will so swinge the salt itch out of you.—
Captain, Master, and the rest of us,
That are brothers, and good fellows, we have
been [follies:
Too late by th' ears, and yet smart for our
To end therefore all future emulation,
If you please to trust to my election,
You shall say I am not partial to myself;
I doubt not give content to all.
Omnes. Agreed, agreed! [discreetly
Tib. Then, but observe how learned and
I will proceed; and, as a skilful doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the game,
Read over your complexions! For you, cap-
tain, [serv'd,
Being first in place, and therefore first to be
I give my judgment thus: for your aspect,
You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
Tells me the sullen Saturn had predominance
At your nativity; a malignant planet!
And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under Venus,
It may prove fatal; therefore to your arms
I give this rose-check'd virgin.
Clar. To my wish!
'Till now I ne'er was happy.
Aminta. Nor I accursed.
Tib. Master, [ceive too)
You're old, yet love the game, (that I per-
And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove
rusty;
Therefore to help you, here's a bradamanta,
Or I am cozen'd in my calculation.
Croc. A poor old man allotted to my share!
Tib. Thou wouldst have two, nay, I think
twenty:
But fear not, wench; tho' he be old he's tough:
Look on his making; he'll not fail, I war-
Ros. A merry fellow! [rant thee.
And were not man a creature I detest,
I could endure his company.
Tib. Here's a fair herd
Of does before me; and now for a barren one!
For tho' I like the sport, I do not love
To father children. Like the grand signior,
Thus I walk in my seraglio,
And view 'em as I pass; then draw I forth
My handkerchief, and having made my choice,
I thus bestow it.
Ros. On me?
Tib. On you: and now
My choice is made, to it, you hungry rascals!
Alb. Excellent!
Ros. As I love goodness[23],
It makes me smile, i' th' heighth of all my
fears. [behold
Clar. What a strong contention you may
Between my mother's mirth and anger!
Tib. Nay, no coyness! be mistress of your
I must and will enjoy you. [word!
Ros. Be advis'd fool!
Alas, I am old! how canst thou hope content
From one that's fifty?
Tib. Never talk of it; [wards:
I have known good ones at threescore and up-
Besides, the weather's hot,
And men that have experience fear fevers;
A temperate diet is the only physic. Your julips,
Nor guiacums, prunellos, camphire-pills, nor
Goord-water, come not near your old woman;
Youthful stomachs are still craving, tho' there
be [believe me,
Nothing left to stop their mouths with; and
I am no frequent giver of those bounties.
Laugh on, laugh on, good gentlemen; do!
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you
Dig i' th' mines 'till your hearts ache.
Ros. A mad fellow!
Well, sir, I'll give you hearing, and, as I like
Your wooing and discourse:—But I must tell
you, sir, [sent,
That rich widows look for great sums in pre-
Or assurances of ample jointures.
Tib. That to me is easy,
For instantly I'll do it. Hear me, comrades!
Alb. What say'st thou, Tibalt?
Tib. Why, that to wooe a wench with
empty hands [gold,
Is no good heraldry; therefore, let's to th'
And share it equally; 'twill speak for us
More than a thousand compliments or cringes,
Ditties stolen from Petrarch, or discourse
From Ovid: besides, 'twill beget us respect;
And if ever fortune friend us with a bark,
Largely supply us with all provision.
Alb. Well advis'd; defer it not.
Tib. Are ye all
Contented?
Omnes. We are.
Tib. Let us away then!
Straight we'll return, and you shall see our
riches. [*Exeunt.*
Ros. Since I knew what wonder and amaze
ment was[24],
I ne'er was so transported.

[23] Aminta. *As I love*, &c.] It seems clear that this speech belongs to *Rosellia*: her preceding speeches, and those that follow from her and *Clarinda*, shew it.

[24] Ros. *Since I knew what wonder and amazement was*, &c.] Seward gives this speech to *Clarinda*, to whom he thinks it must belong, 'unless *Rosellia* had spoke it below, upon sight 'of her own treasure.'

Clar.

Clar. Why weep you, gentle maid?
There is no danger here to such as you:
Banish fear! for with us I dare promise
You shall meet all courteous entertainment.
Croc. We esteem ourselves most happy in
Hip. And bless [you.
Fortune that brought you hither.
Clar. Hark in your ear?
I love you as a friend already; ere long
You shall call me by a nearer name: I wish
Your brother well; I know you apprehend
Aminta. Ay, to my grief I do! [me.
Alas, good ladies, there is nothing left me
But thanks, to pay you with.
Clar. That's more than yet
You stand engaged for.

Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the rest, with Treasure.

Ros. So soon return'd?
Alb. Here; see the idol of the lapidary!
Tib. These pearls for which the slavish negro dives
To th' bottom of the sea! [chant touches
Lam. To get which th' industrious mer-
At either pole!
Fran. The never-failing purchase
Of lordships, and of honours!
Mor. The world's mistress,
That can give every thing to the possessors!
Master. For which the sailors scorn tempestuous winds,
And spit defiance in the sea!
Tib. Speak, lady!
Look we not lovely now?
Ros. Yes, yes.—Oh, my stars!
Be now for ever blessed, that have brought
To my revenge these robbers!—Take your arrows,
And nail these monsters to the earth!
Alb. What mean you, lady?
In what have we offended?
Ros. Oh, my daughter!
And you companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on these caskets, and these jewels!
These were our own, when first we put to sea
With good Sebastian; and these the pirates
That not alone depriv'd him of this treasure,
But also took his life.
Croc. Part of my present
I well remember was mine own.
Hip. And these
Were mine.
Jul. Sure I have worn this jewel.
Ros. Wherefore do you stay then,
And not perform my command?
Alb. Oh, Heaven!
What cruel fate pursues us!
Tib. I'm well enough serv'd,
That must be offering jointures, jewels,
And precious stones, more than I brought with me.
Ros. Why shoot you not?
Clar. Hear me, dear mother;
And when the greatest cruelty is justice,
Do not shew mercy! Death to these starv'd wretches
Is a reward, not punishment: let 'em live
To undergo the full weight of your displeasure. [ments
And that they may have sense to feel the tor-
They have deserv'd, allow 'em some small pittance,
To linger out their tortures.
Ros. 'Tis well counsell'd!
Omnes. And we will follow't.
Alb. Hear us speak.
Ros. Peace, dogs!— [reason,
Bind 'em fast! When fury hath giv'n way to
I will determine of their sufferings,
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, tho' slow-pac'd,
At length o'ertakes the guilty, and the wrath
Of the incensed Powers will fall most sure
On wicked men, when they are most secure.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, and Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* HERE's nothing, sir, but poverty and hunger;
No promise of inhabitance; neither track
Of beast, nor foot of man! We have search'd all
This rocky desart, yet can't discover any
Assurance here is, or hath been such men.
2 *Sailor.* Not a relique of any thing they wore,
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,
Or to warn others from the like misfortune!
Believe it, these fellows are both false, and,
To get a little succour in their misery,
Have fram'd this cunning tale.
Raym. The ship, I know, is French, and own'd by pirates,
If not by Albert, my arch enemy.
You told me too there was a woman with 'em,
A young and handsome woman.
Seb. There was so, sir.
Ray. And such and such young gallants.
Nicusa. We told you true, sir;
That they'd no means to quit this island—
Raym. And that
Amidst their mutiny, to save your lives,
You got their ship?
Seb. All is most certain, sir.

Raym. Where are they then? where are these men,
Or woman? We are landed where your faiths
Did assure us we could not miss their sights.
For this news we took ye to our mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious sea and famine
Strove which should first devour ye; cloath'd
And cherish'd ye; us'd ye as those ye say ye are, [shew us
Fair gentlemen. Now keep your words, and
This company your own free pities spoke of,
These men ye left in misery; the woman!
Men of those noble breedings ye pretend to
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falshood:
Come, direct us.
Seb. Alas, sir, they are gone; [not.
But by what means, or providence, we know
2 *Sailor.* Was not the captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle stature, and of brown complexion?
Nicusa. He was, sir.
Raym. 'Twas Albert,
And my poor wretched sister!
1 *Sailor.* 'Twas he certain; [sea.
I ha' been at sea with him, many times at
Raym. Come, shew us these men;
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us!
Seb. We left 'em here, (what should we
This place. [say, sir?) here in
2 *Sailor.* The earth can't swallow 'em; they have
No wings; they can't fly sure.
Raym. You told us too
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,
That set their hearts a-fire; we see no such thing,
No such sign: what can ye say to purge ye?
What have ye done with these men?
Nicusa. We, sir?
Raym. You, sir;
For certain I believe ye saw such people.
Seb. By all that's good, by all that's pure
By all that's holy— [and honest,
Raym. I dare not credit ye;
Ye've so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.
1 *Sailor.* Let's put 'em in their ragged cloaths again, [e'en
Captain, for certain they are knaves; let's
Deliver 'em to their old fruitful farm;
Here let 'em walk the island! [cies.
Seb. If ye do so, we shall curse your mer-
Nicusa. Rather put us to sea again.
Raym. Not so; [tians,
Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye're Chris-
Tho' I hardly credit it. Bring in the boat,
And all aboard again, but these two wretches!
Yet leave 'em four days' meat. If in that time
(For I will search all nooks of this strange island)
I can discover any track of these men, [ye;
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honour
If not, ye've found your graves: so, farewell!
[*Exeunt.*

Nicusa. That goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent, [us!
Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit
Seb. Come, cousin, come! Old Time will end our story;
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Juletta.

Ros. Use 'em with all the austerity that may be;
They are our slaves! Turn all those pities,
Those tender reluctations that should become your sex,
To stern anger! and when ye look upon 'em,
Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,
Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their rapines!
Some five days hence that blessed hour comes,
Most happy once to me, that knit this hand
To my dear husband's, [hour, ladies—
And both our hearts in mutual bands. That
Clar. What of that hour?
Ros. Why, on that hour, daughter,
And in the height of all our celebrations,
Our dear remembrances of that dear man,
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,
Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to vengeance,
Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full justice.
I will look glorious in their bloods; and the
Most noble spirit of Sebastian, [pirates,
That perish'd by the pride of these French
Shall smile in Heav'n, and bless the hand that kill'd 'em.
Look strictly all unto your prisoners;
For he that makes a scape beyond my vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair usage—
Take heed, I say! she that deceives my trust— [light
Again take heed! her life—and that's but
Neither; her life, in all the tortures
My spirit can put on—
Omnes. We shall be careful.
Ros. Do so. [*Exit.*
Clar. You're angry, mother, and you're old too, [per you.
Forgetting what men are; but we shall tem-
How fare your prisoners, ladies? in what forms
Do they appear in their afflictions?
Jul. Mine fare but poorly; for so I'm
'Tis none of my fault. [commanded;
Clar. Of what sort are they?
Jul. They say they're gentlemen, but they shew mungrels.
Clar. How do they suffer?
Jul. Faith, like boys;
They are fearful in all fortunes; when I smile,
They kneel and beg to have that face continued,
And, like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on:

When

When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads,
Like fearful sheep-hounds: shew 'em a crust [of bread,
They'll saint me presently; and skip like apes
For a sup of wine. I'll whip 'em like hacknies,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.
Clar. Tush, these are poor things. Have they names like Christians?
Jul. Very fair names; Franville, Lamure, and Morillat; [very handsomely,
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer
But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.
They are sound too, o'my conscience,
Or very near upon it.
Clar. Fy; away, fool!
Jul. They tell me, if they might be brought before you, [quence.
They would reveal things of strange conse-
Clar. Their base poor fears!
Jul. Ay, that makes me hate 'em too;
For if they were but manly to their sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.
Clar. An hour hence I will take a view of 'em, [too?
And hear their business. Are your men thus
Croc. Mine? no, gentle madam; mine were not cast
In such base moulds: afflictions, tortures,
Are names and natures of delight to my men;
All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.
I have but two, the one they call Du-Pont,
Tibalt Du-Pont; the other the Ship-Master.
Clar. Have they not lives and fears?
Croc. Lives they have, madam; [nions
But those lives never link'd to such compa-
As fears or doubts.
Clar. Use 'em nobly;
And where you find fit subjects for your pities,
Let it become ye to be courteous!
My mother will not always be thus rigorous.
Hip. Mine are sailors, madam; but they sleep soundly,
And seldom trouble me, unless it be
When they dream sometimes of fights and tempests;
Then they roar and whistle for cans of wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,
(For they are violent fellows) they play such freaks!—
If they have meat, they thank me; if none,
They heartily desire to be hang'd quickly;
And this is all they care.
Clar. Look to 'em diligently, [serve,
And where your pities tell ye they may de-
Give comfort!
Omnes. We will. [*Exeunt.*
Clar. Come hither; be not frighted!

Enter Aminta.

Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it.
Your tender innocence assures me, virgin,
You had no share in those wrongs these men did us;
I find you are not harden'd in such mischiefs.
Your brother was misled sure, foully misled.
Aminta. How much I fear these pities!
Clar. Certain he was, so much I pity him;
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for [him; nay,
For his own sake— [him; nay,
Aminta. Ha!
Clar. For I see about him,
(Women have subtle eyes, and look narrowly)
Or I am much abus'd, many fair promises;
Nay, beyond those too, many shadow'd vir- [tues.
Aminta. I think he's good.
Clar. I assure myself he will be;
And out of that assurance take this comfort,
(For I perceive your fear hath much de- [jected you)
I love your brother— [favour,
Aminta. Madam? [safety!
Clar. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt-of
That comforts in the sleep, and awake [vanishes:
Indeed I love him.
Aminta. Do you indeed? [courtesy.
Clar. You doubt still, 'cause you fear his
Indeed he is the sweetest man I ever saw;
I think the best. You may hear without blushes,
And give me thanks, if you please, for my [madam,
Aminta. Madam, I ever must:—Yet, witness Heaven,
They are hard pull'd from me.—Believe me,
So many imperfections I could find—
(Forgive me, grace, for lying!)—and such wants—
('Tis to an honest use)—such poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind [lewdly)—
too—
There are a hundred handsomer—(I lie
Your noble usage, madam, hath so bound
That I must tell you— [me to you,
Clar. Come, tell your worst.
Aminta. He is no husband for you:
I think you mean in that fair way.
Clar. You've hit it.
Aminta. I'm sure [gerous, madam,
You've hit my heart.—You will find him dan-
As fickle as the flying air, proud, jealous,
Soon glutted in your sweets, and soon forgetful.
I could say more; and tell you I've a brother,
Another brother, that so far excels this,
Both in the ornaments of man, and making—
Clar. If you
Were not his sister, I should doubt you mainly,
Doubt you for his love, you deal so cunningly.
Do not abuse me; I have trusted you
With more than life, with my first love; be [careful
Of me!
Aminta. In what use, madam?
Clar. In this, lady:
Speak to him for me; you have power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him;
It will become your tongue.
Aminta. Become my grave!
Oh, fortune, oh, curs'd fortune!
Clar. Tell him his liberty,

And all those with him, all our wealth and jewels—
Good sister, for I'll call you so—
Aminta. I shall, lady—
E'en die, I hope.
Clar. Here's meat and wine, (pray take it)
And there he lies: give him what liberty you please, [please, sister!
But still conceal'd; what pleasure you shall
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'll take it!
Why do you study thus?
Aminta. To avoid mischiefs;
If they should happen—
Clar. Go, and be happy for me.
Aminta. Oh, blind fortune!
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him.
In what strange desolation lives he here now,
Sure this curtain will reveal.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Who's that? ha! [fort;
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me com-
Or, if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadow'd.
Aminta. Have you forgot me, sir?
Alb. My Aminta!
Aminta. She, sir, [shadow;
That walks here up and down an empty
One, that for some few hours
But wanders here, carrying her own sad coffin,
Seeking some desart place to lodge her griefs in.
Alb. Sweet sorrow, welcome! welcome, noble grief!
How got you this fair liberty to see me?
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.
Aminta. I come to counsel you.
Alb. You're still more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good counsels.
Pray then proceed.
Aminta. Pray eat first; you shew faint:
Here's wine to refresh you too.
Alb. I thank you, dear.
Aminta. Drink again! [weep?
Alb. Here's to our loves!—How! turn and
Pray pledge it! This happiness we have yet left,
Our hearts are free—Not pledge it? why?
Altho' beneath the axe, this health were holy[25].
Why do you weep thus?
Aminta. I come to wooe you.
Alb. To wooe me, sweet? I'm woo'd and won already; [comes you!
You know I'm yours. This pretty way be-
But you'd deceive my sorrows; that is your intent. [weep, but smile.
Aminta. I would I could! I should not
D'ye like your meat and wine?
Alb. Like it?
Aminta. Do you like your liberty?
Alb. All these I well may like.
Aminta. Then pray like her that sent 'em.
Do you like wealth,
And most unequal'd beauty?
Alb. Peace! indeed
You'll make me angry.
Aminta. 'Would I were dead that ask it!
Then you might freely like, and I forgive you.
Alb. What like? and who? Add not more misery
To a man that's fruitful in afflictions!
Who is't you'd have me like? who sent these comforts?
Aminta. I must tell. [comforts?
Alb. Be bold!
Aminta. But be you temperate!
If you be bold, I die. The young fair virgin—
(Sorrow hath made me old!) Oh, hearken,
And wisely hark—the governess's daughter,
That star that strikes this island full of wonder,
That blooming sweetness—
Alb. What of her?
Aminta. She sent it; [you,
And with it—it must be out!—She dotes on
And must enjoy you; else no joy must find you. [this?
Alb. And have you the patience to deliver
Aminta. A sister may say much, and mo-
Alb. A sister? [destly.
Aminta. Yes, that name undid you,
Undid us both: had you nam'd wife, sh' had fear'd you, [shunn'd, yea
And fear'd the sin she follow'd; she had
Her virgin modesty had not touch'd at you:
But thinking you were free, hath kindled a fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguish'd.
Alb. Indeed I play'd the fool.
Aminta. Oh, my best sir, take heed,
Take heed of lies! Truth, tho' it trouble some minds, [dangerous,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and
Yet it preserves itself, comes off pure, innocent,
And, like the sun, tho' never so eclips'd,
Must break in glory. Oh, sir, lie no more!
Alb. You've read me a fair lecture,
And put a spell upon my tongue for feigning.
But how will you counsel now?
Aminta. You must study to forget me.
Alb. How!
Aminta. Be patient!
Be wise and patient, it concerns you highly.
Can you lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?
You are a man, and men may shift affections;
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point;
You must lose me; many and mighty reasons—
Alb. Hear me, Aminta! [feeds you?
Have you a man that loves you too? that
That sends you liberty? has this great governess
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch you?
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half blasted,

[25] And though *beneath*.] The slight corruption of *And though* for *Although*, Mr. Seward saw and corrected with me. *Sympson.*

My

My fortune like my waining self, for this despis'd?
Am I for this forsaken? A new love chosen?
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it,
And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous, [me dearly,
Take heed yourself! You swore you lov'd
No few nor little oaths you swore, Aminta;
Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assur'd myself:
Oh, seek no new ways to cozen truth!
Aminta. I do not: by Love itself, I love thee,
And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it!
Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?
Aminta. For your safety;
To preserve your life. [gives it,
Alb. My life, I do confess, is hers; she
And let her take it back! I yield it. [it;
My love's entirely thine, none shall touch at
None, my Aminta, none.
Aminta. You've made me happy;
And now I know you're mine, fortune, I scorn thee!
Go to your rest, and I'll sit by you: whilst
I've time I'll be your mate, and comfort you;
For only I am trusted. You shall want
Nothing, not a liberty that I can steal you.
Alb. May we not celebrate our loves, Aminta?
And where our wishes cannot meet—
Aminta. You're wanton;
But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever,
(Look for no more) and that in private too!
Believe me, I shall blush else. But, let's
We are both lost else. [consider;
Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, and Master.

Tib. You do well to air us, ladies; we shall be musty else.
What are your wise wills now?
Croc. You're very crank still.
Tib. As crank as a holy friar fed with hail-stones.
But do ye bring us out to bait, like bulls?
Master. Or are you weary of the charge ye're at?
Turn us abroad again; let us jog, ladies;
We're gross, and coarse, unfit for your sweet pleasures. [grass.
Tib. Knock off our shoes, and turn's to
Croc. You are
Determined still to be stubborn then?
It well becomes you.
Tib. An humour, lady, that
Contents a prisoner: a sullen fit sometimes
Serves for a second course.
Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink, and lodging
To rest your bones.
Tib. My bones have borne me thus long,
And had their share of pains and recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.
Croc. Are ye thus harsh to all our sex?
Master. We can't
Be merry without a fidler: pray strike up
Your tabors, ladies.
Croc. The fools despise us.
Jul. We know
Ye're very hungry now.
Tib. Yes; 'tis very wholesome, ladies;
For we that have gross bodies must be careful.
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?
We are beholding to ye for our ordinary.
Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to
Master. Very likely: [hang ye.
'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.
Hanging's as sweet to us as dreaming to you.
Croc. Come, be more courteous.
Jul. Do, and then ye shall
Be pleas'd, and have all necessaries.
Tib. Give me
Some ratsbane then.
Croc. And why ratsbane, monsieur?
Tib. We live like vermin here, and eat up your cheese, [would bite at;
Your mouldy cheese, that none but rats
Therefore 'tis just that ratsbane should reward us. [broken;
We are unprofitable, and our ploughs are
There is no hope of harvest this year, ladies.
Jul. Ye shall have all content.
Master. Ay, an we'll serve your uses.
I'd rather serve hogs, there is more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;
Like hungry camels just, sleeping or waking
You chew the cud still.
Croc. By this hand we'll starve ye.
Master. 'Tis a noble courtesy: I had as lief ye
Should famish me, as founder me; to be
Jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.
Here be certain tarts of tar about me,
And parcels of potargo in my jerkin:
As long as these last—
Jul. Which will not last ever.
Tib. Then we'll eat one another, like good fellows.
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine!
Jul. 'Tis excellent!
Tib. 'Twill be, as we'll dress it, ladies.
Croc. Why sure ye are not men?
Master. Ye had best come search us;
A seaman is seldom without a salt eel.
Tib. I am bad enough,
And in my nature a notorious wencher;
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty. [things?
Tell me, good Master, didst e'er see such
Master. I could like 'em, tho' they were lewdly giv'n,
If they could say no; but, fy on 'em!
They gape like oysters.
Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us,

But

But your commanding impudence shall never
Fear us[26]. Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunnings,
Crept into us, and shew'd us your necessities;
We'd met your purposes, supplied your wants.
We are no saints, ladies:
I love a good wench as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love;
But such a sordid impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our dens again! Come, noble Master!
You know our minds, ladies: this is the faith
In which we'll die. [*Exe. Tibalt and Master.*
Croc. I do admire 'em.
Jul. They
Are noble fellows, and they shall not want
For this.
Croc. But see, Clarinda comes. Farewell!
I'll to my charge. [*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Bring out those prisoners now, and let me see 'em,
And hear their business.
Jul. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Clar. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother. [happiness
Sh' has a sweet tongue, and can describe the
My love is ready to fling on him.
And sure he must be glad, and certain wonder, [island.
And bless the hour that brought him to this
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franville, and Lamure.

Mor. Bless thy divine beauty!
Fran. Mirror of sweetness!
Lam. Ever springing brightness!
Clar. Nay, stand up, gentlemen; and leave your flatteries. [have
Mor. She calls us gentlemen! Sure we shall
Some meat now! [Heav'n,
Clar. I am a mortal creature; worship
And give these attributes to their divinities.
Methinks you look but thin.
Mor. Oh, we are starv'd,
Immortal beauty.
Lam. We're all poor starv'd knaves.
Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, lady.
Mor. We were handsome men, and gentlemen, and sweet men, [ties;
And were once gracious in the eyes of beau-
But now we look like rogues, like poor starv'd rogues. [now?
Clar. What would ye do, if ye were to die
Fran. Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good meal or two to die with,
To put us in heart!
Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let us be drunk first, that we may die merrily.
And bless the founders!
Clar. Ye sha'n't die so hastily.
What dare ye do to deserve my favour?
Lam. Put us to any service.
Fran. Any bondage,
Let us but live!
Mor. We'll get a world of children;
For we know ye're heinously provided that way:
And you shall beat us when we offend you,
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us. [shew ye poor ones.
Clar. These are weak abject things, that
What's the great service ye so oft have threaten'd,
If ye might see me, and win my favour?
Jul. That business of discov'ry?
Mor. Oh, I'll tell ye, lady.
Lam. And so will I.
Fran. And I. Pray let me speak first!
Mor. Good no confusion!
We are before a lady that knows manners:
And, by the next meat I shall eat 'tis certain,
This little gentlewoman that was taken with us—
Clar. Your captain's sister? she you mean?
Mor. Ay, ay;
She is the business that we'd open to you.
You're cozen'd in her.
Clar. How! what is't you would open[27]?
Fran. She is no sister.
Mor. Good sirs, how quick you are!
She is no sister, madam.
Fran. She is his—
Mor. Peace, I say!
Clar. What is she?
Mor. Faith, sweet lady,
She's, as a man would say, his—
Clar. What?
Lam. His mistress. [his—
Mor. Or, as some new translators read,
Clar. Oh me! [unless
Mor. And why he should delude you thus,
He meant some villainy—These ten weeks he has
Had her at sea, for his own proper appetite.
Lam. His cabin-mate, I'll assure you.
Clar. No sister, say ye? [beauty.
Mor. No more than I am brother to your
I know no twny he should juggle thus.
Clar. Do not lie to me! [empty!
Mor. If ye find me lie, lady, bang me
Clar. How am I fool'd! Away with 'em, Juletta,
And feed 'em— [me,
But, hark ye, with such food, as they've giv'n
New misery!
Fran. Nor meat nor thanks for all this?
Clar. Make 'em more wretched.
Oh, I could burst! curse and kill now,

[26] *Fear us.*] i. e. *Make us fear.*

[27] *How! what is't you would open?*] This speech, so evidently *Clarinda's*, is in all the editions given to *Lamure.*

Kill any thing I meet. Juletta, follow me,
And call the rest along!
Jul. We follow, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Aminta. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me.
How shall I answer her?
Alb Tell her directly. [vident:
Aminta. That were too sudden, too impro-
Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly;
They will waste all come near 'em else. Fare-
Once more! [well.
Alb. Farewell, and keep my love entire!
Nay kiss me once again! Methinks we should
Aminta. Oh, be wise, sir. [not part.
Alb. Nay, one kiss more!
Aminta. Indeed you're wanton;
We may be taken too.

Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale, and Hippolita.

Clar. Out, thou base woman!
By Heaven, I'll shoot 'em both!
Croc. Nay, stay, brave lady, hold!
A sudden death cuts off a nobler vengeance.
Clar. Am I made bawd to your lascivious meetings? [villain:
Are ye grown so wise in sin? Shut up that
And, sirrah, now expect my utmost anger.
Let him there starve!
Alb. I mock at your mischiefs! [*Exit.*
Clar. Tie that false witch unto that tree; there let [snakes
The savage beasts gnaw off her sweetness, and
Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch
Relieve her! [that none

Hip. We could wish you better fortune, lady;
But dare not help you.
Aminta. Be your own friends; I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*
Now, only my last audit, and my greatest!
Oh, Heav'n! be kind unto me;
And, if it be thy will, preserve—

Enter Raymond.

Raym. Who's this?
Sure 'tis a woman. I have trod this place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopled.
Ha! let me see! it is her face! Oh, Heav'n!
Turn this way, maid!
Aminta. Oh, Raymond, oh, brother!
Raym. Her tongue too! 'tis my sister!
What rude hand—
Nay, kiss me first; oh, joy!
Aminta. Fly, fly, dear brother!
You are lost else.
Jul. A man, a man, a new man;
Raym. What are these?

Enter Juletta, Crocale, and Clarinda.

Croc. An enemy, an enemy!
Clar. Dispatch him;
Take him off; shoot him straight!
Raym. I dare not use my sword, ladies,
Against such comely foes.
Aminta. Oh, brother, brother!
Clar. Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em! [mother,
One word replied, ye die both. Now, brave
Follow thy noble anger, and I'll help thee! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita.

Ros. I AM deaf to all your intreaties; she that moves me
For pity or compassion to these pirates,
Digs up her father's, or her brother's tomb,
And spurns about their ashes.—
Couldst thou remember what a father thou
Hadst once, 'twould steel thy heart 'gainst foolish pity:
By his memory, and the remembrance of
His dear embraces, I am taught, that in
A noble cause revenge is noble: and they
Shall fall the sacrifices, to appease
His wandring ghost and my incensed fury.
Clar. The new-come prisoner too?
Ros. He too:—Yet, that we may learn
Whether they are the same, or near allied
To those that forc'd me to this cruel course,
Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em
To meet together, and confer,
Within the distance of your ear! Perhaps
They may discover something that may kill
Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em
From certain ruin.
Croc. That shall be my charge.
Ros. Yet, to prevent
All hope of rescue (for this new-come captain
Hath both a ship and men not far off from us,
Tho' ignorant to find the only port
That can yield entrance to our happy island)
Guard the place strongly; and, ere the next sun
Ends his diurnal progress, I will be
Happy in my revenge, or set 'em free. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita. A table furnished.

Croc. So, serve it plentifully, and lose not time

T' en-

T' enquire the cause; there is a main design
That hangs upon this bounty. See the table
Furnish'd with wine too; that discovers secrets [too
Which tortures cannot open: open the doors
O'th' several prisons, and give all free entrance [all.
Into this room! Undiscover'd I can here mark

Enter Tibalt and Master.

Here's captain Careless, and the tough shipmaster; [they look!
The slaves are nos'd like vultures: how wild
Tib. Ha!
The mystery of this some good hobgoblin
Rise and reveal!
Master. I am amaz'd at it;
Nor can I sound th' intent.
Tib. Is not this bread?
Substantial bread, not painted?
Master. But take heed!
You may be poison'd.
Tib. I am sure I'm famish'd; [guts
And famine, as the wise man says, gripes the
As much as any mineral. This may be treacle
Sent to preserve me after a long fast;
Or, be it viper's spittle, I'll run the hazard.
Master. We're past all fear; I'll take part
Tib. Do: [with you.
And now, i'faith, how do you feel yourself?
I find great ease in't. What's here? wine, an't be [fools may talk
Thy will! strong lusty wine! [*drinks.*] Well,
Of Mithridate, cordials, and elixirs;
But from my youth this was my only physic.
Here's a colour!
What lady's cheek, tho' cerus'd o'er, comes near it?
It sparkles too, hangs out diamonds: Oh,
My sweetheart, how I will hug thee! again, and again! [favours,
They are poor drunkards, and not worth thy
That number thy moist kisses in these crystals.
Master. But, monsieur,
Here are suckets, and sweet dishes.
Tib. Tush! boy's-meat!
I'm past it: here is strong food, fit for men,
Nectar, old lad! Mistress of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.
Master. Take heed, man!
Too much will breed distemper.
Tib. Hast thou liv'd at sea
The most part of thy life, where to be sober,
While we have wine aboard, is capital treason,
And dost thou preach sobriety?
Master. Prithee, forbear;
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.
Tib. I am sure for me; [hang me;
Therefore, *footra!* when I am full, let 'em
I care not!

Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Morillat, and Franville, severally.

Master. This has been his temper ever.
See, provoking dishes; candied eringoes,
And potatoes!
Tib. I'll not touch 'em; I will drink;
But not a bit on a march;
I'll be an eunuch rather.
Master. Who are these?
Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my text here.
Alb. Raymond?
Raym. Albert?
Tib. Away! I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off, rogues, or I'll belch ye into air;
Not a drop here! [such anger!
Aminta. Dear brother, put not in your eyes
Those looks, poison'd with fury, shot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh, brother, look milder, or
The crystal of his temperance will turn
Them on yourself.
Alb. Sir, I have sought you long [ocean
To find your pardon; you have plough'd the
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this fair virgin. Now our fortune guides us [rather
To meet on such hard terms, that we need
A mutual pity of our present state,
Than to expostulate of breaches past,
Which cannot be made up. And tho' it be
Far from your power to force me to confess
That I have done you wrong, or, such submission [ger,
Failing to make my peace, to vent your an-
You being yourself slav'd, as I, to others;
Yet for your sister's sake, her blessed sake,
In part of recompense of what sh' has suffer'd
For my rash folly, the contagion
Of my black actions catching hold upon
Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy;
And wish, however several motives kept us
From being friends while we had hope to live,
Let death, which we expect, and cannot fly
End all contention! [from,
Tib. Drink upon it; it
Is a good motion! ratify't in wine,
And 'tis authentical!
Raym. When I consider [on
The ground of our long difference, and look
Our not-to-be-avoided miseries,
It doth beget in me, I know not how,
A soft religious tenderness; which tells me,
Tho' we have many faults to answer for
Upon our own account, our father's crimes
Are in us punish'd. Oh, Albert, the course
They took to leave us rich was not honest;
Nor can that friendship last which virtue joins not. [gals
When first they forc'd th' industrious Portu-
From their plantations in the Happy Islands—
Croc. This is that I watch for. [men,
Raym. And did omit no tyranny which
Inur'd to spoil and mischief could inflict
On the griev'd sufferers; when by lawless rapine [sow'd;
They reap'd the harvest which their labours
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,

But

But laid for 'em at sea, to ravish from 'em
The last remainder of their wealth; then, then,
After a long pursuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the Portugals' escape,
They did begin to quarrel, like ill men:
(Forgive me, piety, that I call 'em so!)
No longer love or correspondence holds
Than it is cemented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn those swords they oft had bloodied [selves,
With innocent gore, upon their wretched
And paid the forfeit of their cruelty
Shewn to Sebastian and his colony,
By being fatal enemies to each other.
Thence grew Aminta's rape, and my desire
To be reveng'd. And now observe the issue!
As they for spoil forgot compassion
To women (who should ever be exempted
From the extremities of a lawful war),
We now, young able men, are fall'n into
The hands of women; that, against the soft,
Soft tenderness familiar to their sex,
Will shew no mercy.

Enter Crocale.

Croc. None, unless you shew us
Our long-lost husbands.
We are those Portugals you talk'd of.
Raym. Stay!
I met upon the sea in a tall ship,
Two Portugals, famish'd almost to death.
Tib. Our ship, by this wine,
And those the rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in the Barren Islands!
Raym. Some such tale they told me;
And something of a woman, which I find
To be my sister.
Croc. Where are these men?
Raym. I
Left 'em, supposing they'd deluded me
With forg'd tales, in the island, where they said [owners
They had liv'd many years, the wretched
Of a huge mass of treasure.
Alb. The same men,
And that the fatal muck we quarrell'd for.
Croc. They were Portugals, you say?
Raym. So they profess'd. [save your lives:
Croc. They may prove such men as may
And so much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard life to be resolv'd on't.
How came you hither?
Raym. My ship lies by the river's mouth;
That can convey ye to these wretched men
Which you desire to see.
Croc. Back to your prisons,
And pray for the success! If they be those
Which I desire to find, you're safe; if not,
Prepare to die to-morrow! for the world
Cannot redeem ye.
Alb. Howe'er, we are arm'd
For either fortune. [*Exit.*
Tib. What must become of me now,
That I am not dismiss'd?

Croc. Oh, sir, I purpose
To have your company.
Tib. Take heed, wicked woman!
I'm apt to mischief now.
Croc. You can't be so
Unkind to her that gives you liberty.
Tib. No,
I shall be too kind, that's the devil on't!
I've had store of good wine; and, when I'm drunk,
Joan is a lady to me, and I shall lay
About me like a lord. I feel strange motions!
Avoid me, temptation!
Croc. Come, sir; I'll help you in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Nicusa. What may that be
That moves upon the lake?
Seb. Still it draws nearer;
And now I plainly can discern it:
It is the French ship.
Nicusa. In it a woman,
Who seems t' invite us to her.
Seb. Still she calls
With signs of love to hasten to her:
So lovely hope doth still appear,
I feel nor age, nor weakness.
Nicusa. Tho' it bring death,
To us 'tis comfort, and deserves a meeting:
Or else fortune, tir'd with what we've suffer'd,
And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now sets a period to our misery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horrid Music.*

Enter severally Raymond, Albert, and Aminta.

Raym. What dreadful sounds are these?
Aminta. Infernal music,
Fit for a bloody feast.
Alb. It seems prepar'd
To kill our courages, ere they divorce
Our souls and bodies.
Raym. But they that fearless fall,
Deprive them of their triumph.

An Altar prepar'd. Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Juletta, Hippolita, &c.

Aminta. See the furies,
In their full trim of cruelty!
Ros. 'Tis the last
Duty that I can pay to my dead lord.
Set out the altar! I myself will be
The priest, and boldly do those horrid rites
You shake to think on. Lead these captains nearer;
For they shall have the honour to fall first
To my Sebastian's ashes. And now, wretches,
As I am taught already, that you are,
And lately by your free confession,
French pirates, and the sons of those I hate
E'en equal with the devil; hear, with horror,
What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,
And what you are to suffer! No Amazons we,
But women of Portugal, that must have from you

Sebastian and Nicusa: we are they
That groan'd beneath your fathers' wrongs!
Those wretched women [We are
Their injuries pursu'd and overtook,
And from the sad remembrance of our losses
We are taught to be cruel. When we were forc'd [rapine,
From that sweet air we breath'd in, by their
And sought a place of being, as the seas
And winds conspir'd with their ill purposes,
To load us with afflictions, in a storm [us,
That fell upon us, the two ships that brought
To seek new fortunes in an unknown world,
Were sever'd; th' one bore all the able men,
Our treasure and our jewels; in the other
We women were embark'd, and fell upon,
After long tossing in the troubled main,
This pleasant island; but in few months
The men that did conduct us hither died:
We long before had given our husbands lost.
Remembring what we'd suffer'd by the French,
We took a solemn oath, ne'er to admit
The curs'd society of men. Necessity
Taught us those arts, not usual to our sex;
And the fertile earth yielding abundance to us,
We did resolve, thus shap'd like Amazons
To end our lives: but when you arriv'd here,
And brought as presents to us our own jewels,
Those which were borne in the other ship—
How can ye hope to 'scape our vengeance?

Aminta. It boots not then to swear our innocence? [owners?

Alb. Or that we never forc'd it from the

Raym. Or that there are a remnant of that
And not far off? [wreck,

Ros. All you affirm, I know, is [throats;
But to win time; therefore prepare your
The world shall not redeem ye! And, that your cries
May find no entrance to our ears, to move
Pity in any, bid loud music sound ['em
Their fatal knells! If ye have prayers, use
Quickly, to any power will own ye: but—

Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa, and Tibalt.

Ha! who are these? what spectacles of misfortune? [der?
Why are their looks so full of joy and won-

Croc. Oh, lay by
These instruments of death, and welcome to
Your arms what you durst never hope t' embrace!
This is Sebastian; this Nicusa, madam;
Preserv'd by miracle. Look up, dear sir,
And know your own Rosellia! be not lost
In wonder and amazement; or if nature
Can, by instinct, instruct you what it is
To be bless'd with the name of father, freely
Enjoy't in this fair virgin!

Seb. Tho' my miseries,
And many years of wants I have endur'd,
May well deprive me of the memory
Of all joys past; yet, looking on this building,
This ruin'd building of a heav'nly form
In my Rosellia, I must remember
I am Sebastian.

Ros. Oh, my joys!

Seb. And here,
I see a perfect model of thyself,
As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine: [with time,
These cheeks and fronts, tho' wrinkled now
Which art cannot restore, had equal pureness
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:
Which, by fair order and succession, I see
Descend on her; and may thy virtues wind
Into her form, and make her a perfect dower,
No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her!
I will not now, Rosellia, ask thy fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Those shall hereafter serve to make glad hours
In their relation. All past wrongs forgot,
I'm glad to see you, gentlemen; but most,
That it is in my power to save your lives;
You sav'd ours, when we were near starv'd at sea,
And I despair not—for, if she be mine,
Rosellia can deny Sebastian nothing.

Ros. She does give up herself,
Her power and joys, and all, to you, to be
Discharged of 'em as too burdensome;
Welcome in any shape!

Seb. Sir, in your looks[28], I read
Your suit of my Clarinda; she is yours.
And, lady, if't be in me to confirm
Your hopes in this brave gentleman, presume
I am your servant.

Alb. We thank you, sir.

Aminta. Oh, happy hour!

Alb. Oh, my dear Aminta,
Now all our fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix;
She's mettle, steel to the back, and will cut
My leaden dagger, if not us'd with discretion.

Croc. You're still no changeling.

Seb. Nay, all look chearfully; for none shall be
Denied their lawful wishes. When a while
We've here refresh'd ourselves, we will return
To our sev'ral homes: and well that Voyage ends,
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends! [*Exeunt omnes.*

[28] *Sir, in your looks,*
I read your suit of my Clarinda:—] Perhaps the reader would wish to know whom the old gentleman means here. I can think of no one but *Nicusa* his nephew. Yet this is but a guess, and if the reader imagines any one of the company (*Albert* and *Tibalt* excepted) deserves *Clarinda* better than her cousin, let him reject mine, and enjoy his own opinion. *Sympson.*

When *Aminta* depreciates *Albert*, in her conversation with *Clarinda*, she recommends *Raymond* to her: it is most likely, therefore, he is the person intended by the poet to possess her.

THE

THE COXCOMB.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills, speak of this Comedy as the production of Fletcher alone; but the Prologue mentions it as the joint performance of both Authors. It was first printed in the folio of 1647; and appears to have been revived at the Theatre Royal about the end of the last century, when a Prologue was spoken by Joe Haines. We do not know of any performance of it since that time.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

ANTONIO, *the Coxcomb.*
MERCURY, *fellow-traveller with Antonio.*
RICARDO, *a young Gentleman in love with Viola.*
UBERTO, PEDRO, SILVIO, } *three merry Gentlemen, friends to Ricardo.*
VALERIO, *a Country Gentleman.*
CURIO, *Kinsman to Antonio.*
JUSTICE, *a shallow one.*
ANDRUGIO, *Father to Viola.*
ALEXANDER, *Servant to Mercury's Mother.*
MARK, *the Justice's Clerk.*
ROWLAND, *Servant to Andrugio.*
TINKER.
CONSTABLE.
WATCH.
DRAWER.
MUSICIANS.

WOMEN.

MARIA, *Wife to Antonio.*
VIOLA, *Daughter to Andrugio.*
MOTHER *to Mercury.*
NAN, MADGE, } *Milk-Maids.*
DOROTHY, *the Tinker's Trull.*

SCENE, *England*[1].

PROLOGUE.

THIS Comedy, long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her head,
And to your noble censures does present
Her outward form, and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,
The makers, that confess'd it for their own,
Were this way skilful, and without the crime
Of flatteries I may say may please the time.
The work itself too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth, [rude
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, tho' some
And harsh among th' ignorant multitude,
(That relish gross food better than a dish
That's cook'd with care, and serv'd in to the wish
Of curious palates) wanting wit and strength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length[2]:
That

[1] *England*, France.] As the scene never changes from *England* through the whole play, and, as I remember, the word *France* does not occur above once in this piece, I have made no scruple to expel and explode what never possibly could have stood in the author's manuscript. *Sympson.*

[2] —— *condemn'd it for the length;*
That fault's reform'd.] In the Stationers' Preface to the edition of 1647, we have these words: 'When these *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were presented on the stage, the *actors* omit-

That fault's reform'd; and now 'tis to be tried
Before such judges 'twill not be denied
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good that did revive this play.

ACT I.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Ric. LET us make use of this stol'n privacy,
And not lose time in protestation, mistress!
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith,
To say again I love you.
Viola. Sweet, speak softly;
For tho' the venture of your love to me
Meets with a willing and a full return,
Should it arrive unto my father's knowledge,
This were our last discourse.
Ric. How shall he know it? [advancement,
Viola. His watching cares are such, for my
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night, that does afford us some small freedom,
At the request and much intreaty of [me;
The mistress of the house, was hardly given
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath spies upon me: yet, I know not,
You have so won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully (tho' to entertain
Another thought of you would be my death)
I should adventure on his utmost anger.
Ric. Why, do you think I can be false?
Viola. No, faith!
You have an honest face; but, if you should—
Ric. Let all the stored vengeance of Heaven's justice—
Viola. No more! I do believe you. The dance ended,
Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have [me
Ere they depart, I will make home, and store
With all the jewels, chains, and gold are trusted
Unto my custody; and at the next corner
To my father's house, before one, at the furthest,
Be ready to receive me!
Ric. I desire
No bond beyond your promise. Let's go in!
To talk thus much before the door may breed
Suspicion.

Enter Mercury and Antonio.

Viola. Here are company too.
Ric. Away! [loves
Those powers that prosper true and honest
Will bless our undertakings.
Viola. 'Tis my wish, sir.
[*Exeunt Ric. and Viola.*
Merc. Nay, sir, excuse me! I have drawn you to
Too much expence already in my travel,
And you have been too forward in your love,

'ted some *scenes* and passages (with the *author*'s consent) as occasion led 'em! and when 'private friends desired a copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they *acted*. But, 'now you have both all that was *acted*, and all *that was not*; even the perfect full originals, 'without the least mutilation: so that were the *authors* living (and sure they can never die) 'they themselves would challenge neither *more* nor *less* than what is here published.'—But what a glaring contradiction to this whole passage are the words of the prologue, cited at the head of this note? Was it not condemn'd for its length by the ignorant multitude? And upon reviving of it, is it not as plain as words can make it, that it was mutilated then? What other sense can we put upon this passage? *That fault's reform'd*—Who the curtailer or curtailers were, is not possible now to be known: I could have wished that he, or they, who undertook the charge of *reforming the length of* this piece, had had sufficient *wit and strength* to have gone through that business neatly. But it seems as if his or their judgment was as little in the shortning, as the rabble's was in condemning it for its length. Had we but the original manuscript, I don't doubt but we should see a strange difference betwixt that and the play, as it now stands. The first note on this performance is a specimen, to let the reader see what strange work has been made by the reviver, or revivers of this piece: and how little he or they thought on (supposing they knew it) that rule of Horace,

——— *Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,*
Quid valeant Humeri——— *Sympson.*

The Stationers' Preface is no 'glaring contradiction to the prologue,' but rather confirms the assertion, that the 'Actors (with the author's consent) omitted scenes and passages, as 'occasion led them, and afterwards transcribed what they *acted*: but the booksellers gave 'all that was *acted*, and all *that was not*.' Who the curtailers were, therefore, is easily known; certainly THE ACTORS, *with the* AUTHOR'S CONSENT.

To

To make my wants your own; allow me manners! [crease
Which you must grant I want, should I in-
The bond in which your courtesies have tied me,
By still consuming of you: give me leave
To take mine own ways now, and I shall often, [thank you.
With willingness, come to visit you, and
Ant. By this hand, I could be angry!
What do you think me?
Must we, that have so long time been as one,
Seen cities, countries, kingdoms, and their wonders,
Been bedfellows, and in our various journey
Mix'd all our observations, part (as if
We were two carriers at two several ways,
And as the fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
Without or compliment, or ceremony?
In travellers that know Transalpine garbs,
Tho' our designs are ne'er so serious, friend,
It were a capital crime; it must not be;
Nay, what is more, you shall not. You ere long [mine
Shall see my house, and find what I call
Is wholly at your service.
Merc. 'Tis this tires me!—
Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my will lay i'th' choice; but 'tis not so:
My friends and kindred, that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my love
After my travel; then my own honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
To keep me in my quality and rank,
At my return, to tire another's bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty: pardon me!
Ant. I will not, cannot; to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferr'd upon my friend
Be burdensome to me? For this excuse,
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me; [said!
By a traveller's faith, you should not! I have
And then, you know my humour, there's no contending.

Merc. Is there no way to 'scape this inundation?
I shall be drown'd with folly, if I go;
And, after nine days, men may take me up
With my gall broken.
Ant. Are you yet resolv'd?
Merc. 'Would you would spare me!
Ant. By this light, I cannot,
By all that may be sworn by!
Merc. Patience help me,
And Heaven grant his folly be not catching!
If't be, the town's undone: I now would give
A reasonable sum of gold to any sheriff
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company. While he was abroad,
His want of wit and language kept him dumb;
But Balaam's ass will speak now, without spurring.
Ant. Speak, have I won you?

Enter Servant and Musicians.

Merc. You're not to be resisted.
Serv. Be ready, I entreat you! The dance done,
Besides a liberal reward, I have
A bottle of sherry in my power, shall beget
New crotchets in your heads.
Musicians. Tush, fear not us!
We'll do our parts.
Serv. Go in.
Ant. I know this fellow.
Belong you to the house?
Serv. I serve the mistress. [inform her,
Ant. Pretty and short! Pray you, sir, then
Two gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd
With her fair presence.
Serv. She shall know so much.
This is a merry night with us, and forbids not
Welcome to any that looks like a man:
I'll guide you the way.
Ant. Nay, follow! I've a trick in't.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Uberto, Silvio, Ricardo, Maria, Pedro, Portia, Viola, with others.

Uberto. Come, where is this masque[3]?
Fairest, for our chear,
Our

[3] *Come, where's this masque? fairest, for our chear,*
Our thanks and service, may you long survive
To joy in many of these nights.
Maria. *I thank you.*
Uberto. *We must have music too, or else you give us*
But half a welcome.
Maria. *Pray you, sir, excuse me.*
Silvio. *By no means, lady.*
Uberto. *We'll crown our liberal feast,*
With some delightful strain fitting your love
And this good company.
Maria. *Since you enforce it,*
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill.] *Quod dedit principium advenienſ?* may full as well be applied to the curtailer of this comedy, as the booby captain of whom it was first spoke. That a masque was in the original, is plain from the question, *Where's this masque?* but

Our thanks and service; may you long survive
To joy in many of these nights!
Maria. I thank you! [you give us
Uberto. We must have music too; or else
But half a welcome.
Maria. Pray you, sir, excuse me!
Silvio. By no means, lady.
Uberto. We'll crown your liberal feast
With some delightful strain, fitting your love
And this good company.
Maria. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill,
Or be or nice or curious: every year
I celebrate my marriage-night, and will
'Till I see my absent husband.
Uberto. 'Tis fit freedom.
Silvio. Ricardo, thou art dull.

Enter Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter when
I've had a heat.
Maria. Now, sir, the news?
Serv. Mistress,
There are two gentlemen—
Maria. Where?
Serv. Complimenting
Who should first enter.
Maria. What are they?
Serv. Heav'n knows!
But for their strangeness—have you never seen
A cat wash her face?
Uberto. Yes.
Serv. Just such a stir they keep:
If you make but haste, you may see 'em yet
Before they enter.

Enter Antonio and Mercury.

Maria. Let 'em be what they will,
We'll give them fair entertain, and gentle
Ant. It shall be so. [welcome.
Merc. Then let it be your pleasure.
Ant. Let's stand aside, and you shall see
Fine sport anon. [us have
Merc. A fair society;
Do you know these gentlewomen?
Ant. Yes.
Merc. What are they? [her
Ant. The second is a neighbour's daughter;
Name's Viola. There is my kinsman's wife;
Portia her name, and a friend too.
Merc. Let her.
What's she that leads the dance?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. I see that.
1 *Serv.* Indeed?
Merc. What?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. Udsfoot! Good sir, what's she that leads the dance?
2 *Serv.* My mistress.
Merc. What else?
2 *Serv.* My mistress, sir.
Merc. Your mistress? A pox on you,
What a fry of fools are here? I see 'tis treason
To understand in this house: if Nature were not
Better to them than they can be to themselves,
They would scant hit their mouths. My mistress?
Is there any one with so much wit in's head,
That can tell me at the first sight, [dance?
What gentlewoman that is that leads the
Ant. 'Tis my wife.
Merc. Hum!
Ant. How dost thou like her?
Merc. Well;
A pretty gentlewoman!
Ant. Prithee be quiet.
Merc. I would I could!
Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him and free passions,
Receive the least tie from such a fool as this is,
That holds so sweet a wife!
'Tis lamentable to consider truly [wrong
What right he robs himself of, and what
He doth the youth of such a gentlewoman,
That knows her beauty is no longer hers
Than men will please to make it so, and use it,
Neither of which lies freely in a husband.
Oh, what have I done, what have I done? Coxcomb!
If I had never seen, or never tasted,
The goodness of this kix, I had been a made man;
But now to make him cuckold is a sin
'Gainst all forgiveness, worse than any murder: [ways!
I have a wolf by th' ears, and am bitten both
Ant. How now, friend? what are you thinking of? [be gone.
Merc. Nothing concerning you: I must
Ant. Pardon me, I will have no going, sir.
Merc. Then, good sir, give me leave to go to bed:
I'm very weary and ill-temper'd.
Ant. You shall presently; the dance is done.
1 *Serv.* Mistress, these are the gentlemen.

but it had been better never to have told us that, except it had been exhibited. Again, if *they were to have music*, some *delightful strain*; who was to play? *Maria* it seems, for she says, she *won't plead the excuse of want of skill*, but 'tis too plain she does no such thing. Further, we have a little lower a dance, but 'tis a dance without music, and yet 'tis quite clear the performers were actually in the house. *Sympson.*

We do not believe any thing *written* by the authors is omitted:—The masque was, we apprehend, only an antic dance. It is not clear that *Maria* more than *prepares* to play, when she is interrupted by the *Servant* announcing *Mercury* and *Antonio*. The dance must have been without music, or the dialogue between the *Servant*, *Mercury*, and *Antonio*, which passes during the dance, could not be heard.

Maria.

Maria. My husband! Welcome home, sir!
Merc. She's fair still;
Oh, that I were a knave, or durst be one,
For thy sake, Coxcomb! He that invented honesty
Undid me.
Ant. I thought you had not known me.
You're merry; 'tis well thought. And how
These worthy gentlemen? [is't with
Uberto and Silvio. We're glad to see
You here again.
Ant. Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you lost?
But get you into travels; there you may learn—
I cannot say what hidden virtues.
Merc. Hidden from you, I'm sure.
My blood boils like a furnace! She's a fair one.
Ant. Pray entertain this gentleman with all
The courtesy fitting my most especial friend.
Maria. What this poor house may yield, to make you welcome,
Dear sir, command, without more compliment.
Merc. I thank you!—She is wise, and speaks well too:
Oh, what a blessing is gone by me, never
To be recover'd! Well, 'twas an old shame
The devil laid up for me, and now h' has hit me home.
If there be any ways to be dishonest,
And save myself yet—No, it must not be!
Why should I be a fool too?—Yet those eyes
Would tempt another Adam! How they call to me, [any thing!
And tell me—'Sfoot, they shall not tell me
Sir; will you walk in?
Ant. How is't, signor?
Merc. Crazy a little. [power, pray
Maria. What ail you, sir? What's in my
Make use of, sir.
Merc. 'Tis that must do me good!
She does not mock me, sure!—An't please you, nothing;
My disease is only weariness.
Uberto. Come, gentlemen!
We will not keep you from your beds too long.
Ric. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and
Far from your lodging. [you
Silvio. Well?
[*Exeunt. Manent Ant. Maria, and Merc.*
Ant. Come, my dear Mercury!
I'll bring you to your chamber; and then I am
For you, Maria: thou'rt a new wife to me now,
And thou shalt find it ere I sleep.
Merc. And I
An old ass to myself! mine own rod whips me!—
Good sir, no more of this; 'tis tedious!
You are the best guide in your own house; go, sir. [*Exeunt Ant. and Maria.*
This fool and his fair wife have made me frantic;
From two such physics for the soul deliver me! [*Exit.*

Enter Ricardo, Uberto, Pedro, and Silvio.

Uberto. Well, you must have this wench
Ric. I hope so; [then?
I'm much o' th' bow-hand else.
Pedro. 'Would I were hang'd, [ture
'Tis a good loving little fool, that dares ven-
Herself upon a coast she ne'er knew yet!
But these women! when they are once thir-
God speed the plough! [teen,
Silvio. Faith, they will venture further for
Than a merchant, [their lading
And thro' as many storms, but they'll be fraughted; [stowage.
They're made like carracks, only strength and
Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk!
Silvio. We do so. But,
Tell me, Ricardo, wo't thou marry her?
Ric. Marry her? why, what should I do with her? [all shares in her,
Pedro. Pox, I thought we should have had
Like lawful prize. [don me:
Ric. No, by my faith, sir; you shall par-
I launch'd her at my own charge, without partners,
And so I'll keep her. [
Uberto. What's the hour?
Ric. Twelve. [yet scarce eleven.
Uberto. What shall we do the while? 'Tis
Silvio. There is no standing here; is not this the place?
Ric. Yes.
Pedro. And to go back
Unto her father's house may breed suspicion:
Let's slip into a tavern for an hour;
'Tis very cold.
Uberto. Content; there's one hard by.
A quart of burnt sack will recover us:
I am as cold as Christmas. This stealing flesh
I' th' frosty weather may be sweet i' th' eating,
But sure the woodmen have no great catch of it.
Shall's go? [
Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of
A tavern! What shall we do there now? Lose
The hour and ourselves too?
Uberto. Lose a pudding! [muzzle us?
What dost thou talk o' th' hour? will one quart
Have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask
The drawers, but we must stand here like bawds
To watch the minutes?
Silvio. Prithee content thyself[4]! [ing,
We shall scout here, as tho' we went a-hay-
And have some mangy 'prentice, that can't sleep [go, sirs?
For scratching, over-hear us. Come, will you
When your love-fury is a little frozen,
You'll come to us.
Ric. Will you drink but one quart then?
Pedro. No more, i'faith.
Silvio. Content!
Ric. Why then, have with you!
But let's be very watchful.

[4] Silvio. *Prithee content thyself.*] Probably this belongs to *Ricardo*, and *We shall scout here*, to *Silvio*. *Sympson.*

Uberto.

Uberto. As watchful as the bellman. Come; I'll lead,
Because I hate good manners; they're too tedious. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Viola, with a Key and a little Casket.

Viola. The night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my virtue and myself hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear, that which I wish,
Some company; and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night,
Than ever did the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers. The house will rise
When I unlock the door! Were it by day,
I'm bold enough, but then a thousand eyes
Warn me from going. Might not Heav'n have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough to steal this key
Out of my father's chamber; and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend.
Alas, how valiant, and how 'fraid at once
Love makes a virgin! I will throw this key
Back thro' a window: I have wealth enough
In jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal 'em for. Farewell, my place of birth!
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard men say,
These houshold gods, I do beseech them look [fire,
To this my charge; bless it from thieves and
And keep, 'till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my father in!
[*Exit.*

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer with a Candle.

Ric. No more, for God's sake!
How's the night, boy?
Drawer. Faith, sir, 'tis very late.
Uberto. Faith, sir, you lie! is this your Jack i' th' clock-house[5]? [you varlet.
Will you strike, sir? Give's some more sack,
Ric. Nay, if you love me, good Uberto, go!
I am monstrous hot with wine.
Uberto. Quench it again with love! [then
Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and
If my legs say me not shamefully nay,
I will go with you. Give me a singular quart!
Drawer. Of what wine, sir? [at the bar!
Uberto. Of sack, you that speak confusion
Of sack, I say; and every one his quart.
What a devil, let's be merry!
Drawer. You shall, sir. [*Exit.*
Pedro. We will, sir; and a dried tongue.
Silvio. And an olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fidlers! [be claw'd.
My head swims plaguily; 'uds precious, I shall

Enter Drawer with four Quarts of Wine.

Ric. Pray go? I can drink no more; think on your promise;
'Tis midnight, gentlemen. [now!
Uberto. Oh, that it were dumb midnight
Not a word more! every man on's knees,
And betake himself to his saint: here's to your wench, signor!
All this, and then away.
Ric. I cannot drink it.
Pedro. 'Tis a toy, a toy; away wi't!
Uberto. Now dare I
Speak any thing to any body living!
Come, where's the fault? Off with it.
Ric. I have broke [made it;
My wind. Call you this sack? I wonder who
He was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy
Is it gone round? [strong work.
Uberto. 'Tis at the last. Out of my way,
Is the moon up yet? good boy!
Drawer. Yes, sir.
Uberto. Where is she, boy?
Drawer. There, sir. [boy.
Uberto. We shall have rain and thunder,
Drawer. When, sir? [boy.
Uberto. I cannot tell; but sure we shall,
Drawer. The gentleman is wine-wise.
Uberto. Drawer!
Drawer. Here, sir.
Uberto. Can you procure?
Drawer. What, sir?
Uberto. A whore, or two, or three,
As need shall serve, boy? [ney, boy.
Silvio. Ay, a good whore were worth mo-
Drawer. I protest, sir, we are altogether unprovided. [not 'vise us
Ric. The more's the pity, boy; can you
Where, my child?
Drawer. Neither, in troth, sir[6].

[5] *Is this your* Jack i' th' clock-house? *Will you* strike, *sir?*] In Shakespeare's King Richard III. the King says to Buckingham,

'——— like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the *stroke*
'Betwixt thy begging and my meditation;'

on which passage are the following notes:

An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. *Hawkins.*

So in The Fleire, a comedy, 1610—'Their tongues are, like *a Jack o' the clock*, still in 'labour.' *Steevens.*

[6] Drawer. *Neither in troth, sir.*] This little speech is only in the first folio.

Pedro.

Pedro. Why, where were you brought up, boy?
No inkling of a whore? no aim, my boy?
Uberto. It cannot sink in my head now that thou shouldst marry;
Why shouldst thou marry, tell me?
Ric. I marry? I'll be hang'd first.
Some more wine, boy!
Silvio. Is she not a whore
Translated? An she be, let's repair to her!
Ric. I cannot tell; she may be an offender:
But, signor Silvio, I shall scratch your head;
Indeed I shall.
Silvio. Judge me, I do but jest
With thee: what an she were inverted, with
Her heels upward, like a traitor's coat, what care I? [for her?
Uberto. Ay, hang her! shall we fall out
Ric. I am a little angry. But these wenches!
Did you not talk of wenches?
Silvio. Boy, lend me your candle!
Drawer. Why, sir?
Silvio. To set fire to your rotten ceiling:
You'll keep no whores, rogue, no good mein-,
Drawer. Whores, sir? [bers!
Silvio. Ay, whores, sir; do you think we
With your hogsheads? [come to lie
Ric. I must beat the watch;
I have long'd for it any time this three weeks.
Silvio. We'll beat the town too, an thou wilt; we're proof, boy!
Shall we kill any body?
Ric. No; but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.
Uberto. Silvio, now must I kill one; I cannot avoid it.
Boy, easily afore there with your candle!
Where's your mistress?
Drawer. A-bed, sir.
Silvio. With whom?
Drawer. With my master. [up than to
Uberto. You lie, boy! she's better brought
Lie with her husband; has he not cast his head yet?
Next year he'll be a velvet-headed cuckold.
Drawer. You are a merry gentleman. There, sir; take hold! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Viola.

Viola. This is the place! I have out-told the clock
For haste; he is not here. Ricardo? No!
Now every power that loves and is belov'd,
Keep me from shame to-night! for you all know
Each thought of mine is innocent and pure,
As flesh and blood can hold. I cannot back;
I threw the key within, and, ere I raise
My father up to see his daughter's shame,
I'll set me down, and tell the northern wind,
That it is gentler than the curling west,
If it will blow me dead! But he will come.
I'faith, 'tis cold. If he deceive me thus,
A woman will not easily trust a man.
Hark! what's that?

Silvio [*within*]. Thou'rt over long at thy pot, Tom, Tom:
Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom. [*Singing.*
Viola. Bless me! Who's that?
Pedro [*within*]. Whoo!
Uberto [*within*]. There, boys! [fly;
Viola. Darkness, be thou my cover, I must
To thee I haste for help.—They have a light:

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer, with a torch.

Wind, if thou lov'st a virgin, blow it out!
And I will never shut a window more,
To keep thee from me.
Ric. Boy!
Drawer. Sir?
Ric. Why, boy!
Drawer. What say you, sir?
Ric. Why, boy, art thou drunk, boy?
Drawer. What would you, sir?
Ric. Why, very good! where are we?
Uberto. Ay, that's the point.
Drawer. Why, sir, you will be at your lodging presently.
Ric. I'll go to no lodging, boy.
Drawer. Whither will you go then, sir?
Ric. I'll go no further. [here all night.
Drawer. For God's sake, sir, do not stay
Ric. No more I will not:
Boy, lay me down, and roll me to a whore.
Uberto. And me.
Pedro. There spoke an——
Silvio [*singing*]. Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all! [make!
Viola. That is Ricardo: what a noise they
It is ill done of 'em. Here sirs! Ricardo!
Ric. What's that, boy?
Drawer. 'Tis a wench, sir: pray, gentlemen, come away!
Viola. Oh, my dear love! how dost thou?
Ric. Faith, sweetheart,
Ev'n as thou seest.
Pedro. Where's thy wench?
Uberto. Where's this bed-worm?
Viola. Speak softly, for the love of Heaven!
Drawer. Mistress,
Get you gone, and don't entice the gentlemen,
Now you see they're drunk; or, I'll call the watch,
And lay you fast enough.
Viola. Alas, what are you?
Or, what do you mean? Sweet love, where's the place? [I'll feese thee.
Ric. Marry, sweet love, e'en here: lie down;
Viola. Good God! What mean you?
Pedro. I will have the wench,
Uberto. If you can get her.
Silvio. No, I'll lie with [morrow.
The wench to-night, and she shall be yours to-
Pedro. Let go the wench!
Silvio. Let you go the wench!
Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers—
Uberto. They had no mothers; they're the sons of bitches.
Ric. Let that be maintain'd!

Silvio. Marry then—
Viola. Oh, bless me, Heav'n!
Uberto. How many is there on's?
Ric. About five.
Uberto. Why then, let's fight three to three.
Silvio. Content. [*Draw and fall down.*
Drawer. The watch! the watch! the watch! Where are you? [*Exit.*
Ric. Where are these cowards? [*Exit.*
Pedro. There's the whore.
Viola. I never saw a drunken man before;
But these I think are so.
Silvio. Oh!
Pedro. I miss'd you narrowly there.
Viola. My state is such, I know not how to think
A prayer fit for me; only I could move,
That never maiden more might be in love!
[*Exit.*

Enter Drawer, Constable, and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, boy?
Drawer. Make no such haste, sir; they are
No runners.
Uberto. I am hurt, but that's all one;
I shall light upon some of ye. Pedro,
Thou art a tall gentleman; let me kiss thee!
Watch. My friend—
Uberto. Your friend? you lie!
Ric. Stand further off!
The watch? you're full of fleas.
Const. Gentlemen,
Either be quiet, or we must make you quiet
Ric. Nay, good Mr. Constable, be not so rigorous! [of justice!
Uberto. Mr. Constable, lend me thy hand
Const. That I will, sir.
Uberto. Fy, Mr. Constable!
What golls you have? Is justice
So blind you cannot see to wash your hands?
I cry you mercy, sir; your gloves are on.
Drawer. Now you are up, sir, will you go to bed? [ther pillow.
Pedro. I'll truckle here, boy; give me ano-
Drawer. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on then?
Pedro. Yes. [they are up,
Drawer. There; hold him two of ye. Now
Be going, Mr. Constable.
Ric. And this way, and that way, Tom.
Uberto. And here away, and there away, Tom. [the wrong.
Silvio. This is the right way, the other's
Pedro. Th' other's the wrong.
Omnes. Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom, Tom. [whoop! ha, boys!
Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet constable!
Const. This wine hunts in their heads.
Ric. Give me the bill, for I will be the ser-
Const. Look to him, sirs! [geant.
Ric. Keep your ranks, you rascals, keep your ranks! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. I CANNOT sleep for thinking of this ass's wife!
I'll be gone presently; there's no staying here,
With this devil about me.—Ho! This is the house of sleep. [this love
Ho! again there! 'Sfoot, the darkness, and
Together will make me lunatic. Ho!

Enter a Servingman above, unready.

Serv. Who calls there? [a candle.
Merc. Pray take the pains to rise and light
Serv. Presently.
Merc. Was ever man but I in such a stocks?
Well, this shall be a warning to me, and
A fair one too, how I betray myself
To such a dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. Did you call?
Merc. Yes: pray do me the kindness, sir, to let me out,
And not enquire why, for I must needs be
Serv. Not to-night, I hope, sir. [gone.
Merc. Good sir, to-night;
I would not have troubled you else;
Pray let it be so!
Serv. Alas, sir, my master will be offended.
Merc. That I have business? no, I warrant you.
Serv. Good, sir, take your rest.
Merc. Pray, my good friend,
Let me appoint my own rest.
Serv. Yes, sir. [sider you.
Merc. Then shew me the way out; I'll con-
Serv. Good Lord, sir—
Merc. If I had not
An excellent temper'd patience, now should I break
This fellow's head, and make him understand
'Twere necessary; the only plague
Of this house is th' unhandsome love of servants,
That never do their duty i' th' right place,
But when they muster before dinner[7], And

[7] ——— *muster before dinner,*
And sweep the table with a wooden dagger.] The difficulties in this passage are what in all

And sweep the table with a wooden dagger,
And then they're troublesome too, to all men's shoulders.—
The woodcock's flush'd again; now I shall have
A new stir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Why, how now, friend? what do you up so late? [speak.
Are you well? do you want any thing? Pray
Merc. Only the cause I rise for.
Ant. What knaves are these?
What do you want? Why, sirrah!
Merc. Nothing i' th' world, [be gone:
But th' keys to let me out of doors; I must
Be not against it, for you cannot stay me.
Ant. Be gone at this time? that were a merry jest. [use on't,
Merc. If there be any mirth in't, make you
But I must go.
Ant. Why, for love's sake?
Merc. 'Twill benefit [cause.
Your understanding nothing to know the
Pray go to bed; I'll trouble your man only.
Ant. Nay, sir, you have rais'd more, that has reason
To curse you, an you knew all: my wife's up,
And coming down too.
Merc. Alas, it will be
A trouble: pray go up to her, and let me
Disturb no more; it is unmannerly.

Enter Maria, as out of bed.

Ant. She's here already.
Sweetheart, how say you by this gentleman?
He would away at midnight.
Maria. That I am
Sure he will not.
Merc. Indeed I must.
Maria. Good sir,
Let not your homely entertainment press you
To leave your bed at midnight! If you want
What my house, or our town, may afford you,
Make it your own fault if you call not for it.
Pray go to bed again! let me compel you:
I'm sure you've no pow'r to deny a woman.
The air is piercing;
And, to a body beaten with long travel,
'Twill prove an ill physician.
Merc. If she
Speak longer I shall be a knave, as rank
As e'er sweat for it.—Sir, if you will send
Your wife up presently, I'll either stay
With you (d'ye mark me?) or deliver you
So just a cause, that you yourself shall thrust
Me out of doors, both suddenly and willingly.
Ant. I'd fain hear that, 'faith!—Pray thee go up, sweetheart!
I've half persuaded him; besides, he hath
Some private business with me.
Maria. Good night, sir!
And what content you would have, I wish with you. [*Exit.*
Merc. Could any man that had a back ask
Oh, me! oh, me! [more?
Ant. Now deal directly with me:
Why should you go? [cause;
Merc. If you be wise, do not enquire the
'Twill trouble you.
Ant. Why? prithee why?
Merc. I'faith,
I would not have you know it; let me go!
'Twill be far better for you.
Ant. Who is that,
That knocks there? is't not at the street-door?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Ant. Who's there? cannot you speak?
Viola [*within*]. A poor
Distressed maid; for God's sake, let me in!
Merc. Let her in, and me out together; 'tis but one labour: [seems
'Tis pity she should stand i' th' street. It
She knows you. [ignorant;
Ant. There she shall stand for me: you're
This is a common custom of the rogues
That lie about the loose parts of the city.
Merc. As how? [night,
Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of
And use some feigned voice to raise compassion;
And when the doors are open, in they rush,
And cut the throats of all, and take the booty:
We cannot be too careful.
Viola [*within*]. As ever you had pity,
Let me in! I am undone else.
Ant. Who are you?
Viola. My name is Viola, a gentlewoman
That ill chance hath distress'd: you know my father. [one
Merc. Alas of God! we'll let her in; 'tis
O' th' gentlewomen were here in the evening;
I know her by her name: poor soul! she's cold,
I warrant her; let her have my warm bed,
And I will take her fortune: come, pray come!
Ant. It is not Viola, that's certain;
She went home to her father's, I am sure.
Viola. Will not you be so good to let me in?
Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away,
If you stay a little longer. She is gone,
I warrant her. Now let me know your cause,
For I will hear't, and not repent the knowing.
Merc. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you:
I love your wife extremely.
Ant. Very well.
Merc. And so well that I dare not stay.
Ant. Why? [and blood,
Merc. For wronging you: I know I'm flesh

all appearance cannot be got over, without a greater knowledge of the customs and manners of our author's times than I am master of. *Sympson.*

This seems to be a temporary allusion, of which, it is probable, no explanation can now be obtained.

And you have done me friendships infinite and often,
That must require me honest, and a true man;
And I will be so, or I'll break my heart.
Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks. [no saint,
Merc. No; tho' I would be good, I am no
Nor is it safe to try me: I deal plainly.
Ant. Come, I dare try you; do the best you can.
Merc. You shall not:
When I am right again, I'll come and see you;
'Till when, I'll use all countries, and all means,
But I will lose this folly; 'tis a devil!
Ant. Is there no way to stay you?
Merc. No; unless [men
You'll have me such a villain to you, as all
Shall spit at me.
Ant. Does she know you love her?
Merc. No, I hope not: that were recompense
Fit for a rogue to render her.
Ant. If ever any
Had a faithful friend, I am that man, and I
May glory in it! This is he, that *ipse*, he,
That passes all Christendom for goodness.
He shall not overgo me in his friendship;
'Twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first;
I am resolved: go thy ways; a wife
Shall never part us: I've consider'd, and
I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art.
I'll speak a bold word; take your time and wooe her,
(You've overcome me clearly) [me.
And do what's fitting with her—you conceive
I'm glad at heart you love her, by this light!
Ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from't!
If you had spoken sooner, sure you had been serv'd:
Sir, you're not ev'ry man. Now to your task!
I give you free leave; and the sin is mine,
If there be any in it.
Merc. He'll be hang'd
Before he makes this good: he cannot be
So innocent a coxcomb; he can tell tensure!—
If I had never known you, as I have done,
I might be one, as others, perhaps sooner;
But now it is impossible, there's too
Much good between us.
Ant. Well, thou'rt e'en the best man—
I can say no more, I am so overjoy'd! [go
You must stay this night, and in the morning
As early as you please; I have a toy for you.
Merc. I thought this pill would make you sick. [notice,
Ant. But where you mean to be I must have
And it must be hard by too: do you mark me?
Merc. Why, what's the matter?
Ant. There is a thing in hand.
Merc. Why, what thing?
Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not
Peevish. We two will be (you'ld little think it)
As famous for our friendship—
Merc. How?
Ant. If Heaven please,
As ever Damon was, and Pytheas;
Or Pylades and Orestes: or any two
That ever were: do you conceive me yet?
Merc. No, by my troth, sir!—He'll not help me up, sure? [think
Ant. You shall anon; and, for our names, I
They shall live after us, and be remember'd
While there's a story, or I'll lose my aim.
Merc. What a vengeance ails he? How do
Ant. Yes, faith, [you?
We two will be such friends as the world shall ring of.
Merc. And why is all this?
Ant. You shall enjoy my wife.
Merc. Away, away!
Ant. The wonder must begin.
So I have cast it, ('twill be scurvy else)
You shall not stir a foot in't: pray be quiet
'Till I have made it perfect.
Merc. What shall a man do with this wretched fellow?
There is no mercy to be us'd towards him;
He is not capable of any pity;
He will, in spite of course, be a cuckold[8];
And who can help it?—Must it begin so,
Think again. [needs, sir?
Ant. Yes, marry must it;
And I myself will wooe this woman for you:
Do you perceive it now? ha? [matter.—
Merc. Yes; now I have a little sight i'th'
Oh, that thy head should be so monstrous,
That all thy servants' hats may hang upon't'—
But do you mean to do this? [for you.
Ant. Yes, certain; I will wooe her, and
Strive not against it; 'tis the overthrow
Of the best plot that ever was then.
Merc. Nay,
I will assure you, sir, I'll do no harm;—
You have too much about you of your own.
Ant. Have you thought of a place yet?
Merc. A place?
Ant. Ay, a place where you will bide:
Prithee no more of this modesty; 'tis foolish!
An we were not determined to be
Absolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.
Merc. I have thought, and you shall hear from me. [glory!
Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting
I have the better of him, that's my comfort!
Good night! [*Exit.*
Merc. Good night!
Well, go thy ways! thou art the tidiest wittol
This day I think above ground;
And yet thy end for all this must be motly.
[*Exit.*

Enter Tinker and Dorothy.

Tinker. 'Tis bitter cold. A plague upon these rogues,

[8] *In spight of* course.] Seward would substitute *courtesy* for *course.*

How

How wary they are grown! not a door open
But double-barred; not a window, [now,
But up with a case of wood, like a spice-box;
And their locks unpickable! the very smiths
That were half venturers, drink penitent sin-
gle ale:
This is the iron age the ballad sings of.
Well, I shall meet with some of your loose
linen yet; [shew
Good fellows must not starve; here's he shall
You God-a-mighty's dog-bolts, if this hold.
Dor. Faith, thou art but too merciful, that's
thy fault;
Thou art as sweet a thief, that sin excepted,
As ever suffer'd; that is a proud word,
And I'll maintain it.
Tinker. Come, prithee let's shog off[9],
And browze an hour or two[10]; there's ale
will make [thing now,
A cat speak at the Harrow: we shall get no-
Without we batter; it is grown too near
Morning; the rogues sleep sober, and are
watchful. [function,
Dor. We want a boy extremely for this
Kept under for a year, with milk and knot-
grass.
In my time I have seen a boy do wonders:
Robin the red tinker had a boy, [years,
(God rest his soul, he suffer'd this time four
For two spoons, and a pewter candlestick),
That sweet man had a boy, as I am cursten'd
whore,
Would have run thro' a cat-hole; he would
Have boulted such a piece of linen in an
evening— [let's go!
Tinker. Well, we will have a boy. Prithee
I am vengeance cold, I tell thee.
Dor. I'll be hang'd
Before I stir without some purchase! By these
Ten bones, I'll turn she-ape, and untile a
house,
But I will have it! It may be I have
A humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Enter Viola.

Tinker. Peace, you flea'd whore! thou hast
a mouth like a blood-hound:
Here comes a night-shade.
Dor. A gentlewoman-whore;
By this darkness, I'll case her to the skin.
Tinker. Peace, I say! [mal night!
Viola. What fear have I endur'd this dis-
And what disgrace, if I were seen and known!
In which this darkness only is my friend,
That only has undone me. A thousand curses
Light on my easy, foolish, childish love,
That durst so lightly lay a confidence
Upon a man, so many being false!
My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy;
I must lie down.
Tinker. What's this? a prayer, or
A homily, or a ballad of good counsel?
She has a gown, I'm sure.
Dor. Knock out her brains!
And then she'll never bite.
Tinker. Yes, I will knock her,
But not yet.—You! woman!
Viola. For God's sake, what are you?
Tinker. One of the grooms of your ward-
robe. Come,
Uncase, uncase! By'r lady, a good kersey!
Viola. Pray do not hurt me, sir.
Dor. Let's have no pity[11]; [whistle.
For if you do, here's that shall cut your
Viola. Alas, what would you have? I am
as miserable
As you can make me any way.
Dor. That shall be tried. [you pleasure.
Viola. Here, take my gown, if that will do
Tinker. Yes, marry will't. Look in the
There may be birds. [pockets, Doll;
Dor. They're flown, a pox go with them!
I'll have this hat, and this ruff too; I like it:
Now will I flourish like a lady brave,
I'faith, boy. [seeming,
Viola. You are so gentle people, to my
That by my truth I could live with you!
Tinker. Could you so?
A pretty young round wench, well-blooded; I
Am for her[12].
Dor. But by this, I am not; cool [on't,
Your codpiece, rogue! or I will clap a spell
Shall take your edge off with a very ven-
geance.
Tinker. Peace, horse-flesh, peace! I'll cast
off my Amazon;

Sh'

[9] *Shog off.*] This cant word is used by Nym, in Shakespeare's Henry V. act ii. scene 1:
'Will you *shog off?* I would have you solus.'
Again, in Marston's What You Will, act v. scene 1:
'——— why then, capricious mirth,
'Skip light moriscoes in our frolick blood,
'Flagg'd veins, sweet, plump with fresh-infused joys,
'Laughter, pucker our cheeks, make shoulders *shog*
'With chucking lightness, &c.
Again, in Jack Drum's Entertainment,
'List to the music that corrupts the gods,
'Subverts even destiny, and thus it *shogs*. *R.*

[10] Browze *an hour or two.*] The text is from Mr. Theobald's margin. I conjectured we should read *rouse*, i. e. *carouse*, but it is a matter of no great moment. *Sympson.*

[11] *Let's have no pity.*] *i. e.* No crying out for pity. *Sympson.*

[12] *Am for her,* thieves.] *Thieves* has stolen into the text here very unaccountably. If the speech

Sh' has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious, [worthies.
She'll fight and scold, and drink like one o'th'
Dor. Uds precious, [ticeing?
You young contagious whore, must you be
And, is your flesh so rank, sir, that two may live upon't?
I'm glad to hear your curtal's[13] grown so lusty;
He was dry-founder'd t'other day; wehee,
My pamper'd jade of Asia[14]!
Viola. Good woman, do not hurt me! I am sorry
That I have given any cause of anger.
Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by
This steel I'll tell, altho' I truss for company!
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,
Without vinegar: I must have her nose!
Viola. By any thing you love best, good sir! good woman!
Tinker. Why her nose, Dorothy?
Dor. If I have it not, [withal.
And presently, and warm, I lose that I go
Tinker. 'Would the devil had that thou goest withal, [whelps,
And thee together! for sure he got thy
If thou hast any; he's thy dear dad[15]. Whore,
Put up your cut-purse! an I take my switch up, [your bung, whore!
'Twill be a black time with you else; sheath
Dor. Will you bind her? [both.
We shall stand here prating, and be hang'd
Tinker. Come, I must bind you: not a word; no crying! [not cry.
Viola. Do what you will, indeed I will
Tinker. Hurt her not: if thou dost, by ale and beer,
I'll clout thy old bald brain-pan with a piece
Of brass, you bitch incarnate.
[*Exeunt Tinker and Dor.*
Viola. Oh, Heav'n, to what am I reserv'd! that knew not,
Thro' all my childish hours and actions,
More sin than poor imagination,
And too-much loving of a faithless man,
For which I'm paid; and so, that not the day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a sanctuary
From thieves and spoilers, can deliver me
From shame, at least suspicion!

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah, lead down
The horses easily! I'll walk a-foot
'Till I be down the hill. 'Tis very early;
I shall reach home betimes. How now? who's there? [yet
Viola. Night, that was ever friend to lovers,
Has rais'd some weary soul, that hates his bed,
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.
Val. H'had a rude heart that did this.
Viola. Gentle sir,
If you have that which honest men call pity,
And be as far from evil as you shew,
Help a poor maid, that this night, by bad fortune,
Has been thus us'd by robbers. [help thee!
Val. A pox upon his heart that would not
This thief was half a lawyer, by his bands.
How long have you been tied here?
Viola. Alas, [perish'd.
This hour, and with cold and fear am almost
Val. Where were the watch the while? Good sober gentlemen!
They were, like careful members of the city,
Drawing in diligent ale, and singing catches,
While Mr. Constable contriv'd the toasts.
These fellows should be more severely punish'd [whips;
Than wandring gipsies, that ev'ry statute
For if they'd every one two eyes apiece more,
Three pots would put them out.
Viola. I cannot tell;
I found no Christian to give me succour.
Val. When they take a thief,
I'll take Ostend again[16]: the whoresons
Drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep
Like tops; as for their bills, they only serve
To reach down bacon to make rashers on.
Now let me know to whom I've done this courtesy,
That I may thank my early rising for it.
Viola. Sir, all I am, you see.

speech is, or is not curtail'd, as I can't promise, yet there is no reason for *thieves* standing here, as there is nothing to which it can probably refer. There are but two ways I know of that we can rid the text of it: the first is by expunging it, as I have done, and the second by supposing that it is a corruption of *this*, and situate in a wrong place, and that the passage once run thus,

A pretty young round wench well blooded, *this*,
I'm for her—— *Sympson.*

[13] *Cortall.*] In Ben Jonson's Masque called Chloridia, a postillion says, 'Look to my 'curtal,' (according to which we have reformed the orthography); and Mr. Whalley says, 'A *curtal* is a *small horse*: properly, one who hath his tail *dock'd* or *curtailed*.'

[14] *My pamper'd jade of Asia.*] This is plainly meant as a burlesque on this line in Marlow's Tamerlane:

'*Holla, you* pamper'd jades of Asia;'

which is also ridiculed in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene 4. *R.*

[15] She's *thy dear dad.*——] Common sense, as Mr. Seward saw too, calls out for change of *she's* into *he's*. *Sympson.*

[16] *Ostend.*] See note 13 on the Woman's Prize.

Val.

Val. You have a name, I'm sure, and a kindred,
A father, friend, or something that must own you.— [were these to rob her!
She's a handsome young wench: what rogues
Viola. Sir, you see all I dare reveal; and, as
You are a gentleman, press me no further!
For there begins a grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger heart than I have in me;
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing:
For your own goodness sake, desire it not!
Val. If you would not have me enquire that,
How do you live then?
Viola. How I have liv'd, is
Still one question, which must not be resolv'd:
How I desire to live, is in your liking;
So worthy an opinion I have of you.
Val. Is in my liking? How, I pray thee? tell me! [power.—
I'faith, I'll do you any good lies in my
She has an eye would raise a bed-rid man:
Come, leave your fear, and tell me; that's a good wench!
Viola. Sir, I would serve—
Val. Who wouldst thou serve? Don't weep,
And tell me.
Viola. Faith, sir, even some good woman;
And such a wife, if you be married,
I do imagine yours.
Val. Alas! thou'rt young and tender;
Let me see thy hand! This was ne'er made to wash,
Or wind up water, beat cloaths, or rub a floor.
By this light, for one use, that shall be nameless, [on!
'Tis the best wanton hand that e'er I look'd
Viola. Dare you accept me, sir? my heart is honest;
Among your virtuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the least.
Val. Thou canst in a chamber?
Viola. In a chamber, sir?
Val. I mean, wait there upon a gentlewoman.—
How quick she is! I like that mainly too;
I'll have her, tho' I keep her with main strength,
Like a besieg'd town; for I know I shall
Have th' enemy afore me within a week.
Viola. Sir, I can sow too, and make pretty laces, [women;
Dress a head handsome, teach young gentle-
For in all these I have a little knowledge.
Val. 'Tis well;—no doubt I shall encrease that knowledge. [me!—
I like her better still; how she provokes
Pretty young maid, you shall serve a good gentlewoman,
Tho' I say it, that will not be unwilling
You should please me, nor I forgetful if you
Viola. I am the happier. [do.
Val. My man shall make some shift to carry you
Behind him: can you ride well?
Viola. But I'll hold fast,
For catching of a fall.
Val. That's the next way [go:
To pull another on you.—I'll work her as I
I know she's wax! Now, now, at this time could I
Beget a worthy on this wench.
Viola. Sir, for [tenfold!
This gentleness, may Heav'n requite you
Val. 'Tis a good wench! however others use thee,
Be sure I'll be a loving master to thee.
Come! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio like an Irish Footman, with a Letter.

Ant. I hope I'm wild enough for being known!
I've writ a letter here, and in it have
Abus'd myself most bitterly, yet, all
My fear is, not enough,
For that must do it, that must lay it on:
I'll win her out o' th' flint; 'twill be more
Now for my language! [famous.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Now, sir; who'd you speak with?
Ant. Where be thy mastres, man? I'd I have a letter. [spake with her:
Serv. Cannot I deliver it? [not, man.
Ant. No, by my trot and fait, canst thou
Serv. Well, sir, I'll call her to you; pray shake your ears
Without a little. [*Exit.*
Ant. Cran a cree, do it quickly!
This rebel tongue[16] sticks in my teeth
Worse than a tough hen: sure it was [ples,
Ne'er known at Babel; for they sold no ap-
And this was made for certain at the first
Planting of orchards, it is so crabbed.

Enter Maria and Servant.

Maria. What's he would speak with me?
Serv. A Kilkenny ring;
There he stands, madam. [friend?
Maria. What would you have with me,
Ant. He has a letter for other women; wilt thou read it?
Maria. From whence?
Ant. De crosse Creest, from my master!
Maria. Who is your master?
Ant. I pray do you look.
Maria. Do you know this fellow?
Serv. No,
Madam, not I, more than an Irish footman.
Stand further, friend; I do not like your rope-runners. [trowsers[17]!
What stallion rogues are these, to wear such
The very cotton may commit adultery.

[16] *This* rebel *tongue.*] See note 26 on this Play.
[17] *To wear such* dowsets.] The variation by Sympson,

Maria.

Maria. I can't find whose hand this should be; I'll read:
'To the beauteous wife of don Antonio.'
Sure this is some blind scribe! Well! now what follows [that
Ant. Pray God it take! I have given her
Will stir her conscience; how it works with her!
Hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it!
Maria. This is the most abhorr'd, intolerable knavery, [more
That e'er slave entertain'd! Sure there is
Than thine own head in
This villainy; it goes like practis'd mischief.
Disabled in his body? Oh, good God!
As I live, he lies fearfully, and basely.
Ha! I should know that jewel; 'tis my husband!—
Come hither, sirrah; are you an Irishman?
Ant. Sweet woman, a cree, I am an Irishman. [your trick, sir?
Maria. Now I know't perfectly: is this
I'll trick you for it!—How long have you
This gentleman? [serv'd
Ant. Please thee, a little day,
O my Mac Dermond put me to my mastree.—
'Tis done, I know.
Maria. By my faith, he speaks as well
As if he had been lousy for the language
A year or two. Well, sir, you had better
Have kept in your own shape, as I will use you. [trial?
What have I done, that should deserve this
I never made him cuckold, to my knowledge.
Sirrah, come hither!
Ant. Now will she send some jewel,
Or some letter; I know her mind as well!
I shall be famous.
Maria. Take this Irish bawd here—
Ant. How!
Maria. And kick him 'till his breeches
And breech be of one colour, a bright blue both! [dare not
Ant. I may be well swing'd thus, for I
Reveal myself: I hope she does not mean it.
[*Servant kicks him.*
Oh hone! oh hone! oh, St. Patrick! oh,
Oh, sweet woman! [a cree!
Maria. Now turn him,
And kick him o' t'other side! that's well.
Ant. Oh, good waiting-man! I beseech thee,
Good waiting-man!—A pox fire your legs;
Maria. You rogue,
You enemy to all, but little breeches, [ter?
How dar'st thou come to me with such a let-
Ant. Prithee
Pity th' poor Irishman!—All this makes for me:
If I win her yet, I'm still more glorious.
Maria. Now could I weep at what I've done; but I'll
Harden my heart again.—Go, shut him up
Until my husband comes home. Yet thus much [not thou
Ere you go, sirrah Thatch'd-Head! wouldst
Be whipt, and think it justice?—
Well *aquavitæ* barrel, I'll bounce you. [gry!
Ant. I pray, do, I beseech you, be not an-
Maria. Oh, you hobby-headed rascal, I'll have you flead,
And trossers[18] made of thy skin to tumble in.
Go, away with him! let him see no sun,
'Till my husband come home.—Sir, I
Shall meet with you for your knavery,
I fear it not.
Ant. Wilt thou not let me go?—
I do not like this.
Maria. Away with him! [a-lent hair.
Serv. Come, I'll lead you in by your jack-
Go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack!
Maria. And, do you hear me, sirrah? when you've done,
Make my coach ready.
Serv. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit with Antonio.*
Maria. Lock him up safe enough.—
I'll to this gentleman, and know the reason
Of all this business, for I do suspect it;
If he have laid this plot, I'll ring him such a peal
Shall make his ears deaf for a month at least.
[*Exit.*

Enter Ricardo.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak-temper'd head, [wrong
That will be mad with drink, endure the
That I have done a virgin, and my love?
Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat
The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madness in!
But sure I never lov'd fair Viola,
I never lov'd my father, nor my mother,
Or any thing but drink! Had I had love,
Nay, had I known so much charity[19]
As would have sav'd an infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the street,
With half a face, gashing myself with knives,
Two hours ere this time.

Enter Pedro, Silvio, and Uberto.

Pedro. Good morrow, sir!
Ric. Good morrow, gentlemen!
Shall we go drink again? I have my wits.

[18] *Trossers.*] *Trossers* appear to have been *loose breeches*: the word is still preserved, but now written *trowsers*. *Steevens.*

[19] *Had I known so much charity.*] The omission of a particle here hurts the sense, as well as the measure: *to know so much charity*, is to possess so much charity; but to *know so much* or *charity*, is to hear or read so much *of* it, as that it is a duty to save an infant from the fire; which is a stronger exclusion of himself to all pretence of charity. *Seward.*

We think the old reading right.

Pedro.

Pedro. So have I, but they're unsettled
'Would I'd some porridge! [ones:
Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,
And told me, that there was a gentlewoman,
Which he took for a whore, that hung on me,
For whom we quarrell'd, and I know not
Pedro. I'faith, nor I. [what.
Uberto. I have a glimmering
Of some such thing.
Ric. Was it you, Silvio, [Pedro.
That made me drink so much? 'twas you or
Pedro. I know not who.
Silvio. We were all apt enough. [me,
Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but
That I would be so entreated!—Come, Silvio,
Shall we go drink again? Come, gentlemen,
Why do you stay? Let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have wine, and throats! I'll practise it,
'Till I have made it my best quality;
For what is best for me to do but that?
For Heav'n sake, come and drink! When I am nam'd, [mean you?
Men shall make answer, 'Which Ricardo
'The excellent drinker?' I will have it so.
Will you go drink?
Silvio. We drunk too much too lately.
Ric. Why, there is then the less behind to drink: [abroad,
Let's end it all! dispatch that, we'll send
And purchase all the wine the world can yield, [earth,
And drink it off; then take the fruits o'th'
Distil the juice from them, and drink that off;
We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow[20];
We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off;
And all this while we'll never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink; but, when we see them weep, [too:
We'll run to them, and drink their tears off
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
In this large globe; but suck it cold and dry,
'Till we have made it elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.
Pedro. Is it flattery,
To tell you, you are mad?
Ric. If it be false,
There's no such way to bind me to a man;
He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more but say,
'Ricardo, thou art mad!' and then all these
Are at his service; then he pleases me,
And makes me think that I had virtue in me,
That I had love and tenderness of heart;
That, tho' I have committed such a fault
As never creature did, yet running mad,
As honest men should do for such a crime,
I have express'd some worth, tho' it be late:
But I, alas, have none of these in me,
But keep my wits still like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.
Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her!
I will deliver it.
Ric. 'Tis to no purpose;
Perhaps she's lost last night; or, if she is
Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to,
The wind can scarce come to her: or, admit
She were herself, if she would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
She were so foolish that she were no more
To be belov'd.

Enter Andrugio, and Servant with a Night-gown.

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her,
And. Where[21]?
Ric. Where? where? speak quickly!
Serv. Searching in the suburbs,
We found a tinker and his whore that had
It in a tap-house, whom we apprehended,
And they confess'd they stole it from her.
Ric. And murder'd her?
Silvio. What ail you, man?
Ric. Why, all this doth not make
Me mad. [else.
Silvio. It does; you would not offer this
Good Pedro, look to's sword!
Serv. They do deny
The killing of her, but swore they
Left her tied to a tree, i'th' fields next those
Suburbs that are without Our Lady's gate,
Near day, and by the road, so that some passenger
Must needs unty her quickly. [I will only
Andr. The will of Heav'n be done! Sir,
Entreat you this, that as you were the greatest
Occasion of her loss, that you'll be pleas'd
To urge your friends, and be yourself earnest
I'th' search of her: if she be found, she is yours, [people
If she please. I myself only will see these
Better examin'd, and after follow
Some way in search. God keep you, gentlemen! [*Exit.*
Silvio. Alas, good man! [this lump
Ric. What think ye now of me? I think
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a soul; for where there's so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine

[20] *That never more may grow.*] i. e. *That nothing more may ever grow.* The expression is strong, but not very clear. *Seward.*
[21] Andr. *Where?*] Dropped since first folio.

Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold thro' every sin,
'Till it could burst these walls, and fly away.—
Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent?
Pedro. With all our hearts. [come there
Ric. Do not divide yourselves, till you
Where they say she was tied: I'll follow too,
But never to return till she be found.
Give me my sword, good Pedro! I will do
No harm, believe me, with it; I am now
Far better-temper'd: if I were not so,
I have enow besides. God keep you all,
And send us good success!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Mercury and Servant.

Merc. WHO is it? can you tell?
Serv. By my troth, sir,
I know not; but it is a gentlewoman.
Merc. A gentlewoman[22]? I'll lay my life
yon puppy [up the bed.
Has sent his wife to me: if he have, fling up
Serv. Here she is, sir.

Enter Maria, with a Letter.

Maria. I'm glad I found you, sir. There, take your letter, [wrong!
And keep it till you have another friend to
'Tis too malicious false to make me sin;
You have provok'd me to be that I love not,
A talker, and you shall
Hear me. Why should you dare t' imagine me
So light a housewife, that, from four hours' knowledge,
You might presume to offer to my credit
This rude and ruffian trial? I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens,
That might concern assurance[23]: you're a fool! [letter.
Merc. I cannot blame you, now I see this
Tho' you be angry, yet with me you must not,
Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong
My worst affections hate.
Maria. Did not you send it?
Merc. No, upon my faith;
And which is more, I understand it not:
The hand is as far from my knowledge,
As the malice.
Maria. This is strange!
Merc. It is so, [ful,
And had been stranger, and indeed more hate-
Had I, that have receiv'd such courtesies,
And owe so many thanks, done this base office.
Maria. Your name is at it.
Merc. Yes, but not my nature;
And I shall hate my name worse than the manner[24], [tuous;
For this base broking. You are wise and vir-
Remove this fault from me;
For, on the love I bear to truth and goodness,
This letter dare not name me for the author.
Maria. Now I perceive my husband's knavery!
If my man can but find where he has been,
I will go with this gentleman, whatsoever
Comes on't; and, as I mean to carry it,
Both he and all the world shall think it fit,
And thank me for it.
Merc. I must confess I loved you at first;
Howe'er this made me leave your house unmannerly,
That might provoke me to do something ill,
Both to your honour and my faith, and not
To write this letter, which I hold so truly
Wicked, that I won't think on't.
Maria. I do believe you, and since I see you're free, [not
My words were not meant to you: but this is
The half of my affliction.
Merc. It is pity [quire?
You should know more vexation; may I en-
Maria. Faith, sir, I fear I've lost my husband. [her;
Merc. Your husband? it can't be. I pity
How she is vex'd!

Enter Servant.

Maria. How now? what news? Nay, speak,
For we must know.

[22] Merc. *A gentleman.*] There is neither sense nor humour in this answer, and our authors must undoubtedly have wrote it, *gentlewoman.* *Sympson.*

[23] Concern *assurance.*] Though the sense of this place be not hard to find out, yet I am afraid the expression is not very justifiable; as the word *tokens* occurs in the line above, I once thought we should read *consign*, or *contain assurance.* *Sympson.*

[24] *Than the* manner.] *Manner* is certainly, as Mr. Seward saw with me, a corruption, and the true reading, which he concurred in, *matter*, *i. e.* the substance or contents of the letter to which his name was subscribed. *Sympson.*

Matter is probably right; yet *manner* is used in old books for *the facts taken in the* MANNER.

Serv.

Serv. Faith, I have found at length,
By chance, where he has been.
Maria. Where?
Serv. In a blind [with him!
Out-house i' th' suburbs: pray God all be well
Maria. Why? [come of him,
Serv. There are his cloaths: but, what's be-
I cannot yet enquire[25].
Maria. I'm glad of this.— [do?
Sure they have murder'd him! What shall I
Merc. Be not so griev'd, before you know the truth! [sudden'st
You've time enough to weep. This is the
Mischief—Did you not bring an officer
To search there, where you say you found his cloaths? [the fellow with him;
Serv. Yes; and we search'd it, and charg'd
But he, like a rogue, a stubborn rogue, made answer, [there,
He knew not where he was; he had been
But where he was now he could not tell:
I tell you true, I fear him.
Maria. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him,
After this three years' travel, come to this?
Serv. It is the rankest house in all the city,
The most curs'd roguy bawdy-house! Hell fire it! [you go home?
Merc. This is the worst I heard yet. Will
I'll bear you company, and give you the
Best help I may: this being here will wrong you. [lov'd
Maria. As you're a gentleman, and as you
Your dead friend, let me not go home!
That will but heap one sorrow on another.
Merc. Why, propose any thing, and I'll perform't:
I am at my wits' end too.
Serv. So am I. Oh, my dear master!
Merc. Peace, you great fool!
Maria. Then, good sir, carry me to some retir'd place,
Far from the sight of this unhappy city;
Whither you will indeed, so it be far enough!
Merc. If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better
To go home, and try what may be done yet;
He may be at home afore you; who can tell?
Maria. Oh, no; I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd! [too.
Tell me not of going home! you murder me
Merc. Well, since it pleases you to have it so,
I will no more persuade you to go home;
I'll be your guide in the country, as your grief
Doth command me. I've a mother, dwelling from [homely,
This place some twenty miles: the house, tho'
Yet able to shew something like a welcome;
Thither I'll see you safe, with all your sorrows.
Maria. With all the speed that may be thought upon!
I have a coach here ready; good sir, quickly!—
I'll fit you, my fine husband!
Merc. It shall be so:
If this fellow be dead, I see no band
Of any other man to tie me from my will;
And I will follow her with such careful service,
That she shall either be my love, or wife.
Will you walk in?
Maria. I thank you, sir; but one word with my man,
And I am ready!—Keep the Irish fellow
Safe, as you love your life, for he I fear
Has a deep hand in this; then search again,
And get out warrants for that naughty man
That keeps the bad house, that he may answer it!
If you find the body, give it due burial.
Farewell! You shall hear from me. Keep all safe!
Serv. Oh, my sweet master!
[*Exeunt.*

Antonio, knocking within.

Ant. Man-a-cree,
The devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?
I prithee now let me go seek my master;
I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you hear, man-a-cree?
I'll cree your coxcomb, an you keep not still;
Down you rogue!
Ant. Good sweet fact sarving-man,
Let me out, I beseech de, and by my trot
I will give dy worship two shillings in good
To buy dy worship pipins. [argot,
Serv. This rogue thinks
All the worth of man consists in pipins: by this light,
I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever[26]!
Ant. Wilt thou not hear me, man?
Is fet! I'll give thee all I have about me.
Serv. I thank you, sir; so I may have picking work[27].
Ant. Here is five shillings, man.
Serv. Here is a cudgel,
A very good one!

Enter two Servants.

2 *Serv.* How now? what's the matter?
Where is the Irishman?
1 *Serv.* There, a wyth take him[28]!
He

[25] *I cannot yet* enquire.] *Enquire*, means here, *find out*. *Sympson.*
[26] *I'll beat* rebellion *out of you for ever.*] A second slur this upon the rebellious Irish. *Sympson.*
[27] *May have* picking *work.*] Meaning he was *lousy*. *Sympson.*
[28] *A* wyth *take him.*] This expression seems to be equivalent to that now used by the vulgar, *a halter take him*. *A wyth* appears to have been a *band* or *halter*. 'I heard a tale of a 'butcher,

He makes more noise alone there, than ten lawyers
Can do with double fees, and a scurvy case[29].
2 Serv. Let him out! I must talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Wilt thou give me
Some drink, oh hone? I am very dry, man.
2 Serv. You shall have that shall quench your thirst, my friend.
Ant. Wat dost thou mean, man?
2 Serv. Even a good tough halter.
Ant. A halter? oh hone!
2 Serv. Sirrah,
You are a mischievous rogue, that's the truth.
Ant. No, fet I am not.
1 Serv. Shall I knock out his brains?
I have kill'd dogs have been worth three of him
For all uses.
2 Serv. Sirrah, the truth on't is,
You must with me to a justice. Oh, Roger, Roger!
1 Serv. Why, what's the matter, William?
2 Serv. Heavy news, Roger,
Heavy news; God comfort us!
1 Serv. What is't, man? [weary
Ant. What's the matter now?—I am ev'n
Of this way: 'would I were out on't!
2 Serv. My master sure
Is murder'd, Roger, and this cursed rogue,
I fear, has had a hand in't.
Ant. No, fet, not!
1 Serv. Stand away!
I'll kick it out of him: come, sirrah, mount;
I'll make you dance, you rascal! kill my master?
If thy breech were cannon-proof, having this
Good cause on my side, I would encounter it;
Hold fair, Shamrock!
Ant. Why, how now, sirs!
You will not murder me, indeed?
2 Serv. Bless us, Roger!
Ant. Nay, I am no spirit.
2 Serv. How do you, sir?
This is my very master.
Ant. Why, well enough yet;
But you've a heavy foot of your own.
Where's my wife?
1 Serv. Alas, poor sorrowful gentlewoman,
She thinks you're dead, and has given o'er housekeeping.
Ant. Whither is she gone then?
1 Serv. Into the country
With the gentleman, your friend, sir,
To see if she can wear her sorrows out there:
She weeps and takes on too—
Ant. This falls out pat;
I shall be everlasting for a name!—
Do you hear? upon your lives and faiths to me,
Not one word I am living!
But let the same report pass along, that
I am murder'd still.—I'm made for ever! [you.—
1 Serv. Why, sir?
Ant. I have a cause, sir; that's enough for
Well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much:
For any thing I know, I will not trouble him
This week at least; no, let them take their
One of another! [way
1 Serv. Sir, will you be still an Irishman? [more?
Ant. Yes, a while.
2 Serv. But your worship will be beaten no
Ant. No, I thank you, William. [do it
1 Serv. In truth, sir, if it must be so, I'll
Better than a stranger.
Ant. Go; you're knaves both!
But I forgive you.—I am almost mad
With the apprehension of what I shall be.—
Not a word, I charge you! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Viola.

Val. Come, pretty soul, we now are near our home, [hill,
And whilst our horses are walk'd down the
Let thou and I walk here over this close!
The footway is more pleasant. 'Tis a time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love;
Art not thou so too? ha?
Viola. Nay, there are living things

'butcher, who driving two calves over a common, that were coupled together by the necks 'with an *oaken wyth*. In the way where they should pass, there lay a poor lean mare, with 'a gall'd back, to whom they coming (as chance fell out) one of one side, and the other of 'the other, smelling on her, (as their manner is) the midst of the *wyth* that was betwixt 'their necks rubbed her and grated her on the sore back, that she started and rose up, and 'hung them both on her back as a beam; which being but a rough plaister to her raw ulcer, 'she ran away with them (as she were frantic) into the fens, where the butcher could not 'follow them, and drowned both herself and them in a quagmire. Now the owner of the 'mare is in law with the butcher for the loss of his mare, and the butcher interchangeably 'indicts him for his calves.' *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devil, by Tho. Nashe*, 1593, p. 15.

This whimsical story so much resembles the case of Bullum and Boatum, told by the late Lecturer on Heads, that he might almost be suspected to have borrowed the idea from Nash. *R.*

[29] *With* double, *and a scurvy* case.] Mr. Seward proposed reading *doubtful*, or *double and scurvy*, i. e. *doubly scurvy*. I only suppose a word has been dropt here by chance, and that the whole ran once,

——double *fees*, and a scurvy *cause*.

i. e. doubly paid to plead a scurvy cause. *Sympson.*

Empty

Empty of love, or I had not been here;
But, for myself, alas, I have too much.
Val. It cannot be, [grace,
That so much beauty, so much youth and
Should have too much of love.
Viola. Pray what is love?
For I am full of that I do not know.
Val. Why, love, fair maid, is an extreme desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd;
To ask the reason why thou art in love,
Or what might be the noblest end in love,
Would overthrow that kindly-rising warmth,
That many times slides gently o'er the heart;
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts would be
Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,
And void of all compassion; and, to fright thee
From such enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen, the knowing what love is
Would make thee six and forty.
Viola. 'Would it would make me nothing!—I have heard
Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by love,
But I believe, women maintain all this;
For there's no love in men.
Val. Yes, in some men.
Viola. I know them not.
Val. Why, there is love in me.
Viola. There's charity I'm sure towards me.
Val. And love,
Which I will now express: my pretty maid,
I dare not bring thee home; my wife is foul,
And therefore envious; she is very old,
And therefore jealous; thou art fair and young,
A subject fit for her unlucky vices
To work upon; she never will endure thee.
Viola. She may endure,
If she be aught but devil, all the friendship
That I will hold with you. Can she endure
I should be thankful to you? may I pray
For you and her? will she be brought to think,
That all the honest industry I have
Deserves brown bread? If this may be endur'd,
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,
Ere she fall out with me. [someness.
Val. But, trust me, she does hate all hand-
Viola. How fell you in love with such a
Val. I never lov'd her. [creature?
Viola. And yet married her?
Val. She was a rich one.
Viola. And you swore, I warrant you,
She was a fair one then too.
Val. Or, believe me,
I think I had not had her.
Viola. Are you men [place,
All such? 'Would you would wall us in a
Where all we women that are innocent
Might live together!
Val. Do not weep at this:
Altho' I dare not, for some weighty reason,
Displease my wife, yet I'll forget not thee.
Viola. What will you do with me?
Val. Thou shalt be plac'd [raiment
At my man's house, and have such food and
As can be bought with money: these white hands
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play,
As thou sayst they were wont, teaching the strings
To move in order, or what else thou wilt.
Viola. I thank you, sir; but pray you cloath me poorly,
And let my labour get me means to live!
Val. But, fair one, you I know do so much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.
Viola. I will work
As much out as I can, and take as little; and
That you shall have as duly paid to you
As ever servant did.
Val. But give me now
A trial of it, that I may believe!
We are alone; shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stol'n away
From my too-clamorous wife that watches me,
To spend a blessed hour or two with thee!
Viola. Is this the love you mean? You would have that
Is not in me to give; you would have lust.
Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis lust I wish indeed.
Viola. And, by my troth, [kindly,
I have it not! For Heav'n's sake, use me
Tho' I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,
As this world goes!
Val. I do but speak to thee;
Thy answers are thy own; I compel none:
But if thou refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me. Alas, good soul!
What profit can thy work bring me?
Viola. But I fear: I pray go! for lust, they say, will grow
Outrageous, being denied. I give you thanks
For all your courtesies, and there's a jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the robbers. Pray you leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heav'n will bless you for it!
Val. Pretty maid,
I am no robber, nor no ravisher.
I pray thee keep thy jewel. I have done
No wrong to thee. Tho' thou be'st virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.
Viola. No, sir;
For God's sake, if you know an honest man
In all these countries, give me some directions
To find him out!
Val. More honest than myself, [lain
Good sooth, I do not know: I would have
With thee, with thy consent; and who would not,
In all these parts, is past my memory.
I'm sorry for thee. Farewell, gentle maid;
God keep thee safe! [*Exit.*
Viola.

Viola. I thank you, sir; and you!
Woman, they say, was only made of man:
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!
It may be, all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.—I'll sit me down and weep! [earth:
All things have cast me from 'em but the
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter Nan and Madge, with Milk-pails.

Nan. Good Madge,
Let's rest a little; by my troth, I'm weary.
This new pail is a plaguy heavy one; 'would Tom [ard'st
Were hang'd for chusing it! 'tis the untow-
Fool in a country. [too, Nan.
Madge. With all my heart, and I thank you
Viola. What true contented happiness dwells here,
More than in cities! 'Would to God my father
Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up
To milk, and do as they do! Methinks 'tis
A life that I would chuse, if I were now
To tell my time again, above a prince's.—Maids, [of milk,
For charity, give a poor wench one draught
That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd!
Nan. If I'd but one cow's milk in all the world, [more! the cheese
You should have some on't: there; drink
Shall pay for it. Alas, poor heart, she's dry.
Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?
Viola. No; 'would I did! [cousin Sue
Nan. Madge, if she does not look like my
O' th' Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another. [Sue well:
Madge. Nay; Sue has a hazel eye, I know
And, by your leave, not so trim a body, neither;
This is a feat-bodied thing, I tell you.
Nan. She laces close [too.
By the mass, I warrant you; and so does Sue
Viola. I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.
Nan. Drink again, pray thee! [thee for't!
Viola. I'm satisfied; and Heav'n reward
Yet thus far I'll compel you, to accept
These trifles, toys only that express my thanks,
For greater worth I'm sure they have not in them.
Indeed you shall; I found them as I came.
Nan. Madge! look you here, Madge!
Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you; mine is [in't:
All gold, and painted, and a precious stone
I warrant it cost a crown, wench.
Nan. But mine
Is the most sumptuous one that e'er I saw.
Viola. One favour you must do me more,
Are well acquainted here. [for you
Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, sister. [place,
Viola. Only to send me to some honest
Where I may find a service. [last week,
Nan. Uds me, our Dorothy went away but
And I know my mistress wants a maid, and why [wench,
May she not be plac'd there? This is a likely
I tell you truly, and a good wench, I warrant her. [have serv'd
Madge. And 'tis a hard case, if we that
Four years apiece, cannot bring in one servant;
We will prefer her. Hark you, sister!
Pray what's your name?
Viola. Melvia. [milk a cow?
Nan. A feat name, i'faith! And can you
And make a merry-bush? That's nothing.
Viola. I shall learn quickly. [serve a pig?
Nan. And dress a house with flowers? and
(This you must do, for we deal in the dairy)
And make a bed or two?
Viola. I hope I shall. [they will mar
Nan. But be sure to keep the men out;
All that you make else, I know that by my self;
For I have been so touz'd among 'em in
My days! Come, you shall e'en home with us,
And be our fellow; our house is so honest,
And we serve a very good woman, and a gentlewoman! [days
And we live as merrily, and dance o' good
After even-song. Our wake shall be on Sunday: [mighty cheer then,
Do you know what a wake is? We have
And such a coil, 'twould bless ye! You must
Be so bashful, you'll spoil all. [not
Madge. Let's home, for God's sake!
My mistress thinks by this time we are lost.
Come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you: [born,
But you must tell my mistress where you were
And every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things
You can devise, for she loves those extremely;
'Tis no matter whether they be true or no, she's not so scrupulous.
You must be our sister, and love us best,
And tell us every thing; and when cold weather
Comes, we'll lie together: will you do this?
Viola. Yes.
Nan. Then home again, o' God's name?
Can you go apace?
Viola. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Pedro and Silvio[29]*, severally.*

Pedro. HOW now? any good news yet?
Silvio. Faith, not any yet.
Pedro. This comes o' tippling: would 'twere treason,
An't please God, to drink more than three
Draughts at a meal.
Silvio. When did you see Ricardo?
Pedro. I cross'd him twice to-day.
Silvio. You have heard of
A young wench that was seen last night?
Pedro. Yes.
Silvio. Has Ricardo heard of this?
Pedro. Yes; and I think
He's ridden after. Farewell! I will have
Another round.
Silvio. If you hear any thing,
Pray spare no horse-flesh; I will do the like.
Pedro. Do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ricardo and Valerio.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you, by all de-
Val. 'Tis so; [scriptions.
I took her up indeed, the manner how
You've heard already, and what she had about her,
(As jewels, gold, and other trifling things)
And what my end was, which, because she slighted,
I left her there i' th' fields. [rogue,
Ric. Left i' th' fields? Could any but a
That had despis'd humanity and goodness,
Heav'n's law and credit, and had set himself
To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue
To the rude mercy of a wilderness? [house!
Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my
I do not use to have such language given
Within my doors to me. As for your wench,
You may go seek her with more patience;
She's tame enough, I warrant you.
Ric. Pray forgive me,
(I do confess my much forgetfulness)
And weigh my words no further, I beseech you, [seiz'd me,
Than a mere madness! for such a grief has
So strong and deadly, as a punishment,
And a just one too,
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
Than any thing I utter. Yet, let me tell you
Thus much; it was a fault for leaving her
So in the fields.
Val. Sir, I will think so now;
And credit me, you have so wrought me with
Your grief, that I do both forgive and pity you: [here,
And if you'll please to take a bed this night
To-morrow I will bring you where I left her.
Ric. I thank you, no! Shall I be so unworthy
To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,
And have my heart stray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,
And all good comforts else, unless some tree,
Whose speechless charity must better ours,
With which the bitter east winds made their sport
And sung thro' hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a day[30]? Shall she be thus,
And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid!
No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks,
Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edg'd winds that prime[31]

[29] *Enter* Pedro *and* Uberto *severally.*] The dissonance between the persons in the stage direction, and those in the text, is too glaring to be overlooked. *Sympson.*

[30] *To keep off half a day?*] 'Tis pity this fine passage should be clog'd with the least obscurity. But what is *half a day* here? The twelve hours of the night? Or may *day* here signify the *open air*, as the miners use it in Derbyshire? When the ore is brought from under ground, they say, *Its brought to day.* If this last may be allow'd, the sentiment is extremely just. *To keep off only half the inclemency of the air.* *Sympson.*

The expression, we think, means *to keep off the weather during half a day*: 'The twelve 'hours of the night,' is a ridiculous preciseness.

[31] ——————— *that* prime
The maiden blossoms.] Here we have another difficulty to encounter, which I am afraid is not capable of being explained into sense, and therefore must be cured another way. To *prime blossoms, i. e.* to *nip*, or *make them wither*, is, I fancy, an expression for which there can be found no authority, and so the less likely to have any claim for a place here. There are two ways of making this passage sense; the first is by reading thus, *that* prune, &c. which Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in; the other, and which I like better, is this;

——————— that *pine*
The maiden blossoms. *Sympson.*

Perhaps *prime the maiden blossoms*, might have been intended to signify to *cut them off in their* PRIME.

The

The maiden blossoms; I provoke you all,
And dare expose this body to your sharpness,
'Till I be made a land-mark!
Val. Will you then stay
And eat with me?
Ric. You're angry with me, I know you're angry;
You would not bid me eat else. My poor mistress,
For aught I know, thou'rt famish'd; for what else
Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season,
That yet holds in the fruit? Good gentle sir,
Think not ill manners in me for denying
Your offer'd meat! for sure I cannot eat
While I do think she wants. Well, I'm a rascal,
A villain, slave, that only was begotten,
To murder women, and of them the best.
Val. This is a strange affliction! If you will
Accept no greater courtesy, yet drink, sir.
Ric. Now I am sure you hate me: an you knew
What kind of man I am—as indeed 'tis fit
That every man should know me, to avoid me.
If you have peace within you, sir, or goodness,
Name that abhorr'd word *drink* no more unto me!
You had safer strike me.
I pray you do not, if you love me, do not!
Val. Sir, I mean no ill by't.
Ric. It may be so;
Nor let me see none, sir, if you love Heav'n!
You know not what offence it is unto me;
Nor, good now, do not ask me why: and I warn
You once again, let no man else speak of it!
I fear your servants will be prating to me.
Val. Why, sir, what ail you?
Ric. I hate drink, there's the end on't;
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd[32],
Without an age of prayers and repentance;
And there's a hazard too: good sir, no more!
If you will do me a free courtesy,
That I shall know for one, go take your horse,
And bring me to the place where you left her.
Val. Since you are so importunate, I will:
But I will wish, sir, you had stay'd to-night;
Upon my credit, you shall see no drink.
Ric. Be gone! the hearing of it makes me giddy:
Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it?
I shall be mad else.
Val. I pray no more of that!
I'm quiet; I'll walk in, and away straight.
Ric. Now I thank you! But what you do,
Do in a twinkling, sir!
Val. As soon as may be. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Viola, Nan, and Madge.

Mother. Is this the wench? You've brought me some catch, I warrant.
How daringly she looks upon the matter!
Madge. Yes, forsooth, this is the maiden
Mother. Come hither! Would you serve
Viola. If it shall please you to accept my service; [you
I hope I shall do something that shall like
Tho' it be but truth, and often praying for you
Mother. You are very curious of your hand methinks,
You preserve it so with gloves: let me see it
Ay, marry, here's a hand of marchpane wenches!
This pretty palm never knew sorrow yet:
How soft it is, I warrant you, and supple!
O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket, [one
To filch withal, than to work: I fear me, little
You are no better than you should be; go to
Viola. My conscience yet is but one wit ness to me, [cence
And that, Heav'n knows, is of mine inno
'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough
The time that I have led yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary
Mother. You can say well;
If you be mine, wench, you must do well too
For words are but slow workers: yet, so much
Hope I have of you, that I'll take you, so
You will be diligent, and do your duty.
How now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a messenger come
From your son, that brings you word he is return'd
From travel, and will be here this night,
Mother. Now joy upon thee for it! thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings; there, drink that
In troth th' hast much contented me. My son
Lord, how thou hast pleas'd me! shall I see my son [some
Yet ere I die? Take care my house be hand
And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes, [carpe
And flow'rs for the window, and the Turke
And the great parcel salt, Nan, with the cru ets!
And prithee, Alexander, go to th' cook,
And bid him spare for nothing, my son's com
Who's come with him? [home
Alex. I hear of none yet, but a gentlewo man. [man
Mother. A gentlewoman? what gentlewo
Alex. I know not: but such a one there is he says. [himse
Mother. Pray God he have not cast awa
Upon some snout-fair piece! I do not like

[32] *And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd.*] As the line is deficient by a syllable we may preserve the sentiment, and restore the measure, by reading thus;
And that man that drinks *without* meat is damn'd. *Sympson.*

Ale

Alex. No, sure my master has more discretion. [welcome.
Mother. Well, be it how it will he shall be
Sirs, to your tasks, and shew this little novice
How to bestir herself! I'll sort out things.
[*Exit.*
Madge. We will, forsooth: I can tell you, my mistress
Is a stirring woman.
Nan. Lord, how she'll talk sometimes!
It is the maddest cricket—
Viola. Methinks she talks well,
And shews a great deal of good housewifery.
Pray let me deck the chambers, shall I?
Nan. Yes,
You shall; but do not scorn to be advis'd,
Sister, for there belongs more to that than
You are aware on: why [ings?
Would you venture so fondly upon the straw-
There's mighty matters in them, I'll assure you,
And in the spreading of a bough-pot; you
May miss, if you were ten years elder, if
You take not especial care before you.
Viola. I will learn willingly, if that be all.
Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young master hath been? [where they
Madge. Faith I know not; beyond the sea,
Are born without noses.
Nan. Jesse, bless us! without noses?
How do they do for handkerchiefs?
Madge. So Richard says:
And, sirrah, their feet stand in their foreheads.
Nan. That's fine,
By my troth! These men have pestilent running heads then.
Do they speak as we do?
Madge. No, they never speak.
Nan. Are they cursen'd?
Madge. No, they call them infidels;
I know not what they are.
Nan. Sirrah, we shall have [home.
Fine courting, now my young master is come
Were you never courted, sister?
Viola. Alas, I know it not.
Madge. What is that courting, sirrah?
Nan. I can tell, for
I was once courted in the matted chamber:
You know the party, Madge; faith, he courted finely!
Madge. Pray thee what is't?
Nan. Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat
Figent with me; faith, 'tis fine sport, this courting.
Alex. [*within*] Where be the maids there?
Madge. We shall be hang'd anon! Away, good wenches!
And have a care you dight things handsomely;
I will look over you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercury and Maria.

Merc. If your sorrow
Will give you so far leave, pray think yourself
Most welcome to this place, for so upon
My life you are; and for your own fair sake,
Take truce awhile with these immoderate mournings! [may.
Maria. I thank you, sir; I shall do what I
Pray lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Merc. Presently.
Before your blessing, mother, I entreat you
To know this gentlewoman, and bid her welcome;
The virtuous wife of him that was myself
In all my travels! [*Kneels.*
Mother. Indeed she is most welcome; so are you, son. [me
Now, all my blessing on thee, thou hast made
Younger by twenty years than I was yesterday! [man?
Will you walk in? What ails this gentlewo-
Alas, I fear she is not well: good gentlewo-
Merc. You fear right. [man!
Mother. Sh'has fasted over-long;
You shall have supper presently o'th' board.
Merc. She will not eat, I can assure you, mother.
For God's sake, let your maid conduct her up
Into some fair-becoming chamber, fit for
A woman of her being, and as soon as may be!
I know she's very ill, and would have rest.
Mother. There is one ready for her, the blue chamber. [ber door,
Merc. 'Tis well: I'll lead you to your cham-
And there I'll leave you to your quiet, mistress. [one!
Maria. I thank you, sir! Good rest to every
You'll see me once again to-night, I hope.
[*Exit.*
Merc. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, lady.
Mother. Where are these maids? Attend upon the gentlewoman,
And see she want no good thing in the house!
Good night with all my heart, forsooth!—
Good Lord,
How you are grown! Is he not, Alexander?
Alex. Yes, truly; he's shot up finely, God be thanked!
Merc. An ill weed, mother, will do so.
Alex. You say true, sir; an ill weed grows apace. [very quickly.
Merc. Alexander the sharp, you take me
Mother. Nay, I can tell you, Alexander
Do you read Madcap still? [will do it.
Alex. Sometimes, forsooth.
Mother. But, faith, son, what countries have you travell'd? [fore me;
Merc. Why, many, mother, as they lay be-
France, Spain, Italy, and Germany,
And other provinces, that I am sure [them.
You are not better'd by, when you hear of
Mother. And can you these tongues per-
Mer. Of some [fectly?
A little, mother.
Mother. Pray, spout some French, son.
Merc. You understand it not; and to your ears 'twill

Go like an unshod cart upon the stones,
Only a rough unhandsome sound.
Mother. Faith, I would fain
Hear some French.
Alex. Good sir, speak some French
To my mistress.
Merc. At your entreaty, Alexander,
I will. Who shall I speak to?
Alex. If your worship
Will do me the favour, sir, to me.
Merc. Monsieur poltron,
Cocu, couillon, baisez mon cú!
Alex. Oui, monsieur.
Mother. Ha, ha, ha! this is fine indeed!
God's blessing on thy heart, son! By my troth!
Thou'rt grown a proper gentleman! *Cullen* and *pullen,* [yond the seas!
Good God, what aukward words they use be-
Ha, ha, ha!
Alex. Did not I answer right?
Merc. Yes, good Alexander,
If you had done so too. But, good mother,
I am very hungry, and have rid far to-day,
And am fasting. [sently,
Mother. You shall have your supper pre-
My sweet son. [ended,
Merc. As soon as you please; which, once
I'll go and visit yon sick gentlewoman.
Mother. Come then! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio like a Post, with a Letter.

Ant. I've ridden like a fury, to make up this work;
And I will do it bravely, ere I leave it.
This is the house, I am sure.

Enter Alexander.

Alex. Who would
You speak with, sir?
Ant. Marry, sir, I'ld speak with
A gentlewoman came this night late here from the city:
I have some letters of importance to her.
I am a post, sir, and would be dispatch'd
In haste.
Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em?
For, the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber. [with her,
Ant. Pray pardon me; I must needs speak
My business is so weighty.
Alex. I'll tell her so,
And bring you present word. [*Exit.*
Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend her.
Pray God, the grief of my imagin'd death
Spoil not what I intend! I hope it will not.

Re-enter Alexander.

Alex. Tho' she be very ill, and desires no trouble,
Yet, if your business be so urgent, you may
Come up and speak with her.
Ant. I thank you, sir;
I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria.

Maria. What should this fellow be,
I' th' name of Heav'n, that comes with such post business?
Sure my husband hath reveal'd himself,
And in this haste sent after me. Are you
The post, my friend?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Yes, forsooth, mistress.
Maria. What good news hast thou brought me, gentle post?
For I have woe and grief too much already.
Ant. I would you had less, mistress, I could wish it.—
Beshrew my heart, she moves me cruelly!
Maria. Have I found you once more, juggler?
Well, jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee,
Of all I read of yet: what ears has this ass
To betray him with!—Well, what's your business then? [vant, mistress,
Ant. I've brought a letter from your ser-
In haste. [still.
Maria. Pray give it me; I hope the best
Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I've hit it!
Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk,
I shall hear more of this an hundred years hence. [have special care;
Maria [*reading*]. By any means, you must
For now the city is possess'd for certain,
My master is made away; which, for aught I know,
Is a truth indeed. [danger,
Good mistress, leave your grief, and see your
And let that wise and noble gentleman
With whom you are, be your right-hand in all things!
Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't!
By th' languishing of her eye at this near instant,
It is still simming in her blood, in coining
Somewhat to turn Mercury, I know it.
Maria. He is my husband, and 'tis reasonable [will be
He should command in all things: since he
An ass against the hair[33], at his own peril

[33] *Against the* hair.] In the First Part of Henry IV. Worcester says,
'The quality and *hair* of our attempt
'Brooks no division;'
and Dr. Johnson remarks, that 'the *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The 'metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our authors' time. We still say, 'something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency;' and Mr. Steevens adds, 'In an old comedy called the Family of Love, I meet with an expression 'which very well supports Dr. Johnson's first explanation: "They say, I am of the right *hair*, "and indeed they may stand to't."'

Be

Be it!—I' th' morning you shall have a packet,
'Till when I must entreat you stay; you shall
Not lose by it.
Ant. I do not doubt it, mistress;
I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure. [o' th' house;
Maria. Do; and seek out the gentleman
Bid him come to me presently.
Ant. Who? Mr. Mercury?
Maria. Do you know him, post?
Ant. Only by sight, forsooth:
Now I remember, your servant willed me
To let you know, he is the only man
You and your fortunes are now to rest upon.
Maria. Prithee, no more; I know all this already. [for ever!
Ant. I'll take my leave now.—I am made
Maria. Good night! [*Exit Ant.*
I am provided for you, my fine youth.
[*Exit.*

Enter Mother, beating Viola, and Alexander with a broken glass.

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.
Viola. Good mistress, pardon me!
Mother. Thou'lt ne'er be good, I warrant thee!
Can your fine fingers hold no faster?
Viola. Indeed,
It was against my will.
Mother. Alexander, [man,
Let's see the glass! As I'm true kirsome wo-
It is one of the crystal glasses my cousin sent me! [not be mended.
And the baggage hath broke it where it can-
Alexander, can Humphry mend this, think you?
Alex. No, truly, this will ne'er be mended.
Viola. Truly,
I meant but to wash it for the gentlewoman
That's sick above, and shaking out the water,
Knock'd it against the pail-side.
Mother. Did you so?
Be sure I'll stop it! 'twill make a good gap in
Your quarter's wages, I can tell you.
Viola. I pray forgive me,
And let me have no wages this first quarter.
Mother. Go, whimling, and fetch two or three grating loves
Out of the kitchen, to make gingerbread of.
'Tis such an untoward thing!
[*Exit Viola.*
Alex. She's somewhat simple,
Indeed; she knew not what a kimnel[34] was;
She wants good nurture mightily.
Mother. My son tells me, Alexander,
That this young widow means to sojourn here;
She offers largely for her board, I may
Offer her good cheer. Prithee make a step
I' th' morning down to th' parsonage for some pigeons!
What, are you mad there? what noise is that?
Are you at bowls within? Why do you whine?

Enter Viola weeping.

Viola. I have done another fault; I beseech
Sweet mistress, forgive me! [you,
Mother. What's the matter?
Viola. As I was reaching for the bread that lay [meat,
Upon the shelf, I have thrown down the minc'd-
That should have made the pies to-morrow.
Mother. Get thee [lot thou!
Out of my house, thou filthy destroying har-
I'll not keep thee an hour longer. [my fault,
Viola. Good mistress, beat me rather for
As much as it deserves! I do not know
Whither to go. [doors!
Mother. No, I warrant thee; out of my
Viola. Indeed I'll mend. I pray you speak for me! [but the pie-meat,
Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing
I would have spoke for thee; but now I can-
Find in my heart. [not
Mother. Art thou here yet? I think I must have must I?
An officer to thrust thee out of my doors,
Viola. Why, you may stop this in my wages too:
For God's sake, do! I'll find myself this year,
And let me stay.
Mother. Thou't spoil ten times as much.
I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.
Viola. I am assur'd you are more merciful,
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.
Mother. Dost thou dispute with me? Alexander, carry
The prating hilding forth. [a jewel
Viola. Good mistress, hear me! I have here
My mother left me, and 'tis something worth:
Receive it; and when all my faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth;
'Till then, I pray you keep me.
Mother. What jiggumbob have we here?
Pray God, you have not pilfer'd this somewhere.
Thou'rt such a puling thing! Wipe your eyes,
And rise; go your ways. Alexander,
Bid the cook mince some more meat. Come,
And get you to bed quickly, that you may
Up betime i' th' morning a-milking,
Or you and I shall fall out worse yet.
[*Exeunt Mother and Alex.*
Viola. Sh' has hurt my arm:
I am afraid she's a very angry woman,
But, bless him, Heav'n, that did me the most wrong!
I am afraid Antonio's wife should see me;
She will know me.
Mother [*within*]. Melvia!
Viola. I'm coming; she's not angry again,
I hope. [*Exit.*

Enter Mercury.

Merc. Now what am I the better for enjoying

[34] *Kimnel.*] Or *kemlin*, is a powdering-tub. *Sympson.*

This woman, that I lov'd so? All I find,
That I before imagin'd to be happy,
Now I have done it, turns to nothing else
But a poor, pitied, and a base repentance.
Udsfoot, I'm monstrous angry with myself!
Why should a man, that has discourse and reason, [things,
And knows how near he loses all in these
Covet to have his wishes satisfied? [shame.
Which, when they are, are nothing but the
I do begin to loath this woman strangely,
And I think justly too, that durst adventure
Flinging away her modesty, to take
A stranger to her bed, (her husband's body
Being scarce cold i'th' earth) for her content.
It was no more to take my senses with,
Than if I had an idle dream in sleep:
Yet I have made her promises, which grieves me, [me!
And I must keep 'em too.—I think she hunts
The devil cannot keep these women off,
When they are flesh'd once[35].

Enter Maria in night attire.

Maria. To bed, for God's sake, sir!
Why do you stay here? Some are up i'th' house; [bed.
I heard the wife. Good dear sweetheart to
Merc. Why, I am going! Why do you follow me? [get you
You would not have it known, I hope. Pray
Back to your chamber! the door's hard by.
For me,
Let me alone; I warrant you!—This 'tis
To thresh well, I have got a customer!
Will you go to bed?
Maria. Will you?
Merc. Yes, I am going.
Maria. Then remember your promise you made to marry me.
Merc. I will; but it was your fault, that it came [brance:
To this pinch now, that it must need remem-
For, out of honesty, I offer'd you
To marry you first; why did you slack that offer? [of it,
Maria. Alas, I told you th' inconvenience
And what wrong it would appear to th' world,
If I had married you in such post-haste
After his death: beside, the foolish people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain
Together in his time, and like enough
Imagined we two had murder'd him. [saint,
Merc. I love her tongue yet! If I were a
A gilded saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o' th' kalendar; [mad
And if I stay longer talking with her, tho' I'm
At what I have done already, yet I shall
Forget myself again: I feel the devil
Ready to hold my stirrup.—Pray, to bed!
Good night!
Maria. This kiss! good night, sweet love,
And peace go with thee!—Thou hast prov'd thyself
Th' honestest man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet sin, as people please to call it,
Of lying with another's wife; and I,
I think, the honestest woman, without
Blushing, that e'er lay with another man.
I sent my husband into the cellar, post,
Fearing, and justly, he should have known him; [end.
Which I did not purpose 'till I had had my
Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Justice and Curio with a paper.

Just. BY'RLADY, sir, you've rid hard, that you have.
Curio. They that have business must do so, I take it. [friend?
Just. You say true. When set you out, my
Curio. About ten o'clock; and I have rid all night. [seen the day
Just. By th'mass, you're tough indeed. I've
I would have rid too with the proudest of them,
And fling dirt in their faces, and I've done't with
This foolish body[36], sir, many a time:
But what can last always? 'Tis done, 'tis done now sir! [cloths,
Age, care, and office, bring us to our foot-
The more the pity!
Curio. I believe that, sir;
But will it please you to read the business?
Just. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.
Curio. 'Would I could too, sir! for my haste requires it.
Just. Whence comes it, do you say?
Curio. Sir, from the city.

[35] Fletched *once.*] Corrected in 1750.

[36] *This foolish* boy.] As *boy* has nothing to which it can be referr'd, I conjectur'd we should read *body*, and Mr. Theobald, I found, had wrote the same in his margin. *Sympson.*

Just.

Just. Oh, from the city; 'tis a reverend place—
Curio. An his justice be as short as his memory,
A dudgeon-dagger[37] will serve him to mow down
Sin withal: what clod-pole commissioner is this?
Just. And, by my faith, govern'd by worthy members,
Discreet and upright.
Curio. Sir, they're beholding to you;
You've given some of them a commendation,
They were not worthy of this twenty years.
Just. Go to, go to! you have a merry meaning;
I've found you, sir; i'faith, you are a wag;
Away, fy!—Now I'll read your letter.
Curio. Pray do, sir. What a misery it is
To have an urgent business wait the justice
Of such an old tuff-taffata, that knows not,
Nor can be brought to understand, more sense
Than how to restore suppress'd ale-houses,
And have his man compound small trespasses,
For ten groats!
Just. Sir, it seems here your
Business is of a deeper circumstance
Than I conceiv'd it for.—What do you mean, sir?
Curio. 'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your worship.
Just. It shall not be, i'faith, friend.—Here I have it,
That one Antonio, a gentleman—
I take it so; yes, it is so—a gentleman,
Is lately thought to have been made away;
And, by my faith, upon a parlous ground too,
If you consider. Well, there's knavery in't;
I see that without spectacles.
Curio. Sure this fellow
Deals in revelation, he's so hidden:
Go thy ways! thou wilt stick a bench, spit[38] as formally,
And shew thy agot and hatch'd chain, as well as the best of them.
Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.
Curio. What, sir?
Just. That he was murder'd.
Curio. Did you know him?
Just. No.
Curio. Nor how it is suppos'd?
Just. No; nor
I care not two-pence, those are toys; and yet
I verily believe he was murder'd,
As sure as I believe thou art a man.
I never fail'd in these things yet. Ware a man
That's beaten to these matters; experience
Is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not.
Pray let me ask you one thing; why do you come to me?
Curio. Because the letter is address'd to you,
Being the nearest justice.
Just. The nearest? is that all?
Curio. I think it be, sir;—
I would be loth you should be the wisest.
Just. Well, sir, as 'tis, I will endeavour in it:
Yet, if't had come to me by name, I know not,
But I think it had been as soon dispatch'd
As by another, and with as round a wisdom,
Ay, and as happily; but that's all one:
I've borne this place this thirty years, and upwards,
And with sufficient credit, and they may
When they please know me better. To the nearest?
Well!
Curio. Sir, 'tis not my fault, for had I known
You sooner—
Just. I thank you, sir; I know it.
Curio. I'll be sworn
You should have play'd, for any business now.
Just. And further, they have specified unto me,
His wife's sorely suspected in this matter,
As a main cause.
Curio. I think she be, sir, for
No other cause can be yet found.
Just. And one Mercury, a traveller, with whom
They say directly she is run away,
And as they think this way.
Curio. I knew all this before.
Just. Well, sir, this Mercury I know, and's breeding;
A neighbour's child hard by: you have been happy,
Sir, in coming hither.
Curio. Then you know where
To have him, sir?
Just. I do, sir; he dwells near me.
Curio. I doubt your worship dwells near a knave then.
Just. I think so; pray put on! But 'tis a wonder
To see how graceless people are now given,
And how base virtue is accounted with them,
That should be all in all, as says a wise man!
I tell you, sir, and 'tis true, that there have been
Such murders, and of late days, as 'twould make
Your very heart bleed in you; and some of them,
As I shall be enabled, I will tell you.
It fell out of late days—
Curio. It may be so,
But will it please you to proceed in this?
Just. An honest weaver, and as good a workman
As e'er shot shuttle, and as close—
But ev'ry man must die—this honest weaver,
Being a little mellow in his ale—
That was the evidence *verbatim*, sir—
God bless the mark, sprung his neck just in this place:
Well, Jarvis, thou hadst wrongs, and if I live,
Some of the best shall sweat for't! Then a wench—
Curio. But, sir, you have forgot my business.

[37] *Dudgeon-dagger.*] Cotgrave explains *dague a roëlles*, a Scottish dagger, or *dudgeon haft dagger*. R.

[38] *Stick a bench spit.*] Amended in 1750.

Just. A sober pretty maid, about seventeen
They say, certainly, howsoe'ver 'tis shuffled,
She burst herself, and fondly, if it be so,
With furmety at a churching; but I think
The devil had another agent in't; [for't.
Either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch
Curio. This is a mad justice, that will hang the devil!
But I would you would be short in this, before
That other notice can be given.
Just. Sir,
I'll do discreetly what is fitting. What,
Antonio!
Serv. [*within*] Your worship!
Just. Put on your best coat,
And let your fellow Mark go to the constable,
And bid him aid me with all the speed he can,
And all the power; and provide pen and ink to
Take their confessions; and my long sword[38]!
I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.
You'll go with us?
Curio. Yes; what else?
I came to that end, to accuse both parties.
Just. May I crave what you are?
Curio. Faith, sir, one
That to be known would not profit you, more
Than a near kinsman of the dead Antonio's.
Just. 'Tis well. I'm sorry for my neighbour, truly, [mother:
That he had no more grace; 'twill kill his
She is a good old woman. Will you walk in?
I will but put my cloak on, and my chain off,
And a clean band, and have my shoes black'd over,
And shift my jerkin, and we'll to our business;
And you shall see how I can boult these matters.
Curio. As soon as't please you, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Ricardo.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.
Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourselves!
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Tho' they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory that the spring [hands
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing
Have torn their branches down; and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.
What time left you her here?
Val. I left her, when
The sun had so much to his set, as he
Is now got from his place of rise.
Ric. So near [Viola!
The night, she could not wander far. Fair
Val. It is in vain to call; she sought a
Without all question. [house,
Ric. Peace!—Fair Viola!
Fair Viola!—Who should have left her here
On such a ground? If you had meant to lose her, [here
You might have found there were no echoes
To take her name[39], and carry it about,
When her true lover came to mourn for her,
'Till all the neighbouring vallies and the hills,
Resounded Viola; and such a place
You should have chose! You pity us
Because the dew a little wets our feet[40];
(Unworthy far to seek her, in the wet!)
And what becomes of her? where wander'd she, [eyes
With two showers raining on her, from her
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her?—
Will you go with me to travel?
Val. Whither?
Ric. Over all the world. [journey
Val. No, by my faith; I'll make a shorter
When I do travel.

[38] *Long sword.*] In Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, Capulet says, 'Give me my *long sword*;' and Dr. Johnson remarks, 'The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands.'

[39] —— *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found there were *no echoes* here
To take her name.] Sympson reads,
—— If you meant to lose her,
You might have found *where there* no echoes *were*
To take her name;
but surely the old text conveys the same sense.

[40] *You pity us because*
The dew a little, &c.] These lines are so unworthy of our authors, that I can hardly think 'em theirs; and I am sure the author of Jeronimo (whom our poets, as well as Shakespeare and Jonson, abuse) might, when they quote in derision this line of his,
'Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?'
have justly retorted,
——— where wandred she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her? *Sympson.*

Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.
Val. Why, what's your end?
Ric. It is to search the earth,
'Till we have found two in the shapes of men,
As wicked as ourselves.
Val. 'Twere not so hard
To find out those.
Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better; for what brave villainy
Might we four do!—We would not keep together;
For every one has treachery enough [Asia;
For twenty countries: one should trouble
Another should sow strife in Africa; [rope,
But you should play the knave at home in Eu-
And for America let me alone.
Val. Sir, I am honester
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd but I shall find myself a right.
Ric. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that *honester than I*
Were a praise high enough to serve your turn:
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in kalendars for saints;
And bones of murd'rers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much,
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else—
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter Viola, Nan, and Madge, with Pails.

Val. That last is she; 'tis she!
Ric. Let us away;
We shall infect her! let her have the wind,
And we will kneel down here.
Viola. Wenches, away!
For here are men.
Val. Fair maid, I pray you stay.
[*Takes hold of Viola.*
Viola. Alas! again?
Ric. Why do you lay hold on her?
I pray heartily, let her go. [hurt her.
Val. With all my heart; I do not mean to
Ric. But stand away then! for the purest bodies
Will soonest take infection; stand away!
But for infecting her myself, by Heav'n,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.
Viola. I know that voice and face.
Val. You're finely mad!
God b'w'ye, sir! Now you are here together,
I'll leave you so; God send you good luck, both!
When you are sobcrer you'll give me thanks.
[*Exit.*
Madge. Wilt thou go milk? Come.
Nan. Why dost not come?
Madge. She nods, she's asleep.
Nan. What, wert up so early?
Madge. I think yon [away.
Man's mad to kneel there. Nay, come, come
Uds body, Nan, help! she looks black i'th' face;
She's in a swoon.
Nan. An you be a man, come hither,
And help a woman!
Ric. Come hither? You are a fool.
Nan. And you a knave and a beast, that you are. [near
Ric. Come hither? 'twas my being now so
That made her swoon; and you are wicked people,
Or you would do so too: my venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance;
Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.
Nan. Thou'rt a prating ass! there's no goodness in thee,
I warrant. How dost thou? [*Viola recovers.*
Viola. Why, well.
Madge. Art thou able to go? [able
Viola. No; pray go you and milk: If I be
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll sit here
'Till you come back.
Nan. I'm loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool. [not hurt me.
Viola. I know him well; I warrant thee he'll
Madge. Come then, Nan. [*Exe. Maids.*
Ric. How do you? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth, and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.
Viola. 'Twas enough
To use me ill, tho' you had never sought me
To mock me too: why kneel you so far off?
Were not that gesture better us'd in prayer?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
'Till Heav'n and you had both forgiven me.
Ric. I do not mock; nor lives there such a villain
That can do any thing contemptible [villain
To you: but I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature;
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.
Viola. You
Confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. Good sir, if you have
A better love, may you be bless'd together!
She shall not wish you better than I will.
I but offend you! There are all the jewels
I stole; and all the love I ever had
I leave behind with you; I'll carry none
To give another: may the next maid you try,
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I!
Ric. Do not leave me yet, for all my fault!
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them; when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.
Viola. I will set no penance,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither, and take me and it;
Or else, I'll come and beg, so you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven!
Ric. Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,
And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathsome drunkard; and in that wild fury,
A hunter

A hunter after whores! I do beseech you
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man!
Viola. For Heav'n's sake, urge your faults no more, but mend!
All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you; which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again; which if I have not,
Yet I will love you still. [will take
Ric. Oh, women! that some one of you
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal! [thing,
Viola. Methinks I would not now, for any
But you had miss'd me: I have made a story
Will serve to waste many a winter's fire,
When we are old: I'll tell my daughters then
The miseries their mother had in love,
And say, My girls, be wiser! yet I would not
Have had more wit myself. Take up those jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Enter Madge and Nan with their Pails.

Madge. How dost thou now?
Viola. Why, very well, I thank you. It is late;
Shall I haste home?
Nan. I prithee! we shall be shent[41]
Soundly. [with us?
Madge. Why does that railing man go
Viola. I prithee, speak well of him: on my
He is an honest man! [word,
Nan. There was never any so
On his complexion. A gentleman?
I'd be asham'd to have such a foul mouth.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, and Rowland.

Mother. How now, Alexander? What gentleman is this?
Alex. Indeed, forsooth, I know not;
I found him at the market, full of woe,
Crying a lost daughter, and telling all
Her tokens to the people; and, what you wot?
By all description in the world[42], it should be
Our new maid Melvia; (one would little think it!)
Therefore I was bold to tell him of her, mistress.
Mother. Melvia? it cannot be, fool! Alas,
You know she is a poor wench, and
I took her in upon mere charity.
Andr. So seem'd my daughter when she
As she had made herself. [went away,
Mother. What stature was your child of, sir?
Andr. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her hair auburn, a round face, which some friends, [good one.
That flatter'd me, would say 'twould be a
Alex. This is still Melvia, mistress; that's the truth on't!
Mother. It may be so, I'll promise you.
Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our town! [fellow.
For a hand and a foot I shall ne'er see thy
Mother. But had she not such toys as bracelets, rings, and jewels?
Andr. She was something bold indeed, to take such things
That night she left me.
Mother. Then belike she run away?
Andr. Tho' she be one I love, I dare not
She did indeed. [lie;
Mother. What think you of this jewel?
Andr. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine; [for it.
You've made me a new man! I thank you
Mother. Nay,
An she be given to filching, there's your jewel;
I am clear on't. But, by your leave, sir, you
Shall answer me for what is lost since she
Came hither; I can tell you there lie things
Scattering in every place about the house.
Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst
Old gentlewoman to my mistress, and the most malicious—
The devil a good word will she give a servant;
That's her old rule! and, God be thanked, they will [sides.
Give her as few; there's perfect love on both
It yearns my heart to hear the wench misconstrued;
A careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her;
And when she's gone, let them say what they will,
They may cast their caps at such another.
Andr. What you have lost by her, with all my heart
I'll see you double paid for; you have sav'd,
With your kind pity, two that must not live,
Unless it be to thank you. Take this jewel;
This strikes off none of her offences, mistress[43].
'Would I might see her!
Mother. Alexander, run,

[41] *Shent.*] This word occurs in Hamlet, and Mr. Steevens says, 'To *shend* is to treat with 'injurious language.'

[42] *By all* subscription *in the world.*] If Alexander was an affecter of hard words, I should be inclined to let this stand; but as he seems throughout a sensible good-natured fellow, I would choose to read, *description*. *Sympson.*

[43] *This strikes off* none *of her offences.*] Sympson, totally mistaking *Andrugio*'s meaning, says, 'Why then he *paid* his jewel for nothing;' and reads,

This strikes off *one* of her offences, mistress.

It did not occur to him, that the jewel was meant as a *gift*, not as a *payment*.

And

And bid her make haste home; she's at the milking-close:
But tell her not by any means who's here;
I know she'll be too fearful.
Alex. Well, we'll have
A posset yet at parting, that's my comfort;
And one round too, or else I'll lose my will.
[*Exit.*
Andr. You shall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro,
Enquiring for the wench at the next town:
Tell them she's found, and where I am; and, with
The favour of this gentlewoman, desire them
To come hither. [come.
Mother. I pray do; they shall be all wel-
[*Exit Rowland.*

Enter Justice, Curio, and Mark.

Just. By your leave, forsooth! you shall
The parties by a sleight. [see me find
Mother. Who's that? Mr. Justice?
How do you, sir?
Just. Why, very well, and busy.
Where's your son?
Mother. He's within, sir.
Just. Hum; and how does [with him?
The young woman my cousin, that came down
Mother. She's above; as a woman in her case may be.
Just. You have confess'd it? [sin of mine;
Then, sirrah, call in the officers! she's no cou-
A mere trick to discover all!
Mother. To discover? what?

Enter Mark and Officers.

Just. You shall know that anon: I think I have [house,
Over-reach'd you! Oh, welcome! Enter the
And by virtue of my warrant, which you have there, [names
Seize upon the bodily persons of those whose
Are there written; to wit, one Mercury, and
Of one Antonio. [the wife
Mother. For what?
Just. Away, I say!
This gentleman shall certify you for what.
[*Exeunt Officers.*
Mother. He can accuse my son of nothing;
He came from travel but within these two
Just. There hangs a tale. [days.
Mother. I should be sorry this should
Fall out at any time, but especially now.
Sir, will you favour me so much as to let me
Of what you accuse him? [know
Curio. Upon suspicion of murder.
Mother. Murder? I defy thee!
Curio. I pray God he may
Prove himself innocent.
Just. Fy, say not so! [wealth's man,
You shew yourself to be no good common-
For the more are hang'd the better 'tis for the commonwealth. [yourself.
Mother. By this rule you were best hang
Just. I forgive your honest mirth ever.

Enter Mark and Officers, with Mercury and Maria.

Oh, welcome, welcome, Mark! [minations
Your pen, ink, and paper, to take their exa-
Merc. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.
Just. Let them stand, [min'd.
Let them stand quietly, whilst they're exa-
Maria. What will you examine us of?
Just. Of Antonio's murder.
Merc. Why, he was my friend.
Maria. He was my husband.
Just. The more shame for you both! Mark, your pen and ink. [knew
Mother. Pray God all be well! I never
Any of these travellers come to good. I beseech you, sir,
Be favourable to my son.
Just. Gentlewoman, [that!
Hold you content; I would it were come to
Merc. For God's sake, mother,
Why kneel you to such a pig-brib'd fellow?
H'has surfeited of geese, and they have put him
Into a fit of justice: let him do his worst!
Just. Is your paper ready?
Mark. I am ready, sir.

Enter Antonio.

Just. Accuse them, sir; I command thee to lay down
Accusations against these persons, in behalf
Of the state: and first look upon the parties
To be accus'd, and deliver your name.
Curio. My name is Curio; my murder'd kinsman,
If he were living now, I should not know him,
It is so long since we saw one another.
Ant. My cousin Curio?
Curio. But thus much (from the mouths
Of his servants and others, whose examinations I have
In writing about me) I can accuse them of:
This Mercury, the last night but this last,
Lay in Antonio's house, and in the night
He rose, raising Antonio, where privately
They were in talk an hour, to what end I know not;
But of likelihood, finding Antonio's house
Not a fit place to murder him in, he suffer'd him
To go to bed again; but in the morning
Early he train'd him I think forth; after which time [found
He never saw his home. His cloaths were
Near the place where Mercury was, and the people
At first denied they saw him; but at last
They made a frivolous tale, that there he shifted himself
Into a footman's habit: but in short,
The next hour this woman went to Mercury,
And in her coach they posted hither. True accusations
I have no more, and I will make none.

Just. No more?
We need no more. Sirrah, be drawing
Their mittimus, before we hear their answer.
What say you, sir? are you guilty of this
Merc. No, sir. [murder?
Just. Whether you are or no, confess;
It will be the better for you.
Merc. If I were
Guilty, your rhetoric could not fetch it forth.
But tho' I am innocent, I confess, that if I
Were a stander-by, these circumstances urg'd,
Which are true, would make me doubtless believe
The accused parties to be guilty.
Just. Write down, [he is)
That he being a stander-by (for so you see
Doth doubtlessly believe the accused parties,
Which is himself, to be guilty.
Merc. I say no such thing.
Just. Write it down, I say; we'll try that.
Merc. I care not what you write.—
Pray God you did not kill him for my love!
[*Apart.*
Tho' I am free from this, we both deserve—
Maria. Govern your tongue, I pray you! all is well;
My husband lives, I know it, and I see him.
Just. They whisper! sever them quickly, I say. [another?
Officers, why do you let them prompt one
Gentlewoman, what say you to this?
Are not you guilty?
Maria. No, as I hope for mercy. [that this
Just. But are not those circumstances true,
Gentleman hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd? [me I care not,
Maria. They are; and what you do with
Since he is dead in whom was all my care.
You knew him not?
Just. No, and 't been better
For you too, an you had never known him.
Maria. Why then, you did not know the world's chief joy:
His face so manly as it had been made
To fright the world; yet he so sweetly-temper'd,
That he would make himself a natural fool,
To do a noble kindness for a friend.
He was a man whose name I'll not out-live,
Longer than Heav'n, whose will must be
Will have me do. [obey'd,
Ant. And I will quit thy kindness. [*Aside.*
Just. Before me, she has made the tears
Stand in mine eyes! but I must be austere.
Gentlewoman, you must confess this murder.
Maria. I cannot, sir; I did it not. But I desire to see
Those examinations which this gentleman
Acknowledges to have about him, for
But late last night I receiv'd letters from
The city; yet I heard of no confession then.
Just. You shall see them time enough, I warrant you. [letters?
But letters you say you had; where are those
Maria. Sir, they are gone.
Just. Gone? whither are they gone?
How have you dispos'd of 'em?
Maria. Why, sir, ['em.
They are for women's matters, and so I use
Just. Who writ 'em?
Maria. A man of mine.
Just. Who brought 'em?
Maria. A post. [sure: ha, ha!
Just. A post? there was some great haste
Where is that post?
Maria. Sir, there he stands.
Just. Does he so?
Bring hither that post! I am afraid that post
Will prove a knave. Come hither, post! What, [Antonio?
What can you say concerning the murder of
Ant. What's that to you? [have you?
Just. Oh, post, you have no answer ready, I'll have one from you.
Ant. You shall have no more [honest
From me than you have. You examine an Gentleman and gentlewoman here. 'Tis pity
Such fools as you should be i'th' commission.
Just. Say you so, post? take away that post! whip him, [post.
And bring him again quickly. I'll hamper you,
Merc. 'Tis Antonio; I know him now as
What an irregular fool is this! [well—
Ant. Whip me? hold off! [murmuring
Maria. Oh, good sir, whip him! By his
He should know something of my husband's death, [out!
That may quit me: for God's sake, fetch it
Just. Whip him, I say!
[*Antonio throws off his disguise.*
Ant. Who is't dares whip me now?
Maria. Oh, my lov'd husband!
Merc. My most worthy friend!
Where have you been so long?
Ant. I cannot speak for joy! [shall not
Just. Why, what's the matter now? and Law then have her course?
Andr. It shall have no other course
Than it has, I think.
Just. It shall have other course
Before I go, or I'll beat my brains: and I say
It was not honestly done of him to discover
Himself before the parties accus'd were executed,
That law might have had her course; for then
The kingdom flourishes. [man;
Ant. But such a wife as thou had never any
And such a friend as he, believe me, wife,
Shall never be! Good wife, love my friend;
Friend, love my wife. Hark, friend!
Just. Mark,
If we can have nothing to do, you shall swear
The peace of somebody.
Mark. Yes, sir.
Ant. By my troth,
I'm sorry my wife is so obstinate:
Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,
I would, i'faith I would.
Mark. I thank you, sir;
I've lost that passion.

Ant.

Ant. Cousin Curio,
You and I must be better acquainted.
Curio. It is my wish, sir. ['tis so long
Ant. I should not have known you neither,
Since we saw each other; we were but children then: [to me.
But you have shew'd yourself an honest man
Curio. I would be ever so.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Mothér. Look you! who's there?
Andr. Say nothing to me; for
Thy peace is made.
Ric. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her father; you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,
But love where you've receiv'd most injury.
Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this year! [said,
There's a tinker and a whore yet, the cryer
That robb'd her, and are in prison; I hope
They shall be hang'd.
Andr. No, truly, sir, they have broke prison.
Just. 'Tis no matter; then the jailor shall be hang'd.
Andr. You are deceiv'd in that too, sir; 'twas known
To be against his will, and he hath got
His pardon; I think, for nothing;
But if't doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.
Just. Mark, up with your papers; away!
Merc. Oh,
You shall stay dinner; I've a couple of brawling
Neighbours, that I'll assure you won't agree,
And you shall have the hearing of their matter. [*Exeunt omnes.*
Just. With all my heart.
Merc. Go, gentlemen, go in.
Ric. Oh, Viola, that no succeeding age
Might lose the memory of what thou wert!
But such an overswayed sex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do
Are but as men will call them: and I swear,
'Tis my belief, that women want but ways
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ended; but my hopes and fears begin:
Nor can it be imputed as a sin
In me to wish it favour. If this night
To the judicious it hath giv'n delight,
I have my ends: and may such, for their grace
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every place!

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

A COMEDY.

This Play is ascribed to Fletcher by the Commendatory Verses of Gardiner; the Epilogue, however, speaks of it as the production of both Authors. The first publication of it was in the folio of 1657. It was brought on the stage, altered by Colley Cibber, about the beginning of the present century, under the title of the Rival Fools, but without any success.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT, *an old Knight, a great admirer of wit.*
WITTYPATE OLDCRAFT, *his Son, an accomplished Gentleman.*
SIR GREGORY FOP, *a witless Lord of Land.*
CUNNINGHAM, *a discreet Gentleman, Sir Gregory's Comrade and Supplanter.*
SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, *a decay'd Knight,* } *two sharking Companions.*
PRISCIAN, *poor Scholar,* }
POMPEY DOODLE, *a Clown, Sir Gregory's Man, a piece of puff-paste, like his Master.*
MR. CREDULOUS, *Nephew to Sir Perfidious, a shallow-brain'd Scholar.*

WOMEN.

NIECE *to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty Heir.*
LADY RUINOUS, *Wife to Sir Ruinous.*
GUARDIANESS *to Sir Perfidious's Niece, an old doting Crone.*
MIRABEL, *the Guardianess's Niece.*

SCENE, *London.*

ACT I.

Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft and Wittypate.

Witty. SIR, I'm no boy; I'm deep in one and twenty,
The second year's approaching.
Oldc. A fine time for
A youth to live by his wits then, I should think,
If e'er he mean to make account of any.
Witty. Wits, sir? [thee,
Oldc. Ay, wits, sir; if it be so strange to
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a fool,
I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better: [wits.
Thou know'st all that I have I ha' got by my
And yet to see how urgent thou art too!
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for means; I never offer'd it
My parents from a school-boy; past nineteen once,
(See what these times are grown to) before twenty [like
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed much
The art of swimming, he that will attain to't
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous;
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
Well he may make a padler in the world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,
Borne up by th' chin, as I bore up myself,
With my strong industry that never fail'd me;
For he that lies borne up with patrimonies,
Looks like a long great ass that swims with bladders:
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him,
He sinks, because he never tried to swim,

When

When wit plays with the billows that choak'd him. [sir,
Witty. Why, is it not a fashion for a father,
Out of his yearly thousands to allow
His only son a competent brace of hundreds,
Or such a toy?
Oldc. Yes; if he mean to spoil him,
Or mar his wits, he may, but never I. [stant;
This is my humour, sir, which you'll find con-
I love wit so well, because I liv'd by't, that I'll
Give no man power out of my means to hurt it,
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
Which great ones often forget. I admire much
This age's dullness! When I scarce writ man,
The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay intelligencer close for wenching:
Could give this lord or knight a true certificate
Of all the maidenheads extant; how many lay
'Mongst chambermaids, how many 'mongst exchange wenches
(Tho' never many there, I must confess,
They have a trick to utter ware so fast);
I knew which lady had a mind to fall,
Which gentlewoman new divorc'd, which tradesman breaking,
The price of every sinner to a hair,
And where to raise each price; which were the termers [gowns,
That would give velvet petticoats, tissue
Which pieces, angels, suppers, and half-crowns:
I knew how to match, and make my market;
Could give intelligence where the pox lay lege,
And then to see the lechers shift a point
'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun [fully,
Their ador'd mistress' chambers, and run fear-
Like rats from burning houses; so brought I
My clients o' the game still safe together,
And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.
Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
And's never left a groat! there's the true gallant.
When I grew somewhat pursy, I grew then
In men's opinions too, and confidences;
They put things call'd executorships upon me,
The charge of orphans, little senseless creatures, [feltmakers,
Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to
To make 'em lose, and work away their gentry, [tom,
Disguise their tender natures with hard cus-
So wrought 'em out in time; there I rose ungently.
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee;
I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,
I hold my humour firm; if I can see thee thrive by [courage
Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more
To trust thee with my lands when I die; if not,
The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
For since in my time and knowledge so many rich children
Of the city conclude in beggary, I'd rather
Make a wise stranger my executor
Than a foolish son my heir, and have my lands call'd after [nature.
My wit than after my name; and that's my
Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one! Must I still shift then?
I come, brave cheats! once to my trade again!
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't[1].
You'll part with nothing then, sir?
Oldc. Not a jot, sir. [go, sir,
Witty. If I should ask you blessing ere I
I think you would not give't me.
Oldc. Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy wits once, [mine else!
Thou shalt have any thing; thou'rt none of
Then why should I take care for thee?
Witty. Thank your bounty! [*Exit.*
Oldc. So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,
As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes so near my nature! I'm grown old now,
And even arriv'd at my last cheat, I fear me;
But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too.
And discharge all my legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
And never trouble any interest money.
I've a niece to wed, over whose steps
I have plac'd a trusty watchful guardianess,
For fear some poor earl steal her ('t has been threaten'd) [on't;
To redeem mortgag'd land, but he shall miss
To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall he writes himself, (I take it,
The ancient'st fop in England) with whom I've privately
Compounded for the third part of her portion,

Enter Sir Gregory Fop and Cunningham.

And she seems pleas'd; so two parts rest with me.— [he, sir?
He's come. Sir Gregory, welcome! What's
Greg. Young Cunningham, a Norfolk gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the fops, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance. He's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him; nay 'tis certain
Some of our name have gone to law for him.
Now 'tis my turn to keep him; and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are:
But I will give him over when I list;
I ha' us'd wits so before.
Oldc. I hope when you're married, sir,
You'll shake him off.
Greg. Why, what do you take me to be,

[1] *Than e'er I did* for't.] Sympson reads,
Than e'er I did *before*.

Old

Old father-i'-law that shall be[2]? Do you think
I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after
I am married once?
None of my kindred ever had before me.
But where's this niece? Is it a fashion [her?
In London to marry a woman, and never see
Oldc. Excuse the niceness, sir! that care's
your friend; [seen her:
Perhaps, had she been seen, you had never
There's many a *spent thing,* call'd *An't like your honour,* [a countess,
That lies in wait for her: at first snap she's
Drawn with six mares thro' Fleet-street, and a coachman [tocks.—
Sitting bareheaded to their Flanders but-
This whets him on.
Greg. Pray let's clap up the business, sir!
I long to see her. Are you sure you have her?
Is she not there already? Hark, hark, oh, hark!
Oldc. How now? what's that, sir?
Greg. Every caroch goes by,
Goes ev'n to th' heart of me.
Oldc. I'll have that doubt eas'd, sir,
Instantly eas'd, sir Gregory: and, now I think on't, [there;
A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't, [ciously!
And put a trick upon her; I love wit pre-
You shall not be seen yet; we'll stale your friend first, [masque[3].
If't please but him to stand for th' anti-
Greg. Pho, he shall stand for any thing (why his supper [else.
Lies i' my breeches here); I'll make him fast
Oldc. Then come you forth more unexpectedly,
The masque itself, a thousand a-year jointure:
The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the beauty of the play.
Greg. For red and black, I'll put down all your fullers;
Let but your niece bring white, and we have three colours. [*Exit Gregory.*
Oldc. I'm given to understand you are a wit, sir. [favor to, sir.
Cunn. I'm one that fortune shews small
Oldc. Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or no, sir.
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.
Cunn. Fowlers catch woodcocks so; let not them know so much!
Oldc. A pestilence mazard! a duke Humphrey spark,
H'had rather lose his dinner than his jest!—
I say, I love a wit the best of all things.
Cunn. Always except yourself.
Oldc. H'has giv'n't me twice now

Enter Niece and Guardianess.

All with a breath, I thank him! But that I love a wit,
I should be heartily angry. Cuds, my niece!
You know the business with her?
Cunn. With a woman?
'Tis ev'n the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.
Oldc. This is the gentleman I promis'd,
To present to your affection. [niece,
Cunn. Ware that arrow! [liking.
Oldc. Deliver me the truth now of your
Cunn. I'm spoil'd already; that such poor lean game
Should be found out as I am!
Oldc. Go, set to her, sir.—Ha, ha, ha!
Cunn. How noble is this virtue in you, lady!
Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters
On your dull servants, which truly tasted
Conclude all in comforts.
Oldc. Pho!
Niece. It rather shews
What a true worth can make, such as yours is.
Oldc. And that's not worth a groat.—How like you him, niece?
Niece. It shall appear how well, sir: I humbly thank you for him. [well, i'faith.
Oldc. Ha, ha! good gullery! he does it
'Slight, as if he meant to purchase Lip-land
Hold, hold! bear off, I say! [there:
'Slid, your part hangs too long.
Cunn. My joys are mockeries.
Niece. You've both express'd a worthy care and love, sir:
Had mine own eye been set at liberty [sir),
To make a publick choice (believe my truth,
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.
Oldc. You will say so then! [bard;
Alas, sweet niece, all this is but the scab-
Now I draw forth the weapon.
Niece. How!
Oldc. Sir Gregory!
Approach, thou lad of thousands!

Enter Sir Gregory.

Greg. Who calls me?

[2] *Old* father-i'-law *that shall be.*] But that 'tis plain he never could be. The mistaking of one letter for another is very usual; but here the editor has made a greater slip, and has changed one word for another. *Uncle-in-law* is what sir Gregory designs to call him. So in this act a little lower, the old knight says to sir Gregory,

Tush, *nephew,* I'll call you so,——

And in act the third sir Gregory says to him,

It's as fine a noise, *uncle,* as heart can wish. *Sympson.*

We believe the text genuine, and the slip perhaps intentional.

[3] *Anti-mask.*] This, I believe, properly means *a masque of anticks.* *Whalley.*

Niece.

Niece. What motion's this? the model of Nineveh[4]?
Oldc. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee! [on you.
Greg. I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost
Niece. You were ill-advis'd; back, and take better counsel! [cost
You may have good for an angel: the least
You can bestow upon a woman, sir,
Trebles ten counsellors' fees; in lady-ware,
You're over head and ears, ere you be aware.
Faith, keep a batchelor still, and go to bowls, sir, [save, sir!
Follow your mistress there, and prick and
For other mistresses will make you a slave, sir.
Greg. So, so! I have my lerrepoop already.
Oldc. Why, how now, niece? this is the man, I tell you! [but mock;
Niece. He? hang him! Sir, I know you do
This is the man, you would say.
Oldc. The devil rides, I think!
Cunn. I must use cunning here. [respect!
Oldc. Make me not mad! use him with all
This is the man, I swear. [that!
Niece. 'Would you could persuade me to
Alas, you cannot go beyond me, uncle:
You carry a jest well, I must confess,
For a man of your years; but—
Oldc. I'm wrought beside myself!
Cunn. [*to the Guardianess*] I ne'er beheld
Comeliness 'till this minute.
Guard. Oh, good sweet sir, [woman!
Pray offer not these words to an old gentle-
Niece. Sir! [ceeds thee.
Cunn. Away, fifteen! here's fifty-one ex-
Niece. What's the business?
Cunn. Give me these motherly creatures! Come, ne'er smother it;
I know you are a teeming woman yet.
Guard. Troth, a young gentleman might do much, I think, sir.
Cunn. Go to then. [were ingrateful.
Guard. And I should play my part, or I
Niece. Can you so soon neglect me?
Cunn. Hence! I'm busy. [pudent baggage,
Oldc. This cross point came in luckily. Im-
Hang from the gentleman! art thou not
To be a widow's hind'rance? [asham'd
Cunn. Are you angry, sir? [shall desire
Oldc. You're welcome! pray court on: I
Your honest wise acquaintance. Vex me not,
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,
Like a consuming light in her own socket,
And not allow'd a male-creature about thee!
A very monkey, thy necessity [sweepes
Shall prize at a thousand pound; a chimney-
At fifteen hundred.
Niece. But are you serious, uncle?
Oldc. Serious. [mar
Niece. Pray let me look upon the gentle-
With more heed! then I did but hum him over [sheets
In haste, good faith, as lawyers chancery
Beshrew my blood, a tolerable man,
Now I distinctly read him!
Greg. Hum, hum, hum! [good pitch;
Niece. Say he be black, he's of a very
Well-ankled, two good confident calves, they look
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;
The redness in the face—why, that's in fashion,
Most of your high bloods have it; 'tis a sign
Of greatness, marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with May-butter:
I'll send to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine.
Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum!
Niece. He's qualified too, believe me.
Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum!
Niece. Where was my judgment? [te dum!
Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum,
Niece. Perfection's cover'd mess.
Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum! [sir,
Niece. It smokes apparently. Pardon, sweet
The error of my sex!
Oldc. Why, well said, niece! [sir.
Upon submission, you must pardon her now,
Greg. I'll do it by course: do you think I'm an ass, knight? [seal-office.
Here's first my hand; now it goes to the
Oldc. Formally finish'd! How goes this suit forward? [mind, sir;
Cunn. I'm taking measure of the widow's
I hope to fit her heart.
Guard. Who would have dreamt [nutes!
Of a young morsel now? Things come in mi-
Greg. Trust him not, widow; he's a younger brother, [nothing.
He'll swear and lie; believe me, he's worth
Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing, [any thing;
Than he that brings his thousands without
We have precedents for that amongst great ladies. [be in fashion
Oldc. Come, come! no language now shall
But your love-phrase, the bell to procreation.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Wittypate, and Priscian.

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits,

[4] *The model of Nineveh.*] The *model of Nineveh* appears to have been a puppet-show in great repute in the time of our authors. It is mentioned in the old comedy of Every Woman in her Humour, 1609, quarto, signature H. 'I have seen the city of new *Nineveh*, and Julius Cæsar, acted by mammets.' It is also taken notice of by Ben Jonson in his Bartholomew-Fair, act v. scene 1.

But

But this fourth, this lay illiterate share;
There's no conscience in't.
Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so [where I am.
Where I have practis'd, and must be still
Nor has it been undeserv'd at the year's end,
And shuffle the almanack together, vacations
And term-times, one with another; tho' I say't,
My wife is a woman of a good spirit;
Then it is no lay-share.
Pris. Faith, for this five year,
Ego possum probare, I have had
A hungry penurious share with 'em,
And she has had as much as I always.
Witty. Present, or not present?
Pris. Residens aut non residens, per fidem!
Witty. And what precedent's this for me? because
Your *hic & hæc, turpis* and *qui mihi*
Discipulus brains (that never got any thing
But by accidence and uncertainty)
Did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded
Conclusions of wit, hereditary rules
From my father, to get by?
Ruin. Sir, be compendious;
Either take or refuse: I will 'bate no token
Of my wife's share; make even the last reckonings,
And either so unite, or here divide company.
Pris. A good resolution, *profecto!* let every man
Beg his own way, and happy man be his dole!
Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single brains,
Pol, œdipol, here's toward; a *castor ecastor* for you!
I will endure it a fortnight longer, but
By these just five ends—
Pris. Take heed! five's odd;
Put both hands together or severally,
They are all odd unjust ends.
Witty. Medius fidius, hold your tongue!
I depose you from half a share presently else:
I will make you a participle, and decline you; now [junction
You understand me! Be you a quiet conAmongst the undeclined; you and your Latin
Ends shall go shift, *solus cum solo*, together else;
And then if ever they get ends of gold
And silver, enough to serve that gerundine maw of yours, [stantly—
That without *do* will end in *di* and *dum* in-

Enter Oldcraft and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Enough, enough! Here comes company! we lose
Five shares in wrangling about one.
Witty. My father? Put on, Priscian!
He has Latin fragments too; but I fear him not! [relieve.
I'll case my face with a little more hair, and
Oldc. Tush, nephew! I'll call you so, for if there be
No other obstacles than those you speak of,
They are but powder charges without pellets;
You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own danger. [sir:
Greg. No other that I can perceive, i'faith,
For I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could;
And the strongest repulse was, she said,
She would have a little soldier in me,
That, if need were, I should defend her reputation.
Oldc. And surely, sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal ladies: they require valour
Either in a friend or a husband.
Greg. And I allow
Their requests i'faith, as well as any woman's
Heart can desire: if I knew where to get
Valour, I would as willingly entertain it
As any man that blows.
Oldc. Breathes, breathes, sir; that's the sweeter phrase. [I'm in
Greg. Blows for a soldier, i'faith, sir! and
Practice that way.
Oldc. For a soldier, I grant it.
Greg. 'Slid! [too,
I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones
But I'll have a little soldier in me.
Ruin. Will you on and beg,
Or steal and be hang'd?
Greg. And some scholar she would have me besides. [quality
Oldc. Tush, that shall be no bar[5]; it is a
In a gentleman, but of the least question.
Pris. Salvete, domini benignissimi, munificentissimi!
Oldc. Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere!
Nay, sir, we have Latin, and other metal in us too, sir.
You shall see me talk with this fellow now.
Greg. I could find in my heart to talk with
If I could understand him. [him too,
Pris. Charissimi[6],
Doctissimique, domini, ex abundantiâ

[5] Greg. *And some scholar she would have me besides,*
Tush, that shall be no bar, &c.] The impropriety of making *sir Gregory* both tell the tale and give the answer, inclined me to prefix *Oldcraft* before *Tush, that shall*, &c. *Sympson.*

[6] Pris. *Charissimi, doctissimique, domini, ex abundantia*
Charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me jejunum
Miseram.] *Clarissimi* I prefer to *charissimi*. *Jejunum* too I can by no means approve, tho' sense, because it is only an arbitrary reading of the editor of the copy of 1679. That of 1647, represents the passage thus; *estote propitii in me* juneuem, which, tho' not sense, because not Latin, will yet be the hand-maid to lead us to what might very possibly have been the original reading; and that with no more trouble than turning of an *n* into a *u*,—*propitii in me* juvenem. *Sympson.*

Charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me juvenem
Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exu-
lem! [but I'll to him again.
Oldc. A pretty scholar, by my faith, sir!
Greg. Does he beg or steal in this language, can you tell, sir?
He may take away my good name from me,
And I ne'er the wiser.
Oldc. He begs, he begs, sir.
Pris. Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flu-
men! in ore [*pudentia;*
Fames sitisque; ignis in vultu, pudor & im-
In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.
Oldc. Audi tu bonus socius; tu es scholas-
ticus, sic intelligo,
Ego faciam argumentum.
Mark now, sir, now I fetch him up!
Greg. I've been fetch'd up a hundred times for this;
Yet I could never learn half so much.
Oldc. Audi, & responde; hoc est argumen-
tum: Nomen est [*nunc,*
Nomen—ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde
Responde argumentum meum.
Have I not put him to't, sir?
Greg. Yes, sir, I think so. [penn'd speech,
Witty. Step in! the rascal is put out of his
And he can go no further.
Oldc. Cur non respondes?
Pris. O domine, tanta mea est miseria—
Witty. So! he's almost in again.
Pris. Ut nocte mecum pernoctet egestas,
luce quotidie
Paupertas habitet. [*responde*
Oldc. Sed quod est tibi nomen? & quis dedit?
Argumentum.
Pris. Hem, hem!
Witty. He's dry; he hems: on quickly!
Ruin. Courteous gentlemen, [fensive
If the brow of a military face may not be of-
To your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, [planted
For some branch or small sprig of charity to be
Upon this poor barren soil of a soldier.
Oldc. How now! what, arms and arts both go a-begging?
Ruin. Such is the post-progress of cold charity now a-days, [so swift a motion
Who (for heat to her frigid limbs) passes in
That two at the least had need be to stay her.
Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you; and be gone!
If any quarrel should arise amongst us,
I am able to answer neither of them; his iron
And steel tongue is as hard as t'other's Latin one.
Oldc. Stay, stay, sir! I will talk a little with him first:
Let me alone with both! I will try whether they [love.—
Live by their wits or no; for such a man I
And, what, you both beg together then?
Pris. Conjunctis manibus, profecto, domine.
Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution; [even
There's not the breadth of a sword's point un-
In our division.
Greg. What two qualities
Are here cast away upon two poor fellows!
If a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what
A double man were that! If these two fellows
Might be bought and sodden, and boil'd to a jelly,
And eaten fasting every morning, I do not
Think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.
Oldc. Come, sir, join your charity with mine,
And we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us. [for his penny,
Greg. If a man could have a pennyworth I would bestow more money with 'em.
Witty. Save you, gentlemen! How now?
What, are you encounter'd here? What fellows are these? [a pair
Oldc. Faith, sir, here's Mars and Mercury;
Of poor planets, it seems, that Jupiter
Has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we
About a little spark of charity [are e'en
To kindle 'em a new fire.
Witty. Stay, pray you stay, sir!
You may abuse your charity, nay, make
That goodness in you no better than a vice:
So many deceivers walk in these shadows now-a-days,
That certainly your bounties were better spilt,
Than reserv'd to so lewd and vicious uses.—
Which is he that professes the soldier?
Ruin. He that professes his own profession, sir,
And the dangerous life he hath led in it
This pair of half-score years.
Witty. In what services have you been, sir?
Ruin. The first that flesh'd me a soldier, sir,
Was that great battle at Alcazar, in Barbary,
Where the noble English Stukeley fell[7], and where
That royal Portugal Sebastian ended
His untimely days.
Witty. Are you sure Sebastian died there?
Ruin. Faith, sir, there was some other rumour hop'd

[7] *The great* battle at Alcazar *in Barbary, where the noble* English Stukeley *fell, and where that royal* Portugal Sebastian, *&c.*] The *battle of Alcazar* was fought in August, 1578. Don *Sebastian*, one of the kings who fell in that engagement, being not found after the battle, was for a long time supposed to have escaped, and reported to be living in several different countries.—Of *Stukeley*, who appears to have been a dissolute Englishman, born in Devonshire, a volunteer in that battle, after having dissipated his property, an account may be seen in an old ballad published in Evans's collection, 1777, vol. ii. p. 103. See also an old play, entitled, The *Battle of Alcazar*, with the death of Captain *Stukeley*, 4to. 1594. *R.*

Amongst

Amongst us[8], that he, wounded, escap'd, and touch'd [country at home
On his native shore again; where finding his
More distress'd by the invasion of the Spaniard,
Than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting
A miserable and unfortunate life,
Which where he ended is yet uncertain.
Witty. By my faith, sir,
He speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.
Ruin. Since, sir, I serv'd in France, the Low Countries, [port[9],
Lastly, at that memorable skirmish at New-
Where the forward and bold Scot there spent his life
So freely, that from every single heart
That there fell, came home, from his resolution,
A double honour to his country.
Witty. This
Should be no counterfeit, sir.
Oldc. I do not think he is, sir.
Witty. But, sir, methinks you do not shew the marks
Of a soldier: could you so freely scape,
That you brought home no scars to be your chronicle? [in those parts
Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many; but
Where nature and humanity bids me shame
To publish.
Witty. A good soldier cannot want
Those badges.
Greg. Now am not I of your mind
In that; for I hold him the best soldier
That scapes best: always at a mock-fencing[10]
I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.
Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your scholar, too. To ask you
Why you should be poor, yet richly learn'd,
Were no question, at least, you can easily answer it; [serve
But whether you have learning enough to de-
To be poor or no (since poverty is commonly
The meed of learning) is yet to be tried:
You have the languages? I mean the chief,
As the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, &c.
Pris. Aliquantulum; non totaliter, domine.
Oldc. The Latin I have sufficiently tried him in, [grounded.
And I promise you, sir, he is very well
Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.
Toia miois fatherois iste cock-scomboy?
Pris. Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi asinisoy.
Witty. Cheateron ton biton?
Pris. Tous pollous strikerous, angelo to peeso.
Witty. Certainly, sir, [
A very excellent scholar in the Greek.
Oldc. I do note a wondrous readiness in him.
Greg. I do wonder [
How the Trojans could hold out ten years' siege, [Achilles
As 'tis reported, against the Greeks: if
Spoke but this tongue, I do not think but he
Might have shaken down the walls in a sevennight,
And ne'er troubled the wooden horse.
Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the Syriac.
Kircom brugmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.
Pris. Hashagath rabgabash shobso onoriadka.
Witty. Colpack rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag. [*lashemech nagothi.*
Pris. Napshamothem ribshe bongomosh
Witty. Gentlemen, I have done! any man, that can,
Go further! I confess myself at a nonplus.
Greg. Faith, not I, sir; I was at my furthest
In my natural language; I was never double-tongu'd,
I thank my hard fortune. [
Witty. Well, gentlemen,
'Tis pity (walk further off a little, my friends),
I say, 'tis pity such fellows, so endow'd,
So qualified with the gifts of nature and arts,
Yet should have such a scarcity of fortune's benefits:
We must blame our iron-hearted age for it.
Oldc. 'Tis pity, indeed; and our pity shall speak
A little for 'em: come, sir! here's my groat.
Witty. A groat, sir? oh fy! give nothing rather!
'Twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging,
And so quit yourself: I am a poor gentleman,
That have little but my wits to live on—
Oldc. Troth,
And I love you the better, sir.
Witty. Yet I'll begin
A better example than so: here, fellows,
There's between you; take purse and all; and I
Would it were heavier for your sakes!
There's a pair of angels to guide you to your lodgings,
A poor gentleman's good will! [*domine!*
Pris. Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime
Oldc. This is an ill example for us, sir: I would
This bountiful gentleman had not come this way to-day.

[8] Hop't *amongst us.*] Theobald and Seward would read, HOPT *amongst us.*

[9] *That memorable skirmish,* &c.] This *memorable skirmish at Newport* happened on the 22d of July, 1600, between prince Albert and prince Maurice de Nassau; the former commander of the Spaniards, and the latter of the forces of the States-general. The Spaniards were worsted, and sustained the loss of 2000 men killed, besides a great number taken prisoners. This battle is mentioned in several contemporary writers; but we do not find the least notice taken in any of the accounts, of the *forward and bold Scot,* whose bravery is here celebrated by our authors. *R.*

[10] *A* cock-fencing.] Corrected by Sympson.

Greg. Pox, we must not shame ourselves now,
Sir! I'll give as much as that gentleman,
Tho' I never be soldier or scholar while I live:
Here, friends; there's a piece, that, if he were divided, [the love
Would make a pair of angels for me too, in
I bear to the sword and the tongues.
Oldc. My largess [This bounty
Shall be equal too, and much good do you.
Is a little abatement of my wit tho', I feel that.
Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities!
Pris. And scholars pray for their encrease!
Oldc. Fare you well! [have made
Sir, these fellows may pray for you; you
The scholar's commons exceed to-day. And, a word with you, sir!
You said you liv'd by your wits; if you use
This bounty, you'll beggar your wits, believe it. [it; this seed
Witty. Oh, sir, I hope to encrease 'em by
Never wants his harvest. Fare you well, sir! [*Exit.*
Greg. I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable thief,
As an unreasonable beggar sometimes.
I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again:
Can you change my piece, my friends?
Pris. Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.
Greg. My gold is turn'd into Latin.

Re-enter Wittypate.

Witty. Look you, good fellows;
Here's one round shilling more that lay conceal'd. [into damage else.
Oldc. Sir, away! we shall be drawn further
Greg. A pox of the fool! he live by his wits? If his wits
Leave him any money, but what he begs or steals,
Very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him.
[*Exit with Greg.*

Ruin. This breakfast parcel was well fetch'd off, i'faith! [have better
Witty. Tush! a bye-blow for mirth; we must
Purchase: we want a fourth for another pro-
That I have ripen'd. [ject
Ruin. My wife; she shares, and can deserve it. [masculine?
Witty. She can change her shape, and be
Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'st conditions: she fears not [a grazier.
The crack of a pistol; she dares say *stand* to
Pris. Probatum fuit, profecto, domine.
Witty. Good! then you, sir Bacchus Apollo, shall be [to meet us
Dispatch'd with her share, and some contents,
To-morrow, at a certain place and time appointed, [nephew,
In the masculine gender: my father has a
And I an own cousin, coming up from the university,
Whom he loves must indulgently;
Easy master Credulous Oldcraft,
(For you know what your mere academic is).
Your carrier never misses his hour: he must not
Be robb'd, because he has but little to lose;
But he must join with us in a device
That I have, that shall rob my father of
A hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't: [upon his profess'd wit,
For there's the ambition of my wit, to live
That has turn'd me out to live by my wits.
Pris. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.
Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hundred weight,
Tho' it be counters, for my alchemy
Shall turn 'em into gold of my father's; the hour,
The place, the action shall be at large set down:
And, father, you shall know, that I put my portion
To use, that you have given me to live by;
And to confirm yourself in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wit's legitimate!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lady Ruinous and Servant.

Serv. NAY, lady!
L. Ruin. Put me not in mind on't, prithee!
You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction
To have that name remember'd; 'tis a title
That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice! [work
Scorn and contempt have not wherewith to
On humble callings; they are safe, and lie
Level with pity still, and pale distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when fortune
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us, [spirit,
Is that we are call'd by, *Lady.* Oh, my
Will nothing make thee humble? I'm well, methinks,
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world again:
Then I begin to rave at my stars' bitterness,

To

To see how many muckhills plac'd above me;
Peasants and droyls[11], caroches full of dung-hills,
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistring by night like glow-worms thro' the high-streets,
Hurried by torch-light in the footmen's hands,
That shew like running fire-drakes thro' the city,
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
(Nay, sometimes danger too) on foot, on horseback,
And earn my supper manfully ere I get it:
Many a meal I've purchas'd at that rate,

Enter Priscian.

Fed with a wound upon me, stamp'd at mid-night.
Ha! what are you?
Pris. [*pulls off his beard.*] Now you may tell yourself,
Lady!
L. Ruin. Oh, Mr. Priscian! what's the project?
For you ne'er come without one.
Pris. First, your husband, wishes,
Sir Ruinous Gentry, greets you with best
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five cheats and two robberies.
L. Ruin. And what comes it to?
Pris. Near upon thirteen pound.
L. Ruin. A goodly share! 'Twill put a lady scarce in Philip and cheyney[12],
With three small bugle laces, like a chamber-maid:
Here's precious lifting!
Pris. 'Las, you must consider, lady,
'Tis but young term; attornies ha' small doings yet;
Then highway lawyers, they must needs ha' little:
We've had no great good luck, to speak troth, beauty,
Since your stout ladyship parted from's at Highgate;
But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred.
Here's man's apparel! your horse stands at door.
L. Ruin. And what's the virtuous plot now?
Pris. Marry, lady,
You, like a brave young gallant, must be robb'd.
L. Ruin. I robb'd?
Pris. Nay then— sir.
L. Ruin. Well, well, go on! Let's hear,
Pris. Here's a seal'd bag of a hundred; which indeed
Are counters all, only some sixteen groats
Of white money i'th' mouth on't.
L. Ruin. So! what saddle have I?
Pris. Monsieur Laroon's the Frenchman's.
L. Ruin. That again?
You know so well it is not for my stride!
How oft have I complain'd on't?
Pris. You may have Jockey's then, the little Scotch one.
You must dispatch. [*Exit.*
L. Ruin. I'll soon be ready, sir, men
Before you have shifted saddles. Many wo-
Have their wealth flow to 'em; I was made, I see,
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [*Exit.*

Enter Cunningham.

Cunn. My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf
Still draws me from my home; yet I follow:
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such hags do get dominion of our tongues;
So soon as we speak, the enchantment binds.
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best wits can hardly clear again:
Piping thro' this old reed, the Guardianess,
With purpose that my harmony shall reach
And please the lady's ear; she stops below,
And echoes back my love unto my lips,
Persuaded by most violent arguments
Of self-love in herself, I am so self-fool,
To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; it were charity;
But for pity's sake I will be a niggard,
And undo her, refusing to take from her.
I'm haunted again! if it take not now,
I'll break the spell.

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Sweet Cunningham, welcome!
What, a whole day absent? Birds that build nests
Have care to keep 'em.
Cunn. That is granted;
But not continually to sit upon 'em, sire
'Less in the youngling season: else, they de-
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours;
Then they return with fresher appetite
To work again.
Guard. Well, well, you've built a nest
That will stand all storms; you need not mistrust
A weather-wreck: and, one day, it may be
The youngling season too; then, I hope,
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.
Cunn. There will be pains
I see to shake this bur off!—And, sweetest,
Prithee how fares thy charge? has my good friend,
Sir Gregory, the countenance of a lover?
Guard. No, by my troth, not in my mind; fool,
methinks,
(Setting his worship aside) he looks like a

[11] *Droyls.*] i. e. *Drudges*, &c. *Sympson.*

[12] *In* Philip *and cheyney.*] What sort of stuff *Philip* is, I don't remember ever to have heard or read of: I imagine the original reading run thus,

——— *Philippine* cheyney,

which is a sort of stuff at present in common use, but goes now by the appellation of *harra-teen.* *Sympson.*

Cunn.

Cunn. Nay, i'faith, ne'er divide his worship from him [no
For that small matter! fool and worship are
Such strangers now-a-days. But my meaning is,
Has he thy lady's countenance of love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As, Cupid bless us, we have?
Guard. Troth, I know not;
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge.
But I protest I wish the knight
Better for your sake, bird.
Cunn. Why, thanks, sweet bird! [strong
And with my heart I wish that he had as
And likely hope of her, as thou hast of me.
Guard. Well, he is like to speed never the worse
For that good wish. And I will tell you, bird,
(For secrets are not to be kept betwixt us
My charge thinks well of you. [two;
Cunn. Of me? for what? [heard her
Guard. For my sake; I mean so: I have
A hundred times say, since her uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together:
We've spoke of doors and bolts, and things, and things—
Go to! I'll not tell all[13]; but you'll find some
Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.
Cunn. Faith, be not sparing; tell me!
Guard. By my lady,
You shall pardon me for that! it were a shame
If men should hear all that women speak be-
Their backs sometimes. [hind
Cunn. You must give me leave yet
At least to give her thanks.
Guard. Nor that neither;
She must not take a notice of my blabbing.
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks; for
'Tis for my sake, if she be bountiful:
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.
Cunn. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest duty?
Guard. Ay, but you must not know it; if you tell
All that I open to you, you'll shame us both:
A far off, you may kiss your hand, blush, or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference. [now.
Cunn. Whoop! you'll be jealous, I perceive
Guard. Jealous?
Why, there is no true love without it, bird!
I must be jealous of thee: but for her,
(Were it within my duty to my master)
I durst trust her with the strongest tempter,
And I dare swear her now as pure a virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage-bed:
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.
Cunn. And where's the cause of your fear
Guard. Well, well; [then?
When things are past, and the wedding torches
Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.
Cunn. Come, come, I see further,
That, if we were married, you'd be jealous.
Guard. I protest, I should a little, but not of her:
It is the married woman (if you mark it)
And not the maid, that longs; the appetite
Follows the first taste; when we have relish'd,
We wish cloying; the taste once pleas'd before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more.
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith, bird.
Cunn. Not a whit, faith, bird, betwixt you and I;
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.
Guard. Nay, [rul'd;
You shall know more of me, if you'll be
But make not things common.
Cunn. Ud'so, your lady! [of this;
Guard. Ay, 'tis no matter; she'll like well
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Niece and Pompey.

Niece. This present from sir Gregory?
Pompey. From my master,
The worshipful, right sir Gregory Fop.
Niece. A ruff? And what might be his high conceit
In sending of a ruff?
Pompey. I think he had
Two conceits in't, forsooth[14], to high, to low;
Ruff high, because as the ruff does embrace
Your neck all day, so does he desire to throw
His knightly arms—
Niece. But then I leave him off a-nights.
Pompey. Why, then he is ruff low, a ruffian:
A bold adventurous errant to do any
Rough service for his lady.
Niece. A witty and unhappy conceit!—
Does he mean
As he seems to say unto that reverence?
[*Toward Cunningham.*
He does wooe her sure!
Pompey. To tell you truth, lady, [yet.
His conceit was far better than I have blaz'd
Niece. Do you think so, sir?
Pompey. Nay, I know it, forsooth;
For it was two days ere he compass'd it,
To find a fitting present for your ladyship:

[13] *Go to,* I'll tell you all.] Varied by Sympson.

[14] *He had two conceits in it, forsooth,* too high, too low.] The playing upon words here, I imagine to have been the conceit of some poor player. If we consider this passage, it will be found that, *two conceits, too* high *too* low, is nothing but sound without sense, and that the poets probably wrote,

——— two conceits, *t'one* high, *t'one* low. *Sympson.*

Sympson's *conceit* seems the strangest of the whole.

He

He was sending once a very fine puppy to you. [himself.
Niece. And that he would have brought
Pompey. So he would indeed; but then
He alter'd his device, and sent this ruff,
Requesting withal, that whensoever it is foul,
You (with your own hands) would bestow the starching of it.
Niece. Else she wooes him: now his eyes shoot this way.— [*Toward Cunningham.*
And what was the reason of that, sir?
Pompey. There lies his main conceit, lady; for, says he, [starching
In so doing, she cannot chuse but in the
To clap it often between her hands, and so
She gives a great liking and applause to my present;
Whereas, if I should send a puppy, she ever
Calls it to her with *hist, hiss, hiss,* which is
A fearful disgrace: he drew the device
From a play[15] at the Bull, t'other day.
Niece. Ay marry, sir, this was a rich conceit indeed. [for you, lady.
Pompey. And far fetch'd, therefore good
Guard. How now? which way look you,
Cunn. At the fool, bird; [bird?
Shall I not look at the fool?
Guard. At the fool, [way.
And I here? what need that? pray look this
Niece. I'll fit him aptly! Either I'll awake
His wits (if he have any) or force him to appear
(As yet I cannot think him) without any.—
Sirrah, tell me one thing true,
That I shall ask you now: was this device
Your master's own? I doubt his wit in it;
He is not so ingenious.
Pompey. His own,
I assure you, madam.
Niece. Nay, you must not lie. [with you
Pompey. Not with a lady? I'd rather lie
Than lie with my master, by your leave,
In such a case as this.
Guard. Yet again your eye?
Cunn. The fool makes mirth, i'faith;
I'd hear some.
Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.
Niece. Come hither, friend; nay, come nearer me! Did [wise,
Thy master send thee to me? He may be
But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes [least think on't.
May wrong themselves unawares, when they
Was Vulcan ever so unwise to send Mars
To be his spokesman, when he went a-wooing?
Send thee? Hey-ho! a pretty rolling eye!
Pompey. I can turn up the white and the
An need be, forsooth. [black too,
Niece. Why, here's an amorous nose!
Pompey. You see the worst of my nose,
Niece. A cheek! [forsooth.
How I could pat it now in dalliance[16]!
A pair of lips! Oh, that we were uney'd!
I could suck sugar from 'em; what a beard is here! [stamp
When will the knight thy master have such a
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not blush.
Pompey. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.
Cunn. 'Death, she courts the fool!
Guard. Away, away! 'tis sport; do not mind it.
Niece. Give me thy hand; come, be familiar!
Ay, here's a promising palm! what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here! Here's down compar'd [fingers
With flocks and quilted straw; thy knight's
Are lean mattrice-rubbers to these feathers:
I prithee let me lean my cheek upon't!
What a soft pillow's here!
Pompey. Hum, hum, hu, hum! [passion!
Niece. Why, there's a courage in that lively
Measure thee all o'er, there is not a limb
But has his full proportion: it is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee;
The goodlier man by half! at once, now I
See thee all over.
Pompey. If you had seen me swim the other day [seen!
On my back, you would have said you had
There was two chambermaids that saw me, and
My legs by chance were tangled in the flags,
And when they saw how I was hang'd, they cried out,
Oh, help the man for fear he be drown'd!
Niece. They
Could do no less in pity. Come, thine arm!
We'll walk together. [she dotes
Cunn. Blindness of love and women! why,
Upon the fool.
Guard. What's that to you? mind her not.
Cunn. Away, you bur!
Guard. How's that?
Cunn. Hang off, flesh-hook! fasten thine itchy clasp [thee,
On some dry toad-stool, that will kindle with
And burn together.
Guard. Oh, abominable!
Why, do you not love me?
Cunn. No; never did!
I took thee down a little way to enforce
A vomit from my offended stomach; now
Thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.
Guard. Oh, villain! [*Retires.*
Cunn. Why, dost thou not see a sight
Would make a man abjure the sight of women?
Niece. Ha, ha, ha! he's vex'd! ha, ha, ha!
Pompey. Ha, ha, ha!
Niece. Why dost thou laugh?
Pompey. Because thou laughest; nothing else, i'faith.

[15] *The device from a play.*] And yet next page he tells Niece, who suspected his master in point of wit and ingenuity, that it was really his (sir Gregory's, own. *Sympson.*

[16] *How I could* put *it now in dalliance.*] Corrected by Sympson.

Cunn.

Cunn. She has but mock'd my folly! else she finds not
The bosom of my purpose: some other way
Must make me know. I'll try her; and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her lady-wit. [*Exit.*

Niece. Yes, in troth, I laugh'd to think of thy master
Now, what he would think if he knew this!

Pompey. By my troth,
I laugh at him too. Faith, sirrah, he's but a fool, [say't.
To say the truth, tho' I say't that should not

Niece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee. [something;
Well, for this time we'll part: you perceive
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our
But pray be silent! [weakness;

Pompey. As mouse in cheese, or goose in hay, i'faith. [hand

Niece. Look, we are cut off! there's my
Where my lips would be.

Pompey. I'll wink, and think 'em
Thy lips. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Niece. Now, Guardianess,
I need not ask where you have been.

Guard. Oh, lady,
Ne'er was woman so abus'd!

Re-enter Pompey.

Pompey. Dost thou hear, lady sweetheart?
I had forgot to tell thee; if you will,
I will come back in the evening.

Niece. By no means;
Come not 'till I send for you.

Pompey. If there be [am gone.
Any need, you may think of things when I
I may be convey'd into your chamber; I'll
Under the bed while midnight, or so; [lie
Or you shall put me up in one of your little
I can creep in at a small hole. [boxes;

Niece. These
Are things I dare not venture: I charge you,
On my love, never come 'till I send for you.

Pompey. Verbum insipienti! 'Tis enough to the wise. [know
Nor I think it is not fit the knight should
Any thing yet.

Niece. By no means! pray you go now: we're suspected. [us use our secrets.

Pompey. For the things that are past, let

Niece. Now I will make a firm trial of your love;
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a syllable; 'tis the seal of love; take heed!

Pompey. Hum, hum, hum, hum! [*Exit.*

Niece. He hums loth to depart[17].
So, this pleasant trouble's gone. Now, Guardianess! [cause, woman?
What! your eyes easing your heart? the

Guard. The cause is false man, madam! oh, lady!
I have been gulled in a shining carbuncle,
A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as ice.

Niece. And justly serv'd; [spring[18].
Wouldst thou once think that such an erring
Would dote upon thine autumn?

Guard. Oh, had you heard
Him but protest—

Niece. I would not have believ'd him.
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd
In wanton imitation with the fool. [thy folly,
Go, weep the sin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loss! for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it. Wert thou so dull?
Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable.
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
The prey; the stale to catch another bird with.

Guard. Indeed he call'd me bird.

Niece. Yet thou perceiv'st not: [made
It is your niece he loves; wouldst thou be
A stalking jade? 'tis she, examine it.—
I'll hurry all awry[19], and tread my path

[17] Pompey. *Hum, hum, hum, hum—*
He hums loath to depart.] The impropriety of putting this passage into *Pompey*'s mouth is evident from the bare mention. To the *Niece* it unquestionably belongs, and we should write,

Pompey. Hum, hum, hum, hum. [*Exit.*
Niece. He hums loath to depart. *Sympson.*

[18] *An* erring *spring.*] So first folio; second, *early*; and Seward *caring*. We have followed the oldest copy, not only as authorized, but as falling immediately in with the sense of the context, and being preferable to *caring*, which is a hard epithet in this place.

[19] *I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path*
Over unbeaten grounds; go level to the mark,
Not *by circular bouts; rare things are pleasing.*] Seward says, 'If she *hurrys all awry*, 'it is plain she must go to her mark, as she really does, by *circular bouts, i. e.* by seeming to 'aim at something else. I suppose the original to have been,

'Over unbeaten grounds go level to
'The mark, by circular bouts; rare things are pleasing:'

And Sympson changes *not* into *but*.—There needs neither omission nor alteration. Seward misconstrues the text, and Sympson's change of *not* into *but* directly contradicts the poet's meaning. By *hurrying awry*, she only means leaving the common way, and *to tread a path over unbeaten grounds*, by which means she will go LEVEL *to the mark*, NOT *round about*. Did Messrs. Seward or Sympson never amuse themselves in their younger days with the diversion of *steeple-hunting*? 'Tis the very thing

Over

Over unbeaten grounds! go level to the mark,
Not by circular bouts; rare things are pleasing;
And rare's but seldom in the simple sense,
But has her emphasis with eminence. [*Exit.*
Guard. My niece? she the rival of my abuse? [her for't!
My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll aunt her

Enter Mirabel.

Oh, opportunity, thou blessest me!—
Now, gentlewoman! are you parted so soon?
Where is your friend, I pray? your Cunning-
Mir. What say you, aunt? [ham?
Guard. Come, come, your Cunningham!
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.
Mir. Dumb I am sure you're not. What ail you, aunt?
Are you not well?
Guard. No, nor sick;
Nor mad, nor in my wits; nor sleeping,
Nor waking; nor nothing, nor any thing:
I know not what I am, nor what I am not!
Mir. Mercy cover us! what do you mean,
Guard. I mean to be reveng'd. [aunt?
Mir. On whom?
Guard. On thee, baggage!
Mir. Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reach'd so far as thought in me
Towards you, aunt.
Guard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your Cunningham, can either blind me!
The gentle beggar loves you.
Mir. Beseech you, let
Me stay your error! I begin to hear,
And shake off my amazement: if you think
That ever any passage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenced; any
Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
So much as brother and sister might meet with;
The lip-salute, so much as strangers might
Take a farewell with; the commixed hands;
Nay, but the least thought of the least of these,
In troth you wrong your bosom; by that truth
Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me
If it were offer'd you, I am as free
As all this protestation.
Guard. May I believe this? [thought
Mir. If ever you'll believe truth. Why I
He had spoke love to you; and if his heart
Prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.
Guard. Oh, falsest man! Ixion's plague fell on me!
Never by woman, such a masc'line cloud,
So airy and so subtle, was embrac'd.
Mir. By no cause in me, by my life, dear aunt. [venge,
Guard. I believe you: then help in my re-
And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever:
I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon.
Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires
With all the engines of a woman's wit,
Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;
He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;
And when thou hast him by the amorous gills,
Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires,
Then let his banquetings be tantalism.
Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out!
Oh, I should climb the stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to ashes in his love!
Mir. This will be a strange task[20], aunt, and an
Unwilling labour; yet, in your injunction,
I am a servant to't.
Guard. Thou'lt undertake't? [hereafter!
Mir. Yes; let the success commend itself
Guard. Effect it, girl, my substance is thy store;
Nothing but want of will makes woman poor.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gregory and Pompey.

Greg. Why, Pompey, thou'rt not stark mad, art thou? wilt thou
Not tell me how my lady does?
Pompey. Your lady?
Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no?
Pompey. The thing [you sent,
That you sent her, knight, by the thing that
Was, for the thing's sake that was sent to carry
The thing that you sent, very kindly receiv'd.
First, [servant!)
There's your indenture; (now go seek you a
Secondly, you're a knight; thirdly and lastly,
I'm mine own man; and, fourthly, fare you well! [with thee!
Greg. Why, Pompey! Prithee let me speak
I'll lay my life some hare has crost him.
Pompey. Knight, [lady,
If you be a knight, so keep you: as for the
Who shall say that she is not a fair lady?
A sweet lady, an honest and a virtuous lady?
I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue,
And I will make him eat these fingers' ends.
Greg. Why, here's nobody says so, Pompey. [twen the lady
Pompey. Whatsoever things have past be-
And the other party, whom I will not name
At this time, I say she is virtuous
And honest, and I will maintain't, as long as
I can maintain myself with bread and water.
Greg. Why, I know nobody thinks otherwise. [in my hearing,
Pompey. Any man that does but think it
I will make him think on't while he has a thought
In his bosom! Shall we say that kindnesses
From ladies are common? or that favours and protestations [parties?
Are things of no moment betwixt parties and
I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the lady [she is honest,
And the party which I will not name, that
And shall be honest, whatsoever she does

[20] *A strange* taste.] Varied by Sympson.

By day or by night, by light or by darkness,
With cut and long tail[21].
Greg. Why, I say she is honest.
Pompey. Is she honest? [knight?
In what sense do you say she is honest,
Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw [ass,
My dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an
And no gentleman!
Pompey. Throw your dagger at me?
Do not, knight! I give you fair warning,
'Tis but cast away if you do; for you shall have [lady,
No other words of me: the lady is an honest
Whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, [her
And thoughts, and words, and deeds betwixt
And the party which I will not name. [man
This I give you to understand, that another
May have as goo[illegible] an eye, as amorous a nose,
As fair a stampt beard, and be as proper a man, [man
As a knight (I name no parties); a serving-
May be as good as a sir,
A Pompey as a Gregory, a doodle as a fop:
So, servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected
As well with ladies (tho' I name no parties)
As Sir Gregory Fop. So, farewell! [*Exit.*
Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I
Never have any more wit while I live!
Either the sight of the lady has gaster'd him[22],
Or else he's drunk; or else he walks in his sleep,
Or else he's a fool, or a knave, or both;
One of the three I'm sure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't,
She has not us'd me so kindly as her uncle
Promis'd me she should: but that's all one;
He says I shall have her, and I dare take his word
For the best horse I have, and that's
A weightier thing than a lady, I'm sure on't.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man), Wittypate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian, and Master Credulous, binding and robbing her, and in scarfs. Credulous finds the bag.

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own; 'tis in your pleasure how
You will deal with me: yet I would entreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit!
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store I vow (and it weighs a hundred);
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.
Witty. You may pursue.
L. Ruin. As I'm a gentleman, I never will!
Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour
'Till you call out for bail, and on the other
Side of the hedge leave you: but keep the peace
'Till we be out of hearing! for by that
We shall be out of danger: if we come back,
We come with a mischief!
L. Ruin. You need not fear me.
Pris. Come, we'll bestow you then.
Exeunt Ruin. Pris. and Lady.
Witty. Why la you, sir, is not this a swifter revenue
Than *Sic probos, ergos & igiturs* can bring in?
Why, is not this one of your syllogisms
In Barbara, *Omne utile est honestum?*
Cred. Well, sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully: I protest
You have (at first sight) made me conscious
Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted. Yet
I could almost have wish'd rather ye had robb'd [lar's)
Me of my cloak, (for my purse, 'tis a scho-
Than to have made me a robber. [questions
I had rather have answer'd three difficult
Than this one, as easy as yet it seems.
Witty. Tush! you
Shall never come to further answer for't.
Can you confess your penurious uncle,
In his full face of love, to be so strict
A niggard to your commons, that you're fain
To size your belly out with shoulder fees,
With rumps and kidnies, and cues of single beer,
And yet make dainty to feed more daintily[23]
At this easier rate! Fy, master Credulous!
I blush for you.
Cred. This is a truth undeniable.
Witty. Why, go to then! I hope I know your uncle:
How does he use his son, nearer than you?

[21] *Cut and long tail.*] According to the forest laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long tail* therefore signify the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. *Steevens.*

[22] *Gaster'd.*] i. e. *frightened*,

'And when he saw my best alarmed spirits
'Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
'Or whether *gasted* by the noise I made,
'But suddenly he fled.' *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 1. *R.*

[23] *And yet make* daymy *to feed more daintily.*] The first folio reads, *daynty*; for want of consulting that edition (we suppose) Sympson is greatly puzzled what to do with *daymy*.

Cred.

Cred. Faith, like his jade, upon the bare commons
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it:
He would have been glad to have shar'd in such
A purchase, and thank'd his good fortune too.

Enter Ruinous and Priscian.

But mum, no more! Is all safe, bullies?
Ruin. Secure; [loss,
The gentleman thinks him most happy in his
With's life and limbs safe, and redoubles
His first vow, as he is a gentleman,
Never to pursue us.
Witty. Well; away then! [still
Disperse! you with master Credulous, who
Shall bear the purchase; Priscian and I
Will take some other course: you know our meeting [viso,
At the Three Cups in St Giles's; with this pro-
(For 'tis a law with us) that nothing be opened
'Till all be present: the loser says a hundred,
And it can weigh no less.
Ruin. Come, sir, we'll be your guide.
Cred. My honesty, which till now was never forfeited,
All shall be close 'till our meeting!
[*Exit with Ruin.*
Witty. Tush, I believe it;—and then all shall out.
Where is the thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Ruin. Here, master Oldcraft.
All follows now. [to turn that bag
Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench. Now
Of counterfeits to current pieces, & *actum est!* [the fire still,
L. Ruin. You are the chemist; we'll blow
If you can mingle the ingredients.
Witty. I will not miss a cause[24], a quantity, a dram.
You know the place.
Pris. I have told her that, sir. [stable,
Witty. Good! Turn Ruinous to be a con-
(I'm sure we want not beards of all sorts, from
The worshipful magistrate to the under watchman)
Because we must have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat; attach Credulous:
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in, in his own cousin's shape,
By mere accident, where finding him distress'd,
I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
With promise that his uncle shall shut up all,
With double restitution: master constable
Ruinous his mouth shall be stopt;
You, mistress Rob-thief, shall have your share of [enough?
What we can gull my father of. Is't plain
L. Ruin. As plain a cozenage as can be, faith. [When this is
Witty. Father, I come again, and again!
Past too, father, one will beget another.
I'd loath to leave your posterity barren:
You were best to come to composition, father:
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be cheaper, father, than my wit;
For I will cheat none but you, dear father.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Oldcraft and Gregory.

Oldc. WHY, now you take the course, sir Gregory Fop:
I could enforce her, an I list; but love
That's gently won is a man's own for ever.
Have you prepar'd good musick?
Greg. As fine a noise[25], uncle,
As heart can wish.
Oldc. Why, that's done like a suitor!
They must be woo'd an hundred several ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman:
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings,

[24] *I will not miss a* cause, *a* quantity, *a dram.*] Chymical terms are necessary here, *cause* therefore seems a corruption, and *quantity* makes no proper climax; one might easily form a proper climax with a *scruple, dram or grain*, but the laws of criticism allow no such deviation from the trace of the letters; the only probable conjecture that I can form is,

—— *a* cart, *a* quint, *a dram;*

i. e. a fourth or fifth part, or even a dram. I spell *cart* rather than *quart*, because our English writers so spell it in other instances, as a *cardecu* instead of *quart d'ecu.* *Seward.*

[25] *As fine a* noise.] It is plain from this passage, and Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, that *noise* was formerly used to express a concert of *musick.* Many of our old authors will afford instances of this: among the rest, in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene 4, one of the Drawers says, 'See if thou canst find out Sneak's *noise;* mistress Tearsheet would fain hear 'some *musick.*' In a note on that passage, Mr. Steevens produces various proofs of this acceptation of the word.

The serpent has not more; for sh' has all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother. [on!
Greg. A fearful portion for a man to venture
Oldc. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies so tame again.
Greg. I promise you, not a house-rabbit,
Oldc. No sucker on 'em all[26], [sir.
Greg. What a thing's that? [tame,
They're pretty fools, I warrant, when they're
As a man can lay his lips to.
Oldc. How were you bred, sir?
Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter? [fools for me,
Greg. Never, i'faith; they ha' made some
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons. [plainlier, I think,
Oldc. They could not shew you the way
To make a fool again.
Greg. There's fools enough, sir,
'Less they were wiser.
Oldc. This is wondrous rare! [knight?
Come you to London with a maidenhead,
A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloke-bag?
Never an hostess by the way to leave it with?
Nor tapster's sister? nor head-ostler's wife?
What, nobody?
Greg. Well mock'd, old wit-monger!
I keep it for your niece. [at thee:
Oldc. Do not say so, for shame! she'll laugh
A wife ne'er looks for't; 'tis a batchelor's penny; [time,
He may give't to a beggar-wench, i'th' progress
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [*Exit.*
Greg. 'Would I had known so much!
I could ha' stopt a beggar's mouth by the way,

Enter Page and Fidler's Boy.

That rail'd upon me 'cause I'd give her
What, are they come? [nothing.—
Page. And plac'd directly, sir,
Under her window.
Greg. What may I call you, gentleman?
Boy. A poor servant to the viol; I'm the voice, sir.
Greg. In good time, master Voice!
Boy. Indeed, good time does get the mastery.
Greg. What countryman, master Voice?
Boy. Sir, born at Ely; we all set up in *ela*,
But our house commonly breaks in Rutland-shire. [well break
Greg. A shrewd place by my faith! it may
Your voice; it breaks many a man's back.
Set to your business. [Come,

SONG.

Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than musick; no compare!
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasure makes a child;
Your day-delights, so well compact,
That what you think turns all to act:
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake,
Part softly from your dreams!
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.
Greg. I hear her up. Here, master Voice,
Pay you the instruments; save what you can,

Enter Niece above.

To keep you when you're crack'd.
[*Exit Boy.*
Niece. Who should this be,
That I'm so much beholding to for sweetness?
Pray Heav'n, it happens right!
Greg. Good morrow, mistress!
Niece. An ill day, and a thousand, come upon thee! [any almanack has!
Greg. 'Light! that's six hundred more than
Niece. Comes it from thee? it is the
That ever woman heard. [mangiest musick
Greg. Nay, say not so, lady!
There's not an itch about 'em.
Niece. I could curse
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't!
There is no boldness like the impudence
That's lock'd in a fool's blood! How durst you do this?
In conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently
As woman could a man; insatiate coxcomb!
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee
Would o' my life ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends.
Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied?
I am persuaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy body's worth; and still a-hungred?
A mischief of that maw! prithee seek elsewhere;
In troth I'm weary of abusing thee:
Get thee a fresh mistress, thou't make work enough.
I do not think there's scorn enough in town
To serve thy turn; take the court-ladies in,
And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em!
Greg. Is this in earnest, lady?
Niece. Oh, unsatiable!
Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum! trust me,
Thou'lt beggar my derision utterly;
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh:

[26] Greg. *I promise you, not a* house-rabbet, *sir.*
Oldc. *No* sucker *on 'em all.*] In the First Part of Henry IV. Falstaff says, 'Hang me 'up by the heels for a *rabbet-sucker!*' which Dr. Johnson explains to be a *sucking-rabbet*; and Mr. Steevens furnishes several instances in support of that explanation.

If

If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd thou shouldst then: [from me,
But th' hast no conscience, now t' extort hate
When one has spent all she can make upon thee:
Must I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I've rid thee twice? faith, 'tis unreasonable!
Greg. Say you so? I'll know that presently. [*Exit.*
Niece. Now he runs
To fetch my uncle to this musty bargain;
But I have better ware always at hand,
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter Cunningham.

Cunn. I met the musick now; yet cannot learn
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.
Niece. There's somebody set already[27]; I must to't, I see.—
Well, well, sir Gregory!
Cunn. Ha! Sir Gregory?
Niece. Where-e'er you come, you may well boast your conquest. [tune then
Cunn. She's lost, i'faith! enough! has forRemember'd her great boy? she seldom fails 'em. [methought,
Niece. He was th' unlikeliest man at first
To have my love! we never met but wrangled.
Cunn. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still!
I never knew't fail yet, where-e'er it came;
It never comes, but, like a storm of hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't;
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it; [haunches.
It fights i'th' tongue, but's sure to agree i'th'
Niece. That man that should ha' told me, when time was, [piteously!
I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at
But see how things will change!
Cunn. Here's a heart feels it!
Oh, the deceitful promises of love!
What trust should a man put in the lip of woman?
She kiss'd me with that strength, as if sh' had meant
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.
Niece. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a match once. [so much!
Cunn. I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes [with nothing,
Than younger brothers have? that's a maid
Or some old soap-boiler's widow, without teeth:
There waits my fortune for me; seek no further! [*Exit.*

Enter Oldcraft and Sir Gregory.

Oldc. You tell me things, sir Gregory, that can't be.
She will not, nor she dare not.
Greg. 'Would I were whipt then!
Niece. I'll make as little show of love, sir Gregory,
As ever woman did; you shall not know
You have my heart a good while.
Oldc. Heard you that? [condition;
Niece. Man will insult so soon; 'tis his
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can:
I've much ado, I swear; and love i'th' end
Will have his course: let maids do what they can,
They are but frail things 'till they end in man.
Oldc. What say you to this, sir?
Greg. This is somewhat handsome.
Niece. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
Now I shall try how constant his love is,
Altho' it went sore against my heart to chide him.
Greg. Alas, poor gentlewoman!
Oldc. Now you're sure of truth;
You hear her own thoughts speak.
Greg. They speak indeed. [a fop;
Oldc. Go, you're a brainless coax, a toy,
I'll go no further than your name, sir Gregory,
I'll right myself there. Were you from this place, [you!
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my niece and I?—
Good-morrow, niece, good-morrow!
Niece. Many fair ones to you, sir!
Oldc. Go! you're a coxcomb.—How dost, niece, this morning?— [girl?—
An idle shallow fool!—Slep'dst thou well,
Fortune may very well provide thee lordships,
For honesty has left thee little manners.
Greg. How am I bang'd o' both sides!
Oldc. Abuse kindness?—
Wilt take the air to-day, niece?
Niece. When you please, sir.
There stands the heir behind you I must take
(Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear).
Oldc La' you! do you hear't continued to your teeth now?
A pox of all such Gregories! what a hand
Have I with you? [*Niece lets fall her scarf.*
Greg. No more! I'leck, I ha' done, sir.
Lady, your scarf's fall'n down.
Niece. 'Tis but your luck, sir,
And does presage the mistress must fall shortly;
You may wear it, an you please.
Oldc. There's a trick for you! [plain!
You're parlously belov'd; you should com-
Greg. Yes, when I complain, sir,
Then do your worst; there I'll deceive you, sir.

[27] *There's somebody* set;] i. e. *Posted, stationed.* We should not have thought an explanation necessary, had not the passage been quite unintelligible to Sympson, who proposes reading *fet* or *fetch'd.*

Oldc.

Olde. You are a dolt, and so I leave you, sir. [*Exit.*

Greg. Ah, sirrah mistress, were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; 'I must not know
'I have your heart;' take heed o'that, I pray!
I knew some scarf would come.

Niece. He's quite gone, sure:— [again,
Ah, you base coxcomb, couldst thou come
And so abus'd as thou wast?

Greg. How!

Niece. It would ha' kill'd [chamber
A sensible man; he would ha' gone to his
And broke his heart, by this time.

Greg. Thank you heartily!

Niece. Or fix'd a naked rapier in a wall,
Like him that earn'd his knighthood ere he had it,
And then refus'd, upon't ran up to th' hilts.

Greg. Yes, let him run for me! I was never brought up to't,
I never profess'd running i' my life.

Niece. What art thou made on, thou tough villainous vermin?
Will nothing destroy thee?

Greg. Yes, yes, assure yourself
Unkind words may do much.

Niece. Why, dost thou want 'em? ['em:
I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to
Tell me what sort of words they be would
I'll see what I can do yet. [speed thee,

Greg. I'm much beholding to you.
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

Niece. I should account nothing too much to rid thee. [me,

Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy
All the while your uncle was here.

Niece. Why, there thou
Betray'st thy house; we of the Oldcrafts were
Born to more wit than so.

Greg. I wear your favour here.

Niece. 'Would it might rot thy arm off!
If thou knew'st [bitterness,
With what contempt thou hast it, what heart's
How many cunning curses came along with't,
Thou'dst quake to handle it.

Greg. A pox, take't again then!
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?

Niece. No, wear't still;
But long I hope thou shalt not; 'tis but cast
Upon thee purposely to serve another,
That has more
Right to't; as in some countries they convey
Their treasure upon asses to their friends:
If mine be but so wise and apprehensive
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It stays not long on thy desertless arm.
I'll make thee, ere I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, altho' I giv't thee freely.
Kiss it you may, and make what show you can,
But sure you carry't to a worthier man!
And so good-morrow to you! [*Exit.*

Greg. Hu hum, ha hum!
I ha'n't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
Nor the audacity to kill myself,
But I could cry my heart out; that's as good,
For so't be out, no matter which way't comes.
If I can die with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, what is that to any man?
If there be so much death, that serves my turn there.
Every one knows the state of his own body;
No carrions kills a kite, but then again
There's cheese will choak a daw. Time I were dead, i'faith,
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
I am a maiden-knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
Else 'twould go hard with me; and to complain
To sir Perfidious the old knight again,
Were to be more abus'd: [me,
Perhaps he'd beat me well, but ne'er believe

Enter Cunningham.

And few men die o'beating; that were lost too. [him.
Oh, here's my friend! I'll make my moan to

Cunn. I cannot tear her memory from my heart, [fool'd
That treads mine down[28]! Was ever man so
That profess'd wit?

Greg. Oh, Cunningham!

Cunn. Sir Gregory!
The choice, the victor, the town's happy man!

Greg. 'Snigs, what dost mean? come I to thee for comfort,
And dost abuse me too?

Cunn. Abuse you? how, sir?
With justifying your fortune, and your joys?

Greg. Pray hold your hand, sir! I've been bob'd enough: [merrily;
You come with a new way now, strike me
But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already, [on him.
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts
Wilt ha' the truth? I'm the rankest ass
That e'er was born to lordships!

Cunn. What? no, sir! [yielded

Greg. I had not thought my body could a'
All those foul scurvy names that she has call'd me;
I wonder whence she fetch'd 'em.

Cunn. Is this credible? [her uncle;

Greg. She pin'd this scarf upon me[29], 'fore

[28] *Tear her memory from my heart,*
That treads mine down.] Probably, That *tears mine out.* *Sympson.*

[29] *She* pin'd *this scarf upon me.*] This is a manifest untruth, for she never was out of her chamber from the time of sir Gregory's serenading her, to the dropping of her scarf. What should hinder us then from reading, to salve the veracity of the knight,
She *palm'd* this scarf upon me. *Sympson.*
Why so minute? why not admit *pinn'd* metaphorically for *fastened?*

But,

But, his back turn'd, she curs'd me so for wearing on't [since;
The very brawn of mine arm has ach'd e'er
Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear't still,
But hop'd I should not long: if good luck serve,
I should meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me; 'twas but lent to me,
And sent to him for a token.

Cunn. I conceit it! I know the man
That lies in wait for't: part with't, by all means,
In any case! you are way-laid about it.

Greg. How, sir! way-laid?

Cunn. Pox of a scarf, say I!
I prize my friend's life 'bove a million of 'em:
You shall be rul'd, sir; I know more than you.

Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't!
'Las, 'tis not for my wearing; so she told me.

Cunn. No, no, give me't; the knave shall
And you shall live. [miss his purpose,

Greg. I would as long as I could, sir.

Cunn. No more replies! you shall; I'll prevent this:
Pompey shall march without it.

Greg. What, is't he?
My man that was?

Cunn. Call him your deadly enemy!
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly;
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, sir;
I care not if he heard me.

Greg. But, do you hear, sir? [him?
Can it sound with reason, she should affect

Cunn. Do you talk of reason? I ne'er thought to have heard
Such a word come from you: reason in love?
Would you give that no doctor could e'er give?
Has not a deputy married his cook-maid?
An alderman's widow, one that was her turn-broach?
Nay, has not a great lady brought her stable
Into her chamber? lay with her horse-keeper?

Greg. Did ever love play such jade's tricks, sir?

Cunn. Oh, thousands, thousands.
Beware a sturdy clown, e'er while you live, sir:
'Tis like a housewifry in most shires about us:
You shall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen
Much like yourself, but put 'em to no stress;
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs? [pegs,
They keep clowns to stop gaps and drive in
A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, sir!
You're safest at returning.

Greg. Think you so, sir?

Cunn. But how came this clown to be call'd Pompey first?

Greg. Pish! one goodman Cæsar, a pump-maker, kersen'd him; [Pumpey,
Pompey he writes himself, but his right name's
And stunk too when I had him; now he's crank.

Cunn. I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, sir.
Walk you still that way; I'll make use of this
To resolve all my doubts, and place this favour
On some new mistress, only for a try;
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I.
[*Exit.*

Greg. Is Pompey grown so malapert, so frampel[30]?
The only cutter about ladies' honours,

Enter Oldcraft.

And his blade soonest out?

Oldc. Now, what's the news, sir?

Greg. I dare not say but good:—Oh, excellent good, sir! [you, knight?

Oldc. I hope now you're resolv'd she loves

Greg. Cuds me, what else, sir? that's not to do now. [you anger'd me,

Oldc. You would not think how desperately
When you belied her goodness: oh, you
Even to a palsey. [vex'd me

Greg. What a thing was that, sir!

Enter Niece.

Niece. 'Tis, that 'tis,

[30] *Frampel.*] In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly says of Mrs. Ford, That 'she leads a very *frampold* life' with her husband; and Dr. Johnson says, that the word occurs in Hacket's Life of Williams, and there signifies a *peevish troublesome fellow.* Mr. Steevens adds the following note:

In the Roaring Girl, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently spelt, appears to be the same.

'*Lax.* Coachman.
'*Couch.* Anon, sir!
'*Lax.* Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?'

Ray, among his South and East country words, says, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, signifies *fretful, peevish, cross, froward.* As *froward*, (he adds) comes from *from*, so may *frampard.*

Nash, in his Praise of the Red Herring, 1599, speaking of Leander, says, 'the churlish '*frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fish-broth.'

So in the Inner Temple Masque, by Middleton, 1619, 'tis so *frampole*, the Puritans will 'never yield to it.' So in the Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green, by John Day, 'I thank the fellow's *frampell*, &c.' Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub,

'I pray thee grow not *frampul* now.' *Steevens.*

As

As I have hope of sweetness, the scarf's gone!
Worthy wise friend, I dote upon thy cunning:
We two shall be well match'd; our issue male sure
Will be born counsellors. Is't possible?
Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't; [want, i' faith.—
Nay, since the way's found, pity thou shouldst
Oh, my best joy and dearest!
Oldc. Well said, Niece!
So violent 'fore your uncle? What will you do
In secret then?
Greg. Marry, call me slave and rascal.
Niece. Your scarf—the scarf I gave you—
Oldc. Mass, that's true, Niece!
I ne'er thought upon that: the scarf she gave you, sir!
What, dumb? no answer from you? the scarf!
Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threaten'd; [from't.
Life's life, scarf's but a scarf, and so I parted
Niece. Unfortunate woman! my first favour too! [cilement
Oldc. Will you be still an ass? no recon-
'Twixt you and Wit? Are you so far fall'n out,
You'll never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very lousily asham'd on you;
That's the worst shame that can be.—
Thus baiting on him, now his heart's hook'd in,
I'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing.
I love a man that lives by his wits, as life[31]!—
Nay, leave, sweet Niece; 'tis but a scarf; let it go!
Niece. The going of it never grieves me, sir;
It is the manner, the manner—
Greg. Oh, dissembling marmaset!
If I durst speak, or could be believ'd
When I speak, what a tale could I tell,
To make hair stand upright now!
Niece. Nay, sir,
At your request you shall perceive, uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this:
'ere's a fair diamond, sir; I'll try how long
You can keep that.
Greg. Not very long; you know't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are!
Niece. You're best let him ha' that too.
Greg. So I were, I think; there were no living else.
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.
Oldc. Why, this is musical now, and Tuesday next [set.
Shall tune your instruments; that's the day
Niece. A match, good uncle!
Oldc. Sir, you hear me too?
Greg. Oh very well; I'm for you. [mind!
Niece. Whate'er you hear, you know my
[*Exeunt Oldcraft and Niece.*
Greg. Ay, a pox on't, too well! If I don't wonder how
We two shall come together, I'm a bear-whelp,
He talks of Tuesday next, as familiarly
As if we lov'd one another; but 'tis as unlikely
To me, as 'twas seven year before I saw her.
I shall try his cunning; it may be he has a way
Was never yet thought on, and it had need
To be such a one; for all that I can think on
Will never do't. I look to have this diamond
Taken from me very speedily; therefore I'll take it
Off o' my finger, for, if it be seen,
I shall be way-laid for that too. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Oldcraft and Wittypate.

Oldc. OH, torture, torture! Thou carry'st a sting i'thy tail!
Thou never brought'st good news i' thy life yet; [wilt.
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou
Witty. Why, you receive a blessing the wrong way, sir, [sir,
Call you not this good news, to save at once,
Your credit and your kinsman's life together?
Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth,
T'have one of your name hang'd?
Oldc. Peace; no such words, boy!
Witty. Be thankful for the blessing of prevention then.
Oldc. Let me see! [since Brute;
There was none hang'd out of our house
I ha' search'd both Stow and Hollingshead.
Witty. Oh, sir!
Oldc. I'll see what Polychronicon says anon too[32]. [heard on't!
Witty. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I
Oldc. I would th' hadst never heard on't!
Witty. That's true too,
So it had ne'er been done. To see the luck on't!
He

[31] *I love a man that lives by his wits* alife.] Corrected by Sympson.

[32] *I'll see what* Polychronicon *says anon too.*] By *Polychronicon* he means one Higden, a monk of Chester, who wrote a large volume of history under that title. Brady, in the Catalogue of Writers from whom he compiled his History of England, gives us this account of him: 'Ranulphus Cestrensis had the reputation of an industrious and diligent writer by our 'ancestors,

He was ev'n brought to justice Aurum's threshold:
There had flown forth a mittimus straight for Newgate! [day,
And note the fortune too! Sessions a Thurs-
Jury cull'd out a Friday, judgment a Saturday,
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburn a Monday:
Misery's quotidian ague, when't begins once,
Every day pulls him, 'till he pull his last.
Oldc. No more, I say! 'tis an ill theme. Where left you him?
Witty. He's in the constable's hands below i' th' hall, sir,
Poor gentleman, and his accuser with him.
Oldc. What's he?
Witty. A judge's son, 'tis thought; so much the worse too; [thing;
He'll hang his enemy, and it shall cost him no-
That's a great privilege.
Oldc. Within there!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir? [such hope on him,
Oldc. Call up the folks i' th' hall.—I had
For a scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for;
Therefore erected all my joys in him,
Got a Welsh benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of Cardigan; he has his grace already,
He can marry and bury,
Yet ne'er a hair on's face, like a French vicar;

Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Constable) and Lady Ruinous (as a Man).

And does he bring such fruits to town with him? [to you!
A thief at his first lighting?—Oh, good den
Witty. Nay, sweet sir! you're so vex'd now, you'll grieve him,
And hurt yourself.
Oldc. Away! I'll hear no counsel.—
Come you but once in seven year to your uncle, [too?
And at that time must you be brought home
And by a constable?
Witty. Oh, speak low, sir;
Remember your own credit! You profess
You love a man o'wit; begin at home, sir;
Express it i' yourself.
L. Ruin. Nay, master constable, [too.
Shew yourself a wise man, 'gainst your nature
Ruin. Sir, no dish-poridgement, we have brought nome
As good men as ye. [tongue
Oldc. Out! a North-Britain constable? that
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already.
Are you the gentleman?
L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, sir,
That fell into the power of merciless thieves,
Whereof this fellow, (whom I'd call your kinsman
As little as I could, for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years) was the prime vil- [lain.
Oldc. A wicked prime!
Witty. Nay, not so loud, sweet father!
L. Ruin. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em: [it)
Hang one of 'em I will certain, (I ha' swore
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.
Oldc. A Cambridge man for this? these your degrees, sir?
Nine years at university for this fellowship?
Witty. Take your voice lower, dear sir!
Oldc. What's your loss, sir?
L. Ruin. That which
Offends me to repeat; the money's whole, sir,
'Tis in the constable's hand there, a seal'd hundred;
But I will not receive't.
Oldc. No? not the money, sir,
Having confess'd 'tis all?
L. Ruin. 'Tis all the money, sir, [me,
But 'tis not all I lost; for when they bound
They took a diamond hung at my shirt-string,
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;
It being the sparkling witness of a contract
'Twixt a great lawyer's daughter and myself.
Witty. I told you what he was.—What does the diamond
Concern my cousin, sir?
L. Ruin. No more did the money;
But he shall answer all now.
Witty. There's your conscience!
It shews from whence you sprung.
L. Ruin. Sprung? I had leap'd a thief,
Had I leap'd some of your alliance.
Witty. Slave!
L. Ruin. You prevent me still.
Oldc. 'Slid, son, are you mad?
L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal course. [demand, sir?—
Oldc. Will you undo us all?—What's your
Now we're in's danger too!
L. Ruin. A hundred mark, sir;
I will not bate a doit.
Witty. A hundred rascals!
L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.
Witty. Go, take your course; follow the law, and spare not.

'ancestors, especially Leland. He wrote from the beginning of things, and brought down 'his history (Latin) to the end of Edward the Third's reign, 1377, or perhaps only to the 'year 1344, as Mr. Selden observes.' As the *Polychronicon* is a book not to be met with every where, I will give my reader a specimen of our Ranulphus's *industry* and *diligence* from the translation of his Latin work by one De Trevisa. In book the first, tho' I can't name the page or the chapter, he gives this description of the Sicilian *Cicadæ*: 'Cicades 'birds that singen well, in the best wise, and they have a pipe open under their throat, and 'singen better when dead than while they be alive, therefore herdes of that londe bihede them 'to have the sweeter song.' *Sympson.*

Oldc. Does fury make you drunk? Know you what you say? [worst.
Witty. A hundred dogs-dungs! do your
Oldc. You do,
I'm sure: who is loud now?
Witty. What, his own asking?
Oldc. Not in such a case?
Witty. You shall have but threescore pound, spite a' your teeth;
I'll see you hang'd first!
Oldc. And what's seven pound more, man,
That all this coil's about?—Stay!—I say he shall ha't. [you please with it;
Witty. It is your own, you may do what
Pardon my zeal! I would ha' sav'd you money.
Give him all his own asking?
Oldc. What's that to you, sir?
Be sparing of your own! Teach me to pinch
In such a case as this? Go, go; live by your wits, go!
Witty. I practise all I can.
Oldc. Follow you me, sir;
And, master constable, come from the knave,
And be a witness of a full recompense.
Witty. Pray stop the constable's mouth, whate'er you do, sir.
Oldc. Yet again?
As if I meant not to do that myself,
Without your counsel! As for you, precious kinsman, [rack for this!
Your first year's fruits in Wales shall go to
You lie not in my house; I'll pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather.
[*Exeunt Oldc. Ruin. and L. Ruin.*
Witty. Oh, fy, cousin!
These are ill courses; you a scholar too!
Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately,
By filthy debosht company.
Witty. Ay, ay, ay;
'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in England.
What were they? gentlemen?
Cred. Faith, so like, some of 'em,
They were ev'n the worse again.
Witty. Hum!
Cred. Great tobacco-whiffers; [mouths.
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their
Witty. What! no? [rascals use it.
Cred. Faith, leave it, cousin, because my
Witty. So they do meat and drink; must worthy gentlemen
Refrain their food for that? an honest man
May eat of the same pig some parson dines with,
A lawyer and a fool feed off one woodcock,
Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser; [pipe,
'Tis not meat, drink, or smoke, dish, cup, or
Co-operates to the making of a knave;
'Tis the condition makes a slave a slave:
There's London philosophy for you! I tell you, cousin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your society here, especially
When you come raw from the university,
Before the world has harden'd you a little;
For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,
So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here:
I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.
Cred. Why a poach'd scholar?
Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance;
Never so crafty to be eaten i'th' shell,
But is out-strip'd of all he has at first,
And goes down glib; he's swallow'd with 'Stead of wine vinegar. [sharp wit,
Cred. I shall think, cousin,
O' your poach'd scholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Master Credulous,
Your uncle wills you to forbear the house:
You must with me; I'm charg'd to see you plac'd
In some new lodging about Thieving-Lane.
What the conceit's I know not; but he commands you
To be seen here no more, 'till you hear further.
Cred. Here's a strange welcome, sir!
Witty. This is the world, cousin,
When a man's fame's once poison'd! Fare thee well, lad! [*Exeunt Cred. and Serv.*
This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in;
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coin,
And puts him out of grace that stood between me,
My father's Cambridge jewel, much suspected
To be his heir; now there's a bar in's hopes.

Enter Ruinous and Lady Ruinous.

Ruin. It chinks; make haste!
L. Ruin. The Goat at Smithfield-Pens.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cunningham.

Witty. Zo, zo, zufficient!—Master Cunningham?
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.
Cunn. A wit's better to meet than to follow then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves,
Are luckiest to their friends; and so may I be.
Witty. I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you,
All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.
Cunn. 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes

Enter Mirabel.

Your modesty a-top of all your virtues.
[*Exit Witty.*
This gentleman may pleasure me yet again.
I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd hat
Of the last progress block, with the young hat-band,
Made for a sucking devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn myself.
Mir. Sir!

Cunn.

Cunn. More torture?
Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.
Cunn. O' my troth, gentlewoman,
Rumour's as false a knave as ever piss'd then;
Pray tell him so from me! I cannot feign
With a sweet gentlewoman, I must deal downright. [aunt sir;
Mir. I heard, tho', you dissembled with my
And that makes me more confident.
Cunn. There's no falshood,
But pays us our own some way!— I confess
I feign'd with her, ('twas for a weightier pur- [pose)
But not with thee, I swear.
Mir. Nor I with you then,
Altho' my aunt enjoin'd me to dissemble
To right her spleen: I love you faithfully.
Cunn. 'Light, this is worse than 'twas.
Mir. I find such worth in you,
I cannot, nay, I dare not dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me.
Cunn. Here's fresh trouble!
This drives me to my conscience; for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.
Mir. I crave but such a truth from your love, sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.
Cunn. A good geometrician 'shrew my heart! [gentlewoman,
Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else:
Yet I love gratitude; I must requite you,
I shall be sick else: but to give you me—
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can myself;
No wise physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your state's weak; you had need of cordials,
Some rich electuary, made of a son and heir,
An elder brother, in a cullis, whole;
It must be some wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a jelly, [gowns,
That must restore you to the state of new
French ruffs, and mutable head-tires.
Mir. But, where is he, sir? [nothing.
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with
Cunn. Then see thy conscience, and thy wit together! [neither?
Wouldst thou have me then, that have nothing
What say you to Sop Gregory the First yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply re-compens'd,
Full satisfaction upon love's record,
Without any more suit, if I combine you?
Mir. Yes, by this honest kiss.
Cunn. You're a wise client,
To pay your fee before-hand; but all do so:
You know the worst already, that's the best too.
Mir. I know he is a fool.
Cunn. You're shrewdly hurt then!
This is your comfort; your great, wisest women
Pick their first husband still out of that house,
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty. [a first husband
Mir. I'm of their minds, that like him for
To run youth's race with; it is very pleasant;
But when I'm old, I'd always wish a wiser.
Cunn. You may have me by that time.
For this first business,
Rest upon my performance!
Mir. With all thankfulness. [too.
Cunn. I have a project you must aid me in
Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, sir.
Cunn. Pray wear this scarf about you.
Mir. I conjecture now—
Cunn. There's a court principle for't, one office must help another;
As for example, for your cast o' manchets out o' th' pantry,
I'll allow you a goose out of the kitchen.
Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, sir: farewell, Performance!
I shall be bold to call you so. [*Exit.*
Cunn. Do, sweet Confidence!

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match my two broad-brim'd hats—
'Tis he! I know the maggot by his head;
Now shall I learn news of him. My precious chief! [bowling-green,
Greg. I have been seeking for you i' th'
Enquir'd at Nettleton's, and Anthony's or- [dinary;
It has vex'd me to th' heart!
Look, I've a diamond here, and it can't find A master.
Cunn. No? that's hard, i'faith.
Greg. It does
Belong to somebody: a mischief on him,
I would he had it; does but trouble me;
And she that sent it is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her 'till't be gone.
Cunn. Oh, ho! Ah, sirrah, are you come?
Greg. What's that, friend?
Cunn. Do you note that corner sparkle?
Greg. Which? which? which, sir?
Cunn. At the west end o' th' collet[33].
Greg. Oh, I see't now. [stone, sir,
Cunn. 'Tis an apparent mark: this is the
That so much blood is threaten'd to be shed for.
Greg. I pray—
Cunn. A tun at least. [they must
Greg. They must not find it in me then;
Go where 'tis to be had. [sir Gregory;
Cunn. 'Tis well it came to my hands first,
I know where this must go.
Greg. Am I discharg'd on't?
Cunn. My life for yours now! [*Draws.*
Greg. What now?
Cunn. 'Tis discretion, sir;
I'll stand upon my guard all the while I ha't.

[33] *West end o' th'* coller.] There only wants the change of a letter, to make this passage run like the original, *viz. o' th'* collet; *i. e.* beizill or socket in which the diamond was set. *Sympson.*

Greg. 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,
To preserve me alive.
Cunn. 'Tis a friend's duty, sir,
Nay, by a toy that I've late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your mistress for you.
Greg. Thou wilt not? wilt?
Cunn. Contract her by a trick, sir,
When she least thinks on't.
Greg. There's the right way to't;
For if she think on't once, she'll never do't.
Cunn. She does abuse you then?
Greg. A pox! damnably,
Every time worse than other; yet her uncle
Thinks the day holds a Tuesday: say it did, sir,
She's so familiarly us'd to call me *rascal*,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name;
And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you know.
Cunn. Will you leave all to me?
Greg. Who should I leave it to?
Cunn. 'Tis our luck to love nieces; I love a niece too.
Greg. I would you did, i' faith!
Cunn. But mine's a kind wretch, [so too!
Greg. Ay, marry, sir; I would mine were
Cunn. No *rascal* comes in her mouth.
Greg. Troth and mine
Has little else in hers.
Cunn. Mine sends me tokens,
All the world knows not on.
Greg. Mine gives me tokens too,
Very fine tokens; but I dare not wear 'em.
Cunn. Mine's kind in secret.
Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.
Cunn. We have a day set too.
Greg. 'Slid, so have we, man;
But there's no sign of ever coming together.
Cunn. I'll tell thee who it is; th' old wo- [man's niece.
Greg. Is't she?
Cunn. I would your luck had been no worse for mildness;
But mum; no more words of it to your lady!
Greg. Foh!
Cunn. No blabbing, as you love me.
Greg. None of our blood
Were ever babblers.
Cunn. Prithee convey this letter to her;
But at any hand let not your mistress see't!
Greg. Yet again, sir?
Cunn. There is a jewel in't!
The very art would make her dote upon't.
Greg. Say you so?
And she shall see it for that trick only.
Cunn. Remember but your mistress, and all's well.
Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me! [*Exit.*
Cunn. I believe you.
This is the only way to return a token:
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to th' contrary.
He's the nearest kin to a woman, of a thing
Made without substance, that a man can find again.
Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,
Engendring with an old pair of pane'd hose[34],
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen;
The very steam bred him.
He never grew where *rem in re* e'er came;
The generation of a hundred such
Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
For 'tis no act in law; nor can a constable
Pick out a bawdy business for bridewell in't

Enter Pompey (as a gallant.)

A lamentable case!
He's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.—
How now? ha? what prodigious bravery's this?
A most preposterous gallant! the doublet sits
As if it mock'd the breeches.
Pompey. Save you, sir!
Cunn. H' has put his tongue in the fine suit of words too!
Pompey. How does the party?
Cunn. Takes me for a scrivener.—
Which of the parties?
Pompey. Hum! Simplicity betide thee!—
I would fain hear o' th' party; I'd be loath to go
Further with her; honour is not a thing
To be dallied withal, no more is reputation,
No, nor fame, I take it; I must not have her wrong'd [pell'd
When I'm abroad; my party is not to be com-
With any party in an oblique way;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with women;
May prove a lady too, but shall be nameless;
I'll bite my tongue out, ere it prove a traitor.
Cunn. Upon my life, I know her!
Pompey. Not by me;
Know what you can, talk a whole day with me, [these lips.
You're ne'er the wiser; she comes not from
Cunn. The old knight's niece.
Pompey. 'Slid, he has got her! Pox of his heart that told him! [you
Can nothing be kept secret!—Let me entreat
To use her name as little as you can, tho'.
Cunn. 'Twill be small pleasure, sir, to use her name. [walks,
Pompey. I had intelligence in my solemn
'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a scarf
Sent for a token, and a jewel follow'd;
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any:
However it is carried, believe me, sir,
Upon my reputation, I receiv'd none!
Cunn. What, neither scarf nor jewel?
Pompey. 'Twould be seen [that;
Somewhere about me, you may well think
I have an arm for a scarf, as others have,
An ear to hang a jewel too, and that is more
Than some men have, my betters a great deal.
I must have restitution, where-e'er it lights.
Cunn. And reason good.

[34] *With an old pair of* paun'd *hose.*] Probably *pain'd hose.* *Sympson.*

Pompey. For all these tokens, sir,
Pass i' my name.
Cunn. It cannot otherwise be.
Pompey. Sent to a worthy friend!
Cunn. Ay, that's to thee.
Pompey. I'm wrong'd under that title.
Cunn. I dare swear thou art:
'Tis nothing but sir Gregory's circumvention,
His envious spite; when thou'rt at Paddington,
He meets the gifts at Pancridge.
Pompey. Ah, false knight!
False both to honour, and the law of arms.
Cunn. What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee,
Thou sit as witness?
Pompey. I should laugh in state then.
Cunn. I'll fob him! here's my hand.
Pompey. I shall be as glad as any man alive
To see him well fobb'd, sir. But now you talk of fobbing,
I wonder the lady sends not for me, according to promise:
I ha' kept out o' town these two days, o' purpose [ing.
To be sent for: I am almost starv'd with walk-
Cunn. Walking gets men a stomach.
Pompey. 'Tis most true, sir;
I may speak it by experience, for I ha' got
A stomach six times, and lost it again,
As often as a traveller from Chelsea
Shall lose the sight of Paul's, and get it again.
Cunn. Go to her, man.
Pompey. Not for a million!
Enfringe my oath? There's a toy call'd a vow
Has past between us, a poor trifle, sir!
Pray do me the part and office of a gentleman:
If you chance to meet a footman by the way,
In orange-tawny ribbands, running before
An empty coach, with a buzzard i' th' poop on't, [River,
Direct him and his horses toward the New-
By Islington; there they shall have me looking
Upon the pipes, and whistling. [*Exit.*
Cunn. A very
Good note! This Love makes us all monkies. [mond?
But to my work: scarf first? and now a dia-
These should be sure signs of her affection's truth;
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof.
[*Exit.*

Enter Niece and Gregory.

Niece. Is't possible?
Greg. Nay, here's his letter too;
There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you. [enough
Niece. You tedious mongril! Is it not
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too?
Greg. I ha' done.
Niece. Fall back!
Yet backer, backer yet! You unmannerly puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?
Greg. Nay, these are golden days! now I stay by't; [at all;
She was wont not to endure me in her sight
The world mends, I see that.
Niece. What an ambiguous
Superscription's here! 'To the best of nieces.'
Why, that title may be mine, and more than her's:
Sure I much wrong the neatness of his art!
'Tis certain sent to me; and to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,
Us'd the same fop for his.
Greg. She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time. [into a heart?
Niece. What's here? An entire ruby, cut
And this the word, *Istud amoris opus?*
Greg. Yes, yes;
I have heard him say, that love's the best stone-cutter. [velling sow-gelder;
Niece. Why, thou saucy issue of some tra-
What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't! Hast thou ever hope
To come i' the same room where lovers are,
And 'scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?
Greg. Love-tricks break out I see: an you talk of slippers once,
It is not far off to bed-time.
Niece. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a spider
With less venom far than I have spit at thee.
Greg. You must conceive,
A knight's another manner o' piece of flesh.
Niece. Back, owl's face!
Oldc. [*within*] Do, do.
Niece. 'Tis my uncle's voice, that.—
Why keep you so far off, sir Gregory?
Are you afraid, sir, to come near your mistress?
Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I look'd for this still.
Niece. He comes not this way yet.—Away, you dog-whelp! [so?
Would you offer to come near me, tho' I said
I'll make you understand my mind in time!
You're running in greedily[35], like a hound to his breakfast, [lows;
That chops in head and all to beguile his fel-
I'm to be eaten, sir, with grace and leisure,
Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble you:
After I have pelted you sufficiently,
I tro you'll learn more manners.
Greg. I am wondring [day's
Still when we two shall come together. Tues-
At hand, but I'm as far off as I was
At first, I swear.

[35] *Your* running *in greedily.*] Corrected by Sympson.

Enter

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Now, Cunningham, I'll be reveng'd at large.
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears
Niece. Ha! [your scarf.
Guard. Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly [ham.
Where you shall see her courted by Cunning-
Niece. I go with greediness! We long for things
That break our hearts sometimes; there's pleasure's misery. [*Exe. Niece and Guard.*
Greg. Where are those gad-flies going? to some junket now. [one forth
That same old humble-bee[36] toles the young
To sweatmeats after kind: let 'em look to't,
The thing you wot on be not miss'd or gone!
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one.
[*Exit.*

Enter Cunningham (seemingly in discourse with a mask'd Gentlewoman, which is a Puppet, in a broad hat, and scarfed), and Niece at another door.

Cunn. Yes, yes.
Niece. Too manifest now; the scarf and all!
Cunn. It cannot be; you're such a fearful soul. [from her!
Niece. I'll give her cause of fear ere I part
Cunn. Will you say so? Is't not your aunt's desire too?
Niece. What a dissembling crone's that? She'll forswear't now. [grace on't.
Cunn. I see my project takes; yonder's the
Niece. Who would put confidence in wit again?
I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to desire
A wise man for a husband! and I see
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint:
We are allow'd but one dish, and that's woodcock. [servants of;
It keeps up wit to make us friends and
And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands. [block,
Oh, that whore's hat o'thine, o'th' riding
A shade for lecherous kisses!
Cunn. Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?
Niece. Yes; me it forces
To tear that sorcerous strumpet from thy embraces.
Cunn. Lady! [love—
Niece. Oh, thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest:
Cunn. What mean you, lady?
Niece. Mine; you'll answer for't!
Cunn. Alas, what seek you?
Niece. Sir, mine own, with loss.
Cunn. You shall—
Niece. I never made so hard a bargain.
Cunn. Sweet lady!
Niece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe virtue duty! [*Cunn. falls on purpose.*]
Your cause trips you. [is,
Now, minion, you shall feel what love's rage
Before you taste the pleasure. Smile you, false sir? [you take,
Cunn. How can I chuse, to see what pains
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?
Niece. How!
Cunn. See what things you women be, lady!
When cloaths are ta'en for the best part of you.
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not, [lies:
How you're deceiv'd still; there the moral
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait
To take a lady nibbling is fine cloaths:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;
I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague always ushers it.
Niece. Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine!
And I've an excellent fortune coming in thee:
Bring nothing else, I charge thee.
Cunn. Not a groat, I warrant you.
Niece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't;
Next opportunity shall make us[37].
Cunn. The old gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge sweetly.
Niece. 'Las, 'tis her part; she knows her place so well yonder!
Always when women jump upon threescore,
Love shoves 'em from the chamber to the door.
Cunn. Thou art a precious she-wit!
[*Exeunt.*

[36] Some *old humble-bee.*] Corrected in 1750.

[37] *Next opportunity shall make us.*] Here the loss of a monosyllable destroys the measure and injures the sense. I read,

Next opportunity shall make us *one*. *Seward.*

There is certainly very complete *sense* without the monosyllable.

ACT V.

Enter Cunningham (at one door), Wittypate, Ruinous, Lady Ruinous, and Priscian (at the other).

Cunn. FRIEND, met in the harvest of our designs!
Not a thought but's busy.
Witty. I knew it, man; [reapers,
And that made me provide these needful
Hooks, rakers, gleaners: we will sing it home
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond;
That as we further in your great affair,
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs[38],
And if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,
You will not look a churl upon us.
Cunn. Friend, [love acre
We'll share the sheaves of gold; only the
Shall be peculiar.
Witty. Much good do you, sir. [you
Away! you know your way, and your stay; get
The music ready, while we prepare the dancers.
Ruin. We are a consort of ourselves.
Pris. And can strike up lustily.
Witty. You must bring sir Fop.
Cunn. That's perfect enough.
Ruin. Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare;
So the proverb runs backwards.
[*Exe. Ruin. and Pris.*
L. Ruin. I'll bring the ladies. [*Exit.*
Witty. Do so first, and then
The fops will follow. I must to my father;
He must make one. [*Exit.*

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cunn. While I dispatch a business with the knight,
And I go with you. Well said! I thank you!
This small banquet will furnish our few guests
With taste and state enough. One reach my gown;
The action craves it, rather than the weather.
1 *Serv.* There is one stays to speak with you, sir.
Cunn. What is he?
1 *Serv.* Faith, I know not what, sir; a fool, I think,
That some broker's shop has made half a gentleman:
H'has the name of a worthy too.
Cunn. Pompey? is't not?
1 *Serv.* That's he, sir.
Cunn. Alas, poor fellow, prithee enter him,

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

He will need too[39]. He shall serve for a witness. Oh,
Gramercy! if my friend sir Gregory comes,

Enter Pompey.

(You know him) entertain him kindly. Oh,
How is't, man? [master Pompey!
Pompey. 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with love, [my lady
And cold, and one thing or other. Has not
Sent for me yet?
Cunn. Not that I hear: sure some
Unfriendly messenger's employ'd betwixt you.
Pompey. I was ne'er so cold in my life: in my conscience, [New-river;
I have been seven miles in length, along the
I have seen a hundred stickle-bags; I don't think but [water.
There's gudgeons too: 'twill ne'er be a true
Cunn. Why think you so?
Pompey. I warrant you I told [a little
A thousand miller's thumbs in it. I'll make
Bold with your sweetmeats.
Cunn. And welcome, Pompey!
Pompey. 'Tis a strange thing I have no taste in any thing. [thing but itself.
Cunn. Oh, that's love; that distastes any
Pompey. 'Tis worse than cheese in that point. May not a man
Break his word with a lady? I could find
In my heart and my hose too.
Cunn. By no means, sir;
That breaks all the laws of love.
Pompey. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word
Without my deed, to lady, while I live again.
I would fain recover my taste.
Cunn. Well, I have news to tell you.
Pompey. Good news, sir? [a rival,
Cunn. Happy news! I help you away with
Your master's bestow'd—

[38] *You'll suffer us to glean, pick up* for crums.] This reading discontinues the metaphor, as well as disturbs the sense; both may easily be amended, by reading thus;

——— to glean, pick up *few corns.* *Sympson.*

Corns certainly pursues the metaphor best; but the old reading being sense, should not be arbitrarily altered, though for the better; fidelity being the first duty of an editor.

[39] *Alas, poor fellow, prithee enter him, he will* need *too.*] Tho' *Pompey* did need victuals, yet the adverb *too* shews *need* to be a corruption for *sted* or *speed.* And the original ran, I fancy, very near the text of this present edition [i. e. *sted*]. *Seward.*

We think there are in our authors, and others, instances of a construction, by which *he will need too,* may signify *he will be needed.*

Pompey.

Pompey. Where, for this plumb's sake?—
Cunn. Nay, listen me.
Pompey. I warrant you, sir; I have two ears to one mouth:
I hear more than I eat; I'd never row
By Queen-Hithe while I lived else.
Cunn. I have
A wife for him, and thou shalt witness the contract. [the lady?
Pompey. The old one, I hope[40]; 'tis not
Cunn. Choke him first! It is one which thou shalt see;
See him, see him deceiv'd, see the deceit, only [desty.
The injunction is, you shall smile with mo-
Pompey. I'll simper i'faith, as cold as I am
The old one, I hope! [yet.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's sir Gregory.
Cunn. Udso, shelter, shelter! If you be seen,
All's ravell'd out again: stand there private,
And you will find the very opportunity
To call you forth, and place you at the table.

Enter Gregory.

You are welcome, sir! This banquet
Will serve, when it is crown'd with such a
As you expect, and must have. [dainty
Greg. Tush, these sweetmeats
Are but sauce to that. Well, if there be
Any honesty, or true word in a dream,
She is mine own, nay, and chang'd extremely,
Not the same woman.
Cunn. Who? not the lady?
Greg. No, not
To me; the edge of her tongue is taken off,
Gives me very good words; turn'd up-side down to me;
And we live as quietly as two tortoises:
If she hold on, as she began in my dream—
Cunn. Nay, if love send forth such predictions, [watch-word
You are bound to believe 'em. There's the [*Soft musick.*
Of her coming; to your practis'd part now!
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*
[*Both go into the gown.*
Greg. I'll warrant you, sir, I will give arms to
Your gentry: look you forward to your business,
I am an eye behind you; place her in that
Chair, and let me alone to grope her out!

Enter Mirabel.

Cunn. Silence!—Lady, your sweet presence illustrates
This homely roof, and as coarse entertainment;
But where affections are both host and guest,
They cannot meet unkindly. Please you sit!
Your something long stay made me unmunnerly,
To place before you (know him!) this friend here;
(He is my guest) and more especially,
That this our meeting might not be too single,
Without a witness to't.
Mir. I came not unresolv'd, sir:
And when our hands are clasp'd in that firm faith
Which I expect from you, fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on it. Oh, you grasp me
Somewhat too hard, friend!
Cunn. That's love's eager will;
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kisses her hand.*
Mir. That's too low in you,
'Less it be doubly recompens'd in me.
[*Kisses his hand.*
Pompey. Puh! I must stop my mouth; I shall be choak'd else. [delays;
Cunn. Come, we'll not play and trifle with
We met to join these hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it until confirmation.
Mir. One word first! how does your friend, kind sir Gregory? [him not.
Cunn. Why do you mention him? you love
Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, sir:
In troth, I love him; but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you steal his right from him; and I know
I shall have hate for it, his hate extremely.
Cunn. Why, I thought you had not come so weakly arm'd:
Upon my life, the knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.
Mir. Ay, you'll persuade me so.
Cunn. Why, he's my friend,
And wishes me a fortune equal with him,
I know and dare speak it for him.
Mir. Oh, this hand betrays him!
You might remember him in some court'sy yet at least. [health
Cunn. I thank your help in it; here's to his
Where-e'er he be!
Mir. I'll pledge it,
Were it against my health.
Pompey. Oh, oh! my heart [return
Hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good
Now could I walk three hundred mile afoot,
And laugh forwards and backwards.
Mir. You'll take the knight's health, sir?
Pompey. Yes, yes, forsooth. Oh, my sides! Such a banquet [fortnight.
Once a week, would make me grow fat in a
Cunn. Well; now to close our meeting, with the close
Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin:
Here in Heav'n's eye, and all love's sacred pow'rs,
(Which in my prayers stand propitious)
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding

[40] *The old one, I hope.*] By this expression here and a little below, the Clown hopes that the old *Guardianess* was the wife intended, by *Cunningham*, for *sir Gregory*. *Sympson.*

By force of this initiating contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the
Dues, rights, and honours of a faithful husband; [stand
And this firm vow, henceforth 'till death to
Irrevocable, sealed both with heart and hand!
Mir. Which thus I second: but, oh, sir Gregory! [lieve me.
Cunn. Again? This interposition's ill, be-
Mir. Here, in Heav'n's eye, and all love's sacred pow'rs,
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the
Dues, rights, and duties of a true faithful wife;
And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
Irrevocable, sealed both with heart and hand!
Greg. A full agreement on both parts.
Cunn. Ay, here's witness of that.
Greg. Nay, I have over-reach'd you, lady; and that's much,
For any knight in England to over-reach a lady.
Mir. I rejoice in my deceit; I am a lady
Now, I thank you, sir.
Pompey. Good morrow, lady Fop!
Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd! made a worshipful ass!
This is not my lady. [told you,
Cunn. But it is, sir; and true as your dream
That your lady was become another woman.
Greg. I'll have another lady, sir, if there were
No more ladies in London; blindman-buff
Is an unlawful game.
Cunn. Come, down on your knees first, and thank your stars. [I think.
Greg. A fire of my stars! I may thank you,
Cunn. So you may pray for me, and honour me, [ment,
That have preserv'd you from a lasting tor-
For a perpetual comfort. Did you call me friend?— [call you, I confess.
Greg. I pray pardon me for that; I did mis-
Cunn. And should I, receiving such a thankful name,
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my friend
Baffled, disgrac'd, without any reverence
To your title, to be call'd *slave, rascal?* nay,
Curs'd to your face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down [stand
With a woman's peevish hate, yet I should
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
I would have seen you buried quick first,
Your spurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels, [*rascal?*
And to be hack'd from your heels[41]! *Slave,*
Hear this tongue. [lord, my husband!
Mir. My dearest love, sweet knight, my
Cunn. So! this is not *slave* and *rascal* then.
Mir. What shall your eye command but shall be done,
In all the duties of a loyal wife?
Cunn. Good, good!
Are not curses fitter for you? were't not better [fan[42],
Your head were broke with the handle of a
Or your nose bored with a silver bodkin?
Mir. Why, I will be a servant in your lady.
Cunn. 'Pox, but you shall not!
She's too good for you! This contract
Shall be a nullity; I'll break it off,
And see you better bestow'd.
Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, sir! [one
She's mine own, and I am hers, and we are
Another's lawfully, and let me see him
That will take her away by the civil law!
If you be my friend, keep you so; if you have done me
A good turn, do not hit me i'th' teeth with't!
That's not the part of a friend.
Cunn. If you be content—
Greg. Content?
I was never in better contention in my life:
I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, new or the old.
Come, kiss me boldly!
Pompey. Give you joy, sir!
Greg. Oh, sir,
I thank you as much as tho' I did! You are
Belov'd of ladies; you see we are glad
Of under-women.
Pompey. Ladies? Let
Not ladies be disgrac'd! You're, as it were,
A married man, and have a family;
And, for the party's sake that was unnam'd
Before, being pease-cod time, I am appeas'd;
Yet I would wish you make a ruler of your tongue. [that.
Cunn. Nay, no dissention here! I must bar
And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd;
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the lady; mark how it avails you, and
Quits all her scorns; her uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
Herself to you, which when you have flouted

[41] *To be* kick'd *from your heels.*] Amended by Sympson.

[42] *The handle of a fan.*] In the Merry Wives of Windsor, *Falstaff* speaks of *mistress Bridget* having lost *the handle of her fan*; upon which Steevens says, 'It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, or others of equal length and flexibility, which were stuck into handles, the richer sort of which were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship. One of these is mentioned in The Fleire, Com. 1610. '—— she hath a fan with a *short silver handle*, about the length of a barber's "syringe."

And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her;
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you. [fain
Greg. Good, i'faith; I'll continue it. I'd
Laugh at the old fellow too, for h'has abus'd me—
As scurvily as his niece; my knighthood is
Upon the spur! we'll go to bed, and then
To church as fast as we can.
[*Exeunt Greg. and Mir.*
Pompey. I do wonder
I do not hear of the lady yet.
Cunn. The good minute [do not think
May come sooner than you are aware of; I
But 'twill ere night yet, as near as 'tis.
Pompey. Well, I will go walk
By the New-River, in that meditation;
I am o'er shoes, I'm sure, upon the dry bank.
This gullery of my master will keep me company
This two hours too: if love were not
An enemy to laughter, I should drive away
The time well enough. You know my walk, sir; [will try
If she sends, I shall be found angling, for I
What I can catch for luck sake; I will fish fair for't.
Oh, knight, that thou should'st be gull'd so, (ha, ha!) It does me good at heart.
But oh, lady, thou tak'st down my merry part.
[*Exit.*

Enter Wittypate.

Witty. Friend!
Cunn. Here, friend.
Witty. All is afoot, and will go smooth away: [are gone,
The woman has conquer'd the women, they
Which I have already complain'd to my father,
Suggesting that sir Gregory is fall'n off
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On Gentry's wife (whom I have call'd a widow)
And that without most sudden prevention
He will be married to her.
Cunn. 'Sfoot, all this is wrong!
This wings his pursuit, and will be before me:
I'm lost for ever!
Witty. No; stay! you sha'n't go
But with my father: on my wit let it lie;
You shall appear a friendly assistant,
To help in all affairs, and in execution
Help yourself only.
Cunn. 'Would my belief
Were strong in this assurance!
Witty. You shall credit it, [you.—
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive

Enter Oldcraft.

My father! [knight
Oldc. Oh, sir, you're well met! Where's the
Your friend?
Cunn. Sir, I think your son has told you.
Witty. Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,
But not my kinswoman; her base usage, and
Your slack performance, which he accuses most [down.
Indeed, has turn'd the knight's heart upside
Oldc. I'll curb her for't: can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a wife too.
Witty. With that condition, sir,
I dare recall him were he enter'd the church,
So much interest of love I assure in him.
Oldc. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you
Witty. Ay, but [do.
These are words still; will not the deeds be wanting
At the recovery, if't should be again?
Oldc. Why, here, fool, I am provided! five hundred
In earnest of the thousands in her dower;
But were they married once,
I'd cut him short enough, that's my agreement. [you, father.
Witty. Ay, now I perceive some purpose in
Oldc. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors
To him?
Witty. To him? Oh, fy upon your error!
She has another object, believe it, sir.
Oldc. I never could perceive it.
Cunn. I did, sir; and to her shame I should speak it,
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.
Oldc. Wit and wantonness; nothing else, nothing else:
She love a fool? she'll sooner make a fool
Of a wise man.
Cunn. Ay, my friend complains so;
Sir Gregory says flatly, she makes a fool of him,
And these bold circumstances are approv'd:
Favours have been sent by him, yet he, ignorant
Whither to carry 'em, they've been understood,
And taken from him: certain, sir, there is
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,
What or where-e'er he is—these slight ne- [glects
Could not be of a knight else.
Oldc. Well, sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him
Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?
Cunn. I'll do my best, sir.
Oldc. I shall thank you costly, sir, and kindly too. [and come
Witty. Will you talk away the time here, sir,
Behind all your purposes?
Oldc. Away, good sir!
Witty. Then stay a little, good sir, for my advice. [gar'd?
Why, father, are you broke? your wit beg-
Or are you at your wits' end? or out of
Love with wit? no trick of wit to surprise
Those designs, but with open hue and cry,
For

For all the world to talk on? This is strange!
You were not wont to slubber a project so.
Oldc. Can you help at a pinch now? shew yourself
My son? Go to! I leave this to your wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.
Witty. 'Tis thus then;
I have had late intelligence, they're now
Buxsom as Bacchus' froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the music's numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premonish'd friends,
That is questionless, little dreading you:
Now, sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient, were well, to enter on 'em
As something like the abstract of a masque;
What tho' few persons? if best for our pur- [pose,
That commends the project.
Oldc. This takes up time.
Witty. Not at all; I can presently furnish
With loose disguises that shall fit that scene.
Oldc. Why, what wants then?
Witty. Nothing but charge of music;
That must be paid, you know. [the music,
Oldc. That shall be my charge; I will pay
Whate'er it cost.
Witty. And that shall be all your charge.
Now on! I like it; there'll be wit in't, father.
[*Exeunt Oldc. and Witty.*
Cunn. I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship;
Yet if his master-brain should be o'erthrown,
My resolution now shall seize mine own.
[*Exit.*

Enter Niece, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Sir Ruinous, and Priscian (with instruments), masqued.

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have music; let that sweet breath at least
Give us her airy welcome! 'twill be the best
I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield;
But that most freely.
Niece. My welcome follows me,
Else I am ill come hither: you assure me
Still Mr. Cunningham will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him?
L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto
That all belief may fly 'em. [my sex,
Niece. Continue
Still the knight's name unto my Guardianess;
She expects no other.
L. Ruin. He will, he will; assure you,
Lady, sir Gregory will be here, and suddenly;
This music fore-ran him: is't not so, consorts?
Ruin. Yes, lady;
He stays on some device to bring along
Such a labour as he was busy in, some witty device. [for wit is
Niece. 'Twill be long ere he comes then,
A great labour to him. [one day.
Guard. Well, well, you will agree better
Niece. Scarce two, I think. [as led me
Guard. Such a mock-beggar suit of cloaths
Into the fool's pair o' dice, with deuce ace,
He that would make me mistress Cun, Cun, Cunnie,
He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er
Forget him while I have a hole in my head:
Such a one I think would please you better,
Tho' he did abuse you.
Ruin. Fy! speak well of him now,
Your niece has quitted him.
Guard. I hope she has, [Gregory,
Else she loses me for ever. But, for sir
'Would he were come; I shall ill answer this
Unto your uncle else.
Niece. You know it is his pleasure
I should keep him company.
Guard. Ay, and should be your own,
If you did well too. Lord, I do wonder,
At the niceness of your ladies now-a-days,
They must have husbands with so much wit forsooth—
Worship and wealth were both wont to be
In better request, I'm sure: I cannot tell,
But they get ne'er the wiser children that I see.
L. Ruin. La, la, la, sol! this music breathes in vain,
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone;
Let's have a female motion; 'tis in private,
And we'll grace it ourselves, however it deserves.
Niece. What say you, Guardianess?
Guard. Alas, I am [done.
Weary with the walk, my jaunting days are
L. Ruin. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the music.
Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money then. [*They dance, a cornet is winded.*
L. Ruin. Hark! upon my life, the knight! it is your friend;
This was the warning-piece o f his approach.

Enter Oldcraft, Wittypate, and Cunningham, masqued, and take them to dance.

Ha! no words but mum!
Well, then we shall need no counsel-keeping.
Niece. Cunningham?
Cunn. Yes; fear nothing.
Niece. Fear? why do you tell me of it?
Cunn. Your uncle's here.
Niece. Ah me!
Cunn. Peace!
Oldc. We have caught 'em.
Witty. Thank my wit, father.
Guard. Which is the knight, think you?
Niece. I know not; he will be found when he speaks;
No masque can disguise his tongue.
Witty. Are you charg'd?
Oldc. Are you awake?
Witty. I'm answer'd in a question.
Cunn. Next change we meet, we loose our hands no more.
Niece. Are you prepar'd to tie 'em?
Cunn. Yes. You must
Go with me.

Guard. Whither, sir? Not from my charge, Believe me.
Cunn. She goes along.
Niece. Will you venture, and my uncle here?
Cunn. His stay's Prepar'd for.
Guard. 'Tis the knight sure; I will follow.
[*Exeunt Cunn. Niece, and Guard.*
Oldc. How now? the music tir'd before us?
Ruin. Yes, sir; We must be paid now.
Witty. Oh, that's my charge, father.
Oldc. But stay! where are our wanton Son, where are they? [ladies gone?
Witty. Only chang'd the room in a change; that's all, sure. [return to you.
Oldc. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then
Ruin. You must pay for your music first,
Oldc. Must? [sir. Are there *musty* fidlers? are beggars chusers now?
Ha! Why, Wittypate! son! where am I?
Witty. You were Dancing e'en now, in good measure, sir: is Your health miscarried since? what ail you, sir? [Where's my niece?
Oldc. Death, I may be gull'd to my face! What are you?
L. Ruin. None of your niece, sir.
Oldc. How now? Have you loud instruments too? I will hear No more, I thank you. What have I done tro To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I? [should be
Witty. Not where you should be, sir; you Paying for your music, and you're in a maze.
Oldc. Oh, is it so? Put up, put up, I pray Here's a crown for you. [you;
L. Ruin. Pish, a crown?
Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, ha! a crown?
Oldc. Which way do you laugh[44]? I have seen a crown Has made a consort laugh heartily.
Witty. Father, To tell you truth, these are no ordinary Musicians; they expect a bounty above Their punctual desert. [serts too!
Oldc. A pox on your punks and their de- Am I not cheated, all this while, think you? Is not your pate in this?
Witty. If you be cheated, You're not to be indicted for your own goods; Here you trifle time, to market your bounty, And make it base, when it must needs be free, For aught I can perceive.
Oldc. Will you know the lowest price, sir?
Witty. That I will, sir, with all my heart.
Oldc. Unless I was discover'd, and they now fled home Again for fear, I'm absolutely beguil'd; That's the best can be hop'd for.
Witty. Faith, 'tis somewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.
Ruin. There's not a denier to be bated, sir
Oldc. Now, sir, how dear is it?
Witty. Bate but the other ten pound.
Pris. Not a bawbee, sir.
Oldc. How! bate ten pound? What is the whole sum then? [much ado
Witty. Faith, sir, a hundred pound; with I got fifty bated; and, faith, father, To say truth, it is reasonable for Men of their fashion. [la, la, la
Oldc. La, la, la. down! a hundred pound You are a consort of thieves, are you not?
Witty. No; musicians, sir; I told you
Oldc. Fiddle faddle! [before Is't not a robb'ry? a plain robb'ry?
Witty. No, No, no, by no means, father; you've receiv'd For your money, nay, and that you can' give back: [help it 'Tis somewhat dear, I confess; but who can If they had been agreed with beforehand— 'Twas ill forgotten. [this? I see
Oldc. And how many shares have you in My force! case up your instruments. I yield here! As robb'd and taken from me, I deliver it.
Witty. No, sir, you have perform'd you promise now, [is all Which was, to pay the charge of music, tha
Oldc. I've heard no music, I've receiv'd none, sir, There none to be found in me, nor about me
Witty. Why, sir, here's [tha Witness 'gainst you, you have danc'd, and he Dances acknowledges a receipt of music.
Oldc. I deny that, sir: look you! I can dance without [out it too Music; d'you see, sir? And I can sing with You are a consort of thieves! Do you hea what I do? [move
Witty. Pray take you heed, sir, if you d The music again, it may cost you as much more! [need no
Oldc. Hold, hold! I'll depart quietly. Bid you farewell, I think now, so long As that hundred pound lasts with you.

Enter Guardianess.

Ha, ha! am I snapt i'faith?
Guard. Oh, sir Perfidious—
Oldc. Ay, ay; some howling another while Music's too damnable dear.
Guard. Oh, sir! My heart-strings are broke! If I can but liv To tell you the tale, I care not! Your niece my charge, is—
Oldc. What? is she sick?
Guard. No, no, sir, She's lustily well married.
Oldc. To whom? [Cunningham
Guard. Oh, to that cunning dissemble
Oldc. I'll hang the priest first! What wa he?

[44] *Which way do you laugh?*] *i. e.* Whether in jest or earnest. *Sympson.*

Guard. Your kinsman, sir, that has the Welsh benefice.
Oldc. I sav'd him from the gallows to that
Is there any more? [end? Good!
Guard. And sir Gregory
Is married too.
Oldc. To my niece too, I hope,
And then I may hang her.
Guard. No, sir; to my niece, thank Cupid!
And that's all that's likely to recover me;
She's lady Fop now, and I am one of her aunts,
I thank my promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cunningham, Niece, Gregory, and Mirabel.

Cred. I have performed
Your behest, sir.
Oldc. What have you perform'd, sir?
Witty. Faith, sir, I must excuse my cousin in this act,
If you can excuse yourself for making him
A priest; there's the most difficult answer.
I put this practice on him, as from your de-
A truth, a truth, father. [sire:
Cred. I protest, sir, he tells you truth;
He moy'd me to't in your name.
Oldc. I protest, sir,
He told you a lie in my name! and were you
So easy, Mr. Credulous, to believe him?
Cred. If a man should not believe his
Whom should he believe? [cousin, sir,
Oldc. Good e'en to you, [fair bride,
Good Mr. cousin Cunningham! and your
My cousin Cunningham too! And how do
Sir Gregory, with your fair lady? [you,
Greg. A little better [sir!
Than you would have had me, I thank you,
The days of *puppy* and *slave*, and *rascal*, are
Pretty well blown over now; I know crabs from verjuice, [niece for nothing,
I have tried both: an thou'dst give me thy
I'd not have her.
Cunn. I think so, sir Gregory;
For my sake you would not.
Greg. I would thou hadst 'scap'd her too!
And then she had died of the green-sickness.
Know this,
That I did marry in spite, and I
Will kiss my lady in spite, and love her in spite,
And beget children of her in spite, [spite!
And when I die, they shall have my lands in
This was my resolution, and now 'tis out.
Niece. How spiteful are you now, sir Gregory!— [husband,
Why, look you, I can love my dearest
With all the honours, duties, sweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.
Greg. Pox, this is afore your uncle's face; but behind his back,
In private, you'll shew him another tale!
Cunn. You see, sir, now, the irrecoverable state
Of all these things before you. Come out of your muse!
They have been but wit-weapons; you were
To love the play. [wont

Enter Pompey.

Oldc. Let me alone in my muse, a little, sir!
I will wake to you anon.
Cunn. Udso, your friend Pompey!
How will you answer him?
Niece. Very well;
If you'll but second it, and help me.
Pompey. I do hear
Strange stories: are ladies things obnoxious?
Niece. Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch
Cunn. How now, lady? [is come!
Niece. Let me come to him!
And, instead of love, let me have revenge!
Witty. Pray you now,
Will you first examine, whether he be
Guilty or no.
Niece. He cannot be excus'd!—
How many messengers, thou perjur'd man,
Hast thou return'd with vows and oaths, that thou would'st
Follow, and ne'er 'till this unhappy hour
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye
Drew my heart to't? Oh, I could tear thee now, [leave—
Instead of soft embraces! Pray give me
Witty. Faith, this was ill done of you, sir, if
You promis'd otherwise.
Pompey. By this hand,
Never any messenger came at me, since
The first time I came into her company!
That a man should be wronged thus!
Niece. Did not
I send thee scarfs and diamonds? and thou
Return'dst me letters, one with a false heart in't. [falshoods,
Witty. Oh, fy! to receive favours, return
And hold a lady in hand—
Pompey. Will you believe me, sir?
If ever I received diamonds, or scarf,
Or sent any letter to her, 'would this sword
Might ne'er go thro' me!
Witty. Some bad messengers
Have gone between you then.
Niece. Take him
From my sight! if I shall see tomorrow—
Witty. Pray you forbear the place! this discontent
May impair her health much.
Pompey. 'Sfoot, if a man had been in any fault, [lieve—
'Twould ne'er a griev'd him: sir, if you'll be-
Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more; I do believe you:
But you see how the lady is wrong'd by't;
She has cast away herself, 'tis to be fear'd,
Against her uncle's will, nay, and consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spite to herself,
Married suddenly without any advice.
Pompey. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away,
She may thank herself: she might have gone
Further and far'd worse. I could do no more

Than

Than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure
To command me, that I should not come
'Till I was sent for; I had been with her
Every minute of an hour else.
Witty. Truly, I believe you.
Pompey. Night and day
She might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough;
I said as much to her between her and I;
Yet I protest, she is as honest a lady
For my part, that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd.
If she be cast away, I cannot help it; [man.
She might have stay'd to have spoke with a
Witty. Well,
'Twas a hard miss on both parts.
Pompey. So it was;
I was within one of her, for all this cross luck;
I was sure I was between the knight and home.
Niece. Not gone yet? Oh, my heart! none regard my health?
Witty. Good sir, forbear her sight awhile!
You hear how ill she brooks it.
Pompey. Foolish woman,
To overthrow her fortunes so! I shall think
The worse of a lady's wit while I live for't.
I could almost cry for anger! if she should
Miscarry now, 'twould touch my conscience a little; [do?
And who knows what love and conceit may
What would people say, as I go along?
'There goes he that the lady died for love on:'
I am sure to hear on't i'th' streets; I shall weep
Beforehand. Foolish woman! I do grieve
More for thee now, than I did love thee before. [thy husband's head,
Well, go thy ways! Now wouldst thou spare
And break thine own heart, if thou hadst any
I would some other had been [wit.
The cause of thy undoing; I shall be
Twitted i'th' teeth with it, I'm sure of that:
Foolish lady! [*Exit.*
Niece. So, so, this trouble's well shook off.
Uncle, how do you? There's a dowry due, sir.
Cunn. We have agreed it, sweetest, and find your uncle
Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.
Witty. To all the rest, I hope.
Oldc. Never to thee, nor thee, easy cousin Credulous:
Was your wit so raw?
Cred. Faith, yours sir, so long season'd,
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, uncle.
Greg. Yes, faith, sir,
You have paid as dear for your time, as any man here. [*Imprimis,*
Witty. Ay, sir, and I'll reckon it to him.
The first preface-cheat of a pair of pieces
To the beggars; you remember that;
I was the example to your bounty there,
I spake Greek and Syriack, sir; you under-, stand me now. [cousin;
Next the robbery put, upon your indulgent
Which indeed was no robbery, no constable
No justice, no thief, but all cheaters;
There was a hundred mark, mark you that.
Lastly, [music
This memorable hundred pounds' worth of
This was both cheats and wit too. And for
The assistance of this gentleman to my cousin
(For which I am to have a fee) that was
A little practice of my wit too, father. Will you
Come to composition yet, father?
Cunn. Yes, faith, sir, do!
Two hundred a-year will be easier [barren,
Than so much weekly: I do not think he's
If he should be put to't again.
Oldc. Why, [hav't;
This was the day I look'd for! Thou shalt
And the next cheat makes it up three hundred.
Live thou upon thy ten-pound vicarage;
Thou get'st not a penny more: here's thy full
Hire now.
Cred. I thank you, sir.
Witty. Why, there was the sum of all my wit, father, [fear'd
To shove him out of your favour, which I
Would have disinherited me.
Oldc. Most certain it had, [here
Had not thy wit recover'd it. Is there any
That had a hand with thee?
Witty. Yes, all these, sir.
Oldc. Nephew, part a hundred pound amongst 'em;
I'll repay't. Wealth love me as I love wit; when I die,
I'll build an alms-house for decayed wits!
Greg. I'll entertain one in my lifetime: scholar,
You shall be my chaplain; I have the gift
Of twenty benefices, simple as I am here.
Pris. Thanks, my great patron!
Cunn. Sir, your gentry and
Your name shall both be rais'd as high
As my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's sake.
Witty. Something will
Be in my present power, the future more;
You shall share with me. [tlemen.
Ruin. and L. Ruin. Thanks, worthy gen-
Niece. Sir, I would beg one thing of you.
Greg. You can
Beg nothing of me.
Witty. Oh, sir! if she begs,
There's your power over her.
Greg. She has begg'd me
For a fool already, but 'tis no matter.
I have begg'd her for a lady, that she might have been;
That's one for another.
Witty. Nay, but if she beg—
Greg. Let her beg again then.
Niece. That your man Pompey's coat
May come over his ears back again; I would not
He should be lost for my sake.

Greg.

Greg. Well, tis granted,
For mine own sake.
Mir. I'll entreat it, sir.
Greg. Why then, 'tis granted for your sake.
Olde. Come, come,
Down with all weapons now! 'tis music time,
So it be purchas'd at an easy rate:
Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits,
And all concludes in love; there's happy wits! [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

We need not tell you, gallants, that this night
The wits have jump'd, or that the scenes hit right.
'Twould be but labour lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in: his brisk muse
Was so mercurial, that if he but writ
An act or two, the whole play rose up wit.
We'll not appeal unto those gentlemen
Judge by their cloaths, if they sit right, nor when—
The ladies smile, and with their fans delight
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right:
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar play.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses of Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher alone. It was first published in the folio of 1647; and has not been acted many years, nor, we believe, ever altered.

PROLOGUE.

Plays have their fates, not as in their true sense
They're understood, but as the influence
Of idle custom madly works upon
The dross of many-tongu'd opinion.
A worthy story, howsoever writ,
For language, modest mirth, conceit or wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation [tion
Of 'hang't! 'tis scurvy!' when for approba-
A jig shall be clapt at, and every rhime
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together!
They are beneath the muses' pity: hither
Come nobler judgments, and to those the strain
Of our invention is not bent in vain:
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes; and withal intends
In th' entertains to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Duke *of Florence.*
Albertus, *Admiral of Florence.*
Baptista, *a brave Sea Commander, ancient Friend to Albertus.*
Cesario, *a young Gentleman of a fiery nature, Son to Albertus.*
Mentivole, *Son to Baptista, Lover of Clarissa.*
Pro-pero, *a noble Friend to Baptista.*
Host, *the supposed Father of Biancha.*
Forobosco, *a cheating Mountebank.*
Clown, *the Mountebank's Man, and Setter.*
Dancer,
Taylor,
Muletteer,
Pedant,
Clerk,
Coxcomb,
} *Six Fools and Knaves, who pretend love to Biancha.*
Secretary *to the Duke.*
Two Magistrates *of Florence.*
Physician.
Surgeon.
Three Gentlemen.
Sailors.

Women.

Mariana, *Wife to Albertus, a virtuous Lady.*
Clarissa, *Mariana's Daughter, in love with Mentivole.*
Juliana, *Niece to the Duke of Genoa, Baptista's second Wife.*
Biancha, *the* Fair Maid of the Inn, *beloved of Cesario, and Daughter to Baptista and Juliana.*
Hostess, *the supposed Mother of Biancha.*

SCENE, *Florence.*

ACT I.

Enter Cesario and Clarissa.

Cesario. I INTERPRET not, Clarissa, my true zeal
In giving you counsel, to transcend the bounds [nour,
That should confine a brother! 'tis your ho-
And peace of mind (which, honour lost[1], will leave you)
I labour to preserve: and tho' you yet are
Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so,
Having a father's eye, and mother's care,
In all your ways to keep you fair and upright,
In which respects my best advices must
Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear sister,
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,
Misconstrue not my purpose!

Clar. Sir, I dare not;
But still receive it as a large addition
To the much that I already stand engag'd for.
Yet, pardon me tho' I profess, upon
A true examination of myself,
Even to my private thoughts, I cannot find
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)
On what slight ground the least doubt can be rais'd,
To render me suspected I can fall
Or from my fame or virtue.

Ces. Far be't from me,
To nourish such a thought! and yet excuse me,
As you would do a lapidary, whose whole fortunes
Depend upon the safety of one jewel:
If he think no case precious enough
To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,
Tho' lending strength to iron doors, sufficient
To guard it, and secure him! You to me are
A gem of more esteem, and prized higher,
Than usurers do their muck, or great men title;
And any flaw (which Heav'n avert!) in you,
(Whose reputation, like a diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envy,
And men with covetous desires, look up at)
By prying eyes discover'd, in a moment
Would render what the braveries of Florence,
For want of counterpoise, forbear to cheapen,
Of little or no value.

Clar. I see, brother,
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love:
But for my virgin jewel, which is brought
In comparison with your diamond, rest assur'd
It shall not fall in such a workman's hands,
Whose ignorance or malice shall have power
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep
Her native splendor.

Ces. 'Tis well; I commend you;
And study your advancement with that care
As I would do a sister's, whom I love
With more than common ardor[2].

Clar. That from me
I hope's return'd to you.

Ces. I do confess it.
Yet let me tell you, (but still with that love
I wish t'encrease between us) that you are
Observ'd, against the gravity long maintain'd
In Italy (where to see a maid unmask'd
Is held a blemish), to be over-frequent
In giving or receiving visits.

Clar. How? [picture,

Ces. Whereas the custom's here to wooe by
And never see the substance. You are fair,
And beauty draws temptations on, you know it:
I would not live to see a willing grant
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been ladies
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,
That have prov'd this no miracle.

Clar. One unworthy?
Why, pray you, gentle brother, who are they
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope,
In your strict criticism of me, and my manners,
That you will not deny they are your equals.

Ces. Angry? [me,

Clar. I've reason! But, in cold blood, tell
Had we not one father?

Ces. Yes, and mother too.

Clar. And he a soldier?

Ces. True.

Clar. If I then borrow
A little of the boldness of his temper,
Imparting it to such as may deserve it,
(Howe'er indulgent to yourselves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedom to your sisters)
I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,
To grant access and speech to noble suitors,
And you escape for innocent, that descend
To a thing so far beneath you? Are you touch'd?
Why, did you think that you had Giges' ring?
Or th' herb that gives invisibility?
Or that Biancha's name had ne'er been mention'd?
The Fair Maid of the grand Osteria, brother?

Ces. No more!

Clar. A little, brother. Your night-walks,
And offer'd presents, which coy she contemn'd;
Your combats in disguises with your rivals,

[1] *Which honour* last *will leave you.*] Amended by Seward.
[2] *Common* order.] Corrected in 1750.

Brave muletteers, scullions perfum'd with grease, [member'd:
And such as cry meat for cats[3], must be re-
And all this pother for a common trull!
A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,
To draw in riotous guests! a thing expos'd
To every ruffian's rude assault! and subject,
For a poor salary, to a rich man's lust,
Tho' made up of diseases!

Ces. Will you end yet?

Clar. And this a mistress for Albertus' son?
One that I should call sister?

Ces. Part not with
Your modesty in this violent heat! The truth is,
(For you shall be my confessor) I love her;
But virtuously: report, that gives her out
Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,
Detracts much from her; for indeed she is,
Tho' of a low condition, compos'd
Of all the graces dames of highest birth,
Tho' rich in nature's bounties, should be proud of.
But leave her! and to you, my nearest care,
My dearest, best Clarissa! Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren virgin life! I rather aim at
A noble husband, that may make you mother
Of many children; one that, when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may serve and sue to:
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man, you please to favour!

Clar. I ever purpos'd it; for I will like
With your allowance.

Ces. As a pawn of this,
Receive this ring; but, ere you part with it
On any terms, be certain of your choice,
And make it known to me!

Enter Alberto, Baptista, Mariana, Mentivole, and Servants with lights.

Clar. You have my hand for't.

Ces. Which, were it not my sister's, I should kiss
With too much heat.

Clar. My father and his guests, sir!

Alb. Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptista!
These days of rest and feasting suit not with
Our tougher natures: those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at sea! that's our true mother;
The land's to us a step-dame: there we sought
Honour and wealth thro' dangers; yet those dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, tho' great ones,
And worth the undertakers: here we study
The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance; and dispute with Heav'n,
If that the least puff of the rough north-wind
Blast our vine's burden[4], rendring to our palates [there,
The charming juice less pleasing; whereas
If we had biscuit, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
We thought them Persian delicates; and for music,
If a strong gale but made the main-yard crack,
We danc'd to the loud minstrel.

Bapt. And fear'd less
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempest than a calm.

Alb. 'Tis true, Baptista: [other,
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each
And virtuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true school of friendship,
We learnt those principles, which confirm'd us friends
Never to be forgot.

Bapt. Never, I hope. [roaring cannon

Alb. We were married there: for bells, the
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize
Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
Serv'd as a dowry to you, then stil'd my wife;
And did enable me to be a husband
Fit to encounter so much wealth, tho' got
With blood and horror.

Mar. If so got, 'tis fit, sir,
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it
In peace and quiet: I, your son, and daughter,
That reap the harvest of your winter's labour,
Tho' debtors for it, yet have often trembled,
When, in way of discourse, you have related
How you came by it.

Alb. Trembled? How the softness
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue;
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble,
I should proclaim this boy some coward's bastard,
And not the image of Albertus' youth,
If when some wish'd occasion calls him forth
To a brave trial, one weak artery
Of his should shew a fever, tho' grim death
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him.
The elements, the sea, and all the winds
We number on our compass, then conspiring
To make the scene more ghastly! I must have thee,
Sirrah, I must, if once you grapple with
An enemy's ship, to board her, tho' you see

[3] *And such as* cry *meat for cats.*] The second folio reads *want*; but we apprehend the text to be right. In Massinger's Maid of Honour, act iii. sc. 1, *Gaspero*, in mentioning the most ignoble employments, says,

'I will *cry* brooms or *cats' meat* in Palermo,
'Turn porter, carry burdens, any thing,
'Rather than live a soldier!' *R.*

[4] *Blast our* time's *burden.*] The correction by Seward.

The desperate gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up; or, like Cæsar's soldier,
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undaunted.
Mar. I even die to hear you!
My son, my lov'd Cesario, run such hazards?
Bless'd saints forbid it! You have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way.
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up
A complete courtier: may I live to see him,
By sweet discourse and gracious demeanor,
Win and bring home a fair wife, and a rich,
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.
Alb. A wife?
As if there were a course to purchase one
Prevailing more than honourable action!
Or any intercessors move so far,
To take a mistress of a noble spirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,
Atchiev'd by sweat and blood! Oh, the brave dames
Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to see
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage, and conquests, the blind archer knew [torch;
To head his shafts, or light his quenched
They were proof against them else: no carpet knight[4], [bowers,
That spent his youth in groves or pleasant
Or, stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his lute such soft and melting notes,
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,
Could work on them; nor once bewitch'd their sense,
Tho' he came so perfum'd as he had robb'd
Sabæa or Arabia of their wealth,
And stor'd it in one suit. I still remember,
And still remember it with joy, Baptista,
When from the rescue of the Genoa fleet,
Almost surpriz'd by the Venetian gallies,
Thou didst return, and wert receiv'd in triumph,
How lovely in thy honour'd wounds and scars
Thou didst appear; what worlds of amorous glances
The beauties of the city, where they stood,
Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars, [fir'd
Shot from their windows at thee! How it
Their bloods to see the enemies' captive streamers[5] [liana,
Borne thro' the streets! nor could chaste Ju-
The duke's fair niece, tho' guarded with her greatness,
Resist this gallant charge, but, laying by
Disparity of fortune from the object,
Yielded herself thy prisoner.
Bapt. Pray you chuse
Some other theme.
Mar. Can there be one more pleasing?
Bapt. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
And 'tis in the remembrance little less,
Than ever captive suffer'd.
Mar. How! To gain
The favour of so great a lady?

[4] *Carpet knight.*] *Carpet knights* are frequently mentioned with great contempt by our ancient writers. The learned Sir James Burrows gives the following account of them:

'There was an order of knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS of the CARPET, though 'few, or no persons (at least among those whom I have consulted) seem to know any thing 'about it, or even to have heard of it. I have taken some memoranda concerning the insti- 'tution, and know that William lord Burgh 'of Starborough castle, in the county of Surry, 'father to Thomas lord Burgh, deputy of Ireland, and to sir John Burgh who took the great 'Caracca ship in 1592) was made a *knight of the carpet*, at Westminster, on the 2d of Oc- 'tober, 1553, the day after queen Mary's coronation: and I met with a list of all who were 'made so at the same time, in Strype's Memorials, vol. iii. Appendix, p. 11.

'See Anstis's Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath, (Lond. 1725) p. 50, 'Upon "the accession of queen Mary to the throne, a commission was granted to the earl of Arun- "del, empowering him to make knights, but WITHOUT *any additional title*, within two days "after the date of that patent: which were the two days preceding her coronation. In "pursuance hereof, we find the names of the knights created by him, according to the stated "form of creating knights of the Bath; and the variety of the ceremonies used, so distinctly "related, that it particularly deserves to be consulted in the appendix."

'So that Mr. Anstis plainly considers them as being only a species of knights of the Bath, 'though *without* any additional title.

'If so, the appellation of *knights of the carpet* might be only *popular*; not their strict or 'proper title. This, however, was sufficient to induce Shakespeare (who wrote whilst they 'were commonly spoken of by such an appellation) to *use that term*, in *contrast* to a knight- 'hood conferred upon a real soldier, as a reward of military valour.'

In addition to this note, and in confirmation of it, Mr. Steevens produces the following example from The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

'——— soldiers, come away;
'This *carpet knight* sits carping at our scars.'

They are mentioned also by Taylor the Water Poet, in The Praise of Hempseed;

'Castles for ladies, and for *carpet knights*,
'Unmercifully spoil'd at feasting fights. R.

[5] *Captive* streames.] Corrected in 1750.

Bapt. Yes, [madam,
Since it prov'd fatal[6]: to have been happy,
Adds to calamity; and the heavy loss
Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,
Which grief would have forgotten.
Alb. I am sorry
I touch'd upon it.
Mar. I burn rather, sir,
With a desire to hear the story of
Your loves; and shall receive it as a favour,
Which you may grant.
Bapt. You must not be denied;
Yet with all brevity I must report it.
'Tis true, fair Juliana, (Genoa's pride)
Enamour'd of my actions, lik'd my person;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection,
Since it was lawful; for, my first wife dead,
We were closely married, and for some few months
Tasted the fruits of't: but malicious fate,
Envying our too-much happiness, wrought upon
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,
And cabinet counsellor to Juliana,
Who, either for hope, or reward, or fear,
Discover'd us to the incensed duke,
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounc'd [years
On me perpetual banishment. Some three
I wander'd on the seas, since entertain'd
By the great duke of Florence; but what fate
Attended her, or Prospero my friend,
That stay'd at Genoa to expect the issue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. From the Duke?
Bapt. He's welcome.
To end my forc'd relation!
Alb. Signor Baptista, [care.
The great Duke's will commands your present
Gent. It points indeed at both of you.
Bapt. I wait it.
Alb. In, Mariana; to your rest!
Bapt. Nay, leave us;
We must be private.
Mar. Stay not long, Cesario.
[*Exeunt. Manent Cesario & Mentivole.*
Ment. So! these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may speak; and howsoe'er they take
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of present pleasures.
Ces. Which, if well enjoy'd,
Will not alone continue, but encrease,
In us their friendship.
Ment. How shall we spend the night?
To snore it out, like drunken Dutchmen, would
Sort ill with us Italians: we are made
Of other metal, fiery, quick, and active.
Shall we take our fortune? and, while our cold fathers [dead)
(In whom long since their youthful heats were
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' ensigns,
And seek a mistress?
Ces. That's a game, dear friend,
That does admit no rival in chase of it?
And either to be undertook alone
Or not to be attempted.
Ment. I'll not press you.
What other sports to entertain the time with
The following morning?
Ces. Any that may become us. [sent you,
Ment. Is the Neapolitan horse the viceroy
In a fit plight to run?
Ces. So my groom tells me.
I can boast little of my horsemanship;
Yet, upon his assurance, I dare wager
A thousand crowns, 'gainst any horse in Florence,
For an eight-mile course.
Ment. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of loss;
Else I durst match him with my Barbary
For twice the sum.
Ces. You do well to excuse it,
Being certain to be beaten.
Ment. Tush, you know
The contrary.
Ces To end the controversy,
Put it to trial; by my life, I'll meet you

Enter Clarissa.

With the next rising sun.
Ment. A match! But here
Appears a Cynthia, that scorns to borrow
A beam of light from the great eye of Heav'n,
She being herself all brightness: how I envy
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chaste ones,
Which she vouchsafes her brother!
Clar. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not Biancha; leave, I pray you!
My mother will not sleep before she see you;
And since you know her tenderness, nay fondness, [safety,
In every circumstance that concerns your
You are not equal[7] to her.
Ces. I must leave you;
But will not fail to meet you.
Ment. Soft sleeps to you!
Mar. [*within*] Cesario!
Clar. You're call'd again.
Ces. Some sons

[6] *Yes, since it prov'd fatal.*] The particle inserted in the text improving both sense and measure, was most probably in the original. *Seward.*
Seward reads, Since it prov'd *so* fatal; thereby *destroying* 'both sense and measure.'
[7] *Equal.*] i. e. *Just.* The word frequently occurs in that sense.

Complain

Complain of too much rigour in their mothers;
I of too much indulgence. You will follow? [*Exit.*
Clar. You are her first care; therefore lead the way! [stays
Ment. She stays; blest opportunity! she
As she invited conference! she was ever
Noble and free; but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yielding in her; or, contempt
Of all that I dare offer. Stand I now
Consulting? No; I'll put it home.
Clar. Who waits there?
More lights! [useless
Ment. You need them not; they are as
As at noon-day: can there be darkness where
Nature, then wisely liberal, vouchsaf'd
To lend two suns?
Clar. Hyperboles!
Ment. No; truths, [heart
Truths, beauteous virgin; so my love-sick
Assures me, and my understanding tells me
I must approach them wisely: should I rashly
Press near their scorching beams, they would consume me;
And, on the contrary, should your disdain
Keep me at too much distance, and I want
Their comfortable heat, the frost of death
Would seize on all my faculties.
Clar. Pray you pause, sir! [tire you:
This vehemency of discourse must else needs
These gay words take not me; 'tis simple faith,
Honest integrity, and lawful flames,
I am delighted with.
Ment. Such I bring with me;
And therefore, lady—
Clar. But that you took me off
Ere I came to a period, I had added
A long experience must be requir'd
Both of his faith and trust, with whom a virgin
Trafficks for what is dearest in this life,
Her liberty and honour. I confess
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour;
And, with your generous parts, the many tenders
Of doing me all fair offices, have won
A good opinion from me—
Ment. Oh, speak ever!
I never heard such music.
Clar. A plain tune, sir,
But 'tis a hearty one. When I perceive,
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,
And that you bring the engines of fair love,
Not of foul lust, to shake and undermine
My maiden fortress, I may then make good
What now I dare not promise.
Ment. You already,
In taking notice of my poor deservings,
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this
Yet qualify, tho' not excuse, my error,
Tho' now I am ambitious to desire
A confirmation of it!
Clar. So it wrong not
My modesty to grant it.
Ment. 'Tis far from me;
I only am a suitor you would grace me
With some toy, but made rich in that y
wore it,
To warrant to the world that I usurp not,
When I presume to stile myself your servan
A ribbon from your shoe.
Clar. You are too humble;
I'll think upon't, and something of more val
Shall witness how I prize you. It grows lat
I'll bring you to the door.
Ment. You still more bind me. [*Exeun*

Enter Duke, Albertus, Baptista, Magistrat and Attendants.

Duke. You find, by this assur'd intelligenc
The preparation of the Turk against us.
We've met him oft and beat him; now
fear him
Would argue want of courage; and I hold
A safer policy for us and our signiories,
To charge him in his passage o'er the sea,
Than to expect him here.
Alb. May it please your highness,
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of
This great employment, if I may deliver
My judgment freely, 'tis not flattery
Tho' I say my opinion waits on you[8];
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent
To what you have propos'd, but that
know it
Worth the great speaker, tho' that the deni
Call'd on your heavy anger. For myself
I do profess thus much, if a blunt soldier
May borrow so much from the oil'd-tongu
courtier,
(That echoes whatsoe'er the prince allows
All that my long experience hath taught m
That have spent three parts of my life at se
(Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added reasons of more weig
To fortify your affections, than such
As your grace out of observation merely
Already have propounded.
Bapt. With the honour
To give the daring enemy an affront
In being the first opposer, it will teach
Your soldiers boldness, and strike fear in the
That durst attempt you.
1 *Magis.* Victuals and ammunition,
And money too, the sinews of the war,
Are stor'd up in the magazine.
2 *Magis.* And the gallits

[8] *My opinion waits on* you.] The small change of *you* to *yours*, takes all obscurity fro this expression. *Seward.*

We think the old reading more suitable to the context, more in our authors' style, and least as free from obscurity.

Ne

New rigg'd and train'd up, and at two days' warning
Fit for the service.
Duke. We commend your care;
Nor will we e'er be wanting in our counsels,
As we doubt not your action. You, Baptista,
Shall stay with us; that merchant is not wise,
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.
Albertus, be our admiral! spare your thanks;
'Tis merit in you that invites this honour;
Preserve it such! Ere long you shall hear more.
Things rashly undertaken end as ill;
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* No question, 'twas not well done in Cesario
To cross the horse of young Mentivole
In the midst of this course.
2 *Gent.* That was not all;
The switching him dull'd him.
3 *Gent.* 'Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they first started! 'Slight, [whisper,
We stand here prating; give them leave to
And, when they have cut one another's throats,

Enter Mentivole and Cesario.

Make in to part 'em!
2 *Gent.* There is no such hazard; [it:
Their fathers' friendship and their love forbid
See where they come!
1 *Gent.* With fury in their looks.
Ment. You have the wager; with what
I'll not dispute. [foul play got
Ces. Foul play?
Ment. I cannot speak it
In a fairer language; and if some respects
Familiar to myself chain'd not my tongue,
I should say—no more[9]!—I should—but I'll sit down [further!
With this disgrace; howe'er, press me no
For, if once more provok'd, you'll understand
I dare no more suffer an injury,
Than I dare do one.
Ces. Why, sir, are you injur'd
In that I take my right, which I would force,
Should you detain it?
Ment. Put it to judgment!
Ces. No; my will in this shall carry it.
Ment. Your will? Nay, farewell softness then!
3 *Gent.* This I foresaw.
[*They suddenly draw.*
2 *Gent.* Hold, hold!
Ces. I'm hurt.
2 *Gent.* Shift for yourself; 'tis death.
Ment. As you respect me, bear him off with care!
If he miscarry, since he did the wrong,
I'll stand the shock of't.
2 *Gent.* Gently! he will faint else—
[*Exeunt Gentlemen with Cesario.*
Ment. And speedily, I beseech you! My rage over,
That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error,
I see my folly, and at what dear loss
I have exchang'd a real innocence
To gain a mere fantastical report,
Transported only by vain popular wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy man.

Enter Baptista.

But, could I satisfy myself within here,
How should I bear my father's frowns? They meet me;
My guilt conjures him hither.
Bapt. Sirrah!
Ment. Sir. [sword:
Bapt. I've met the trophies of your ruffian
Was there no other anvil to make trial
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosom
Of him, which under the adulterate name
Of friendship thou hast murder'd?
Ment. Murder'd, sir?
My dreams abhor so base a fact: true valour,
Employ'd to keep my reputation fair,
From the austerest judge can never merit
To be branded with that title. You begot me
A man, no coward: and but call your youth
To memory! when injur'd, you could never
Boast of the ass's fortitude, slave-like patience;
And you might justly doubt I were your son,
If I should entertain it. If Cesario
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,
A second trial of what I dare do
In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me
I am the true heir to Baptista's courage,
As to his other fortunes.
Bapt. Boy, to neither,
But on this strict condition, which entreaties
From saints, nay angels, shall not make me alter.
A friendship so began, and so continu'd
Between me and Alberto, my best friend,
Your brawls shall not dissolve: it is my will,
And as I am thy father I command thee,
That instantly, on any terms, how poor
Soe'er it skills not, thou desire his pardon,
And bring assurance to me he has sign'd it,
Or by my father's soul I'll never know thee,
But as a stranger to my blood: perform it,
And suddenly, without reply! I've said it.
Ment. And in it given a heavier sentence on me
Than the most cruel death: you are my father,
And your will to be serv'd, and not disputed
By me, that am your son: but I'll obey,
And tho' my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *I should say* no *more.*] Seward, tacitly and arbitrarily, reads, *I should say more.* The present punctuation gives a spirit to the old text.

ACT II.

Enter Albertus, Physician, and a Surgeon.

Phys. HAVE patience, noble sir! your son Cesario
Will recover, without question.
Surg. A slight wound! [vitals.
Though't pierc'd his body, it hath miss'd the
Phys. My life for't, he shall take the air
Within these ten days! [again
Alb. Oh, but from a friend!
To receive this bloody measure from a friend!
If that a man should meet a violent death,
In a place where he had taken sanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? Such all Florence held [plies
Their friendship; and 'tis that which multi-
The injury.
Phys. Have patience, worthy signor!
Alb. I do protest, as I am man and soldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at sea,
(Lost in some honourable action)
I would not to the saltness of his grave
Have added the least tear: but these quarrels,

Enter Mariana and Clarissa.

Bred out of game and wine! I had as lief
He should have died of a surfeit.
Mar. Oh, what comfort?
How is it with our son, sir?
Alb. His work-masters
Bear me in hand here, (as my lawyer does,
When I've a crack'd title, or bad suit in law)
All shall go well.
Mar. I pray you, gentlemen,
What think you of his wound?
Phys. 'Tis but a scratch; nothing
To danger.
Clar. But he receiv'd it from a friend;
And the unkindness ta'en at that may kill him.
Mar. Let me see him.
Phys. By no means; he slumbers.
Mar. Then I cannot believe you, when
There is hope of him. [you tell me
Alb. Yet many ladies
Do give more faith to their physician,
Than to their confessor.
Clar. Oh, my poor lost brother!
And friend, more dear than brother!
Alb. More loud instruments
To disturb his slumbers? Go, go, take caroch!
And as you love me, you and the girl retire
T' our summer-house i' th' country: I'll be
Within these two days [with you
Mar. I am yours in all things,
Tho' with much sorrow to leave him.
Alb. I pray you, gentlemen,
[*Exeunt Mar. and Cl*
With best observance tend your patient:
The loss of my heir male lies now a-bleedin

Enter Mentivole.

And think what payment his recovery
Shall shower upon you.—Of all men breathin
[*Exeunt Physician and Surgeo*
Wherefore do you arrive here? are you mad
My injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you. Why, this affront of your
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my son; but
Your sight to me is death! Why come y
hither? [have mad
D'you come to view the wounds which y
And glory in them?
Ment. Rather, worthy sir,
To pour oil into them.
Alb. I am a soldier,
Sir, least part of a courtier: and understar
By your smooth oil, your present flattery—
Ment. Sir, for my father's sake, ackno
ledge me
To be born a gentleman, no slave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed: do not mi
construe,
In your distaste of me, the true intent
Of my coming hither, for I do protest
I do not come to tell you I am sorry
For your son's hurt.
Alb. Not sorry?
Ment. No, not sorry:
I have to the lowest ebb lost all my fury,
But I must not lose my honesty. 'Twas
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd,
Like a petard[10] ill lighted, into th' bosom
Of him gave fire to't: yet, I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover;
When, if it please him call me to account
For th'loss of so much blood, I shall be rea
To do him noble reason.
Alb. You are arm'd
Methinks with wondrous confidence.
Ment. Oh, with the best, sir;
For I bring penitence and satisfaction.
Alb. Satisfaction? Why, I heard you s
but now,
You were not sorry for his wounds.
Ment. Nor am I;
The satisfaction which I bring, sir, is to yo
You are a gentleman ne'er injur'd me;
One ever lov'd my father, the right way,
And most approv'd of noble amity;

[10] *Petar.*] A *petard* or *petarre*, an engine (made like a bell or mortar) wherewith stron gates are burst open. *Cotgrave's Dictionary.* R.

Yet I have run my sword quite thro' your heart,
And slightly hurt your son; for't may be
A grief ta'en at these years, for your son's loss,
May hazard yours: and therefore I am sent
By him that has most interest in your sorrow,
Who having chid me almost to the ruin
Of a disheritance[11], for violating
So continued and so sacred a friendship
Of fifty winters' standing[12]; such a friendship
That ever did continue like the spring,
Ne'er saw the fall o' th' leaf; by him I am sent
To say the wrong I've done, sir, is to you,
And that I have quite lost him for a father,
Until I find your pardon. Nay, there follows
A weightier deprivation: his estate
I could with a less number of sighs part with;
Fortune might attend my youth and my deservings
In any climate; but a father's blessing,
To settle and confirm that fortune, no where,
But only here. Your pardon! give me that;
And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that
Takes from me the effect of excommunication,
A father's heavy curse.

Alb. Nay, may that curse
Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute,
When I am grown as deaf to all compassion,
As the cruellest sea-fight, or most horrid tempest!
That I had drown'd i' th' sea a thousand ducats,
Thou hadst not made this visit! Rash young man,
Thou tak'st me in an ill planet, and hast cause
To curse thy father; for I do protest,
If I had met thee in any part o' th' world,
But under my own roof, I would have kill'd thee.
Within there!—Look you! Here's a triumph sent for

Enter Physician, Surgeon, and Servants.

The death of your young master.

Serv. Shall we kill him?

Alb. No;
I'll not be so unhospitable. But, sir,
By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
That right-hand never more shall strike my son.

Ment. That will be easily protested.

Alb. Not easily, to't.
When it must be exacted, and a bloody seal
Bind him, and cut off's right-hand presently:
Fair words shall never satisfy foul deeds.
Chop his hand off!

Ment. You cannot be so unrighteous
To your own honour.

Phys. Oh, sir, collect yourself,
And recall your bloody purpose!

Alb. My intents
Of this nature do ever come to action.

Surg. Then I
Must fetch another stickler. [*Exit.*

Alb. Yet I do grieve at heart;
And I do curse thy father heartily,
That's the cause of my dishonour, sending thee
In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief,
Apt as a Dutchman after a sea-fight,
When his enemy kneels afore him. Come, dispatch!

Phys. Entreat him, noble sir.

Ment. You shall excuse me;
Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

Enter Cesario and Surgeon.

Ces. Oh, sir, for honour's sake, stay your foul purpose;
For if you do proceed thus cruelly, him,
There is no question, in the wound you give
I shall bleed to death for't!

Alb. Thou art not of
My temper; what I purpose, can't be alter'd.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Duke with all speed expects you: you must instantly
Ship all your followers, and to sea.

Alb. My blessing
Stay with thee upon this condition,
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hop'st
To be accounted for my son, perform it! [*Exit.*

Ces. You hear what I'm enjoin'd to.

Ment. Pray thee, take it!
Only this ring, this best-esteemed jewel,
I will not giv't to th' hangman chops it off;
It is too dear a relic: I'll remove it
Nearer my heart.

Ces. Ha! that ring's my sister's;
The ring I enjoin'd her never part withal
Without my knowledge.—Come, sir, we are friends.
Pardon my father's heat, and melancholy;
Two violent fevers which he caught at sea,
And cannot yet shake off: only one promise

[11] *Who having chid me almost to the ruin*
Of a disheritance.] Seward arbitrarily reads,
——— to *my* ruin,
To a disheritance, &c.

[12] *So* continued *and so sacred a friendship*
Of fifty winters standing; such a friendship,
That ever did continue, &c.] 'Here,' says Seward, 'seems a reiterated tautology in these 'lines, very unlike and unworthy of our authors.' For *continued*, therefore, he substitutes *constant*, 'which,' continues he, 'in the sense of *firm* and *unshaken* by accidents, keeps clear 'of the tautology complained of.' But changes should not be arbitrarily made, only because the critic *supposes* them for the better!

I must enjoin you to, and seriously;
Hereafter you shall never draw a sword
To th' prejudice of my life.
Ment. By my best hopes,
I shall not!
Ces. I pray deliver me your sword,
On that condition.
Ment. I shall, sir: may it hereafter
Ever fight on your part!
Ces. Noble sir, I thank you:
But, for performance of your vow, I entreat
Some gage from you.
Ment. Any, sir.
Ces. Deliver me that ring. [binds me,
Ment. Ha! this ring? indeed this jewel
If you knew the virtue of it, never more
To draw my sword against you.
Ces. Therefore I
Will have it.
Ment. You may not.
Ces. Come, you must:
I that by violence could take your hand,
Can enforce this from you. This is a token, sir, [you well!
That we may prove friends hereafter. Fare
Phys. Why did you seize his sword, sir?
Ces. To perform [sent
What my father bad me; I have for the pre-
Ta'en away his use of fighting.
Phys. Better so,
Than take that which your father meant!
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Mentivole.

Ment. Was ever the like usage? Oh, that ring,
Dearer than life! whither is honour fled?
Cesario, thou'rt unmanly in each part,
To seize my sword first, and then split my heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Host and Clown.

Host. Thy master
That lodges here in my Osteria,
Is a rare man of art; they say he's a witch.
Clown. A witch? nay, he's one step of the ladder to
Preferment higher; he's a conjurer.
Host. Is that his higher title?
Clown. Yes, I assure you; [mands him;
For a conjurer's th' devil's master, and com-
Whereas a witch is the devil's prentice,
And obeys him.
Host. Bound prentice to the devil!
Clown. Bound and enroll'd, I assure you, he can't start; [tleman
And therefore I would never wish any gen-
To turn witch.
Host. Why, man?
Clown. Oh, he loses his [help him
Gentility by it; the devil in this case cannc
He must go to the herald for new arms, be
lieve it. [man born
Host. As I'm true innkeeper, yet a gentle
I'll ne'er turn witch for that trick! And tho
Been a great traveller? [has
Clown. No, indeed, not I, sir.
Host. Come, you are modest.
Clown. No, I am not modest;
For I told you a lie, that you might the bette
Understand I had been a traveller.
Host. So, sir!
They say your master's a great physician too
Clown. He was no fool told you that, assure you. [But they say
Host. And you have been in England
Ladies in England take a great deal of physic
Clown. Both ways, on my reputation.
Host. So 'tis to be understood: [fashion
But they say ladies there take physic fo
Clown. Yes, sir, and many times die t
Host. How! [keep fashion
Die to keep fashion?
Clown. Yes; I have known a lady
Sick of the small-pox, only to keep her fac
From pit-holes, take cold, strike them i
Kick up the heels, and vanish. [again
Host. There was kicking up
The heels with a witness!
Clown. No, sir; I confess [tive t
A good face has many times been the mo
The kicking up of the heels with a witness
but this was not.

Enter Hostess and Biancha.

Host. Here come my wife and daughter.
Clown. You have
A pretty commodity of this nightworm.
Host. Why, man?
Clown. She is a pretty lure to draw
Custom to your ordinary. [pose
Host. Dost think I keep her to that pur
Clown. When a dove-house is empty, ther is cumin-seed [bours
Used to purloin from the rest of the neigh
In England you have several adamants[12],
To draw in spurs and rapiers[13]; one keep silk-worms
In a gallery; a milliner has choice
O' monkies and paraketoes; another shew
Bawdy East-Indian pictures, worse than eve
Were Aretine's; a goldsmith keeps his wif
Wedg'd into his shop like a mermaid, nothin of her
To be seen (that's woman) but her upper par
Host. Nothing but her upper part?
Clown. Nothing but her upper bodice,
And he lives at the more heart's ease.

[12] *Adamants.*] i. e. *Loadstones.* See Skinner on the word. *Seward.*
[13] *To draw in* spurs *and* rapiers.] In Ben Jonson's Alchemist is the same idea; Subtl says to Abel Drugger,

'Beneath your threshold bury me a *loadstone*,
'To draw in gallants that wear *spurs*.'

Host

Host. What's the reason? [no temptation.
Clown. Because her nether part can give
By your leave, sir, I'll tend my master, and instantly
Be with you for a cup of cherally this hot weather. [*Exit.*
Host. A nimble-pated rascal! Come hither, When was Cesario here? [daughter;
Bian. Sir, not this fortnight.
Host. I do not like his visits; commonly He comes by owl light; both the time and Suspicious; I don't like it. [manner is
Bian. Sir, the gentleman
Is every way so noble, that you need not Question his intent of coming: tho' you did, Pray, sir, preserve that good opinion of me, That tho' the custom of the place I was born in
Makes me familiar to every guest, I shall in all things keep myself a stranger To th' vices they bring with them!
Hostess. Right, my daughter!
She has the right strain of her mother.
Host. Of her mother? [took it.
An I would speak, I know from whence she When I was as young, I was as honest[14]—
Hostess. Leave your prating,
And study to be drunk, and abuse your guests over and over!

Enter Forobosco and Clown.

Host. Peace, wife; my honourable guest!
For. My endear'd landlord,
And the rest of the compliments of the house!
Host. Breakfast is ready, sir; it waiteth The tide of your stomach. [only
Clown. And mine gapes for't,
Like a stale oyster.
Host. Ere you go to bed[15],
Fail not of that, I pray.
[*Exeunt all but For. and Clown.*
For. We'll instantly be with you.—
Now we're all fellows: nine o'clock, and no clients come yet?
Sure thou dost not set up bills enough.
Clown. I've set up
Bills in abundance.
For. What bills?
Clown. Marry, [goods,
For curing of all diseases, recovery of stol'n And a thousand such impossibilities.
For. The place is unlucky.
Clown. No, certain 'tis scarcity of money; Do not you hear the lawyers complain of it? Men have as much malice as e'er they had to wrangle, [money
But they've no money.—Whither should this Be travell'd?
For. To the devil, I think.
Clown. 'Tis with
His cofferer I'm certain, that's the usurer.
For. Our cheating does not prosper so 'Twas wont to do. [well as
Clown. No, sure. Why, in England we Could cozen 'em as familiarly, as if We'd travell'd with a brief, or a lottery.
For. In the Low-Countries we did pretty well.
Clown. So, so, as long as we kept the mop-headed
Butter-boxes sober; marry, when they were drunk,
Then they grew buzzards: you should have them reel
Their heads together, and deliberate!
Your Dutchman, indeed, when he's foxt, is like a fox; [a man's thinking,
For when he's sunk in drink, quite earth to 'Tis full exchange-time with him, then he's subtlest.
But your Switzer, 'twas nothing to cheat him.
For. Nothing. [it; for since
Clown. No, nor conscience to be made of Nature aforehand cozen'd him of his wit, 'Twas the less sin for us to cozen him of his money. [pated;
For. But these Italians are more nimble-We must have some new trick for them. I protest,
But that our Hostess' daughter's a sweet lass, And draws great resort to th' house, we were Draw teeth a-horseback. [as good
Clown. I told 'em in the market-place you could conjure,
And nobody would believe me; but ere long I'll make 'em believe you can conjure with such a figuary!
For. What language shall's conjure in? High-Dutch
I think, that's full in the mouth.
Clown. No, no, Spanish; [dreadful.
That roareth best, and will appear more
For. Prithee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

[14] *When I was as young, I was as honest.*] This has been hitherto made the conclusion of the *Host*'s speech, by which it seems to have lost all its humour. It evidently belongs to the *Hostess*, who stops her husband from giving further hints concerning *Biancha;* and this is artfully contriv'd with regard to the audience, whose curiosities are heightened by a glimmering of the plot, but not too soon satisfied by a full view of it. To do this judiciously, is one of the greatest difficulties in almost every species of writing. *Seward.*

We think Seward totally mistaken here, and that the *Host* (instead of alluding to *Biancha*'s real parentage) whimsically insinuates that her virtuous principles are derived from him.

[15] *Ere you go to bed, fail not of that, I pray.*] These words have hitherto been made a continuation of the *Clown*'s speech; but from him they seem devoid of meaning. If spoken by the *Host, aside,* we may very well understand by them, that the Clown *gapes for his breakfast even before he goes to bed.*

Clown. No, no, I will not stale it[16]; but, my dear jews-trump,
For thou art but my instrument, I'm the plotter,
And when we have cozen'd 'em most tightly, thou
Shalt steal away the innkeeper's daughter, I'll
Provide myself of another moveable;
And we will most purely retire ourselves
To Geneva.
For. Thou art the compass I sail by.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Bapt. Was ever expectation of so noble
A requital answered with such contumely!
A wild Numidian, that had suck'd a tigress,
Would not have been so barbarous: did he
To cut thy hand off? [threat
Ment. Yes, sir; and his slaves
Were ready to perform't.
Bapt. What hinder'd it?
Ment. Only his son's entreaty.
Bapt. Noble youth!
I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pity
Gives me a hope thou art not.
Ment. You mistake, sir;
The injury that follow'd from the son
Was worse than the father's: he did first disarm,
And took from me a jewel, which I prize
Above my hand or life.
Bapt. Take thy sword from thee?
He stole it like a thief rather; he could not
I' th' field deprive thee of it.
Ment. He took it from me,
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade-up,
As if I'd been a footboy.
Bapt. Oh, my fury! [rashness,
I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee
To so imminent a danger; which I vow
I will revenge on the whole family.
All the calamities of my whole life,
My banishment from Genoa, my wife's loss,
Compar'd to this indignity, is nothing;
Their family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a plague, when the dog-star reigns most hot!
An Italian's revenge may pause, but's ne'er forgot.
[*Exit.*
Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my father,
For my interest in Clarissa! My care now
Must be to untangle this division,
That our most equal flames may be united;
And from these various and perturbed streams,
Rise, like a sweet morn, after terrible dreams.
[*Exit.*

Enter Clarissa and Cesario.

Clar. Brother, I'm happy in your recovery.
Ces. And I, sister,
Am ever best pleas'd in your happiness.
But I miss a toy should be on your finger.
Clar. My ring!
This morning when I wash'd I put it off;
'Tis in my window.
Ces. Where's your looking-glass?
Clar. Here, sir.
Ces. 'Tis a fair one.
Clar. 'Tis pure crystal. [me see;
Ces. Can a diamond cut in crystal? Let
I'll grave my name in't.
Clar. Oh, you'll spoil my glass[17].
Ces. Would you not have your brother in your eye?
I'd thought he had been planted in your heart.
Look you; the diamond cuts quaintly; you are cozen'd,
Your crystal is too brittle.
Clar. 'Tis the ring
I gave unto Mentivole! sure, the same!—
You put me to amazement, sir, and horror:
How came you by that ring?
Ces. Does the blood rise? [do)
Clar. Pray, sir, resolve me, (oh, for pity
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That else will kill me! for I too much fear
Nothing but death could ravish it from his hand
That wore it.
Ces. Was it given to Mentivole
On that condition?
Clar. Tell me of his health first,
And then I'll tell you any thing.
Ces. By my life, he's well;
In better health than I am.
Clar. Then, it was, sir. [false one!
Ces. Then shall I ever hate thee, oh, thou
Hast thou a faith to give unto a friend,
And break it to a brother? Did I not,
By all the ties of blood, importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'st have given it to a muletteer,
And made a contract with him in a stable,
At as cheap a price of my vengeance! Never more
Shall a woman's trust beguile me: you are all
Like relicks; you may well be look'd upon,
But come a man to th' handling of you once,
You fall in pieces!
Clar. Dear sir, I've no way
Look'd either beneath reason, or myself,

[16] *No, no, I will not* stael it.] Corrected in 1750.

[17] Clar. *Oh, you'll spoil my glass.*
Would you not have your brother in your eye?
Ces. *I'd thought, &c.*] This second line evidently belongs to *Cesario*, though given in the former editions to *Clarissa*. Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald concurred in this correction. *Seward.*

In my election: there's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes; ancient amity [but
Betwixt our parents; to which wants nothing,
The fruit of blessed marriage between us,
To add to their posterities. Nor does now
Any impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected quarrel, which divided
So noble and so excellent a friendship,
Which, as I ne'er had magick to foresee,
So I could not prevent.

Ces. Well, you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing; I shall,
In th' absence of my father, be your guardian;
His suit must pass thro' my office. Mentivole?
He has too much o' my blood already; he has,
And he gets no more of't.—Wherefore weep you, mother?

Enter Mariana and a Sailor.

Mar. 'Tis occasioned by a sorrow
Wherein you have a child's part, and the [mainest;
Your father's dead.

Ces. Dead?

Mar. There is one can
Relate the rest.

Sailor. I can, sir; your father's drown'd,
Most unfortunately drown'd.

Ces. How? in a tempest?

Sailor. No, sir, in a calm,
Calm as this evening: the gunner, being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the ordnance to their ports,
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them
All to the starboard side; o'erturn'd the ship,
And sunk her in a moment; some six men
That were upon the deck, were sav'd; the rest
Perish'd wi' your father.

Clar. Oh, my dearest father!

Ces. I pray thee, leave us. [*Exit Sailor.*

Mar. I have a sorrow of another nature,
Equal to th' former.

Ces. And most commonly
They come together.

Mar. The family of the Baptisti
Are grown to faction, and upon distaste
Of th' injury late offer'd in my house,
Have vow'd a most severe and fell revenge
'Gainst all our family, but especially
'Gainst you, my dear Cesario.

Ces. Let them threat;
I am prepar'd t' oppose them.

Mar. And is your loss then
Of so easy an estimation? What comfort
Have I but in your life? and your late danger
Presents before me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry: therefore I'll advise you,
When th' funeral is over, you would travel;
Both to prevent their fury, and wear out
The injury.

Ces. No, mother, I'll not travel—
So in my absence he may marry my sister—
I will not travel, certain.

Mar. Oh, my Cesario,
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage! he shall never
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction
Will endanger his life; and then am I most wretched!
I'm thinking of a strange prevention,
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye;
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Host, Hostess, and Biancha.

Host. HAUNTED, my house is haunted wi' goblins! I shall
Be frighted out o' my wits, and set up a sign
Only t' invite carriers and foot-posts, scarecrows [rank.
To keep off th' cavalry, and gentry of the best
I will nail up my doors, and wall up my girl,
Wife, like an anchoress; or she will be ravish'd
Before our faces by rascals and cacafugo's,
Wife, cacafugo's!

Hostess. These are your incomes!
Remember your own proverb, The savour
Of every gain smelt sweet: thank nobody
For this trouble! [but yourself

Host. No galling, dear spouse, no galling!
Every day's new vexation abates me
Two inches in the waist; terrible penance
For an host! Girl, girl, girl, which of all this
Gallimaufry of man's flesh appears tolerable
To thy choice? speak shortly, and speak truly! I [you that?
Must and will know, must and will! hear

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty!
I am so far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Than any of such coarse contents as these are,
Could not betray mine eye to force mine heart
Conceive a wish, of any dearer happiness
Than your direction warrants. I am yours, sir. [this strange

Hostess. What thinks the man now? Is not
At thirteen? ['em,

Host. Very good words; there's a tang in
And a sweet one; 'tis music, wife; and now
I come t'ye. Let us a little examine
The several conditions of our
Paragraphistical suitors! The first
A trav'ling taylor, who by the mystery

Of's

Of's needle and thimble hath survey'd the fashions [gerbread,
Of th' French, and English; this signor Gin-
Stitch'd up in the shreds of a gaudy outside,
Sows linings with his cross-leg'd compliment,
Like an ape doing tricks over a staff,
Cringes, and crouches, and kisses his fore-finger.

Hostess. Out upon him!

Host. A second, a lavoltere, a saltatory,
A dancer with a kit at's bum; one that,
By teaching great madonnas to foot it, has
Miraculously purchas'd a ribanded [fellow
Waistcoat, and four clean pair of socks; a
That skippeth as he walketh, and instead
Of sensible discourse, venteth the curious
Conceit of some new tune stol'n from a masque,
Or a bawdy ditty, elevated for
The pole arctick of a lady's chamber;
In that file stands another of your inamora-toes. [he ne'er fiddles

Hostess. Hang him and his fiddle together! Any child of ours.

Host. The third, a mongrel,
Got by a Switzer on an Italian; this puppy,
Being left well estated, comes to Florence,
That the world may take notice, how impos-sible
It is for experience to alter [deed,
The course of nature; a fool, wife! and, in-
A clown turn'd gallant seldom or never proves
Other than a gallant fool; this toy prates
To little purpose other than—*What's o'clock? Shall's go drink? D'ye forsooth?* and *Thank ye heartily.*
I fear no art in him to catch thee; and
Yet we must be tormented with this buzzard
Amongst the rest.

Hostess. 'Tis your own folly; forbid him the house. [and a harsh knave;

Host. The fourth, a mule-driver, a stubborn
The fifth, a schoolmaster, a very amorous pedant,
Run almost mad with study of sonnets[18], and
Compliments out of old play-ends; the last,
An advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian in law-terms[19]:
Excellent courtiers all, and all as neat
As a magnifico's post new painted, at
His entrance to an office! Thou shalt have
None of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do! I say,
Thou shalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your command to me shall stand. a law. [coursers

Host. Now they throng like so many horse-
At a fair, in clusters 'bout the man of art,
For love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels,
Postures, compliments, philters, the devil [*Clown cries within.*
And the—How now? tumults, batteries, noise?

For. [*within*] Ha, get from my sight[20]!

Enter Forobosco, and Clown with his head bloody.

Clown. Murder me, do!
Pound me to mummy, do! see what will come on't. [tongue out!

For. Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy
Thou unlick'd bear, dar'st thou yet stand my fury, [damps
My generous rage? yet? By the sulphureous
That feed the hungry and incessant darkness,
Which curls around the grim Alastor's back,
Mutter again, and with one powerful word,
I'll call an host up from the Stygian lakes,
Shall waft thee to the Acherontick fens;
Where choak'd with mists as black as thy im-
Thou shalt live still a-dying! postures,

Clown. Conjure me to
The devil, an you can! I live in hell
Upon earth already: an you had any mercy,
You would not practise upon a kind heart thus.

Host. You have drawn blood from him;
Signor, is his offence unpardonable?

[18] *Run almost mad with study of sonnets.*] All the *Host*'s part in this scene, as the conjurer's in others, has been hitherto printed as prose; but the reader will see that without any strain (for I have scarce added or struck out a single expletive) it runs into an affected hobbling verse; which to me seems to add great humour to almost every sentiment, giving a comic dignity to the whole, which is of all drollery the most laudable. In this line a monosyllable seems evidently dropt, for the epithet *new* not only fills the measure, but makes a proper antithesis to the *old* in the next line, which is a proof of its having been originally a verse. *Seward.*

Though this note is just in the main, yet there are two things in it which call for animadversion. In the first place, the word *new* is not necessary to the measure, nor have we a right to CREATE *an antithesis.* In the second, though Mr. Seward says he has not used *any strain*, he has here (as in all other parts of his edition) *interpolated, omitted*, and *slaughtered* words (similar instances see at the end of Wit Without Money) in a manner unprecedented and unparalleled.

[19] *An advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian* in *law-terms.*] The particle *in*, here, equally hurts the sense as the measure, which is another proof of the measure's being genuine. *Seward.*

The word *in* neither hurts the sense, nor mars such licentious measure.

[20] *Ha, get from my sight.*] This has been made the conclusion of the *Host*'s speech, which evidently belongs to *Forobosco* as he enters. *Seward.*

For.

For. A lump of ignorance, (pray speak not for him) doms,
A drowsy grossness! In all Christian king-
The mention of my art, my name, my prac-tice,
Merit and glory, hath begot at once
Delight and wonder.—I'll not be entreated;
Spare intercession for him!—Oh, thou scorn
Of learning, shame of duty, must thy sloth
Draw my just fame in question? I discharge thee
From my service; see me no more henceforth!
Clown. Discharge me? [swer'd.
Is that my year's wages? I will not be so an-
For. Not, camel? sirrah, I am liberal to
Thou hast thy life; be gone! [thee
Clown. Vengeance, sweet vengeance!
For. D'ye mumble? [denly, and
Clown. I'll be reveng'd, monstrously, sud-
Insatiably: my bulk begins to swell.
For. Homotolenton, pragmatophoros, helio-stycorax! [Well,
Clown. Call up your spirits! I defy 'em!
I'll have law for my broken pate, (twelve ounces
Of pure blood, Troy-weight) in despite of thee
My master, and thy master the grand devil
Himself: *Vindicta, vindicta!* [*Exit.*
Host. Signor, you are exceeding mov'd.
Hostess. Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou talk'st! [frighted,
For. A slave, a cur!—But be not you af-
Young virgin! 'twere an injury to sweetness,
Should any rougher sound draw from your cheeks [proud
The precious tincture[21], which makes Nature
Of her own workmanship.
Host. Wife, mark; mark that, wife!
Bian. Shake then your anger off, sir.
For. You command it, [leaves,
Fair one. Mine Host and Hostess, with your
I have a motion jointly to you all.
Hostess. An honest one, I hope.
Host. Well put in, wife!
For. A very necessary one: the mess
And half of suitors, that attend to usher
Their love's sir-reverence to your daughter, wait [eye
With one consent, which can best please her
In offering at a dance: I have provided
Music; and 'twill be something, I dare promise, [mittance?
Worthy your laughter. Shall they have ad-
Host. By any means; for I'm persuaded the manner
Will be so ridiculous, that it will confirm
The assurance of their miserable fooleries: but
No longer trouble with 'em here, than they
Are in these may-games!
For. So I am resolv'd.
Hostess. Nor any wise word of senseless love! [you see
For. Not any; I have charm'd them. Did
How they prepar'd themselves, how they stroke up [ing-glass,
Their foretops, how they justle for the look-
To set their faces by it (see, they muster!)
You would look for some most impossible antic.

Enter Taylor, Dancer, Muletteer, Schoolmaster, Clerk[22]*, Coxcomb; all with several Papers, and present them to Forobosco.*

Host. So, so, so, so! here flutter the nest of hornets, [now!
The hotch-potch of rascality: now, now, now,
The dunghill of corruption hath yawn'd forth
The burden of abomination. I am
Vex'd, vexed to the soul; will rid my house
Of this unchristen'd fry, and never open
My doors again.
For. Some other time; I'll give no answer now, [cunning.
But have preferr'd your suits; here shew your
First, every one in order do his honour
To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,
Convey your several loves in lively measure:
Come, let us take our seats. Some sprightly music!
Host. Dance all and part: 'tis a very necessary farewell.

They all make ridiculous congees to Biancha, rank themselves, and dance in several postures; during the dance, enter Cesario, and stands off.

Host. Well done, my lusty bloods, preciously well done! [all sides!
One lusty rouse of wine, and take leave on
Ces. Thanks for your revels, gentlemen! accept
This gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.
Host. My noble lord Cesario? Clear the rooms, sirs!

[21] *Should any* rough *sound draw from your cheeks*
The precious tincture, &c.] Mr. Sympson concurs with me in reading, *any* rougher *sound*. 'Tis necessary to the verse, and every man of the least taste knows how much more elegant the comparative degree renders the expression. The compliment here is so extremely beautiful, that I could have wished it had been put in the mouth of a *Cesario* or *Mentivole*.

[22] *Schoolmaster, Clerk.*] I have added the *Coxcomb* to the number, Mr. Sympson having justly observ'd that the *mess and half of suitors* were evidently six, and as the *Coxcomb* is one of them in the next scene in which they appear, and is the second in *Forobosco*'s list, he ought evidently to have a place here. The reader will see how much more humorous my *Host*'s next speech is when printed in its true order, as verse, than it was when the metre was disregarded. *Seward.*

For. Away; attend your answers.
[*Exeunt Forobosco and Suitors.*
Ces. With your favour,
Rolando, I would change a word or two
With your fair daughter.
Host. At your lordship's pleasure.
Come, wife, no muttering! Have a care, girl! My love,
Service, and duty to your good lordship!
[*Exeunt Host and Hostess.*
Ces. My often visits, sweet Biancha, cannot
But constantly inform thy judgment wherein
Thy happiness consists: for to steal minutes
From great employments, to converse with beauty,
Lodg'd in so mean a fortune; to lay by
Consideration of the unequal distance
Between my blood and thine: to shun occasions
Of courtship with the ladies of the time,
Noble and fair, only for love to thee;
Must of necessity invite a tenderness,
As low as Nature could have stamp'd a bondwoman's,
To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude
For my uncommon favours.
Bian. 'Deed, my lord,
As far as my simplicity can lead me,
I freely thank your courtesies.
Ces. To thank them
Is to reward them, pretty one.
Bian. Then teach me
How I may give them back again: in truth
I never yet receiv'd a pair of gloves,
A trifling ring, from any that expected
An equal satisfaction, but as willingly
I parted with the gift unto the owner,
As he bestow'd it.
Ces. But I pour before thee
Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability
Of thy whole kindred to return proportionable
One for a thousand.
Bian. You, my lord, conclude
For my instruction: to engage a debt
Beyond a possibility of payment,
I ever thought a sin; and therefore justly
Without conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,
I must refuse your bounty.
Ces. Canst thou love? [language
Bian. Love? is there such a word in any
That carries honest sense?
Ces. Never dwelt ignorance [cha,
In so sweet-shap'd a building!—Love, Bian-
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:
Shall ours be tied so?
Bian. Use a plainer word,
My lord; instead of *ties*, say *marries* hearts;
Then I may understand.
Ces. Their hearts are married, [braces,
Whose interchange of pleasures and em-
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweets,
Keeps constant league together; when temptation [tempt,
Of great men's oaths and gifts shall urge con-
Rather than batter resolution: novelty
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,
Breeds surfeit more than appetite in any
Reserv'd to noble vows: my excellent maid,
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may partake
The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in,
And I will raise thy lowness to abundance
Of all varieties; and more triumph
In such a mistress, than great princes doting
On truth-betraying wives.
Bian. Thus to yield up then
The cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd
By some hard-neighbouring landlord, such as you are,
Is in effect to love? A lord so vicious?
Oh, where shall innocence find some poor dwelling,
Free from temptation's tyranny?
Ces. Nay, prithee! [of lust,
Bian. Gay cloaths, high feeding, easy beds
Change of unseemly sights, with base discourse,
Draw curses on your palaces: for my part,
This I will be confirm'd in; I will eat
The bread of labour, know no other rest
Than what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more [you were
Lend ear to your vile toils[23]! Sir, 'would
As noble in desires, as I could be
In knowing virtue! Pray do not afflict
A poor soul thus.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ces. I swear—to me? [*Biancha steals off.*
Gent. The Duke, my lord, commands your speedy presence,
For answering aggrievances late urg'd
Against you by your mother.
Ces. By my mother?
Gent. The court is near on sitting.
Ces. I wait on it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Duke, Magistrates, Secretary, and Baptista, discovered sitting; Mentivole standing by, with Attendants.

Duke. What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,
What outrages, what uproars in a state,
Factions, tho' issuing from mean springs at first, [ample
Have (not restrain'd) flow'd to, the sad ex-
At Rome, between the Ursins and Colonnas,
Nay, here at home, in Florence, 'twixt the Neri
And the Bianchi, can too mainly witness.

[23] *To your vile* toils.] Mr. Sympson would read *tales* for *toils*, which I cannot assent to; for small inconsistencies in metaphor are too common with all nervous writers, to be supposed corruptions of the press. *Seward.*

I sit

I sit not at the helm, my lords, of sovereignty,
Deputed pilot for the commonwealth, [cies
To sleep while others steer, as their wild fan-
Shall counsel, by the compass of disorders.
Baptista, this short preface is directed
Chiefly to you: the petty brawls and quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' Alberti and your family,
Must (yes, and shall) like tender unknit joints,
Fasten again together of themselves;
Or, like an angry surgeon, we will use
The roughness of our justice, to cut off
The stubborn rancour of the limbs offending!
Bapt. Most gracious Florence—
Duke. Our command was signified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appear here with weapons.
Bapt. 'Tis obey'd, sir,
On my side.
Duke. We must leave the general cause
Of state employments, to give ear to brawls
Of some particular grudges; politic government
For tutor'd princes! But no more! henceforth

Enter Mariana and Clarissa at one Door, Cesario at the other.

Our frown shall check presumption, not our clemency. [princes
Mar. All blessings due unto impartial
Crown Florence with eternity of happiness!
Ces. If double prayers can double blessings, great sir, [ther's.
Mine join for your prosperity with my mo-
Duke. Rise both! Now briefly, lady, without circumstance,
Deliver those aggrievances, which lately
Your importunity possess'd our counsel
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd
You might be heard without an advocate,
Which boon you find is granted.
Mar. Tho' divided [desty[24];
I stand between the laws of truth and mo-
Yet let my griefs have vent! yet the clearness
Of strange necessity requires obedience
To Nature and your mercy! In my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too-dear misfortunes,
Badges of griefs, and widowhood, the burden
Of my charg'd soul must be laid down before you;
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,
My frailty is my plea. Stand forth, young man,
And hear a story that will strike all reason
Into amazement!
Ces. I attend.
Mar. Alberto,
(Peace dwell upon his ashes! still the husband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vows)
Has, by his death, left to his heir possession
Of fair revenue, which this young man claims
As his inheritance. I urg'd him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage
Of this estate to her who owns it all,
This his supposed sister.
Bapt. How! supposed?
Ces. Pray, madam, recollect yourself.
Mar. The relish
Of a strange truth begins to work like physic
Already: I have bitterness to mingle
With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome
It will quite choak digestion; shortly hear it:
Cesario (for I dare not rob unjustly
The poor soul of his name), this, this Cesario,
Neither for father had Alberto, me
For mother, nor Clarissa for his sister.
Clar. Mother, oh, mother!
Ment. I am in a dream sure!
Duke. No interruptions! Lady, on.
Mar. Mistake not,
Great duke of Tuscany, or the beginning
Or process of this novelty: my husband,
The now deceas'd Alberto, from his youth
Inur'd to an impatiency and roughness
Of disposition, when not many months
After our marriage were worn out, repin'd
At the unfruitful barrenness of youth,
Which, as he pleas'd to term it, cut our hopes off
From blessings of some issue: to prevent it,
I grew ambitious of no fairer honour
Than to preserve his love; and as occasions
Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence [comfort.
How I might frame his welcome home with
At last I feign'd myself with-child: the message
Of freedom, or relief, to one half starv'd
In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness
Of expectation and delight, as this was to
My much-affected lord: his care, his goodness,
(Pardon me, that I use the word) exceeded
All former fears. The hour of my deliverance,
As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd
My birth-rites[25] at a country garden house,
Where then my falconer's wife was brought a-bed
Of this Cesario: him I own'd for mine,
Presented him unto a joyful father—
Duke. Can you prove this true?
Mar. Proofs I have most evident.
But oh, the curse of my impatience! shortly,
Ere three new moons had spent their borrow'd lights,
I grew with-child indeed; so just is Heav'n!
The issue of which burden was this daughter.
Judge now, most gracious prince, my lords, and you, [dur'd,
What combats then, and since, I have en-

[24] Mar. *Though divided*, &c.] *Mariana*'s disowning *Cesario* for her son, and the *Duke*'s injunction to marry him, is related by Causin in his Holy Court, and is transcribed by Wanley in his History of Man, fol. book iii. chap. 26. *Seward.*

[25] *My birth*-rights.] The spelling rectified by Seward.

Between a mother's piety, and weakness
Of a soul-trembling wife! To have reveal'd
This secret to Alberto, had been danger
Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict
Of his distractions; now to have suppress'd it,
Were to defeat my child, my only child,
Of her most lawful honours, and inheritance.
Cesario, thou'rt a man still; education
Hath moulded thee a gentleman; continue so!
Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower
Than worthy thoughts may warrant! yet disclaim
All interest in Alberto's blood; thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.

Duke. Produce your witness!

Mar. The falconer's wife his mother,
And such women as waited then upon me,
Sworn to the privacy of this great secret.

Duke. Give them all their oaths. [sir!

Ces. Oh, let me crave forbearance, gracious
Vouchsafe me hearing!

Duke. Speak, Cesario.

Ces. Thus long
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness
Attended the relation of my fall
From a fair expectation: what I fear'd
(Since the first syllable this lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent fates
Have eas'd me of: for to be basely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of nature's freedom, or an honest birth.
Nobility claimed by the right of blood,
Shews chiefly, that our ancestors deserv'd[26]
What we inherit; but that man whose actions
Purchase a real merit to himself,
And ranks him in the file of praise and honour,
Creates his own advancement: let me want
The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness, [tude,
Lordly possessions! yet shall still my grati-
By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,
Endeavour to return a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours, madam,
And great Alberto's memory and goodness.
Oh, that I could as gently shake off passion
For th' loss of that great brave man[27], as I can shake off
Remembrance of what once I was reputed!
I have not much to say; this princely presence
Needs not too strictly to examine further
The truth of this acknowledgment: a mother
Dares never disavow her only son;
And any woman must come short of piety,
That can or disinherit her own issue,
Or fears the voice of rumour for a stranger.
Madam, you have confess'd my father was servant to your lord and you: by interest being his son, I cannot but claim justly
The honour of continuing still my service
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be dismiss'd.

Duke. Bold spirit!

Bapt. I love thee now with pity.

Duke. Go not yet!—
A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,
Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me!—
He not Alberto's son, and she a widow?
And she a widow? Lords, your ear!

Omnes. Your pleasure? [*Whisper.*

Duke. So, lady; what you have avouch'd is truth?

Mar. Truth only, gracious sir.

Duke. Hear then our sentence:
Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd
Cesario as your son, and train'd him up
To hopes of greatness, which now in a moment
You utterly again have ruin'd, this way
We with our counsel are resolv'd; you being
A widow, shall accept him for a husband.

Mar. Husband to me, sir?

Duke. 'Tis in us to raise him
To honours; and his virtues will deserve 'em.

Mar. But, sir, 'tis in no prince, nor his prerogative,
To force a woman's choice against her heart.

Duke. True; if then you appeal to higher justice,
Our doom includes this clause upon refusal:
Out of your lord's revenues shall Cesario
Assure to any, whom he takes for wife,
Th' inheritance of three parts; the less remainder
Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
And we, by our prerogative, which you question,
Will publicly adopt him into th' name
Of your deceas'd Alberto, that the memory
Of so approv'd a peer may live in him
That can preserve his memory: 'less you find out
Some other means, which may as amply satisfy
This wrong, our sentence stands irrevocable.
What think you, lords?

Omnes. The duke is just and honourable.

Bapt. Let me embrace Cesario! henceforth ever
I vow a constant friendship.

Ment. I remit
All former difference.

Ces. I am too poor [ways
In words to thank this justice—Madam, al-
My studies shall be love to you, and duty.

Duke. Replies we admit none. Cesario, wait on us! [*Exeunt.*

[26] *That our ancestors* desir'd.] Amended in 1750.

[27] ——— *of* what *great brave*———
——— *of* that *once I*———] Corrected by Seward.

Manent

Manent Mentivole, Baptista, Mariana, and Clarissa.

Bapt. Mentivole!
Ment. My lord.
Bapt. Look on Clarissa;
She's noble, rich, young, fair.
Ment. My lord, and virtuous.
Bapt. Mentivole, and virtuous.—Madam!
Mar. Tyranny
Of justice! I shall live report's derision,
That am compell'd exchange a graceful widowhood
For a continual martyrdom in marriage,
With one so much beneath me.
Bapt. I'll plead for ye
Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only
Admit my son her servant: at next visit,
Madam, I'll be a messenger of comfort!
Mentivole, be confident and earnest! [*Exit.*
Mar. Married again? to him too? better it had been [honours
The young man should have still retain'd the
Of old Alberto's son, than I the shame
Of making him successor of his bed:
I was to blame.
Ment. Indeed, without offence,
Madam, I think you were.
Clar. You urge it fairly,
And like a worthy friend.
Mar. Can you say any thing
In commendation of a mushroom, wither'd
As soon as started up?
Ment. You scorn an innocent
Of noble growth; for whiles your husband liv'd
I've heard you boast, Cesario in all actions
Gave matter of report, of imitation,
Wonder, and envy; let not discontinuance
Of some few days estrange a sweet opinion
Of virtue, chiefly when in such extremity!
Your pity, not contempt, will argue goodness.
Mar. Oh, sir!
Clar. If you would use a thriving courtship,
You cannot utter a more powerful language,
That I shall listen to with greater greediness,
Than th'argument you prosecute: this speaks
A man complete and excellent. [you
Ment. I speak not;
They are his own deserts.
Mar. Good sir, forbear!
I am now fully sensible of running
Into a violent lethargy, whose deadliness
Locks up all reason: I shall never henceforth
Remember my past happiness!
Ment. These clouds
May be dispers'd.
Mar. I fear continual night
Will overshroud me! Yet, poor youth, his trespass
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the duke's sentence.
Clar. I dare think it does.
Mar. If all fail, I will learn then to conquer
Adversity with sufferance.
Ment. You resolve nobly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Cesario and a Servant.

Ces. LET any friend have entrance.
Serv. Sir, a' shall.
Ces. Any; I except none.
Serv. We know your mind, sir. [*Exit.*
Ces. Pleasures admit no bounds. I'm pitch'd so high,
To such a growth of full prosperities,
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury
To gratefulness, and those more liberal favours
By whom my glories prosper. He that flows
In gracious and swoln tides of blest abundance[28],
Yet will be ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten:
The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd; I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts;
My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

Enter two Servants and Biancha.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis my place.
2 *Serv.* Yours? Here, fair one; I'll acquaint
My lord.
1 *Serv.* He's here; go to him boldly.
2 *Serv.* Please you
To let him understand how readily
I waited on your errand!
1 *Serv.* Saucy fellow!
You must excuse his breeding.
Ces. What's the matter?
Biancha? my Biancha?—To your offices!—
[*Exeunt Serv.*
This visit, sweet, from thee, my pretty dear,
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: witness this free welcome,
Whate'er occasion led thee!

[28] *Tides of* best *abundance.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympson concurred with me in the correction. *Seward.*

Bian. You may guess, sir;
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.
Ces. Prithee speak it,
My honest virtuous maid.
Bian. Sir, I have heard
Of your misfortunes; and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,
To know they are a truth.
Ces. What truth, Biancha?
Misfortunes? how? wherein?
Bian. You are disclaim'd
For being the lord Alberto's son, and publicly
Acknowledg'd of as mean a birth as mine is:
It cannot chuse but grieve you.
Ces. Grieve me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Is this all?
Bian. This all?
Ces. Thou art sorry for't,
I warrant thee: alas, good soul, Biancha!
That which thou call'st misfortune, is my happiness, Biancha! [happiness;
Bian. If you love me,
It may prove mine too.
Ces. May it? I will love thee, [happy,
My good, good maid, if that can make thee
Better and better love thee.
Bian. Without breach then
Of modesty, I come to claim the interest
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: from the first hour
I saw you, I confess I wish'd I had been
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warm'd my bosom with a temperate
Equality of desires in equal fortunes.
Still as you utter'd language of affection,
I courted time to pass more slowly on,
That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for;
Yet still as more I heard, I wish'd to hear more.
Ces. Didst thou in troth, wench?
Bian. Willingly betray'd
Myself to hopeless bondage.
Ces. A good girl! [answer was.
I thought I should not miss, whate'er thy
Bian. But as I am a maid, sir, (and i'faith
You may believe me, for I am a maid)
So dearly I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perish'd
In my sick thoughts, than e'er have given consent
To have undone your fortunes, by inviting
A marriage with so mean a one as I am:
I should have died sure, and no creature
The sickness that had kill'd me. [known
Ces. Pretty heart!
Good soul, alas, alas!
Bian. Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our estates (if any be,
The advantage is on my side) I come willingly
To tender you the first-fruits of my heart,
And am content t' accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.
Ces. For a husband?
Speak sadly[29]; dost thou mean so?
Bian. In good deed, sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.
Ces. I believe thee.
What counsel urg'd thee on? tell me; thy [wench?
My worshipful smug Host? Was't not he,
Or mother Hostess? ha?
Bian. D'you mock my parentage? [thy
I do not scorn yours: mean folks are as wor-
To be well spoken of, if they deserve well,
As some whose only fame lies in their blood.
Oh, you're a proud poor man! all your oaths falshood, [wicked!
Your vows deceit, your letters forg'd and
Ces. Thoud'st be my wife, I dare swear.
Bian. Had your heart, [puted
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had re-
This courtesy a benefit.
Ces. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'st me! Why, Biancha,
Report has cozen'd thee; I am not fallen
From my expected honours or possessions,
Tho' from the hope of birth-right.
Bian. Are you not?
Then I am lost again! I have a suit too;
You'll grant it, if you be a good man.
Ces. Any thing. [said t'ye.
Bian. Pray do not talk of aught what I have
Ces. As I wish health, I will not!
Bian. Pity me;
But never love me more!
Ces. Nay, now you're cruel:
Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.
Bian. I'll pray for you,
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one;
And when I'm dead—
Ces. Fy, fy!
Bian. Think on me sometimes,
With mercy for this trespass!
Ces. Let us kiss
At parting, as at coming!
Bian. This I have
As a free dower to a virgin's grave,
All goodness dwell with you! [*Exit.*
Ces. Harmless Biancha! [play with!
Unskill'd! what handsome toys are maids to

Enter Mariana and Clarissa.

How innocent!—But I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.—My felicity,

[29] *Speak* sadly.] i. e. *Seriously.* So in Much Ado about Nothing, act ii. scene 3, 'This can 'be no trick: the conference was *sadly* borne.' Again, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578, quoted by Mr Steevens, 'The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel.' *R.*

Thou

Thou com'st as I could wish: lend me a lip
As soft, as melting, as when old Alberto,
After his first night's trial, taking farewell
Of thy youth's conquest, tasted!
Mar. You're uncivil!
Ces. I will be lord of my own pleasures, madam; [pering, henceforth!
You're mine, mine freely: come, no whim-
New con the lessons of love's best experience,
That our delights may meet in equal measure
Of resolutions and desires! this sullenness
Is scurvy; I like it not.
Mar. Be modest;
And do not learn, Cesario, how to prostitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly.
Take a sad woman's word! howe'er thou dot'st
Upon the present graces of thy greatness,
Yet I'm not fallen so below my constancy
To virtue, nor the care which I once tender'd
For thy behoof, that I prefer a sentence
Of cruelty before my honour.
Ces. Honour? [the comfort
Mar. Hear me: thou seest this girl, now
Of my last days! she is the only pledge
Of a bed truly noble: she had a father
(I need not speak him more than thou remem-
berst)
Whom to dishonour by a meaner choice
Were injury and infamy.
Clar. To goodness,
To time, and virtuous mention.
Mar. I have vow'd.
(Observe me now, Cesario!) that howe'er
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no tyranny,
Persuasions, flattery, gifts, entreats, or tor-
Shall draw me to a second bed. [tures,
Clar. 'Tis just too.
Mar. Yes, and 'tis just, Clarissa. I allow
The duke's late sentence, am resolv'd, young man,
To be thy wife; but when the ceremony
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I will be,
Tho' not in name, a widow.
Ces. Pray a word t' you!
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?
Mar. Never, oh, never! and 'tis for your
Ces. Prove that. [good too.
Mar. Alas, too many years are number'd
In my account, to entertain the benefit
Which youth in thee, Cesario, and ability
Might hope for and require: it were injustice
To rob a gentleman deserving memory,
Of issue to preserve it.
Ces. No more! Herein
You are an excellent pattern of true piety.
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into
The order of the duke enjoin'd; admit
I satisfy the sentence, without marriage
With you! how then?
Mar. Cesario!
Ces. If I know
How to acquit your fears, yet keep th' injunc-
tion
In every clause whole and entire, your cha-
rity
Will call me still your servant?
Mar. Still my son. [your son:
Ces. Right, madam, now you have it, still
The genius of your blessings hath instructed
Your tongue oraculously: we'll forget
How once I and Clarissa interchang'd
The ties of brother and of sister; henceforth
New stile us man and wife.
Clar. By what authority?
Ces. Heav'n's great appointment. Yet in
all my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought, Clarissa,
We had been pledges of one womb, no loose,
No wanton heat of youth desir'd to claim
Priority in thy affections, other [tender'd
Than Nature might commend; chastely I
Thy welfare as a brother ought: but since
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts con-
tract
A long life-lasting unity! for this way
The sentence is to be observ'd, or no way.
Mar. Then no way!
Ces. I expected other answer,
Madam, from you.
Mar. No; every age shall curse me,
The monster and the prodigy of nature!
Horrors beyond extremity—
Clar. Pray, mother,
Confine the violence of grief!
Ces. Yes, mother,
Pray do! [nour
Mar. Thus some catch at a matron's ho-
By flying lust, to plot incestuous witchcrafts,
More terrible than whoredoms: cruel mercy!
When to preserve the body from a death
The soul is strangled!
Ces. This is more than passion;
It comes near to distraction.
Mar. I am quieted.
Cesario, thou mayst tell the duke securely,
Alberto's titles, honours, and revenues,
The duke may give away; enjoy them thou!
Clarissa's birth-right, Mariana's dower,
Thou shalt be lord of; turn us to the world
Unpitied and unfriended; yet my bed
Thou never sleep'st in. As for her, (she
hears me)
If she as much as in a thought consent,
That thou mayst call her wife, a mother's
Shall never leave her. [curse
Clar. As a brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble friend yet honour you;
But for a husband, sir, I dare not own you:
My faith is giv'n already.
Ces. To a villain;
I'll cut his throat.
Mar. 'Why this is more than passion;
'It comes near a distraction.'
Clar. Call to mind, sir,
How much you have abated of that goodness
Which once reign'd in you, which appear'd
so lovely,
That such as friendship led to observation,

Enter

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Courted the great example!
Ces. Left, and flatter'd
Into a broad derision?
Mar. Why d'ye think so?
My lord Baptista, is your son grown cold
In hasting on the marriage, which his vows
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter?
Bapt. We come, lady,
To consummate the contract.
Ces. With Mentivole?
Is he the man?
Ment. Clarissa's troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a character
So plain and certain, that except the hand
Of Heav'n, which writ it first, would blot it out again,
No human power can raze it.
Ces. But say you
So too, young lady?
Clar. I should else betray [jury.
My heart to falshood, and my tongue to per-
Ces. Madam, you know the sentence.
Bapt. From the duke
I have particular comforts, which require
A private ear.
Mar. I shall approve it gladly.
We are resolv'd, Cesario.
Bapt. Be not insolent
Upon a prince's favour!
Clar. Lose no glory,
Your younger years have purchas'd!
Ment. And deserv'd too;
You've many worthy friends.
Bapt. Preserve and use them!
[*Exeunt. Manet Ces.*
Ces. Good, very good! why here's a compliment
Of mirth in desperation! I could curse
My fate: oh, with what speed men tumble down
From hopes that soar too high! Biancha now
May scorn me justly too; Clarissa married,
Alberto's widow resolute, Biancha
Refus'd, and I forsaken. Let me study!
I can but die a batchelor, that's the worst on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Host, Taylor, Muletteer, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcomb.

Host. Come, gentlemen;
This is the day that our great artist hath
Promis'd to give all your several suits satis-
Dancer. Is he stirring? [faction.
Host. He hath been at his book
These two hours.
Pedant. He's a rare physician.
Host. Why, I'll tell you; were Paracelsus the German now
Living, he would take up his single rapier
Against his terrible long sword: he makes it
A matter o' nothing to cure the gout; sore eyes
He takes out as familiarly, washes them,
And puts them in again, as you'd blanch almonds.
Taylor. They say he can make gold.
Host. Ay, ay, he learnt it
Of Kelly in Germany[30]. There's not a chemist
In Christendom can go beyond him
For multiplying.
Pedant. Take heed then he get not
Up your daughter's belly, my host!
Host. You are
A merry gentleman, and the man of art
Will love you the better.
Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?
Host. Oh, he's the most courteous physician! you [better
May drink or drab in's company freely; the
He knows how your disease grows, the better
Knows how to cure it. [he
Dancer. But I wonder, my host,
He has no more resort of ladies to him.
Host. Why, sir?
Dancer. Oh, divers of 'em have great belief
In conjurers: lechery is a great help
To th' quality.
Host. He's scarce known to be
In town yet! ere long we shall have 'em come
Hurrying hither in feather-beds.
Dancer. How! bedridden? [upon
Host. No, sir; in feather-beds that move
Four wheels, in Spanish caroches.
Pedant. Pray acquaint him
We give attendance.
Host. I shall, gentlemen.—
I'd fain be rid o' these rascals, but that they
Raise profit to my wine-cellar. When I have
Made use of them sufficiently, I'll entreat
The conjurer to tie crackers to their tails,
And send them packing.

Enter Forobosco as in his study.

For. Come hither, mine host!
Look here.
Host. What's that?
For. A challenge from my man.
Host. For breaking's pate?

[30] Kelly.] *Edward Kelly*, otherwise *Talbot*, an intimate friend of the famous Dr. John Dee, and concerned with him in his chemical processes and experiments. It is said they were in possession of the elixir, and actually made projection upon several metals, and converted them into gold. His History may be met with in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. i. p. 279, and in Weaver's Funeral Monuments, p. 45, where are some incredible stories about him. He is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the Alchemist, act iv. sc. 1.

'——— A man the emp'ror
'Has courted above *Kelly*; sent his medals
'And chains t'invite him.' *R.*

For. He writes here, if I meet him not i'th' field
Within this half-hour, I shall hear more from him.
Host. Oh, sir, mind your profit; [men.
Ne'er think of the rascal: here are the gentle-
For. 'Morrow, my worthy clients!
What, are you all prepared of your questions,
That I may give my resolution upon them?
Omnes. We are, sir.
Pedant. And have brought our money.
For. Each then
In order! and differ not for precedency.
Dancer. I'm buying of an office, sir, and to that purpose
I would fain learn to dissemble cunningly.
For. Do you come to me for that? you should rather have gone
To a cunning woman.
Dancer. Ay, sir, but their instructions
Are but like women; pretty well, but not
To th' depth, as I would have it: you're a conjurer,
The devil's master, and I would learn it from
You so exactly—
For. That the devil himself
Might not go beyond you?
Dancer. You are i'th' right, sir.
For. And so your money for your purchase might
Come in again within a twelvemonth?
Dancer. I
Would be a graduate, sir, no fresh-man.
For. Here's my hand, sir:
I'll make you dissemble so methodically,
As if the devil should be sent from the
Great Turk, i'th' shape of an ambassador,
To set all the Christian princes at variance.
Dancer. I can't with any modesty desire
There's your money, sir! [any more.
For. For the art of dissembling.
Corc. My suit, sir, will be news to you
For. Pray, on! [when I tell it.
Corc. I would set up a press here in Italy,
To write all the coranto's for Christendom.
For. That's news indeed;
And how would you employ me in it?
Corc. Marry, sir, from you I would gain my intelligence.
For. I conceive you: you would have me
Furnish you with a spirit to inform you.
Corc. But as quiet a devil as the woman
The first day and a half after she's married;
I can by no means endure a terrible one.
For. No, no, I'll qualify him; he sha'n't fright you: [a spirit
It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer,
Shall look as if butter would not melt in's mouth;
A new *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*[31]!
Corc. Oh, there was a captain was rare at it.
For. Ne'er think of him.
Tho' that captain writ a full hand-gallop, and
Wasted indeed more harmless paper than
Ever did laxative physic, yet will I [what
Make you t'out-scribble him; and set down
You please, the world shall better believe you.
Corc. Worthy sir, I thank you; there is money! [coranto's.
For. A new office for writing pragmatical
Pedant. I am a schoolmaster, sir, and would fain
Confer with you about erecting four
New sects of religion at Amsterdam[32].
For. What the devil should new sects of
Do there? [religion
Pedant. I assure you I'd get a great deal
Of money by it.
For. And what are the four
New sects o' religion you would plant there?
Pedant. Why, that's it I come about, sir; 'tis a devil
Of your raising must invent 'em; I confess
I am too weak to compass it.
For. So, sir!
Then you make it a matter of no difficulty
To have them tolerated?
Pedant. Trouble not
Yourself for that; let but your devil set them
Afoot once, I have weavers, and gingerbread-makers,
And mighty aquavitæ-men, shall set them
A-going.
For. This is somewhat difficult;
And will ask some conference with the devil.
Pedant. Take [siness too,
Your own leisure, sir. I have another bu-
Because I mean to leave Italy, and bury myself in
Those nether parts the Low-Countries[33].
For. What's that, sir? [to th' week,
Pedant. Marry, I would fain make nine days
For the more ample benefit of the captain.
For. You have a shrewd pate, sir!
Pedant. But how this might
Be compass'd—
For. Compass'd easily; it is but making
A new almanack, and dividing the compass

[31] *Mercurius Gallo Belgicus.*] This was one of the first newspapers which appeared in England. It is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers; among others, by Thomas May, in act i. sc. 1, of his comedy of the Heir, 1633:

'——— 'Tis believ'd,
'And told for news, with as much confidence
'As if 'twere writ in *Gallo Belgicus*.' *R.*

[32] *Amsterdam.*] At the time our authors wrote, *Amsterdam* appears to have been the place of refuge for sectaries of all denominations. See Ben Jonson's Alchemist. *R.*

[33] *Those nether parts of the Low-Countries.*] Former editions. The poets meant to call the *Low-Countries* the nether parts of the world. *Seward.*

Of

Of the year into larger penny-worths,
As a chandler with his compass makes
A geometric proportion of the Holland cheese
He retails by stivers. But for getting of it
licens'd?
Pedant. Trouble not yourself with that, sir;
there's your money.
For. For four new sects of religions,
And nine days to the week.
Pedant. To be brought in
At general pay-days, write, I beseech you.
For. At general pay-days.
Taylor. I am by profession
A taylor; you have heard of me.
For. Yes, sir,
And will not steal from you the least part of
That commendation I've heard utter'd.
Taylor. I
Take measure of your worth, sir; and because
I will not afflict you with any large bill
Of circumstances, I'll snip off particulars:
I'd fain invent some strange and exquisite
New fashions.
For. Are you not travell'd, sir?
Taylor. Yes, sir,
But have observ'd all we can see, or invent,
Are but old ones with new names to 'em; now
I would some way or other grow more curious.
For. Let me see; to devise new fashions!
—Were you
Ne'er in the moon?
Taylor. In the Moon-tavern? Yes, sir,
Often.
For. No, I do mean in the new world,
In th' world that's in the moon yonder.
Taylor. How!
A new world i' th' moon?
For. Yes, I assure you.
Taylor. And peopled?
For. Oh, most fantastically peopled.
Taylor. Nay, certain then there's work for
For. That [taylors?
There is, I assure you.
Taylor. Yet I have talked
With a Scotch taylor that never discover'd
So much to me, tho' he has travell'd far,
And was a pedlar in Poland.
For. That
Was out of his way; this lies beyond China.
You'd study new fashions, you say? Take
My counsel, make a voyage, and
Discover that new world.
Taylor. Shall I be a moon-man? [world
For. I'm of opinion, the people of tha
If they be like the nature of that climate
They live in, do vary the fashion of thei
cloaths
Oft'ner than any quick-silver'd nation
In Europe. [that b
Taylor. Not unlikely; but what should
We call the man i'th' moon then?
For. Why, it is
Nothing but an Englishman that stands there
Stark-naked, with a pair of sheers in one
hand,
And a great bundle of broad-cloth in t'other
(Which resembles the bush of thorns) cutting
New fashions[34]. [out o
Taylor. I have heard somewhat like
This: but how shall I get thither?
For. I will
Make a new compass shall direct you.
Taylor. Certain?
For. Count me else for no man of direction.
Taylor. There's twenty ducats in hand;
I'll give you a hundred. [at my return
For. A new voyage to discover
New fashions.
Mulet. I've been a traveller too, sir;
That have shew'd strange beasts in Christen-
dom,
And got money by them; but I find the trade
to decay:
Your camelion, or East-Indian hedgehog,
Gets very little money; and your elephant
Devours so much bread, brings in so little
profit,
His keeper were better every morning
Cram fifteen taylors with white manchet:
I would have some new spectacle, and one
That might be more attractive.
For. Let me see!
Were you ever in Spain?
Mulet. Not yet, sir.
For. I would have you [val,
Go to Madrid; and against some great festi-
When the court lieth there, provide a great
And spacious English ox, and roast him whole,
Wi' a pudding in's belly; that would be the
eighth

[34] *An Englishman that standeth there stark-naked, with,* &c.] Andrew Borde, a physician, in the reign of Henry VIII. published a book intitled, 'The Introduction of Knowledge, the 'whiche doth teache a Man to Speake Part of all Maner of Languages, and to know the 'Usage and Fashion of all Maner of Countries. Dedycated to the Right Honourable and 'Gracious Lady Mary, Daughter of King Henry the Eyght.' B. L. printed by W. Coplande. No date. Before the first chapter, in which he has characterized an Englishman, is a wooden print of a naked man, with a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of sheers in his left hand: under the print is an inscription in verse, of which the following are the first four lines:

'I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
'Musying in my mynde what rayment I shall were;
'For now I were thys, and now I will were that,
'And now I will were I cannot tell what, &c.'

This is evidently the print alluded to by our author. *R.*

Wonder of the world in those parts, I assure you.
Mulet. A rare project without question!
For. Go beyond all their garlick *olla podridas*,
Tho' you sod one in Garguantua's cauldron[35]!
Bring in more money than all the monsters of Africk; [o' my acquaintance,
Host. Good sir, do your best for him; he's
And one, if you knew him—
For. What is he?
Host. He was once
A man of infinite letters.
For. A scholar?
Host. No, sir,
A packet-carrier, which is always a man
Of many letters, you know; then he was
A mule-driver; now he's a gentleman,
And feeds monsters.
For. A most ungrateful calling!
Mulet. There's money for your direction! The price of the ox, sir? [must be
For. A hundred French crowns, for it
A Lincolnshire ox, and a prime one. For
A rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen
At Madrid.

Enter Clown, Hostess, and Biancha.

Hostess. Pray forbear, sir! We shall have a new quarrel.
Clown. You durst not
Meet me in the field! I am therefore come
To spoil your market.
For. What's the news with you, sir?
Clown. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be
Most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise [money,
As your planet will suffer you: keep your
Be not gull'd, be not laugh'd at!
Pedant. What means this?
'Would I had my money again in my pocket!
Host. The fellow's full of malice; do not mind him.
Clown. This profess'd cheating rogue was my master, and I confess myself
A more preternotorious rogue than himself,
In so long keeping his villainous counsel.
For. Come, come, I'll not hear you.
Clown. No, coz'ner, thou'st not hear me; I do but
Dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou
And all thy devils spit fire, and spout aqua-fortis!
For. Speak on; I freely permit thee.
Clown. Why then,
Know, all you simple animals, you whose purses
Are ready to cast the calf, if they have not
Cast it already, if you give any credit
To this juggling rascal, you are worse
Than simple widgeons, and will be drawn into
The net by this decoy-duck, this tame cheater.
For. Ha, ha, ha! Pray mark him! [ing;
Clown. He does profess physic and conjur-
For his physic, he has but two medicines
For all manner of diseases: when he was
In the Low-Countries, he us'd nothing
But butter'd beer, colour'd with allegant,
For all kind of maladies, and that he call'd
His Catholic med'cine: sure the Dutch smelt out [have
'Twas butter'd beer[36], else they would never
Endur'd it for the name's sake! Then does he minister [times
A grated dog's turd 'stead of rhubarb, many
Of unicorn's horn, which working strongly with [them bescummer
The conceit of the patient, would make
To th' height of a mighty purgation.
For. The rogue has studied this invective.
Clown. Now
For his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are
The devil's chairwomen to him, for they
Will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he
Sells wind, and tells you forty lies over
And over. [him.
Hostess. I thought what we should find of
Host. Hold your prating; be not you an heretick! [names he calls upon are
Clown. Conjure? I'll tell you; all th' devils'
But fustian names, gather'd out of Welsh heraldry;
In brief, he is a rogue of six reprieves,
Four pardons o' course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ*
To th' virginals of a cart's tail, h' has five times
Been in the gallies, and will never truly
Run himself out of breath, 'till he comes to th' gallows. [what this
For. You have heard, worthy gentlemen,
Lying, detracting rascal has vomited.
Taylor. Yes, certain; but we've a better trust in you;
For you have ta'en our money.
For. I have so. [chastisement
Truth is, he was my servant, and for some
I gave him, he does practise thus upon me.
Speak truly, sirrah, are you certain I can't conjure?
Clown. Conjure? Ha, ha, ha!
For. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

[35] *In Garguantua's cauldron.*] See Rabelais.
[36] ——— *smelt out*
'Twas butter'd beer.] Mr. Sympson seems to have mistaken the drollery of this passage. He says, that the reason given requires us to read—*smelt no! out*. But the true intent of the passage seems plainly this. The Dutch would never have endur'd a medicine called *Catholick*, for the antipathy they bore to the most *Catholick King*, as well as the religion falsely so call'd, had not they by some instinct smelt our the *butter'd beer* which they are so fond of. *Seward.*

Clown. Sure of it? why, I'll make a bargain with thee,
Before all these gentlemen, use all thy art
All thy roguery, and make me do any thing
Before all this company I've not a mind to,
I'll first give thee leave to claim me for thy bond-slave,
And when thou hast done, hang me!
For. 'Tis a match;
Sirrah, I'll make you caper i' th' air presently.
Clown. I have too solid a body; and my belief [ted
Is like a Puritan's on Good-Friday, too high-
With capon.
For. I will first send thee to Greenland
For a haunch of venison, just of the thickness
Of thine own tallow. [thee!
Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I'll not stir an inch for
For. Thence to Amboyna i' th' East-Indies,
To bake it. [for pepper
Clown. To Amboyna? so I might
Be pepper'd[37].
For. Then will I convey thee stark
Naked to Dev'ling, to beg a pair of brogs,
To hide thy mountainous buttocks.
Clown. And no doublet
To 'em?
For. No, sir; I intend to send you of
A sleeveless errand: but before you vanish,
In regard you say I cannot conjure, and are
So stupid and opinionated a slave,
That neither I nor my art can compel you to
Do any thing that is beyond your own pleasure, [cannot
The gentlemen shall have some sport: you
Endure a cat, sirrah[38]!
Clown. What's that to thee,
Juggler?
For. Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?
Clown. I'll be hang'd first.
For. Sit, gentlemen;
And whatsoe'er you see, be not frighted.
Hostess. Alas, I can endure no conjuring.
Host. Stir not, wife!
Bian. Pray let me go, sir;
I'm not fit for these fooleries.
Host. Move not, daughter!
For. I will make you dance a new dance call'd leap-frog.
Clown. Ha, ha, ha!
For. And as naked as a frog.
Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I defy thee!
[*Forobosco looks in a book, strikes with his wand, musick plays.*

Enter four Boys, shaped like Frogs, and dance.

Pedant. Spirits of the water in the likeness of frogs!
Taylor. He has fish'd fair, believe me.
Mulet. See, see! he sweats and trembles.
For. Are you come to your quavers?
Clown. Oh, ho, ho!
For. I'll make you run division on those O's,
Ere I leave you[39]! Look you, here are the play-fellows [uncase,
That are so endear'd to you: come, sir; first
And then dance; nay, I'll make him dance stark naked. [his mogul's
Host. Oh, let him have his shirt on, and
Breeches; here are women i' th' house.
For. Well, for their sakes he shall.
[*Clown tears off his doublet, making strange faces as if compelled to it, falls into the dance.*
Taylor. He dances! what a lying rogue was this,
To say the gentleman could not conjure!
For. He does
Prettily well; but it is voluntary, I assure you,
I've no hand in't.
Clown. As you are a conjurer,
And a rare artist, free me from these couplets!
Of all creatures I cannot endure a frog.
For. But your dancing's voluntary; I can
To nothing. [compel you
Hostess. Oh, me, daughter, let's take heed of
This fellow! he'll make us dance naked, an we vex him. [*Exeunt Hostess and Bian.*
For. Now cut capers, sirrah; I'll plague that cnine of yours.
Clown. Ho, ho, ho! my kidnies are roasted!
I drop away like a pound of butter roasted!
Taylor. He'll dance himself to death.
For. No matter;
I'll sell his fat to the apothecaries,
And repair my injury that way.
Host. Enough in conscience!

[37] *To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd.*] Alluding to the massacre of the English in the settlement of *Amboyna* in the East Indies, in the year 1622, by the Dutch. See 'A True 'Relation of the unjust, cruel, and barbarous Proceedings against the English at *Amboyna* 'in the East-Indies, by the Netherlandish Governor there;' 4to. Mr. Dryden has written a play upon this event. *R.*

[38] ——— *cannot*
Endure a cat, sirrah?] One would think from the sequel, that *cat* here should have been *frog*: I have known several changes as great as this. *Seward.*

[39] *I'll make you run division on* that or *e'er I leave you.*] The neglect of measure here has made the editors drop a monosyllable equally necessary to the sense. What is—*run division on* that or *e'er*—It is an answer to the *Clown*'s roar, *Oh, ho, ho*, one of which should be inserted, which just completes the verse.

I'll make you run division on that *oh*,
Or e'er I leave you.——— *Seward.*

First folio exhibits, *that* o's *ere I leave you*; we have therefore altered *that* to *those*.

For

For. Well, at your entreaty—Vanish! And now I'll only [*Exeunt Boys.*
Make him break his neck in doing a somersault, [him.
And that's all the revenge I mean to take of
Clown. Oh, gentlemen, [master
What a rogue was I to belie so an approv'd
In th' noble dark science! You can witness,
This I did only to spoil his practice, and
Deprive you of the happiness of enjoying
His worthy labours: rogue that I was to do it!
Pray, sir, forgive me!
For. With what face canst thou
Ask it?
Clown. With such a face as I deserve,
With a hanging look, as all here can testify.
For. Well, gentlemen, that you may perceive
The goodness of my temper, I will entertain
This rogue again, in hope of amendment;
For should I turn him off, he would be hang'd.
Clown. You may read that in this foul copy.
For. Only with this promise;
You shall ne'er cozen any of my patients.
Clown. Never.
For. And remember henceforward,
That tho' I cannot conjure, I can make you
Dance, sirrah. Go, get yourself into
The cottage again.

Enter Cesario.

Clown. I will ne'er more dance leap-frog.
—Now
I have got you into credit, hold it up,
And cozen them in abundance.
For. Oh, rare rascal! [*Exit Clown.*
Ces. How now? a Frankford mart here[39]?
a mountebank
And his worshipful auditory?
Host. They are my guests, sir.
Ces. A pox upon them! shew your juggling tricks in
Some other room.
Host. And why not here, sir?
Ces. Hence,
Or, sirrah, I shall spoil your figure-flinging,
And all their radical questions!
Omnes. Sir, we vanish. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Host and Cesario.

Host. Signor Cesario, you make bold with me,
And somewhat I must tell you to a degree of
Ill-manners: they're my guests, and men I live by,
And I would know by what authority you
Command thus far?
Ces. By my interest in
Your daughter.
Host. Interest, do you call't? As I remember
I never put her out to usury [her,
On that condition.
Ces. Pray thee be not angry;

Enter Biancha and Hostess.

I'm come to make thee happy, and her happy.
She's here: alas, my pretty soul! I'm come
To give assurance that's beyond thy hope,
Or thy belief; I bring repentance 'bout me,
And satisfaction: I will marry thee.
Bian. Ha! [tain't
Ces. As I live, I will; but do not enter-
With too quick an apprehension of joy,
For that may hurt thee; I have heard some die of't.
Bian. Don't fear me.
Ces. Then thou think'st I feign
This protestation? I will instantly
Before these testify my new alliance,
Contract myself unto thee; then I hope
We may be more private.
Host. But thou shalt not, sir;
For so has many a maidenhead been lost,
And many a bastard gotten.
Ces. Then to give you
The best of any assurance in the world,
Entreat thy father to go fetch a priest,
We will instantly to bed, and there be married.
Bian. Pride hath not yet forsaken you, I see,
Tho' prosperity has.
Host. Sir, you're too confident
To fashion to yourself a dream of purchase,
When you're a beggar.
Ces. You are bold with me! [down
Hostess. Do we not know your value is cried
Fourscore i'th' hundred?
Bian. Oh, sir, I did love you
With such a fix'd heart, that in that minute
Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,
I took a vow to obey your last decree,
And never more look up at any hope
Should bring me comfort that way; and tho' since
Your foster-mother, and the fair Clarissa,
Have in the way of marriage despis'd you,
That hath not any way bred my revenge,
But compassion rather. I have found so much
Sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock,
That here I will sit down and never wish
To come to th' journey's end: your suit to
Henceforth be ever silenc'd! [me
Ces. My Biancha!
Hostess. Henceforward pray forbear her and my house!
She's a poor virtuous wench; yet her estate
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

[39] *A Frankford mart.*] At *Frankford*, in Germany, two famous *marts* or fairs were held every year, which used to be resorted to by trading people and others, from every part of Europe: one was kept in the month of March, the other in September, and they each continued fourteen days. It happened that the famous Thomas Coryat was there at the autumnal fair, in 1608, and he has very particularly described it in his Crudities, p. 561.

Host. Yes, and her birth in any herald's
In Christendom. [office
Hostess. It may prove so; when you'll say,
You've leap'd a whiting. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Cesario. Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Ces How far am I
Grown behind-hand with fortune!
Bapt. Here's Cesario.
My son, sir, is to morrow to be married
Unto the fair Clarissa.
Ces. So!
Ment. We hope
You'll be a guest there.
Ces. No; I will not grace
Your triumph so much.
Bapt. I'll not tax your breeding,
But it alters not your birth, sir; fare you well!
Ment. Oh, sir, do not grieve him;
He has too much affliction already.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Sailor.

Ces. Every way scorn'd and lost! Shame follow you!
For I am grown most miserable.
Sailor. Sir, do you know
A lady's son in town here they call Cesario?
Ces. There's none such, I assure thee.
Sailor. I was told
You were the man.
Ces. What's that to thee?
Sailor. A pox on't!
You're melancholy; will you drink, sir?
Ces. With whom?
Sailor. With me, sir; despise not this pitch'd canvas! [Spanish
The time was, we have know them lin'd with
Ducats. I've news for you.
Ces. For me?
Sailor. Not unless
You'll drink: we are like our sea provision,
Once out of pickle, we require abundance
Of drink. I've news to tell you, that were you prince,
Would make you send your mandate
To have a thousand bonfires made i' th' city,
And piss'd out again with nothing but Greek wine.
Ces. Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.
Sailor. And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Albertus, Prospero, Juliana, and Sailors.

Sailor. SHALL we bring your necessaries ashore, my lord?
Alb. Do what you please; I'm land-sick worse by far
Than e'er I was at sea.
Pros. Collect yourself. [friend,
Alb. Oh, my most worthy Prospero, my best
The noble favour I receiv'd from thee,
In freeing me from the Turks, I now account
Worse than my death; for I shall never live
To make requital.—What do you attend for?
Sailor. To understand your pleasure.
Alb. They do mock me!—
I do protest I have no kind of pleasure
In any thing i'th' world, but in thy friendship;
I must ever except that.
Pros. Pray leave him, leave him!
[*Exeunt Sailors.*
Alb. The news I heard related since my landing,
Of the division of my family,
How is it possible for any man
To bear't with a set patience?
Pros. You have suffer'd, [rows.
Since your imprisonment, more weighty sor-
Alb. Ay, then I was a man of flesh and blood;
Now I'm made up of fire, to the full height
Of a deadly calenture! oh, these vile women,
That are so ill preservers of men's honours,
They cannot govern their own honesties!
That I should thirty and odd winters feed
My expectation of a noble heir,
And by a woman's falshood find him now
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was!
And yet I love him still.
Pros. In my opinion
The sentence on this trial, from the duke
Was noble, to repair Cesario's loss
With th' marriage of your wife, had you been dead.
Alb. By your favour, but it was not! I conceive 'twas
Disparagement to my name, to have my widow [liev't,
Match with a falconer's son: and yet, be-
I love the youth still, and much pity him.
I do remember, at my going to sea,
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt receiv'd
From young Mentivole, my rage so far
O'er-topt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off; which since I heard,
And to my comfort, brave Cesario
Worthily prevented.
Pros. And 'twas nobly done.
Alb. Yet the revenge for this intent of mine
Hath bred much slaughter in our families;

And

And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me[41])
Intends to marry my sole heir, Clarissa,
To the head branch of the other faction.
Pros. It is the mean to work reconcilement.
Alb. 'Tween whom?
Pros. Yourself and the worthy Baptista.
Alb. Never. [markable friendship;
Pros. Oh, you have been of a noble and re-
And by this match 'tis generally in Florence
Hop'd, will fully be reconcil'd; to me
'Twould be absolute content.
Jul. And to myself;
I have main interest in it.
Alb. Noble sir,
You may command my heart to break for you,
But never to bend that way. Poor Cesario,
When thou put'st on thy mournful willow garland,
Thy enemy shall be suited, I do vow,
In the same livery! My Cesario,
Lov'd as my foster-child, tho' not my son,
Which in some countries formerly not barbarous[42], [art lost,
Was the name held most affectionate; thou
Unfortunate young man! not only slighted
Where thou receiv'dst thy breeding, but since scorn'd
I'th' way of marriage, by the poor Biancha,
The innkeeper's daughter.
Pros. I have heard of that too;
But let not that afflict you! for this lady
May happily deliver at more leisure
A circumstance may draw a fair event,
Better than you can hope for. For this present,
We must leave you, and shall visit you again
Within these two hours.

Enter Cesario.

Alb. Ever to me most welcome!—
Oh, my Cesario!
Ces. I am none of yours, sir,
So 'tis protested; and I humbly beg,
Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me
Any longer in a noble course of life,
Give me a worthy death!
Alb. The youth is mad.
Ces. Nay, sir, I will instruct you in a way
To kill me honourably.
Alb. That were most strange. [ploy'd
Ces. I'm turning pirate; you may be em-
By th' duke to fetch me in, and in a sea-fight
Give me a noble grave.
Alb. Questionless he's mad!
I would give any doctor a thousand crowns
To free him from this sorrow.
Ces. Here's the physician. [*Shews a poniard.*
Alb. Hold, sir; I did say
To free you from the sorrow, not from life.
Ces. Why, life and sorrow are unseparable.
Alb. Be comforted, Cesario! Mentivole
Marry Clarissa. [shall not
Ces. No, sir; ere he shall,
I'll kill him.
Alb. But you forfeit your own life then.
Ces. That's worth nothing.
Alb. Cesario, be thyself; be mine, Cesario!
Make not thyself uncapable of that portion
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,
By falling into madness; bear thy wrongs
With noble patience, the afflicted's friend,
Which ever in all actions crowns the end!
Ces. You've well awak'd me, nay, recover'd me
Both to sense and full life. Oh, most noble sir,
Tho' I have lost my fortune, and lost you
For a worthy father; yet I will not lose
My former virtue; my integrity
Shall not yet forsake me: but as the wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in some piteous ruin
Of tower, or defac'd temple, than it does
Planted by a new building, so shall I
Make my adversity my instrument
To wind me up into a full content.
Alb. 'Tis worthily resolv'd! Our first adventure's
To stop the marriage: for thy other losses,
Practis'd by a woman's malice, but account them
Like conjurers' winds, rais'd to a fearful blast,
And do some mischief, but do never last!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Forobosco and Clown.

Clown. Now, sir, won't you acknowledge that I have
Mightily advanc'd your practice?
For. 'Tis confess'd;
And I will make thee a great man for it.
Clown. I take a course to do that myself, for I drink sack in abundance.
For. Oh, my rare rascal!
We must remove.
Clown. Whither?
For. Any whither;
Europe's too little to be cozen'd by us:
I am ambitious to go to the East-Indies,

[41] *(Which infinitely* moans *me)*] *Moans* here is used actively, *causes me to moan*, as *grieves*, a word of the like import, often is; but perhaps this is a single instance of using *moans* in this manner; for which reason Mr. Sympson proposes to read, *moves me.* *Seward.*

[42] *Which in some countries formerly* were *barbarous,*
Was a name held most affectionate.] It would be a poor reason for *Alberto*'s love of *Cesario* as a *foster child*, because barbarous nations held adopted children in the most affectionate esteem. Neither is the fact true. The adoption of children was a thing extremely usual in ancient Rome, but I don't at least remember any instance of it recorded amongst barbarians. *Seward.*

Thou

Thou and I to ride upon our brace of elephants. [England again;
Clown. And for my part I long to be in
You'll ne'er get so much as in England; we
Have shifted many countries, and many names,
But trace the world o'er, you shall never purse
Up so much gold as when you were in England,
And call'd yourself doctor Lambstones.
For. It was [then
An attractive name, I confess; women were
My only admirers.
Clown. And all their visits [injuries.
Were either to further their lust, or revenge
For. You should have forty in a morning beleaguer [first:
My closet, and strive who should be cozen'd
'Mongst fourscore love-sick waiting-women that have come [should
To me in a morning, to learn what fortune
Betide 'em in their first marriage, I have found
'Bove ninety-four to've lost their maidenheads.
Clown. By their own confession;
But I was fain to be your male-midwife,
And work it out of them by circumstance.
For. Thou wast; and yet for all this frequent resort
Of women, and thy handling of their urinals
And their cases, thou'rt not given to lechery;
What should be th' reason of it? Th' hast wholesome flesh
Enough about thee; and methinks the devil
Should tempt thee to it.
Clown. What need he do that? [others.
When he makes me his instrument to tempt
For. Thou canst not chuse but utter thy rare good parts?
Thou wast an excellent bawd, I acknowledge.
Clown. Well,
And what I have done that way—I'll spare to speak
Of all you and I have done, sir; and tho' we should—
For. We will for England, that's for certain.
Clown. We
Shall never want there.
For. Want? their court of wards
Shall want money first; for I profess myself
Lord paramount o'er fools and mad folks.
Clown. Do
But store yourself with lies enough against
You come thither.
For. Why, that is all
The familiarity I ever had with the devil,
My gift of lying; they say he's the father of lies;
And tho' I cannot conjure, yet I profess
Myself to be one of his poor gossips. I will
Now reveal to thee a rare piece of service.
Clown. What is it, my most worshipful doctor Lambstones? [sea:
For. There is a captain come lately from
They call Prosper; I saw him this morning,
Thro' a chink of wainscot that divides my lodging [and hostess,
And the host of the house, withdraw my host
The fair Biancha, and an ancient gentlewoman,
Into their bedchamber:
I could not over-hear their conference,
But I saw such a mass of gold and jewels!
And when he had done he lock'd it up into a casket. [they're gone:
Great joy there was amongst them, and forth
Into the city, and my host told me [turn
At's going forth, he thought he should not re-
'Till after supper: now, sir, in their absence
Will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, [rence,
Seize the jewels, make an escape from Flo-
And we are made for ever!
Clown. But if they
Should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us
Back in a whirlwind?
For. Don't believe there is
Any such fetch in astrology! And this may be
A means to make us live honest hereafter.
Clown. 'Tis
But an ill road to't, that lies thro'
The highway of thieving.
For. For indeed I'm weary of [give
This trade of fortune-telling, and mean to
All over, when I come into England; for
It is a very ticklish quality. [thread,
Clown. And in the end will hang by a twine
For. Besides, the island has too many of the profession;
They hinder one another's market.
Clown. No, no,
The pillory hinders their market.
For. You know there
The juggling captain.
Clown. Ay; there's a sure card!
For. Only
The foreman of their jury's dead; but he
Died like a Roman.
Clown. Else 'tis thought he had
Made work for the hangman.
For. And the very Ball[42]
Of your false prophets, he's quash'd too.
Clown. He did [now
Measure the stars with a false yard, and may
Travel to Rome, with a mortar on's head, to see
If he can recover his money that way.
For. Come, come,
Let's fish for this casket, and to sea presently!
Clown. We shall never reach London, I fear; my mind
Runs so much of hanging, landing at Wapping. [*Exeunt.*

[42] *Ball.*] i. e. *Baal.* The juggling captain so much spoke of in this play, as a news-writer and conjurer, Mr. Sympson takes to be one Banks, whom Ben Jonson ludicrously calls the English Pythagoras. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Mariana.

Mar. This well may be a day of joy long-wish'd-for
To my Clarissa; she is innocent,
Nor can her youth but with an open bosom
Meet Hymen's pleasing bounties: but to me,
That am environ'd with black guilt and horror,
It does appear a funeral[43]: tho' promising much
In the conception were hard to manage,
But sad in the event. It was not hate,
But fond indulgence in me, to preserve
Cesario's threaten'd life, in open court
That forc'd me to disclaim him, chusing rather
To rob him of his birth-right, and honour,
Than suffer him to run the hazard of
Enrag'd Baptista's fury: while he lives,
I know I have a son; and the duke's sentence
Awhile deluded, and this tempest over,
When he assures himself despair hath seiz'd him, [*Knock within.*

Enter Baptista.

I can relieve and raise him.—Speak, who is it
That presses on my privacies?—Sir, your pardon!
You cannot come unwelcome, tho' it were
To read my secret thoughts.
Bapt. Lady, to you
Mine shall be ever open: *lady*, said I?
That name keeps too much distance! *sister* rather [claim it,
I should have stil'd you; and I now may
Since our divided families are made one
By this bless'd marriage; to whose honour comes
The duke in person, waited on by all
The braveries of his court, to witness it,
And then to be our guests. Is the bride ready
To meet and entertain him?
Mar. She attends
The coming of your son.
Bapt. Pray you bring her forth.
The duke's at hand: music, in her loud voice,
Speaks his arrival.
Mar. She's prepar'd to meet it. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariana, Clarissa led by two Maids; at the other Door, Baptista meets with Mentivole led by two Courtiers; the Duke, Bishop, and divers Attendants. A Song, whilst they salute.

Duke. It were impertinent to wish you joy,
Since all joys dwell about you; Hymen's torch
Was never lighted with a luckier omen,
Nor burnt with so much splendor. To defer
With fruitless compliment the means to make
Your certain pleasures lawful to the world,
(Since in the union of your hearts they are
Confirm'd already) would but argue us
A boaster of our favours: to the temple!
And there the sacred knot once tied, all triumphs [nuptials.
Our dukedom can afford shall grace your

Enter Albertus and Cesario.

Bapt. On there!
Ment. I hope it is not in the power
Of any to cross us now.
Alb. But, in the breath
Of a wrong'd father, I forbid the banns!
Ces. What, do you stand at gaze?
Bapt. Ris'n from the dead?
Mar. Altho' the sea had vomited up the figure
In which thy better part liv'd long imprison'd,
True love despising fear, runs thus to meet it.
Clar. In duty I kneel to it.
Alb. Hence, vile wretches!
To you I am a substance incorporeal,
And not to be profan'd with your vile touch,
That could so soon forget me; but such things
Are neither worth my anger, nor reproof.
To you, great sir, I turn myself, and these
Immediate ministers of your government;
And if in my rude language I transgress,
Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of
My services, and not my rugged temper!
Duke. Speak freely; be thy language ne'er so bitter,
To see thee safe, Alberto, signs thy pardon.
Alb. My pardon? I can need none, if it be not
Receiv'd for an offence; I tamely bear
Wrongs, which a slave-born Muscovite would check at.
Why, if for treason I had been deliver'd
Up to the hangman's axe, and this dead trunk,
Unworthy of a Christian sepulchre,
Expos'd a prey to feed the ravenous vulture,
The memory of the much I oft did for you,
(Had you but any touch of gratitude,
Or thought of my deservings) would have stopp'd you
From these unjust proceedings.

[43] *It does appear a funeral; though promising much*
In the conception were hard to manage
But sad in the event.] A whole line seems to have been lost here: the intention of the passage may be easily gathered. 'Her scheme, which promis'd much in the conception, 'proved hard to manage, and sad in the event.' I shall not venture my conjecture into the text, but propose it as the best that yet occurs:

It does appear a funeral. *My design,*
Tho' prom'sing much in the conception,
Was far too hard to manage, *and doth prove*
But sad in the event: it was not hate, &c. *Seward.*

Duke.

Duke. Hear the motives,
That did induce us.
Alb. I have heard them all; [abus'd,
Your highness' sentence, the whole court
By th' perjuries and practice of this woman;
(Weepest thou[44], crocodile?) my hopeful son,
Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of
The honours that descend to him from me;
And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature [beauty,
Whose base birth, tho' made eminent by her
Might well have mark'd her out Cesario's servant!
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot:
But that my daughter, with my whole estate
(So hardly purchas'd), is assign'd a dower,
To one whose father and whose family
I so detest, that I would lose my essence,
And be transformed to a basilisk
To look them dead, to me's an injury
Admits no satisfaction!
Bapt. There's none offer'd.
Alb. Nor would it be accepted, tho' upon
Thy knees 'twere tender'd.
Mar. Now the storm grows high.
Bapt. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death
The briny ocean had entomb'd thy name,
I would have sought a wife in a bordello
For my Mentivole, and gladly hugg'd
Her spurious issue as my lawful nephews,
Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with
So much I scorn it. [thine;
Alb. I'll not bandy words;
But thus dissolve the contract.
Bapt. There I meet thee;
And seize on what's mine own.
Alb. For all my service, [wretch,
Great sir, grant me the combat with this
That I may scourge his insolence!
Bapt. I kneel for it.
Ces. And to approve myself Alberto's son,
I'll be his second upon any odds,
'Gainst him that dare most of Baptista's race.
Ment. Already upon honourable terms,
In me th' hast met thy better; for her sake
I'll add no more.
Alb. Sir, let our swords decide it!
Mar. Oh, stay, sir; and as you would hold the title
Of a just prince, ere you grant licence to
These madmen's fury, lend your private ear
To the most distress'd of women!
Duke. Speak; 'tis granted.
[*He takes Mar. aside.*
Clar. In the mean time, let not Clarissa be
A patient looker-on! Tho' as yet doubtful
To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all
I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash
The dust of fury, with my virgin tears,
From his bless'd feet[45], and make them beautiful,
That would move to conditions of peace,
Tho' with a snail-like pace; they all are wing'd
To bear you to destruction! Reverend sirs,
Think on your ancient friendship, cemented
With so much blood, but shed in noble action,
Divided now in passion for a brawl
The makers blush to own! Much-lov'd Cesario,
Brother, or friend, (each title may prevail)
Remember with what tenderness from our childhood
We lov'd together, you preferring me
Before yourself, and I so fond of you,
That it begot suspicion in ill minds,
That our affection was incestuous:
Think of that happy time, in which I know
That with your dearest blood you had prevented
This shower of tears from me! Mentivole,
My husband, register'd in that bright star-chamber,
Tho' now on earth made strangers, be the example!
And offer in one hand the peaceful olive
Of concord; or, if that can be denied,
By powerful intercession, in the other
Carry the Hermion rod, and force atonement!
Now we will not be all marble; death's the worst then,
And he shall be my bridegroom.
[*Offers to kill herself.*
Ment. Hold, Clarissa!
This loving violence I needs must offer:
In spite of honour[46]—
[*He snatches away her knife, and sets it to his own breast; she stays his hand.*
Duke. Was it to that end then?
On your religion?
Mar. And my hope in Heaven, sir!
Duke. We then will leave entreaties, and make use
Of our authority. Must I cry aim[47]
To this unheard-of insolence? in my presence
To draw your swords, and, as all reverence
That's due to majesty were forfeited,
Cherish this wildness? Sheath them instantly,
And shew an alteration in your looks;
Or, by my power—
Alb. Cut off my head!
Bapt. And mine!
Rather than hear of peace with this bad man,

[44] Weepest *thou.*] Corrected by Seward.

[45] *From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful, &c.*] The image in this line seems built on a passage in scripture: 'How *beautiful* are the *feet* of him that bringeth glad tidings!' The similarity of *expression*, as well as sentiment, strongly denotes imitation.

[46] Ment. *Hold, Clarissa,* his *loving violence needs must*
Offer in spite of honour.] Former editions. *Seward.*

[47] *Must I* cry aim.] See note 71 on the False One.

I'll

I'll not alone give up my throat, but suffer
Your rage to reach my family.

Enter Prospero, Juliana, and Biancha.

Alb. And my name
To be no more remember'd.
Duke. What are these?
Ces. Biancha? 'tis Biancha, still Biancha!
But strangely alter'd.
Bapt. If that thirteen years
Of absence could raze from my memory
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;
But if thy image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my Prospero.
Pros. Thou my Baptista.
Duke. A sudden change!
Bapt. I dare not ask, dear friend,
If Juliana live; for that's a blessing
I am unworthy of! but yet deny not [happy,
To let me know the place she hath made
By having there her sepulchre.
Pros. If your highness
Please to vouchsafe a patient ear, we shall
Make a true relation of a story
That shall call on your wonder.
Duke. Speak; we hear you. [court,
Pros. Baptista's fortune in the Genoa
His banishment, with his fair wife's restraint,
You are acquainted with; what since hath follow'd
I faithfully will deliver. Ere eight moons
After Baptista's absence were complete,
Fair Juliana found the pleasures that
They had enjoy'd together, were not barren,
And, blushing at the burden of her womb,
No father near to own it, it drew on
A violent sickness, which call'd down compassion [health,
From the angry duke; then, careful of her
Physicians were enquir'd of, and their judgment
Prescrib'd the baths of Lucca as a means
For her recovery: to my charge it pleas'd her
To be committed; but as on the way
We journied, those throes, only known to women,
Came thick upon her: in a private village—
Bapt. She died? [world
Pros. Have patience! She brought to the
A hopeful daughter: for her body's sickness,
It soon decay'd; but the grief of her mind
Hourly encreas'd, and life grew tedious to her;
And, desperate e'er to see you, she enjoin'd me
To place her in a Greekish monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.
Bapt. What monastery? as a pilgrim bare-
I'll search it out. [foot
Pros. Pray you, interrupt me not.
Now to my fortunes! The girl well dispos'd of
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate
Made me a prisoner to the Turkish galleies,
Where for twelve years these hands tugg'd at the oar;
But fortune tir'd at length with my afflictions,
Some ships of Malta met the Ottoman fleet,
Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.
With my deliverers I serv'd, and got
Such reputation with the Great-Master,
That he gave me command over a tall
And lusty ship, where my first happy service
Was to redeem Alberto, rumour'd dead,
But was, like me, surpriz'd by Cortugogly.
Alb. I would I had died there!
Pros. And from him learning
Baptista liv'd, and their dissolved friendship,
I hois'd up sails for Greece, found Juliana
A votary at her beads: having made known
Both that you liv'd, and where you were, she borrow'd
So much from her devotion, as to wish me
To bring her to you. If the object please you,
With joy receive her!
Bapt. Rage, and fury, leave me!
[*Throws away his sword.*
I am so full of happiness, there's no room left
To entertain you. Oh, my long-lost jewel,
Light of mine eyes, my soul's strength!
Jul. My best lord! [fright me.
Having embrac'd you thus, death cannot
Bapt. Live long to do so, tho' I should fix here!—
Pardon me[48], Prospero, tho' I enquire
My daughter's fortune!
Pros. That your happiness
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!
Ces. Biancha daughter to a princess?
Pros. True.
Wi' my faithful Host I left her, and with him
'Till now she hath resided, ignorant
Both of her birth and greatness.
Bapt. Oh, my blest one!
Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me!
Duke. Above wonder! [story
Alb. I do begin to melt too; this strange
Works much upon me.
Duke. Since it hath pleas'd Heav'n
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heav'n's instrument here, determine thus:
Alberto,

[48] *Pardon me, Prospero, tho' I enquire.*] I see no reason for asking *Prospero*'s pardon for enquiring after his daughter; he might think *Juliana* might expect to engross his whole thoughts, and would therefore naturally ask her pardon for taking them from her; especially as he had just before said, that he could even fix himself for ever to the spot where she stood. I therefore put into the text what seems a more natural reading. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

But *pardon me,* tho' of Prospero *I enquire;*

but surely there is no impropriety in *civilly* desiring *pardon* for the request of encreasing so long a story.

Be not unthankful for the blessings shewn you,
Nor you, Baptista! Discord was yet never
A welcome sacrifice; therefore, rage laid by,
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference
Be as a dream forgotten!
Bapt. 'Tis to me.
Alb. And me; I thus confirm it.
Duke. And to tie it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young Mentivole and fair Clarissa,
So you consent, great lady, your Biancha
Shall call Cesario husband.
Jul. 'Tis a motion
I gladly yield to.
Ces. One in which you make
A sad man happy. [*Offers to kneel.*
Bian. Kneel not! all forgiven.
Duke. Wi' th' duke your uncle I will make atonement,
And will have no denial.

Enter Host, Forobosco, Clown, and Officers.

Mar. Let this day
Be still held sacred!
Host. Now if you can conjure,
Let the devil unbind you.
For. We are both undone!
Clown. Already we feel it.
Host. Justice, sir!
Duke. What are they? [the gallies
Pros. I can resolve you; slaves freed from
By the viceroy of Sicilia.
Duke. What's their offence? [jewels;
Host. The robbing me of all my plate and
I mean, the attempting of it.
Clown. Please your grace,
I'll now discover this varlet in earnest;
This honest pestilent rogue profess'd the art
Of conjuring; but all the skill that e'er
He had in the black art, was in making
A sea-coal fire; only with wearing
Strange shapes, he begot admiration
'Mongst fools and women.
For. Wilt thou peach, thou varlet?
Duke. Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalk so?
Clown. This is one of his magical raptures.
For. I do vilify[49]
Your censure! You demand, if I am guilty;
Whir—says my cloak, by a trick of legerdemain!
Now I'm not guilty; I am guarded with
Innocence, pure silver lace, I assure you.
Clown. Thus have I read to you your virtues, which [of.
Notwithstanding I would not have you proud
For. Out, thou concealment of tallow, and counterfeit mummy!
Duke. To th' gallies with them both!
Clown. The only sea-physic
For a knave, is to be basted in a galley,
With the oil of a bull's pizzle.
For. And will not you [I hope
Make a sour face at the same sauce, sirrah?
To find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou
Mayst be drawn by the ears thro' the hoop of a firkin. [to the gallies!
Duke. Divide them, and away with them
Clown. This will take down your pride, [juggler.
Duke. This day,
That hath giv'n birth to blessings beyond hope,
Admits no criminal sentence. To the temple,
And there with humbleness, praise Heaven's bounties! [when
For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but
A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[49] *Vilify;*] i. e. *Hold cheap.*

CUPID'S REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

This Play seems to be the acknowledged production of both Writers. It was first printed in quarto, 1625; but has not been altered, that we can discover, or acted, many years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

CUPID.
LEONTIUS, *the old Duke of Lycia.*
LEUCIPPUS, *Son to the Duke.*
ISMENUS, *Nephew to the Duke.*
TELAMON, *a Lycian Lord.*
DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, } *Courtiers.*
TIMANTUS, *a villainous Sycophant.*
ZOILUS, *Leucippus's Dwarf.*
NILO, *sent in commission to pull down Cupid's Images.*
PRIEST *to Cupid.*
Four young MEN and MAIDS.
Four CITIZENS.

WOMEN.

HIDASPES, *Daughter to the Duke.*
CLEOPHILA, HERO, } *her Attendants.*
BACHA, *a Strumpet.*
URANIA, *her Daughter.*
Bacha's MAID.
Urania's MAID.
Servants and Attendants.

ACT I.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.

Agenor. TRUST me, my lord Dorialus, I had miss'd of this, if you had not call'd me; I thought the princess's birth-day had been to-morrow.

Nisus. Why, did your lordship sleep out the day?

Dor. I marvel what the duke meant to make such an idle vow?

Nisus. Idle? why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his daughter any thing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may ask an impossible thing; and I pray Heav'n she do not ask an unfit thing, at one time or other: 'tis dangerous trusting a man's vow upon the discretion of his daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the marquis her brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

Dor. So is Leucippus her brother.

Nisus. She's twenty years old; I wonder She ask not a husband. [refus'd

Dor. That were a folly in her, having All the great princes in one part of the world; She'll die a maid.

Age. She may ask but once, may she?

Nisus. A hundred times this day, if she will: And, indeed, every day is such a day; for tho' The duke has vow'd it only on this day, He keeps it every day; he can deny Her nothing.

Cornets. Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantus, and Telamon.

Leon. Come, fair Hidaspes! thou art duchess to-day. [oath

Art thou prepar'd to ask? thou know'st my

Will force performance. And, Leucippus, if
She now ask aught that shall or would have performance
After my death, when by the help of Heav'n
This land is thine, accursed be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my son,
And so their own obedience—
Leuc. Mighty sir,
I do not wish to know that fatal hour,
That is to make me king: but if I do,
I shall most heartily, (and like a son)
Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her.—
Remember that you ask what we agréed upon.
Leon. Are you prepar'd? then speak.
Hid. Most royal sir,
I am prepar'd, nor shall my will exceed
A virgin's bounds; what I request shall both
At once bring me a full content[1].
Leon. So't ever does.
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good desire! for I dare swear
Thou lov'st me.
Hid. This is it I beg,
And on my knees: the people of your land,
The Lycians, are, thro' all the nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless superstition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the show
Of true religion, and is nothing else
But a self-pleasing bold lasciviousness.
Leon. What is it?
Hid. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himself a trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life far worse than death,
Some one that gave himself to wine and sloth,
Which breed lascivious thoughts, and found himself
Contemn'd for that by every painful man[2],
To take his stain away, fram'd to himself
A god, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest; for a name
He call'd him Cupid. This created god
(Man's nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood)
Had ready followers enow; and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsy deity,
Which drink invented; and the winged boy
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices[3],
And these loose naked statues thro' the land,
In every village; nay the palace' self
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erected obscene images [man
May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every
That offers to 'em any sacrifice
May lose his life.
Leon. But be advis'd,
My fairest daughter! if he be a god,
He will express it upon thee, my child;
Which Heaven avert!
Leuc. There is no such power;
But the opinion of him fills the land
With lustful sins: every young man and maid,
That feel the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
Blind Cupid's motion; and he is a god!
Leon. This makes our youth unchaste: I am resolv'd.
Nephew Ismenus, break the statues down
Here in the palace, and command the city
To do the like: let proclamations
Be drawn, and hastily sent thro' the land,
To the same purpose!
Ism. Sir, I'll break down none
Myself, but I'll deliver your command:
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.
Leon. Go, and command it.—Pleasure of my life, [sand suits;
Wouldst thou aught else? Make many thou-
They must and shall be granted.
Hid. Nothing else. [*Exit Ismenus.*
Leon. But go and meditate on other suits:
Some six days hence I'll give thee audience again,
And, by a new oath, bind myself to keep it.

[1] ——*What I request shall both*
At once bring me a full content.] From the answer of *Leontius*, it is plain some words are dropt here, signifying that her request shall *content her father* as well as herself.

[2] *And found himself* conjoin'd
For that by every painful man.] I know no meaning of the word *conjoin'd* that will suit the context, *condemn'd* is the natural word. Our poets' scheme in this play (which has many excellent things in it) seems to me quite amazing. That this just speech should be esteemed such an act of real impiety, as to receive the most shocking punishment ending in the murder and utter extirpation of the whole family, is surely a strange outrage on poetical justice, as well as on all the circle of moral virtues. I find Mr. Theobald has prevented me in the correction above, and Mr. Sympson has since sent me his reading, *contemn'd*. *Seward.*
The next line rather warrants *contemn'd* than *condemn'd*.

[3] ——*and the winged boy,*
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices,
These loose naked statues through the land,
And in every village, nay the palace
Is not free from 'em.—] Here are certainly deficiencies both in measure and sense: the change of points, the removal of the *and* from the beginning of one line to the line above it, and the addition of a particle that adds strength to the sentiment, seems the most probable method of restoring the original. *Seward.*

Ask

Ask largely for thyself: dearer than life,
In whom I may be bold to call myself
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing!
Leuc. 'Twas well done, sister.
[*Exeunt all but the three Lords.*
Nisus. How like you this request, my lord?
Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder!
We shall be gods ourselves shortly,
An we pull 'em out of Heav'n o' this fashion.
Age. We shall have wenches now when we can catch 'em,
An we transgress thus.
Nisus. An we abuse the gods once,
'Tis a justice we should be held at hard meat.
For my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection;
I know the god incens'd must send a hardness
Thro' all good women's hearts, and then we have
Brought our eggs and muscadine to a fair market:
'Would I had given an hundred pound for a toleration,
That I might but use my conscience in mine own house!
Dor. The duke, he's old and past it; he would never else; 'tis worse
Have brought such a plague upon the land
Than sword and famine! Yet, to say truth,
We have deserv'd it, we have liv'd so wickedly,
Every man at his livery; and 'would that
Would have sufficed us! we murmur'd at
This blessing, that was nothing; and cried out
To th' god for endless pleasures: he heard us,
Supplied us, and our women were new still,
As we needed 'em; yet we, like beasts,
Still cried, 'Poor men can number their whores[4]; give us
'Abundance!' we had it, and this curse withal.
Age. By'r lady, we are like to have a long Lent on't;
Flesh shall be flesh now! Gentlemen, I had rather
Have anger'd all the gods than that blind gunner.
I remember, once the people did but slight him
In a sacrifice, and what follow'd? women kept
Their houses, and grew good huswives, honest forsooth!
Was not that fine? wore their own faces[5],
They let us wear gay cloaths without surveying: and,
Which was most lamentable, they lov'd their husbands.
Nisus. I do remember it to my grief, young maids
Were as cold as cucumbers, and much of that
Complexion; bawds were abolish'd; and (to which
Misery it must come again) there were no cuckolds.
Well, we'd need pray to keep these devils from us;
The times grow mischievous.—There he goes!

Enter one with an Image.

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of!
'Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows!
Age. And I too. You shall see within these few years,
A fine confusion i'th' country; mark it!
Nay, an we grow for to depose the powers,
And set up Chastity again.—Well, I have done!
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger and hard beds!
Nisus. This comes of fullness,
A sin too frequent with us; I believe now
We shall find shorter commons.
Dor. 'Would I were married! somewhat has some favour;
The race of gentry will quite run out now,
'Tis only left to husbands; if younger sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.
Age. Well, let come what will come, I am but one,
And as the plague falls, I will shape myself:
If women will be honest, I'll be sound.
If the god be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
And thank him, and say nothing.
Nisus. This ill wind yet may blow the city good,
And let them (if they can) get their own children,
They have hung long enough in doubt: but, howsoever,
The old way was the surer; then they had 'em.
Dor. Farewell, my lords! I'll e'en take up what rent
I can before the day; I fear the year
Will fall out ill.
Age. We'll with you, sir. And, Love, so favour us,

[4] *Poor men can number their* woers.] *Wooers* for *mistresses* is uncommon, but a word very near it is quite suitable to the character of the speaker, *whores*. After I had inserted this in the text, I found in Mr. Theobald's margin another conjecture, *weathers* for *woers*, with a Latin quotation, *Pauperis est numerare pecus*, as a proof of it. But my conjecture is much nearer the trace of the letters, as well as a more natural expression; for *weathers* being of the masculine gender, will never suit this place, though *pecus* might. *Seward.*

[5] *Wore their own faces,*
Tho' they wear gay cloaths without surveying,
And which was most lamentable,
They lov'd their husbands.] The reader will find the metre here easily restored, but the sense, which seems quite lost in the second line, is not so readily recovered. The only conjecture that seems tolerable is what I venture into the text with great diffidence, but the reader had better have even a false reading with sense, than one without it. *Seward.*

As

As we are still thy servants! Come, my lords;
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Priest of Cupid, with four young Men and Maids.

Priest. Come, my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet!
And your chearful voices rise,
To present this sacrifice
To great Cupid! in whose name,
I his priest begin the same.
Young men, take your loves and kiss;
Thus our Cupid honour'd is.
Kiss again, and in your kissing
Let no promises be missing!
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear,
Unto the whisper of her love;
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,
As a token to her sweeting,
Of an after secret meeting!
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts!

SONG.

Lovers rejoice! your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of love himself grieves at your trying:
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid denying[6].
No more shall virgins sigh, and say 'We dare not, [care not.'
'For men are false, and what they do they
All shall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice! what you shall say henceforth, [your arms,
When you have caught your sweethearts in
It shall be accounted oracle, and worth:
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms, [said,
And cry 'They are too young:' the god hath
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid:
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown!
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.

After a Measure, enter Nilo and others.

Nilo. No more of this! here break your rites for ever; [stare!
The duke commands it so. Priest, do not
I must deface your temple, tho' unwilling,
And your god Cupid here must make a scarecrow,
For any thing I know, or, at the best;
Adorn a chimney-piece.
Priest. Oh, sacrilege unheard-of!
Nilo. This will not help it. Take down their images,
And away with 'em! [service now
Priest, change your coat, you had best; all
Is given to men; prayers above their hearing;
Will prove but babblings; learn to lie and thrive, [gods,
'Twill prove your best profession: for the
He that lives by 'em now must be a beggar.
There's better holiness on earth, they say;
Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice! Go home;
And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,
He will make some smoke for it.
Gent. Sir—
Nilo. Gentlemen, [speedily:
There is no talking; this must be done and
I have commission that I must not break.
Gent. We're gone, to wonder what shall
Nilo. On [follow.
To the next temple! [*Exeunt.*

Cornets. Cupid descends.

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing will [none,
And power that knows no limit, nor admits
Now look'd into by less than gods, and weaken'd?
Am I, whose bow struck terror thro' the earth
No less than thunder, and in this exceeding
Even gods themselves, whose knees before my altars,
Now shook off[7]? and contemn'd by such, whose lives
Are but my recreation? Anger, rise!
My sufferance and myself are made the subject
Of sins against us. Go thou out, displeasure!
Displeasure of a great god[8], fly thyself
Thro' all this kingdom: sow whatever evils
Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these rebels;
And on the first hearts that despise my greatness
Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupid's Revenge is mighty! With this arrow,
Hotter than plagues of mine own anger, will I
Now nobly right myself; nor shall the prayers,
Nor sweet smokes on my altars, hold my hand,
'Till I have left this a most wretched land.
[*Ascends.*

[6] *Nor the coy faces of a* maids *denying.*] Mr. Sympson has improved this line by striking off the *s* from *maids*. *Seward.*

[7] —— *whose knees before my altars*
Now shook off.] There is, as Seward observes, 'a great deficiency here both in grammar 'and sense, and reason to suspect a whole line to have been lost;' which he supposes might have been like the following:

—— whose knees before my altars
In zealous supplication oft have bent.

[8] *Displeasure of a great god,* fly *thyself.*] So quarto; other copies, *flying;* and Seward, from Theobald's conjecture, reads *fling.*

Enter

Enter Hidaspes and Cleophila.

Hid. Cleophila, what was he that went hence?
Cleo. What
Means your grace now?
Hid. I mean that handsome man, that went through the door.
That something more than man, I met at
Cleo. Here was no handsome man.
Hid. Come, he's some one
You would preserve in private; but you want
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance
See all the graces of a man. Who was it?
Cleo. That went hence now?
Hid. That went hence now? ay, he!
Cleo. Faith, here was no such one as your grace thinks: now.
Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but
Hid. I think 'twas he: how bravely he pass'd by!
Is he not grown a goodly gentleman?
Cleo. A goodly gentleman, madam?
He's the most deform'd fellow in the land.
Hid. Oh, blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee
Appear deform'd, for he is indeed
Unlike a man: his shape and colours are
Beyond the art of painting; he is like
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
When rising from his bed he stirs himself,
And shakes day from his hair[9].
Cleo. He resembles Apollo's recorder.
Hid. Cleophila, go send a page for him,
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent.
[*Exit Cleophila.*
Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,
And I am one of those I us'd to scorn?
My maiden-thoughts are fled[10]; against myself
I harbour traitors; my virginity,
That from my childhood kept me company,
Is heavier than I can endure to bear.
Forgive me, Cupid! for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature: I have sinn'd;
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love[11]!

Enter Cleophila and Zoilus.

Cleo. Zoilus is here, madam.
Hid. He's there indeed. than mad,
Now be thine own judge! see, thou worse
Is he deformed? Look upon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves!
Look on his hair, that like so many beams,
Streaking the east, shoot light o'er half the world!
Look on him altogether, who is made
As if two natures had contention him!
About their skill, and one had brought forth
Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
Madam, tho' Nature hath not given me
So much as others in my outward show,
I bear a heart as loyal unto you
In this unsightly body (which you please
To make your mirth) as many others do
That are far more befriended in their births.
Yet I could wish myself much more deform'd
Than yet I am, so I might make your grace
More merry than you are.—Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Beshrew me then
If I be merry! but I am content saint;
Whilst thou art with me; thou that art my
By hope of whose mild favour I do live
To tell thee so: I pray thee, scorn me not!
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth
To triumph over me, that am a maid
Without deceit? whose heart doth guide her tongue?
Drown'd in my passions? Yet I will take leave
To call it reason, that I dote on thee.
Cleo. The princess is beside her grace, I think,
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i' th' dark when one is drunk.
Hid. What answer wilt thou give me?
Zoilus. If it please your grace to jest on, I can abide it.
Hid. If it be jest[12], not to esteem my life
Compar'd with thee; if it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour
Upon those lips, and take 'em off again;
If it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live;
Then all I say is jest:
For every part of this, I swear by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do!
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which, pardon me that I am bold to kiss
With so unworthy lips) that thou wilt swear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of Heaven!
Zoilus. Marry you? Ha, ha, ha!

[9] *When rising from his bed,* &c.] Similar to this nobly-poetical passage is the following, in the Marriage-Night, by lord Falkland:

'So breaks the morning forth of a crystal cloud,
'And so the sun ascends his glittering chair,
'And from his *burnish'd locks shakes day about.*' *R.*

[10] *My maiden-thoughts are fled against myself;*
I harbour traitors in *my virginity.*] Corrected by Seward.

[11] *I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.*] As the address is to *Love,* a comma and a great letter was a material corruption here: to ask Cupid to let her enjoy what he would have her enjoy was a ridiculous request, but to let her enjoy what he would have her love, is the common prayer of all worshippers of Cupid. *Seward.*

[12] If it be *jest,* &c.] This is very like the turn of a speech in Philaster, *If it be love,* &c. *Hid.*

Hid. Kill me, or grant! Wilt thou not speak at all?
Zoilus. Why, I will do your will for ever.
Hid. I ask no more: but let me kiss that mouth
That is so merciful! that is my will:
Next, go with me before the king in haste,
That is my will; where I will make our peers
Know, that thou art their better.
Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
That is fine! ha, ha, ha!
Cleo. Madam, what means your grace?
Consider, for the love of Heaven, to what
You run madly! will you take this viper
Into your bed?
Hid. Away! hold off thy hands!
Strike her, sweet Zoilus; for it is my will,
Which thou hast sworn to do.
Zoilus. Away, for shame!
Know you no manners?—Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit with Hidaspes.*
Cleo. Thou know'st none, I fear.
This is just Cupid's anger: Venus, look
Down mildly on us! and command thy son
To spare this lady once, and let me be
In love with all; and none in love with me[13]!
[*Exit.*

Enter Ismenus and Timantus.

Tim. Is your lordship for the wars this [summer?
Ism. Timantus,
Wilt thou go with me?
Tim. If I had a company,
My lord.
Ism. Of fidlers? thou a company?
No, no; keep thy company at home, and
cause cuckolds; [semsters,
The wars will hurt thy face: there are no
Shoemakers, nor taylors, nor almond-milk
i' th' morning, [luble,
Nor poach'd eggs to keep your worship so-
No man to warm your shirt, and blow your
roses[14]; [breeches.
Nor none to reverence your round lace
If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a case
For thy captainship! a shower will spoil thee
Thus much for thee. [else.
Tim. Your lordship's wondrous witty;
Very pleasant, believe't.

Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, and Leontius.

Leon. No news yet of my son?
Tel. Sir, there be divers out in search;
no doubt, [occasion
They'll bring the truth where he is, or the
That led him hence.
Tim. They must have good eyes then.
Leon. The gods go with them!—Who are
those that wait there? [his dispatch:
Tel. The lord Ismenus, your general, for
Leon. Oh, nephew, we've no use to em-
ploy your virtue
In our war; now the province is well settled!
Hear you aught of the marquis?
Ism. No, sir.
Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus;
These five days he was not seen.
Tim. I'll hold my life,
I could boult him in an hour.
Leon. Where is my daughter? [sir:
Dor. About the purging of the temples,
Leon. She's chaste and virtuous. Fetch
her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me,
[*Exit Nisus.*
Be it what it will. She's wise, Dorialus,
And will not press me further than a father.
Dor. I pray the best may follow! yet, if
your grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At least of such whose wisdoms ever wake
About your safety, I may say it, sir,
Under your noble pardon, that this change
Either had been more honour to the gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the princess.

Enter Hidaspes, Nisus, and Zoilus.

Leon. Oh, my daughter, my health!
And, did I say my soul, I lied not, [ever
Thou art so near me! Speak, and have what-
Thy wise will leads thee to! Had I a Heaven,
It were too poor a place for such a goodness!
Dor. What's here?
Age. An ape's skin stuff'd, I think,
It is so plump.
Hid. Sir, you have past your word;
Still be a prince, and hold you to it. Wonder
Not I press you; my life lies in your word;
If you break that, you've broke my heart! I
must [deny me;
Ask that's my shame, and your will must not
Now, for Heaven, be not forsworn!
Leon. By th' gods,
I will not! I cannot, were there no other
Pow'r than my love call'd to a witness of it.
Dor. They have much reason to trust;
you have forsworn
One of 'em out o' th' country already.
Hid. Then this is my request: this gentle-
man— [dom.
Be not asham'd, sir; you are worth a king-

[13] *And let me be in love with all; and none in love with me.*] The measure in this, as in all other plays, has been greatly neglected: it is generally restor'd here as well as in the rest; and the reader will find even rhime as well as measure had been overlook'd in this passage. *Seward.*

The sense is surely corrupt; the conclusion of this prayer is very strange; it is rhime without reason.

[14] *Roses.*] *Ribands*, in the form of *roses*, were formerly worn in the shoes of both gentlemen and ladies. *R.*

Leon. In what?
Hid. In the way of marriage.
Leon. How? [so!
Hid. In the way of marriage: it must be
Your oath is tied to Heaven, as my love
To him.
Leon. I know thou dost but try my age;
Come, ask again!
Hid. If I should ask all
My life-time, this is all still. Sir, I'm serious; I
Must have this worthy man, without enquiring
why;
And suddenly, and freely: do not look
For reason or obedience in my words;
My love admits no wisdom; only haste
And hope hangs on my fury. Speak, sir,
speak! [counsel;
But not as a father; I'm deaf and dull to
Inflamed blood hears nothing but my will.
For God's sake speak!
Dor. Here's a brave alteration!
Nisus. This comes of chastity.
Hid. Will you not speak, sir? [a sweet
Age. The god begins his vengeance: what
Youth he has sent us here, with a pudding
in's belly!
Leon. Oh, let me never speak,
Or with my words let me speak out my life!
Thou pow'r abus'd, great Love, whose vengeance now
We feel and fear, have mercy on this land!
Nisus. How does your grace?
Leon. Sick; very sick, I hope.
Dor. Gods comfort you! [royal word?
Hid. Will not you speak? is this your
Do not pull perjury upon your soul!
Sir, you are old, and near your punishment;
Remember!
Leon. Away, base woman! [plague
Hid. Then be no more my father, but a
I'm bound to pray against! be any sin
May force me to despair, and hang myself!
Be thy name never more remember'd, king,
But in example of a broken faith, [land
And curs'd ev'n to forgetfulness! may thy
Bring forth such monsters as thy daughter is!—
I'm weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him! will you, noble sir?
Leon. Mercy, mercy, Heav'n!
Thou heir of all dishonour, sham'st thou not
To draw this little moisture left for life,
Thus rudely from me?—Carry that slave to death! [of mine
Zoilus. For Heav'n's sake, sir! it is no fault
That she will love me.
Leon. To death with him, I say!
Hid. Then make haste, tyrant, or I'll be before him[15]!
This is the way to Hell.
Leon. Hold fast, I charge you!
Away with him! [than one,
Hid. Alas, old man, death hath more doors
And I will meet him. [*Exit.*
Leon. Dorialus, pray [her.
See her i'her chamber, and lay a guard about
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties
Is will[16] and disobedience in our issues,
Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us,
With our fond loves. Beasts, you are only blest
That have that happy dulness to forget
What you have made! your young ones grieve not you; [ways
They wander where they list, and have their
Without dishonour to you; and their ends
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their parents,
Or after ill remembrance[17]. Oh, this woman!
'Would I had made myself a sepulchre,
When I made her!—Nephew, where is the prince?
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness
Than of her blood about him! Gentlemen,
Where is he? [himself,
Ism. I know not, sir. H'has his ways by
'Is too wise for my company.
Leon. I don't like
This hiding of himself, from such society
As fits his person[18]; some of you needs must know.
Ism. I'm sure not I, nor have known twice these ten days;
Which, if I were as proud as some of 'em,
I should take scurvily: but he's a young man,
Let him have his swinge! 'twill make him—
[*Timantus whispers to the duke.*
There's some good matter now in hand:
How the slave jeers and grins! the duke is pleas'd;

[15] *Or Ile* be for *him.*] The princess here attempts to kill herself, and the natural reading is equally necessary to the measure. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in this correction, as does Mr. Sympson too. *Seward.*

We have adopted the alteration, though perhaps the original ran (which seems more in our authors' stile),

——*or* I will BEFORE *him!*

[16] *Will;*] i. e. *Wilfulness, perverseness.*

[17] *Or* after ill *remembrance.*] Seward reads, *after-ill;* but the hyphen makes it very hard, and the passage is clear enough without it.

[18] *From such society as his person,*
Some of it *ye needs must know.*] Former editions. The changes now introduced render both the sense and measure tolerably easy. I find Mr. Theobald's conjecture on the passage so near mine, that it is of no consequence which is inserted: he reads,

——as *fits* his person. *Seward.*

There's a new pair of scarlet hose now, and as much
Money to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn,
A hat and a cloak to go out to-morrow!
Garters and stockings come by nature.
Leon. Be sure of this!
Tim. I durst not speak else, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Cornets. Cupid descends.

Cupid. LEUCIPPUS, thou art shot thro' with a shaft
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
To sow a world of helpless misery
In this unhappy kingdom: dost thou think,
Because thou art a prince, to make a part[19]
Against my power? But it is all the fault
Of thy old father, who believes his age
Is cold enough to quench my burning darts;
But he shall know ere long, that my dart, loose,
Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
Of Nestor: thou thyself art lightly struck;
But his mad love shall publish, that the rage
Of Cupid has the power to conquer age.
[*Ascends.*

Enter Leucippus and Bacha.

Leuc. Why, what's the matter?
Bacha. Have you got the spoil
You thirsted for? Oh, tyranny of men!
Leuc. I pray thee leave!
Bacha. Your envy is, Heav'n knows,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:
What pain, alas, could it have been to you,
If I had kept mine honour? You might still
Have been a prince, and still this country's heir. [kept,
That innocent guard which I till now had
For my defence, my virtue, did it seem
So dangerous in a state, that you yourself
Came to suppress it?
Leuc. Dry thine eyes again;
I'll kiss thy tears away: this is but folly;
'Tis past all help.
Bacha. Now you have won the treasure,
'Tis my request that you would leave me thus,
And never see these empty walls again:
I know you will do so; and well you may,
For there is nothing in 'em that is worth
A glance: I loath myself, and am become
Another woman! one, methinks, with whom
I want acquaintance.
Leuc. If I do offend thee,
I can be gone: and tho' I love thy sight,
So highly do I prize thine own content,
That I will leave thee.
Bacha. Nay, you may stay now;
You should have gone before: I know not now
Why I should fear you: all I should have kept
Is stol'n; nor is it in the power of man
To rob me further. If you can invent,
Spare not! No naked man fears robbing less
Than I do; now you may for ever stay.
Leuc. Why, I could do thee further wrong.
Bacha. You have
A deeper reach in evil than I; 'tis past
My thoughts.
Leuc. And past my will to act;
But trust me I could do it.
Bacha. Good sir, do;
That I may know there is a wrong beyond
What you have done me.
Leuc. I could tell all the world
What thou hast done.
Bacha. Yes, you may tell the world;
And do you think I am so vain to hope
You will not? You can tell the world but this,
That I'm a widow, full of tears in show,
(My husband dead, and one that lov'd me so,
Hardly a week) forgot my modesty,
And, caught with youth and greatness, gave myself
To live in sin with you: this you may tell;
And this I do deserve!
Leuc. Why, dost thou think me
So base to tell? These limbs of mine shall part
From one another on a rack,
Ere I disclose. But thou dost utter words
That much afflict me; you did seem as ready,
Sweet Bacha, as myself.
Bacha. You are right a man;
When they have 'witch'd us into misery,
Poor innocent souls, they lay the fault on us.
But, be it so! for prince Leucippus' sake,
I will bear any thing.
Leuc. Come, weep no more!
I wrought thee to it; it was my fault.
Nay, see if thou wilt leave! Here, take this pearl!
Kiss me, sweet Bacha, and receive this purse.
Bacha. What should I do with these? they
My mind. [will not deck
Leuc. Why, keep 'em to remember me.
I must be gone; I have been absent long:
I know the duke my father is in rage,
But I will see thee suddenly again.
Farewell, my Bacha!

[19] *To make a* part.] Sympson reads *party*; but the old reading is much more in our poets' stile.

Bacha.

Bacha. Gods keep you!—Do you hear, sir?
Pray give me a point to wear.
Leuc. Alas, good Bacha,
Take one, I pray thee, where thou wilt.
Bacha. Coming
From you, this point is of as high esteem
With me, as all pearl and gold. Nothing
Be ever with or near you! [but good
Leuc. Fare thee well,
Mine own good Bacha! I will make all haste. [*Exit.*
Bacha. Just as you are a dozen I esteem you;
No more: does he think I would prostitute
Myself for love? It was the love of these pearls
And gold that won me. I confess I lust
More after him than any other,
And would at any rate, if I had store,
Purchase his fellowship; but being poor,
I'll both enjoy his body and his purse,
And, he a prince, ne'er think myself the worse.

Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, and Timantus.

Leon. Nay, you must back and shew us what it is
That 'witches you out of your honour thus.
Bacha. Who's that?
Tim. Look there, sir!
Leon. Lady, never fly;
You are betray'd.
Bacha. Leave me, my tears, a while,
And to my just rage give a little place!—
What saucy man are you, that without leave
Enter upon a widow's mournful house?
You hinder a dead man from many tears,
Who did deserve more than the world can shed,
Tho' they should weep themselves to images.
If not for love of me, yet of yourself,
Away, for you can bring no comfort to me!
But you may carry hence, you know not what:
Nay, sorrow is infectious.
Leon. Thou thyself [my name?
Art grown infectious! Wouldst thou know
I am the duke, father to this young man
Whom thou corrupt'st.
Bacha [*aside*]. Has he then told him all?
Leuc. You do her wrong, sir!
Bacha. Oh, he has not told.—
Sir, I beseech you pardon my wild tongue,
Directed by a weak distemper'd head,
Madded with grief! Alas, I did not know
You were my sovereign; but now you may
Command my poor unworthy life, which will
Be none, I hope, ere long.
Leon. All thy dissembling [more
Will never hide thy shame: and wer't not
Respecting womanhood in general,
Than anything in thee, thou shouldst be made
Such an example, that posterity, [say,
When they would speak most bitterly, should
'Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.'

Bacha. Sir, tho' you be my king, whom I will serve
In all just causes, yet when wrongfully
You seek to take my honour, I will rise
Thus, and defy you; for it is a jewel
Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,
(Tho' in this lowly house) I shall esteem
Myself above the princes of the earth
That are without it. If the prince your son,
Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak
Dishonour of me, if he do not do it,
The plagues of Hell light on him; may he never
Govern this kingdom! Here I challenge him,
Before the face of Heav'n, my liege, and these,
To speak the worst he can! If he will lie,
To lose a woman's fame, I'll say he is
Like you (I think I cannot call him worse).
He's dead, that with his life would have defended
My reputation, and I forc'd to play
(That which I am) the foolish woman, and use
My liberal tongue.
Leuc. Is't possible?
We men are children in our carriages,
Compar'd with women. Wake thyself, for shame, [keep
And leave not her whose honour thou shouldst
Safe as thine own, alone to free herself!
But I am press'd, I know not how, with guilt,
And feel my conscience (never us'd to lie)
Loath to allow my tongue to add a lie
To that too much I did: but it is lawful
To defend her, that only for my love
Lov'd evil.
Leon. Tell me, why did you, Leucippus,
Stay here so long?
Leuc. If I can urge aught from me
But a truth, Hell take me!
Leon. What's the matter?
Why speak you not?
Tim. Alas, good sir, forbear [ness.
To urge the prince; you see his shameface'd-
Bacha. What does he say, sir? If thou be a prince,
Shew it, and tell the truth!
Ism. If you've lain with her,
Tell your father; no doubt but he has done as ill [on't.
Before now: the gentlewoman will be proud
Bacha. For God's sake, speak!
Leuc. Have you done prating yet?
Ism. Who prates?
Leuc. Thou know'st I do not speak
To thee, Ismenus: but what said you,
Timantus, concerning my shameface'dness?
Tim. Nothing, I hope, that might displease your highness. [thers,
Leuc. If any of thy great-great-grandmo-
This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,
It would have made thee honester: I stay'd
To hear what you would say. She is, by Heav'n,

Of the most strict and blameless chastity
That ever woman was:—Good gods, forgive me!— [kill'd
Had Tarquin met with her, she had been
With a slave by her, ere she had agreed.
I lie with her? 'would I might perish then!
Our mothers, whom we all must reverence,
Could ne'er exceed her for her chastity,
Upon my soul! for, by this light she is
A most obstinate modest creature!
Leon. What did you with her then so long, Leucippus? [tiful.
Leuc. I'll tell you, sir: you see she's beau-
Leon. I see it well.
Leuc. Mov'd by her face, I came
With lustful thoughts (which was a fault in me; [able,
But, telling truth, something more pardon-
And for the world I will not lie to you):
Proud of myself, I thought a prince's name
Had power to blow 'em down flat o'their backs;
But here I found a rock not to be shook:
For, as I hope for good, sir, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my person,
My greatness, or gold, could nothing move her. [fair.
Leon. 'Tis very strange, being so young and
Leuc. She's almost thirty, sir.
Leon. How do you know
Her age so just?
Leuc. She told it me herself,
Once when she went about to shew by reason
I should leave wooing her.
Leon. She stains the ripest virgins of her age. [loath
Leuc. If I had sin'd with her, I would be
To publish her disgrace; but, by my life,
I would have told it you, because I think
You would have pardon'd me the rather.
And I will tell you, father[20]: by this light, sir,
(But that I never will bestow myself
But to your liking) if she now would have me,
I now would marry her.
Leon. How's that, Leucippus?
Leuc. Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet
I have not done, but had a will to do,
And I will tell it?
Leon. Be it what it will,
I pardon thee.
Leuc. I offer'd marriage to her.
Leon. Did she refuse it?
Leuc. With that earnestness,
And almost scorn to think of any other
After her lost mate, that she made me think
Myself unworthy of her.
Leon. You have stay'd
Too long, Leucippus.
Leuc. Yes, sir.—Forgive me, Heav'n,
What multitude of oaths have I bestow'd
On lies! and yet they were officious lies:
There was no malice in 'em.
Leon. She's the fairest
Creature that ever I beheld; and then
So chaste, 'tis wonderful: the more I look
On her the more I am amaz'd. I've long
Thought of a wife, and one I would have had,
But I was afraid to meet a woman
That might abuse my age; but here she is
Whom I may trust to: of a chastity
Impregnable, and approv'd so by my son;
The meanness of her birth will still preserve her
In due obedience; and her beauty is
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.
My son once sent away, whose rivalship
I have just cause to fear, if power, or gold,
Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.—
Nephew Ismenus, I have new intelligence
Your province is unquiet still.
Ism. I'm glad on't.
Leon. And
So dangerously, that I must send the prince
In person with you.
Ism. I'm glad of that too, sir:
Will you dispatch us? we shall wither here
For ever.
Leon. You shall be dispatch'd within
This hour: Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask;
It must be thus.—Lady, I ask your pardon,
Whose virtue I have slubber'd with my tongue;
And you shall ever be
Chaste in my memory hereafter; but
We old men often dote. To make amends
For my great fault, receive that ring! I'm sorry for [my lords;
Your grief; may it soon leave you!—Come,
Let us be gone. [*Exeunt.*
Bacha. Heaven bless your grace!
One that had but so much modesty left as to blush,
Or shrink a little at his first encounter,
Had been undone; where I come off with honour, [track'd
And gain too: they that never would be
In any course, by the most subtle sense,
Must bear it thro' with frontless impudence.
[*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of justice,
To put the wretched dwarf to death because
She doted on him: is she not a woman,
And subject to those mad figaries her whole
Sex is infected with? Had she lov'd you, or you,
Or I, or all on's, (as indeed the more [fore
The merrier still with them) must we there-
Have our heads par'd with a hatchet? So she may love
All the nobility out o'th' dukedom in
A month, and let the rascals in. [need
Nisus. You will not, or you do not, see the
That makes this just to the world?

[20] *And I will tell you* father.] Edition 1750,—*will tell* you farther.

Dor.

Dor. I cannot tell; I would be loth to feel it:
But the best is, she loves not proper men;
We three were in wise cases else. But make
This need. [me know
Nisus. Why, yes: he being taken away,
This base incontinence dies presently,
And she must see her shame and sorrow for it.
Dor. Pray God she do! but was the sprat beheaded? [and
Or did they swing him about like a chicken,
So break his neck?
Agen. Yes, he was beheaded,
And a solemn justice made of it.
Dor. That might
Have been deducted.
Age. Why, how would you have had him die? [like a warden[21],
Dor. Faith, I would have had him roasted
In a brown paper, and no more talk on't; or
A feather stuck in's head like a quill; or hang'd him
In a dog collar: what, should he be beheaded?
We shall ha' it grow so base shortly, gentlemen
Will be out of love with it.
Nisus. I wonder [sprung?
From whence this love of the dwarf first
Dor. From an old lecherous pair of breeches that [tainly
Lay upon a wench to keep her warm; for cer-
They are no man's work; and I'm sure a monkey
Would get one of the guard to this fellow!
He was no bigger than a small portmanteau,
And much about that making, if't had legs.
Age. But, gentlemen, what say you to the prince? [know not whither.
Nisus. Ay, concerning his being sent I
Dor. Why then, he will come home I know not when.
You shall pardon me; I will talk no more
Of this subject, but say, Gods be with him,
Where-e'er he is, and send him well home again!
For why he is gone, or when he will return,
Let them know that directed him! Only this,
There's mad moriscoes in the state;
But what they are, I'll tell you when I know.
Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing!
Age. Content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timantus and Telamon.

Tel. Timantus, is the duke ready yet?
Tim. Almost.
Tel. What ails him? [dream'd
Tim. Faith, I know not; I think he has
He's but eighteen; has been worse since he
Forth for the frizzling-iron. [sent you
Tel. That can't be;
He lay in gloves all night, and this morning I
Brought him a new perriwig, with a lock at it[22], and
Knock'd up a swing in's chamber.
Tim. Oh, but since,
His tailor came, and they have fallen out
About the fashion of his cloaths; and yonder's
A fellow come, has bor'd a hole in's ear[23];
And h' has bespake a vaulting-horse. You shall see him
Come forth presently: he looks like winter,
Stuck here and there with fresh flowers.
Tel. Will he not
Tilt, think you?
Tim. I think he will.
Tel. What does he mean to do?
Tim. I know not;
But, by this light, I think he is in love;
He would ha' been shaved but for me.
Tel. In love?
With whom?
Tim. I could guess, but you shall pardon me;
He will take me along with him some whither.
Tel. I overheard him ask your opinion of
Somebody's beauty.
Tim. Yes; there it goes that makes him
So youthful. And he has laid by his crutch,
And halts now with a leading staff.

Enter Leontius, with a Staff and a Looking-glass.

Leon. Timantus!
Tim. Sir.
Leon. This feather is not large enough.
Tim. Yes, faith, [lants wear.
'Tis such an one as the rest of the young gal-
Leon. Telamon, does it do well?
Tel. Sir, it becomes you,
Or you become it, the rareliest—
Leon. Away! dost think so?
Tel. Think, sir? I know it.—
Sir, the princess is past all hope of life
Since the dwarf was put to death.
Leon. Let her be so; [tailor
I have other matters in hand. But this same
Angers me; he has made my doublet so wide!
And see, the knave has put no points at my arm!
Tim Those will be put-to quickly, sir,
Upon any occasion.
Leon. Telamon,
Have you bid this dancer come a-mornings?

[21] *Like a* warden.] A *warden* is a *pear*, which is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. *R.*

[22] *With a* lock *at it;*] i. e. A *love-lock*. The allusion is (as Dr. Warburton observes in a note on Much Ado About Nothing) to the fantastical custom in our poets' days, of men wearing 'a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, tied with ribands, and called 'a *love-lock*. Against this fashion, Prynne wrote his treatise, called the Unloveliness of 'Love-Locks.'

[23] *A hole in's ear;*] i. e. For an *ear-ring*, by means of which the love-lock was *brought before*.

Tel.

Tel. Yes, sir.
Leon. Timantus, let me see the glass again; Look you how careless you are grown! is Well put in? [this tooth
Tim. Which, sir?
Leon. This, sir.
Tim. It shall be.
Tel. Methinks that tooth should put him In mind on's years! and Timantus stands, as if (Seeing the duke in such a youthful habit) He were looking in his mouth how old he were.
Leon. So, so!
Tel. Will you have your gown, sir?
Leon. My gown? [couple Why, am I sick? Bring me my sword! let a Of the great horses be brought out for us.
[*Exit Telamon.*
Tim. He'll kill himself.—Why, will you
Leon. Ride? [ride, sir? Dost thou think I cannot ride?
Tim. Oh, yes, sir, I know it: but, as I conceive your journey, You'd have it private; and then you were A coach. [better take
Leon. These coaches make me sick: yet, No matter; let it be so. ['tis

Enter Telamon with a Sword.

Tel. Sir, here's your sword.
Leon. Oh, well said; let me see it! I could, methinks— [think'st thou Why, Telamon, bring me another! what, I'll wear a sword in vain?
Tel. He has not strength Enough to draw it: [drawn it. A yoke of fleas tied to a hair would have 'Tis out, sir, now; the scabbard is broke.
Leon. Oh, put it up again, and on with it! Methinks, I'm not dress'd till I feel my sword on. Telamon, if any of my council ask for me, Say I am gone to take the air.
Tim. He has not [this vein Been dress'd this twenty years thus[23]. If Hold but a week, he'll learn to play o'th' base-viol, And sing to't: he's poetical already: For I have spied a sonnet of his making Lie by his bed's side: I'll be so unmannerly To read it. [*Exeunt.*

Cleophila, Hero, and Hidaspes in a Bed, discovered.

Hid. He's dead, he's dead, and I am following!
Cleo. Ask Cupid mercy, madam!
Hid. Oh, my heart!
Cleo. Help!
Hero. Stir her!
Hid. Oh, oh! [we are
Cleo. She's going; wretched women tha Look to her, and I'll pray the while.
[*She kneels.*
Hero. Why, madam—
Cleo. Cupid, pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last;
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy deity adore:
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a dance at night,
In the fields, or by the fire,
With the youths that have desire—
How does she yet?
Hero. Oh, ill!
Cleo. Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms shall twist,
With their names carv'd, on our wrist;
All the money that we owe
We in tokens will bestow;
And learn to write, that, when 'tis sent,
Only our loves know what is meant.
Oh, then pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last!
What, mends she? [you should sing.
Hero. Nothing; you do it not wantonly;
Cleo. Why— [dead!
Hero. Leave, leave! 'tis now too late: she's Her last is breath'd.
Cleo. What shall we do?
Hero. Go run [*Exit Cleophila.*
And tell the duke; and, whilst, I'll close her eyes.
Thus I shut thy faded light,
And put it in eternal night.
Where is she can boldly say,
Tho' she be as fresh as May,
She shall not by this corpse be laid,
Ere to-morrow's light do fade?
Let us all now living be,
Warn'd by thy strict chastity,
And marry all fast as we can,
'Till then we keep a piece of man
Wrongfully from them that owe it:
Soon may every maid bestow it!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha and her Maid.

Bacha. Who is it? [the door,
Maid. Forsooth, there's a gallant coach at And the brave old man in't, that you said was the duke.
Bacha. Cupid, grant he may be taken!
Maid. He's coming up, and looks the swaggering'st, And has such glorious cloaths!
Bacha. Let all the house seem sad[24], and see all handsome!

[23] *This twenty years* then,] Former editions. *Seward.*
[24] *Let all the house* see me *sad.*] Both the sense and measure confirm a very just emendation of Mr. Theobald's here; *seem* for *see me.* Mr. Sympson has since sent me the same correction. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Leontius and Timantus.

Leon. Nay, widow, fly not back; we come not now
To chide; stand up, and bid me welcome.
Bacha. To a poor widow's house, that knows no end [come.
Of her ill fortune, your highness is most wel-
Leon. Come, kiss me then! this is but manners, widow:
Ne'er fling your head aside! I have more cause
Of grief than you; my daughter's dead: but what? [brought to th' door?
'Tis nothing.—Is the rough French horse
They say he's a high goer; I shall soon try
His mettle.
Tim. He will be, sir, and the grey
Barbary; they're fiery both.
Leon. They are the better:
Before the gods, I'm lightsome, very lightsome!
How dost thou like me, widow?
Bacha. As a person
In whom all graces are.
Leon. Come, come, you flatter! [not
I'll clap your cheek for that; and you shall
Be angry. Hast no music? Now could I cut
Three times with ease, and do a cross point,
Shame all your gallants! [should
Bacha. I do believe you;—and yourself too: [him!
Lord, what a fine old zany my love has made
He's mine, I'm sure: Heaven make me thankful for him! [pretty sweetheart?
Leon. Tell me how old thou art, my
Tim. Your grace will not buy her? she may trip, sir! [am
Bacha. My sorrow shews me elder than I
By many years.
Leon. Thou art so witty, I
Must kiss again.
Tim. Indeed her age lies not
In her mouth; ne'er look it there, sir: she has
A better register, if it be not burnt. [tus!
Leon. I will kiss thee:—I am afire, Timan-
Tim. Can you chuse, sir, having such
Before you? [heav'nly fire
Leon. Widow, guess why I come; I prithee do. [to make
Bacha. I cannot, sir, unless you be pleas'd
A mirth out of my rudeness; and that I hope
Your pity will not let you, the subject is
So barren. Bite, king, bite! I'll let you play a-while. [thee truly.
Leon. Now, as I'm an honest man, I'll tell
How many foot did I jump yesterday,
Timantus?
Tim. Fourteen of your own, and some
Three fingers.
Bacha. This fellow lies as lightly,
As if he were in cut taffata:
Alas, good almanack, get thee to bed, [row!
And tell what weather we shall have to-mor-
Leon. Widow, I'm come, in short, to be a
Bacha. For whom? [suitor.
Leon. Why, by my troth, I come to wooe thee, wench,
And win thee, for myself: nay, look upon me!
I have about me that will do it. [whore[25]?
Bacha. Now Heaven defend me! Your
You shall never—I thank the gods, I have
A little left me to keep me warm and honest:
If your grace take not that, I seek no more.
Leon. I am so far from taking any thing,
I'll add unto thee.
Bacha. Such additions may
Be for your ease, sir, not my honesty;
I'm well in being single; good sir, seek ano-
I am no meat for money. [ther;
Leon. Shall I fight for thee? [claim
This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay
But to a finger of thee, but to a look;
I would see such a fellow!
Bacha. It would be
But a cold sight to you! This is the father of
St. George a-footback: can such dry mummy talk? [like Æneas.
Tim. Before the gods, your grace looks
Bacha. He looks like his old father upon
Crying to get aboard. [his back,
Leon. How shall I win thy love? I pray thee tell me.
I'll marry thee, if thou desirest that:
That is an honest course (I'm in good earnest),
And presently within this hour (I am mad for thee):
Prithee deny me not; for as I live
I'll pine for thee, but I'll have thee!
Bacha. Now he is in the toil, I'll hold him fast. [queen:
Tim. You do not know what 'tis to be a
Go to[26]; you're made! What the old man falls short of, [to call on 'em.
There's others can eek out, when you please
Bacha. I understand you not.—Love, I adore thee!—
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks,
For so much honouring your humble handmaid

[25] *Your whore shall never.*] The sense and measure being both defective, I have put in the natural words that supply both. *Seward.*

Seward reads, *Your whore I shall be never.*—The quarto of 1635 says, *Your whore* you *shall never;* which words, with the help of a point of *interrogation*, and marking it as a broken sentence, make much the best reading.

[26] *Go too* you mayd, *what*, &c.] The editors of 1750 read, *Go to*, you're mad, ELSE *what*, &c. which Seward believes 'will be assented to by every reader.' As the word *else* is not in the copy of 1635, we suppose it interpolated; and *maya* surely is only an orthographical error. So, in the Winter's Tale,

'——— You're a *made* old man.' *R.*

Above

Above her birth, far more her weak deservings.
I dare not trust the envious tongues of all
That must repine at my unworthy rising;
Beside, you've many fair ones in your kingdom,
Born to such worth: oh, turn yourself about,
And make a noble choice! [thee,
Leon. If I do, let me famish! I will have
Or break up house, and board here.
Bacha. Sir, you may
Command an unwilling woman to obey you:
But Heaven knows—
Leon. No more! these half-a-dozen kisses
And this jewel, and every thing I have,
And away with me, and clap it up; and have
A boy by morning!—Timantus, let one be
sent
Post for my son again; and for Ismenus!
They are scarce twenty miles on their way
By that time, we'll be married. [yet:
Tim. There shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.

Nisus. IS not this a fine marriage?
Age. Yes, yes; let it alone.
Dor. Ay, ay, the king may marry whom
Let's talk of other matters. [he list.
Nisus. Is the prince
Coming home certainly?
Dor. Yes, yes; he was [we'll see
Sent post for yesterday: let's make haste!
How his new mother-in-law will entertain
him. [not mark
Nisus. Why, well, I warrant you: did you
How humbly she carried herself to us on
Her marriage-day, acknowledging her own
Unworthiness, and that she would be our
Dor. But mark what's done! [servant?
Nisus. Regard not show!
Age. Oh, God!
I knew her when I have been offer'd her
To be brought to my bed for five pounds;
whether [not.
It could have been perform'd or no, I know
Nisus. Her daughter is a pretty lady.
Dor. Yes;
And having had but mean bringing up,
It talks the prettiliest and innocentliest!
The queen will be so angry to hear her betray
Her breeding by her language! But I'm per-
She's well dispos'd. [suaded
Age. I think better than her mother.
Nisus. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.

Ism. How now, man? struck dead with a
Leuc. No, [tale?
But with a truth. [blows,
Ism. Stand of yourself: can you endure
And shrink at words?
Leuc. Thou know'st I've told thee all.
Ism. But that's all nothing to make you
Is dead. [thus; your sister
Leuc. That's much; but not the most.
Ism. Why, for the other,
Let her marry and hang; it is no purpos'd
fault
Of yours! and if your father will needs have
Your cast whore, you shall shew the duty of
A child better in being contented, and
Bidding much good do his good old heart
with her,
Than in repining thus at it: let her go! what!
There are more wenches, man; we'll have
another. [do not love her.
Leuc. Oh, thou art vain; thou know'st I
What shall I do? I would my tongue had led
To any other thing, but blasphemy, [me
So I had miss'd commending of this woman,
Whom I must reverence, now she is my mo-
ther!
My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill:
And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me,
And do not lie! If any man should ask thee
But *How thou dost*, or *What o'clock 'tis now*,
Be sure thou do not lie! Make no excuse
For him that is most near thee! never let
The most officious falshood[27] 'scape thy
tongue!
For they above (that are entirely truth) [lies,
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of
Yield miseries a thousand-fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your highness is welcome home!
the king
And queen will presently come forth to you.
Leuc. I'll wait on them.
Tim. Worthy Ismenus, I pray you,
How have you sped in your wars?
Ism. This rogue mocks me!—
Well, Timantus. Pray how have you sped here
At home at shuffleboard?
Tim. Faith, reasonable! [summer
How many towns have you taken in this
Ism. How many stags have you been at
the death of, this grass? [settled
Tim. A number. Pray how is the province

[27] Officious *falshood.*] *Officious* seems here to relate to *duty, office.* It is similarly used by the same speaker in p. 364.

Ism. Prithee how does the dun nag?
Tim. I think you mock me,
My lord.
Ism. Mock thee? Yes, by my troth do I;
Why, what wouldst thou have me do with thee?
Art good for any thing else?

Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, and Telamon.

Leuc. My good Ismenus, hold me by the wrist!
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,
For I shall swoon again else! [*Kneels.*
Leon. Welcome, my son! Rise. I did send for thee [counsel,
Back from the province, by thy mother's
Thy good mother here, who loves thee well:
She would not let me venture all my joy
Amongst my enemies. I thank thee for her,
And none but thee: I took her on thy word.
Leuc. Pinch harder! [have now
Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome. I
Some near affairs, but I will drink a health
To thee anon. Come, Telamon! I'm grown
Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married;
Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone,
And never stagger. [*Exeunt Leon. and Tel.*
Bacha. Welcome, most noble sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you!—Out, alas! you scorn me,
And teach me what to do.
Leuc. No, you are
My mother.
Bacha. Far unworthy of that name, [lords,
God knows! But trust me, here before these
I am no more but nurse unto the duke;
Nor will I breed a faction in the state:
It is too much for me that I am rais'd
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant
Of you that did it.
Leuc. Madam, I will serve you [man!
As shall become me.—Oh, dissembling wo-
Whom I must reverence tho'. Take from thy quiver,
Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beams,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may find it!
Bacha. Shall I beg, my lords,
This room in private for the prince and me?
[*Exeunt all but Leucippus and Bacha.*
Leuc. What will she say now?
Bacha. I must still enjoy him:
Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,
That wishes he would move it; but he stands
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth.—
Sir, you and I, when we were last together,
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.
Leuc. Madam, 'tis true;
Heav'n pardon it!
Bacha. Amen! Sir, you may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.
Leuc. It is past now.

Bacha. But 'twas no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The king; nor laid I any train to catch him,
'Twas your own oaths that did it.
Leuc. 'Tis a truth, [Heav'n,
That takes my sleep away! But 'would to
If it had so been pleas'd, you had refus'd him,
Tho' I had gratified that courtesy
With having you myself! But since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth; and not abuse his credu-
lous age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,
What I can say, you know, alas, too well,
Is tied within me; here it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other; it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death: but I will bear my-
self,
To you, with all the due obedience
A son owes to a mother: more than this
Is not in me; but I must leave the rest
To the just gods, who, in their blessed time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to ease my grief,
As they did now to bring it.
Bacha. 'Grown so godly?
This must not be. And I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought;
And for my honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.
Leuc. Bless me! I should urge you?
Bacha. Nay, but swear then that I may be at peace!
For I do feel a weakness in myself,
That can deny you nothing: if you tempt me,
I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.
Leuc. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an oath;
But for your satisfaction, When I tempt you—
Bacha. Swear not.—I cannot move him.
—This sad talk,
Of things past help, does not become us well:
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll [dance?
Leuc. Dance, madam?
Bacha. Yes, a *lavalta*.
Leuc. I cannot dance, madam.
Bacha. Then let's be merry!
Leuc. I am as my fortunes bid me;
Do not you see me sowr?
Bacha. Yes.
And why, think you, I smile?
Leuc. I am so far
From any joy myself, I cannot fancy
A cause of mirth.
Bacha. I'll tell you; we're alone.
Leuc. Alone?
Bacha. Yes.
Leuc. 'Tis true; what then?
Bacha. What then? you make my smiling now

Break into laughter! What think you is
To be done then?
Leuc. We should pray to Heaven
For mercy.
Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeed
To pass the time! But I will make you blush,
To see a bashful woman teach a man
What we should do alone; try again
If you can find it out.
Leuc. I dare not think
I understand you!
Bacha. I must teach you, then:
Come, kiss me.
Leuc. Kiss you?
Bacha. Yes; be not asham'd!
You did it not yourself; I will forgive you.
Leuc. Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my mother! haste within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, 'till no repentance
Will cure me.
Bacha. Leave these melancholy moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times!
Leuc. Pray leave this wicked talk:
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.
Bacha. I am careless, and do weigh,
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy love: mistake me not;
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within itself: what say you?
Leuc. Nothing.
Bacha. Pity me! behold a duchess
Kneels for thy mercy; and I swear to you,
Tho' I should lie with you, it is no lust;
For it desires no change: I could with you
Content myself. What answer will you give?
Leuc. They that can answer, must be less amaz'd
Than I am now! You see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.
Bacha. Shall I be contemn'd?
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.
Leuc. 'Tis your will, Heav'n;
But let me bear me like myself, however
She does! [you went hence?
Bacha. Were you made an eunuch, since
Yet they have more desire than I can find
In you. How fond was I to beg thy love!
I'll force thee to my will: dost thou not know
That I can make the king dote at my list?
Yield quickly, or by Heav'n I'll have thee kept
In prison for my purpose! [thee
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have
Fed with such meats as best shall fit my ends,
And not thy health.—Why dost not speak to me?—
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown
Less able to perform, then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten!—Are you stricken dumb?
Leuc. All you have nam'd, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that,
Say what you will: I'll hear you as becomes me,
If you speak; I will not follow your counsel,
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,
But give you the just honour that is due
From me to my father's wife.
Bacha. Lord, how full
Of wise formality are you grown of late!—
But you were telling me you could have wish'd
That I had married you: if you will swear
I'll make away the king. [so yet,
Leuc. You are a strumpet—
Bacha. Nay, I care not
For all your railings; they will batter walls
And take in towns, as soon as trouble me:
Tell him! I care not; I shall undo you only,
Which is no matter.
Leuc. I appeal to you
Still, and for ever, that are and cannot
Be other!—Madam, I see 'tis in your power
To work your will on him; and I desire you
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace: alas, he never did you wrong.
And further, I beseech you pardon me
For the ill word I gave you; for however
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so; but passion urges me
I know not whither. My heart, break now,
And ease me ever!
Bacha. Pray you, get you hence
Wi' your goodly humour! I am weary of you
Extremely.
Leuc. Trust me, so am I of myself too:
Madam, I'll take my leave. Gods set all right! [*Exit.*
Bacha. Amen! Sir, get you gone!—
Am I denied? It does not trouble me
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:
I've lost my patience! I will make him know
Lust is not love; for lust will find a mate
While there are men, and so will I, and more

Enter Timantus.

Than one, or twenty!—Yonder is Timantus,
A fellow void of any worth to raise himself,
And therefore like to catch at any evil
That will but pluck him up; him will I make
Mine own.—Timantus!
Tim. Madam?
Bacha. Thou know'st well [raising;
Thou wert, by chance, a means of this my
Brought the duke to me; and, tho' 'twere but
I must reward thee. [chance,
Tim. I shall bend my service
Unto your highness. [thing;
Bacha. But do it then entirely, and in every
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing
Thou wouldst not do for me
Tim. No, by my soul, madam,

Bacha.

Bacha. Then thou art right.
Go to my lodging, and I'll follow thee.
[*Exit Tim.*
With my instruction, I do see already,
This prince, that did but now contemn me, dead!
Yet will I never speak an evil word
Unto his father o: him, 'till I have
Won a belief I love him; but I'll make
His virtues his undoing, and my praises
Shall be so many swords against his breast:
Which once perform'd, I'll make Urania,
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my issue
In this large throne; nor shall it be withstood:
They that begin in lust, must end in blood!
[*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, gentlemen. [age
Nisus. And a fine duke, that thro' his doting
Suffers himself to be a child again,
Under his wife's tuition.
Age. All the land
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's service:
Sure we shall learn to spin!
Dor. No, that's too honest;
We shall have other liberal sciences
Taught us too soon: lying and flattering,
Those are the studies now! and murder shortly
I know will be humanity. Gentlemen,
If we live here, we must be knaves, believe it.
Nisus. I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus; tho' my [knaves,
Own nature hate it, if all determine to be
I'll try what I can do upon myself, that's certain: [ness;
I will not have my throat cut for my good-
The virtue will not quit the pain.
Age. But pray you tell me, [rienc'd,
Why is the prince, now ripe and full expe-
Not made a doer in the state[28]?
Nisus. Because he's honest.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Goodness attend your honours!
Dor. You must not be amongst us then.
Tim. The duchess,
Whose humble servant I am proud to be,
Would speak with you.
Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wait;
When is it?
Tim. An hour hence, my good lords:
And so I leave my service. [*Exit.*
Dor. This is one [withal:
Of her ferrets, that she boults business out
This fellow, if he were well ript, has all
The linings of a knave within him: how sly he looks!
Nisus. Have we nothing about our cloaths
May catch at? [that he
Age. O' my conscience, there is
No treason in my doublet! if there be,
My elbows will discover it, they're out.
Dor. Faith,
And all the harm that I can find in mine
Is, that they are not paid for; let him
Make what he can of that, so he discharge it.
Come, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha, Leontius, and Telamon.

Bacha. And you shall find, sir, what
A blessing Heaven gave you in such a son.
Leon. Pray gods I may! Let's walk, and change our subject. [to you,
Bacha. Oh, sir, can any thing come sweeter
Or strike a deeper joy into your heart,
Than your son's virtue?
Leon. I allow his virtues;
But 'tis not handsome thus to feed myself
With such immoderate praises of mine own.
Bacha. The subject of our commendations
Is itself grown so infinite in goodness,
That all the glory we can lay upon it,
Tho' we should open volumes of his praises,
Is a mere modesty in his expression, [piece
And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought
Wanting proportion.
Leon. Yet still he's a man, and subject still
To more inordinate vices than our love
Can give him blessings.
Bacha. Else he were a god;
Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heav'n,
That we may see, so far as flesh can point us,
Things only worthy of them; and only these
In all his actions.
Leon. This is too much, my queen!
Bacha. Had the gods lov'd me, that my unworthy womb
Had bred this brave man—
Leon. Still you run wrong! [of him,
Bacha. I would have liv'd upon the comfort
Fed on his growing hopes!
Leon. This touches me! [his virtues.
Bacha. I know no friends, nor being, but
Leon. You've laid out words enough upon a subject.
Bacha. But words cannot express him, sir.
Why, what a shape
Heav'n has conceiv'd him in! oh, Nature made him up—
Leon. I wonder, duchess—
Bacha. So you must; for less
Than admiration loses this godlike man.
Leon. Have you done with him?
Bacha. Done with him? Oh, good gods,
What qualities thus pass by us without reverence[29]!
Leon. I see no such perfection.

[28] *Not made a* doer *in the state?*] Corrected in 1750.

[29] *What* frailties *thus pass by us without reverence?*] *Frailties*, Seward justly observes, is 'the very reverse of the idea required by the context:' he substitutes *virtues* for that word, but we have adopted Sympson's reading, *qualities*, which is much the best,

Bacha. Oh, dear sir, you're a father, and those joys [tongue.
To you, speak in your heart, not in your
Leon. This leaves a taste behind it worse than physic. [good fortune,
Bacha. Then for his wisdom, valour, and
And all those friends of honour[30], they're in him
As free and natural, as passions in
A woman. [years,
Leon. You make me blush, for all these
To see how blindly you have flung your praises
Upon a boy, a very child; and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these honours.
Bacha. I would not have my love, sir, make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman, as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,
Or general allowance of the people.
Leon. Allowance of the people? what allow they? [must do it,
Bacha. All I have said for truth; and they
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.
Leon. How's that? [wardness
Bacha. For in his youth[31] and noble for-
All things are bound together that are kingly;
A fitness to bear rule—
Leon. No more!
Bacha. And sove reignty,
Not made to know command.
Leon. I've said, no more!
Bacha. I've done, sir, tho' unwilling; and pardon me!
Leon. I do; not a word more!
Bacha. I've given thee poison
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,
Or the gross air o'er-heated.

Enter Timantus.

Leon. Timantus, when
Saw you the prince?
Tim. I left him now, sir.
Leon. Tell me truly,
Out of your free opinion, without courting,
How you like him?
Tim. How I like him?
Leon. Yes;
For you in conversation may see more
Than a father.
Bacha. It works.
Tim. Your grace has chosen out an ill observer. [rightly.
Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill; you talk
Tim. But you take me wrong! All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: he is the storehouse
And head of virtue, your great self excepted,
That feeds the kingdom.
Leon. These are flatteries!
Speak me his vices: there you do a service
Worthy a father's thanks.
Tim. Sir, I cannot.
If there be any, sure they are the times',
Which I could wish less dangerous. But pardon me,
I am too bold.
Leon. You are not; forward,
And open what these dangers are!
Tim. Nay, good sir! [all!
Leon. Nay, fall not off again; I will have
Tim. Alas, sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or ears so subtle to observe
Faults in a state? all my main business
Is service to your grace, and necessaries
For my poor life.
Leon. Do not displease me, sirrah!
But that you know tell me, and presently.
Tim. Since your grace will have it,
I'll speak it freely: always my obedience
And love preserv'd unto the prince.
Leon. Prithee to the matter!
Tim. For, sir, if you consider
How like a sun in all his great employments,
How full of heat—
Leon. Make me understand what I desire!
Tim. And then at his return—
Leon. Do not anger me!
Tim. Then thus, sir: all mislike you,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell
Leon. What? ['with em.
Tim. Talk and prate, as their ignorant rages
Lead 'em, without allegiance or religion.
For Heav'n's sake, have a care of your own person!
I cannot tell; their wickedness may lead
Further than I dare think yet.
Leon. Oh, base people!
Tim. Yet the prince, for whom this is pretended, may [ever watchful;
Persuade 'em, and no doubt will: virtue's
But be you still secur'd and comforted!
Leon. Heav'n! how have I offended, that this rod,
So heavy and unnatural, should fall upon me
When I am old and helpless?
Tim. Brave gentleman[32]!
That such a madding love should follow thee,
To rob thee of a father! All the court
Is full of dangerous whispers.
Leon. I perceive it;
And, 'spite of all their strengths, will make my safety!

[30] Bacha. *Then for* all *his wisdom, valour,*
Good fortune, and all those friends of honour,
They are in him as free and natural, as passions
In a woman.] The measure here was quite lost, and the sense hurt, by inserting the *all* from the second line into the first. *Seward.*

[31] *For in* this *youth.*] Varied by Seward.

[32] *Brave gentleman!*] Seward reads, Poor *brave gentleman!*

I'll

I'll cut him shorter—I'll cut him shorter first,
Then let him rule.

Bacha. What a foul age is this, [tuous?
When virtue's made a sword to smite the vir-
Alas, alas!

Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.

Tim. By no means, sir; rather make more your love,
And hold your favour to him: for 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts
(As I must ne'er believe) run with their rages
(He ever was so innocent[33]). But what reason
His grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are near your person,
I cannot yet find out; I know my duty
Has ever been attending.

Leon. 'Tis too plain [him.
He means to play the villain; I'll prevent
Not a word more of this; be private!
[*Exit.*

Tim. Madam, 'tis done.

Bacha. He can't escape me. Have you spoken with the noblemen?

Tim. Yes, madam; they are here. I wait a further service.

Bacha. 'Till you see the prince[34], you need no more instructions.

Tim. No; I have it! [*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, and Agenor.

Bacha. That fool that willingly provokes a woman,
Has made himself another evil angel,
And a new hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime.—Now, my noble lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We've broke your private business.

Age. Your good grace
May command us, and that—

Bacha. Faith, my lord Agenor,
It is so good a cause, I'm confident
You cannot lose by it.

Dor. Which way does she fish now?
The devil's but a fool to a right woman.

Nisus. Madam, we must needs win in doing service
To such a gracious lady.

Bacha. I thank you, and will let you know the business,
So I may have your helps: never be doubtful,
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seem so honourable,
That I assure myself your willing hearts
Will straight be for me in it.

Age. If she should prove good now, what were it like? [man;

Dor. Thunder in January, or a good wo-
That's stranger than all the monsters in Africk.

Bacha. It shall not need your wonder; this it is:
The duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend
A kingdom's safety: therefore to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing estate
As this has been, and to put off
The murmur of the people, that encrease
Against my government, which the gods know
I only feel the trouble of, I present
The prince unto your loves, a gentleman
In whom all excellencies are knit together,
All pieces of a true man: let your prayers
Win from the duke half his vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confess, tho' it be from a father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern!
'Tis not my own desire, but all the land's!
I know the weakness of it.

Nisus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your loves: we'll to the king;
And since your grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can. [fore,

Dor. I was never cozen'd in a woman be-
For commonly they are like apples:
If once they bruise, they will grow rotten thro', [ings.
And serve for nothing but to asswage swell-

Bacha. Good lords,
Delay no time, since it is your good pleasures
To think my counsel good! and by no means
Let the prince know it, whose affections
Will stir mainly against it; besides, his father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appear not in it.
Go, and be happy!

Dor. Well, I'd not be chronicled
As thou'lt be for a good woman, for all the world. [inspir'd,

Nisus. Madam, we kiss your hand; and so
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers[35]. [*Exeunt.*

[33] *He* ne'er *was so innocent.*] Corrected by Seward.

[34] 'Till yet be *the prince.*] For want of consulting the quarto of 1635 (which exhibits the lection in our text) Seward and Sympson were much puzzled about this passage: the former prints, STILL BESET *the prince;* and the latter proposes, STILL LET IT BE *the prince.*—Through inattention to that copy (which is infinitely the best, and which it is certain they were possessed of) they have made many unnecessary variations, which we forbear to particularise.

[35] *Madam, we kiss your hand, and so* inspire.
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.] The omission of a letter and the insertion of a false point, which turn part of these lines into nonsense, has past through all the editions. Mr. Sympson has sent me the same correction. *Seward.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.

Leuc. THUS she has us'd me: is't not a good mother?
Ism. Why kill'd you her not?
Leuc. The gods forbid it!
Ism. 'Slight,
If all the women in the world were barren,
Sh'had died!
Leuc. But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.
Ism. Then have I none at all; for all I've in me
Directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.
Leuc. Why?
Ism. Nay, it is well if he know himself:
But some of the nobility have deliver'd
A petition to him; what is in't
I know not; but it has put him t'his trumps:
He has taken a month's time to answer it,
And chafes like himself.

Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Telamon.

Leuc. He's here, Ismenus.
Leon. Set me down, Telamon!—Leucippus!
Leuc. Sir. [swear
Bacha. Nay, good sir, be at peace! I dare
He knew not of it.
Leon. You are foolish; peace!
Bacha. All will go ill! Deny it boldly, sir;
Trust me, he cannot prove it by you.
Leuc. What? [facing it.
Bacha. You'll make all worse too with your
Leuc. What is the matter?
Leon. Know'st thou that petition?
Look on it well! Wouldst thou be join'd with me?
Unnatural child! to be weary o'me, ere fate
Esteem me fit for other worlds!
Bacha. May be
He knows not of it.
Leuc. Oh, strange carriages!
Sir, as I've hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my usages,
Which have been—but it is no matter what—
Have put me so far from the thought of greatness,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this;
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves
I fear abus'd. I'm weary of my life;
For God's sake, take it from me! it creates
More mischief in the state than it is worth.
The usage I have had, I know, would make
Wisdom herself run frantic thro' the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow. Sir,
This sword—
Bacha. Alas! help, for the love of Heav'n!
Make way thro' me first; for he is your father!
Leon. What, would he kill me?
Bacha. No, sir, no.
Leon. Thou always mak'st the best on't; but I fear—
Leuc. Why do you use me thus? Who is't can think
That I would kill my father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you —Here, sir, is my sword;
I dare not touch it, lest she say again
I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant!—Let these faults
Be mended, madam! if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.
Bacha. I told the duke as much before.
Leuc. What? what did you tell him?
Bacha. That it was only an ambition
Nurs'd in you by your youth, provok'd you
Which age would take away. [thus,
Leon. It was his own doing then?—Come
Bacha. No, indeed, sir. [hither, love!
Leuc. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had us'd a friend of mine near this,
My hand had carried death about it.
Leon. Lead me hence, Telamon! [this.
Come, my dear Bacha! I shall find time for
Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before [you),
The king; but you know well (if not, I'll tell
You're the most wicked, and most murderous
That ever was call'd woman! [strumpet,
Bacha. My lord,
What I can do for him, he shall command me.
Leon. I know thou art too kind: away, I say! [*Exeunt Leon. Bacha, Tim. and Tel.*
Ism. Sir, I am sure we dream! this cannot be.
Leuc. Oh, that we did! My wickedness has brought
All this to pass, else I should bear myself.
[*Urania passes over the stage.*
Ism. Look! do you see who's there? your virtuous mother's issue:
Kill her yet! take some little pidling revenge.
Leuc. Away! the whole court calls her virtuous; for they say,
She is unlike her mother; and if so,
She can have no vice.
Ism. I'll trust none of 'em
That come of such a breed.
Leuc. But I have found
A kind of love in her to me. Alas!
Think of her death? I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad mother's full. She was brought up
I' th' country, as her tongue will let you know,

Enter

Enter Urania.

If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle,
Such as her mother had.
Ism. She's come again. [quis,
Ura. I would fen speak to the good mar-
My brother, if I but thought he could abaid
Leuc. Sister, how do you? [me.
Ura. Very well, I thank you.
Ism. How does your good mother?
Leuc. Fy, fy, Ismenus! [this?
For shame! mock such an innocent soul as
Ura. Feth, a she be no good, God may her so! [dear sister!
Leuc. I know you wish it with your heart,
But she is good, I hope.
Ism. Are you so simple,
To make so much of this? Do you not know,
That all her wicked mother labours for [her
Is but to raise her to your right, and leave
This dukedom?
Ura. Ay; but ne'er, sir, be afred;
For tho' she take th' ungainest weas she can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.
Leuc. I should hate myself, Ismenus,
If I should think of her simplicity
Aught but extremely well.
Ism. Nay, as you will!
Ura. And tho' she be my mother,
If she take any caurse to do you wrang,
If I can see't, you'st quickly hear on't, sir:
And so I'll take my leave.
Leuc. Farewell, good sister!
I thank you. [*Exit Urania.*
Ism. You believe all this?
Leuc. Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Ism. A good faith doth well; but, methinks,
It were no hard matter now for her mother to send her.
Yonder's one you may trust if you will, too.
Leuc. So I will, if he can shew me as apparent signs
Of truth as she did. Does he weep, Ismenus?
Ism. Yes, I think so; some good's happen'd I warrant.
Do you hear, you? What honest man has scap'd misery,
That thou art crying thus?
Tim. Noble Ismenus,
Where is the prince?
Ism. Why, there: hast wept thine eyes out?
Tim. Sir, I beseech you hear me.
Leuc. Well, speak on.
Ism. Why, will you hear him?
Leuc. Yes, Ismenus; why?
Ism. I would hear blasphemy as willingly.
Leuc. You are to blame.
Tim. No, sir, he's not to blame,
If I were as I was.
Ism. Nor as thou art,
I'faith, awhit to blame.
Leuc. What is your business? [fore you;
Tim. Faith, sir, I am asham'd to speak be-
My conscience tells me I have injur'd you,
And, by the earnest instigation
Of others, have not done you to the king
Always the best and friendliest offices:
Which pardon me, or I will never speak!
Ism. Never pardon him, and silence a
Leuc. I pardon thee. [knave!
Tim. Your mother sure is naught.
Leuc. Why shouldst thou think so?
Tim. Oh, noble sir, your honest eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to: shame upon her,
And what fell miseries the gods can think on,
Show'r down upon her wicked head! She has plotted, [life,
I know too well, your death: 'would my poor
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd
Like sacrifices up for your preserving; [her!
What free oblations would she have to glut
But she is merciless, and bent to ruin,
If Heav'n and good men step not to your rescue,
And timely, very timely. Oh, this dukedom!
I weep, I weep for the poor orphans in
This country, left without or friends or parents[36]. [this fellow?
Leuc. Now, Ismenus, what think you of
This was a lying knave, a flatterer!
Does not this love still shew him so? [yet
Ism. This love? this halter! If he prove not
The cunning'st, rankest rogue that ever canted,
I'll ne'er see man again[37]! I know him to bring[38],
And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes.
Look

[36] *I weep, I weep for the poor orphans i' th' country*

Left with but *friends* or *parents*.] The villany of *Timantus* will not allow him to talk absurdly; his art imposes on the prince, and he should therefore at least speak sense. And indeed how easy was the mistake of *without* to *with but?* This being made, the repetition of the *or* was absurd, and being left out, the measure was spoilt, and consequently believed to be no measure at all. This process of the corruption seems natural, and therefore I hope I have only restored the original. Mr. Sympson joins in correcting *with but* to *without*.

Seward.

Quarto 1635 reads, *Left with but friends,* NOT *parents.*

[37] *I'll ne'er see man again.*] Seward calls this 'absurd,' and substitutes *seem* for *see*: we think the expression easy and natural.

[38] ——— *I know him to* bring,

And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes.] Unless a whole line be left out after *bring*, or the first part be made an imperfect sentence, which would be very improper here, this seems

Look how he wrings, like a good stool, for a
Take heed; [tear!
Children and fools first feel the smart, then
weep. [trust
Leuc. Away, away! such an unkind dis-
Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,
And sooner leads to mischief: I believe it,
And him an honest man; he could not carry,
Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.
Ism. Take heed! this is your mother's
scorpion, [soul
That carries stings ev'n in his tears, whose
Is a rank poison thorough: touch not at him;
If you do, you're gone, if you'd twenty lives.
I knew him for a roguish boy, [toads;
When he would poison dogs, and keep tame
He lay with his mother, and infected her,
And now she begs i' th' hospital, with a patch
Of velvet where her nose stood, like the
queen of spades,
And all her teeth in her purse. The devil and
This fellow are so near, 'tis not yet known
Which is the ev'ler angel. [hither, friend!
Leuc. Nay, then I see 'tis spite. Come
Hast thou not heard the cause yet that in-
cens'd
My mother to my death? for I protest
I feel none in myself. [think,
Tim. Her will, sir, and ambition, as I
Are the provokers of it, as in women
Those two are ever powerful to destruction;
Beside a hate of your still-growing virtues,
She being only wicked.
Leuc. Heav'ns defend me,
As I am innocent, and ever have been,
From all immoderate thoughts and actions,
That carry such rewards along with 'em!
Tim. Sir, all I know my duty must reveal;
My country and my love command it from me,
For whom I'll lay my life down: this night
coming,
A counsel is appointed by the duke,
To sit about your apprehension: [things,
If you dare trust my faith (which, by all good
Shall ever watch about you!) go along,
And to a place I'll guide you, where no word
Shall scape without your hearing, nor no plot,
Without discovering to you; which once
known,
You have your answers and prevention.
Ism. You're not so mad to go? shift off
this fellow! [bane!
You shall be rul'd once by a wise man. Rats-
Get you gone, or—
Leuc. Peace, peace for shame! thy love
is too suspicious;
'Tis a way offer'd to preserve my life,
And I will take it. Be my guide, Timantus,
And do not mind this angry man! thou
I may live to requite thee. [know'st him.
Tim. Sir, this service
Is done for virtue's sake, not for reward,
However he may hold me. [that curse
Ism. The great pox on you! but thou hast
So much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly.
Sir, for wisdom's sake, court not your death!
I am [both;
Your friend and subject, and I shall lose in
If I lov'd you not, I would laugh at you, and
see you [woodcock!
Run your neck into the noose, and cry, a
Leuc. So much of man, and so much fear-
ful? fy!
Prithee have peace within thee! I shall live yet
Many a golden day to hold thee here,
Dearest and nearest to me. Go on, Ti-
mantus!
I charge you by your love, no more, no
more! [*Exeunt Leuc. and Tim.*
Ism. Go, and let your own rod whip you!
I pity you;
And, dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't:
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper than a tedious winter,
'Till thou blasphem'st; and then thou diest
and damn'st. [*Exit.*

Enter Leontius and Telamon.

Leon. I wonder the duchess comes not.
Tel. She has heard, sir, your will is to
speak with her:
But there is something leaden at her heart,
(Pray God it be not mortal!) that ev'n keeps
her
From conversation with herself.

Enter Bacha.

Bacha. Oh, whither
Will you, my cross affections, pull me? For-
tune, fate,
And you whose powers direct our actions,
And dwell within us, you that are angels
Guiding to virtue, wherefore have you given
So strong a hand to evil? wherefore suffer'd
A temple of your own, you deities,
Where your fair selves dwelt only, and your
Thus to be soil'd with sin? [goodness,
Leon. Heav'n bless us all! [my fair one!
From whence comes this distemper? Speak,
Bacha. And have you none, Love and
Obedience,
You ever faithful servants, to employ
In this strange story of impiety,
But me? a mother? Must I be your trumpet[39],
To lay black treason open[40]? and in him
In whom all sweetness was; in whom my love

seems quite unintelligible. I read,—*I know him* to b'a rogue, which is much nearer the trace of the letters than it seems in the pronunciation; *ring* and *rogue* having two of the same letters, and a third, *u* and *n*, extremely like each other. *Seward.*

[39] *Must I be your* strumpet?] Was she frightened at the idea of being a ***strumpet*** to love and obedience? Surely *trumpet* is the true reading.

[40] *To lay black treason* upon.] Corrected in 1750.

Was

Was proud to have a being; in whom justice,
And all the gods, for our imaginations[41],
Can work into a man, were more than virtues?
Ambition, down to hell, where thou wert [whitest,
foster'd!
Th'hast poison'd the best soul, the purest,
And meerest innocence itself[42], that ever [open
Man's greedy hopes gave life to.
Leon. This is still stranger! lay this treason
To my correction.
Bacha. Oh, what a combat duty and affection
Breed in my blood!
Leon. If thou conceal'st him, may,
Beside my death, the curses of the country,
Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,
Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave!
Bacha. My being, for another tongue to
tell it!
Oh, ease a mother, some good man that dares
Speak for his king and country[43]! I am full
Of too much woman's pity: yet, oh, Heav'n,
Since it concerns the safety of my sovereign,
Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a mother's name in question
'Mongst unborn people, to give up that man
To law and justice, that unrighteously
Has sought his father's death! Be deaf, be
deaf, sir!
Your son is the offender: now have you all;
'Would I might never speak again!
Leon. My son?
Heav'n help me! No more! I thought it;
And since his life is grown so dangerous,
Let them that gave him, take him! he shall
And with him all my fears. [die,
Bacha. Oh, use your mercy!
You've a brave subject to bestow it on.
I will forgive him, sir; and for his wrong
To me, I'll be before you.
Leon. Durst his villainy
Extend to thee?
Bacha. Nothing but heats of youth, sir.
Leon. Upon my life he sought my bed.
Bacha. I must confess he lov'd me
Somewhat beyond a son; and still pursu'd it
With such a lust, I will not say ambition,
That clean forgetting all obedience,
And only following his first heat unto me,
He hotly sought your death, and me in mar-
Leon. Oh, villain! [riage.
Bacha. But I forget all; and am half asham'd
To press a man so far.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Where is the duke?
For God's sake, bring me to him!
Leon. Here I am. [frights forth!
Each corner of the dukedom sends new af-
What wouldst thou? Speak!
Tim. I cannot, sir; my fear
Ties up my tongue.
Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take
Thy courage to thee, and boldly speak!
Where are
The guard? In the gods' name, out with it!
Tim. Treason, treason!
Leon. In whom?
Bacha. Double the guard!
Tim. There is a fellow, sir—
Leon. Leave shaking, man!
Tim. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.
Leon. Well?
Tim. There is a fellow, sir,
Close in the lobby: you o' the guard,
Look to the door there!
Leon. But let me know the business.
Tim. Oh, that the hearts of men should be
so harden'd
Against so good a duke! for God's sake, sir,
Seek means to save yourself: this wretched
slave
Has his sword in his hand; I know his heart:
Oh, it hath almost kill'd me with the thought
of it!
Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard.

Tim. I'th'lobby, sir, close in a corner:
Look to yourselves, for Heaven's sake! me-
thinks,
He's here already. Fellows of the guard, be
valiant!

[41] For *our* imaginations.] Sympson would read *imitations* instead of *imaginations*: we think the text best. If the passage is at all corrupt, we should perhaps read OR, not FOR *our imaginations.*

[42] *And meerest* innocentst.] Mr. Theobald had prevented me in this correction. *Seward.*

[43] *My being: for another tongue to tell it,*
Cease, a mother! some good man that dares
Speak for his king and country: I am full
Of too much woman's pity.] Few emendations have given me so much pleasure as that of this passage. The corruption lay in the loss only of about a fifth part of a letter, and yet it utterly spoil'd both metre and sense, where both were very beautiful. It cost me two or three turns before I could hit upon it, but when mention'd it carries immediate conviction. Instead of *Cease a mother*, it is only turning the *C* into an *O*.

O! ease a mother some good man that dares
Speak for his king and country. *Seward.*

Seward's variation here is ingenious and plausible, though perhaps the passage will not appear corrupt, when the points are altered, thus:

My being, for another tongue to tell it,
Cease! A mother? Some good man, &c.

Leon. Go, sirs, and apprehend him: treason
Never dare me in mine own gates. [shall
Tim. 'Tis done. [*Guard bring the Prince in.*
Bacha. And thou shalt find it to thy best content. [They're happy
Leon. Are these the comforts of my age?
That end their days contented with a little,
And live aloof from dangers! to a king,
Every content doth a new peril bring.
Oh, let me live no longer! Shame of nature,
Bastard to honour, traitor, murderer,
Devil in a human shape! Away with him;
He shall not breathe his hot infection here.
Leuc. Sir, hear me. [him
Leon. Am I or he your duke? Away with
To a close prison! Your highness now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.
Leuc. Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome;
My innocence is my armour: gods preserve you! [*Exit.*
Bacha. Fare thee well!
I shall ne'er see so brave a gentleman.
'Would I could weep out his offences!
Tim. Or
I could weep out mine eyes!
Leon. Come, gentlemen!
We will determine presently about his death;
We cannot be too forward in our safety.
I'm very sick; lead me unto my bed! [*Exe.*

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Cit. Sirrah, go fetch my fox from the cutler's[44]: [stop
There's money for the scow'ring: tell him I
A groat since th'last great muster, he had in stone pitch [his gun.
For th'bruise he took, with the recoiling of
Boy. Yes, sir.
Cit. And (do you hear?) when you come, take down my buckler, [on't,
And sweep the cobwebs off, and grind the pick
And fetch a nail or two, and tack on the bracers: [her,
Your mistress made a pot-lid on't, I thank
At her maid's wedding, and burnt off the handle.
Boy. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Cit. Who's within here? Ho, neighbour!
Not stirring yet?

Enter Second Citizen.

2 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, good morrow!
What news, what news?
1 *Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.
2 *Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune!
I'm resolv'd. [fellows,
1 *Cit.* And so am I, and forty more good
That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.
2 *Cit.* 'Sfoot, man, who would not hang in such good company,
And such a cause? A fire o' wife and children!
'Tis such a jest, that men should look behind 'em [honours, neighbours, slip.
To th' world, and let their honours, their
1 *Cit.* I'll give thee a pint of bastard and a
For that bare word. [roll,
2 *Cit.* They say, that we tailors are
Things that lay one another, and our geese hatch us: [game then.
I'll make some of 'em feel they are geese o' th'
Jack, take down my bill; 'tis ten to one I use it.— [ours,
Take a good heart, man! all the low ward is
With a wet finger.— [me,
And lay my cut-finger'd gauntlet ready for
That that I us'd to work in, when the gentlemen
Were up against us, and beaten out of town,
And almost out of debt too; for, a plague on 'em, [sirrah,
They never paid well since! And take heed,
Your mistress hears not of this business;
She's near her time: yet, if she do, I care not;
She may long for rebellion, for she has
A devilish spirit. [monger!
1 *Cit.* Come, let's call up the new iron-
He is as tough as steel, and has a fine wit
In these resurrections. Are you stirring, neighbour? [bours!
3 *Cit.* [*within*] Oh, good morrow, neigh-
I'll come to you presently.
2 *Cit.* Go to!
This is his mother's doing; she's a polecat!
1 *Cit.* As any is in the world. [on her,
2 *Cit.* Then say I've hit it; and a vengeance
Let her be what she will!
1 *Cit.* Amen say I! [wisdom,
Sh' has brought things to a fine pass with her
Do you mark it? [good old duke;
2 *Cit.* One thing I am sure she has, the
She gives him pap again, they say, and dandles him,
And hangs a coral and bells about his neck,
And makes him believe his teeth will come again;
Which, if they did, and I he, I would worry her [bour,
As never cur was worried[46]! I would, neigh-
'Till my teeth met I know where; but that's counsel.

Enter Third Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbours! Hear you the sad news?
1 *Cit.* Yes; 'would we knew as well how to prevent it!
3 *Cit.* I cannot tell: methinks, 'twere no great matter,
If men were men; but—

[44] *My fox;*] *i. e.* My *sword.* See note 86 on King and No King.
[46] *As never curr was worried.*] As this is sense I don't change it, but *cat* is a much more common, as well as more proper comparison, than *curr*, to a shrew. *Seward.*

2 *Cit.* You do not twit me with my calling, neighbour? [to be tall:
3 *Cit.* No, surely; for I know your spirit Pray be not vex'd!
2 *Cit.* Pray forward with your counsel.
I'm what I am, and they that prove me shall Find me to their cost—Do you mark me, neighbour?
To their cost, I say.
1 *Cit.* Nay, look, how soon you're angry!
2 *Cit.* They shall, neighbours; yes, I say they shall.
3 *Cit.* I do believe they shall.
1 *Cit.* I know they shall.
2 *Cit.* Whether you do or no, I care not two-pence! [neighbours:
I am no beast; I know mine own strength, God bless the king! Your companies is fair.
1 *Cit.* Nay, neighbour, now ye err; I must tell you so,
An ye were twenty neighbours.
3 *Cit.* You had best
Go peach; do peach!
2 *Cit. Peach?* I scorn the motion.
3 *Cit.* Do, and see what follows! I'll spend an hundred pound
(An't be two, I care not), but I'll undo thee.
2 *Cit. Peach?* oh, disgrace! *peach* in thy face! and do [a free-man!
The worst thou canst! I am a true-man, and *Peach?*
1 *Cit.* Nay, look, you will spoil all.
2 *Cit. Peach?*
1 *Cit.* Whilst you two brawl together, The prince will lose his life.
3 *Cit.* Come, give me your hand!
I love you well. Are you for the action?
2 *Cit.* Yes; [feel it
But *peach* provokes me! 'tis a cold fruit; I Cold in my stomach still. [gest it.
3 *Cit.* No more! I'll give you cake to di-

Enter Fourth Citizen.

4 *Cit.* Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call, boys! [few ashes
And one o'you run o'er my old tuck with a ('Tis grown odious with toasting cheese), and burn [it
A little juniper in my murrion (the maid made Her chamber-pot); an hour hence I'll come again. [shirt!
And as you hear from me, send me a clean
3 *Cit.* The chandler by the wharf, an it be thy will!
2 *Cit.* Gossip, good morrow!
4 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, gossip!
Good morrow, all! I see ye of one mind, Ye cleave so close together. Come; 'tis time! I have prepar'd an hundred, if they stand.
1 *Cit.* 'Tis well done: shall we sever, and about it? [apiece
3 *Cit.* First let's to th' tavern! and a pint Will make us dragons.
2 *Cit.* I will have no mercy,
Come what will of it.
4 *Cit.* If my tuck hold, I'll spit
The guard like larks with sage between 'em.
2 *Cit.* I have
A foolish bill to reckon with 'em, will make Some of their hearts ache, and I'll lay it on!
Now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.
3 *Cit.* Come, I'll do something for the town to talk of
When I am rotten: pray God there be enough To kill, that's all! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, and Agenor.

Age. How black the day begins!
Dor. Can you blame it, and look
Upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?
Nisus. Does the prince suffer to-day?
Dor. Within this hour, they say.
Age. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe.
'Twill be a strange justice, and a lamentable: Gods keep us from the too-soon feeling of it!
Dor. I care not if my throat were next; for to live still, [shambles.
And live here, were but to grow fat for the
Nisus. Yet we must do't, and thank 'em May be accepted. [too, that our lives
Age. Faith, I'll go starve myself,
Or grow diseas'd, to shame the hangman; for I'm sure he shall be my herald, and quarter me. [lent at arms.
Dor. Ay, a plague on him, he's too excel-
Nisus. Will you go see this sad sight, my lord Agenor?
Age. I'll make a mourner. [go;
Dor. If I could do him any good, I would The bare sight else would but afflict my spirit: My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes. As ye find him settled, remember my love To his grace. [and service
Nisus. We will weep for you, sir. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*
Dor. Farewell!
To all our happiness, a long farewell!
Thou angry power, whether of heav'n or hell, That lay'st this sharp correction on our kingdom
For our offences, infinite and mighty!
Oh, hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,
Too heavy for our weakness; and accept
(Since it is your discretion, heav'nly wisdoms, To have it so) this sacrifice for all,
That now is flying to your happiness,
Only for you most fit; let all our sins
[*A shout within.*
Suffer in him!—Gods, what's the matter? I 'Tis joy: how now, my lords? [hope

Enter Agenor and Nisus.

Nisus. I'll tell you with that little breath I have: [safe
More joy than you dare think; the prince is From danger.

Dor. How? [was come
Age. 'Tis true, and thus it was: his hour
To lose his life: he, ready for the stroke,
Nobly, and full of saint-like patience, [saw,
Went with his guard; which, when the people
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,
That bred desires, and whispers to each other,
To do some worthy kindness for the prince;
And ere they understood well how to do,
Fury step'd in, and taught them what to do,
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,
As a white innocent. Then flew the roar
Thro' all the streets, of *Save him, save him, save him!*
And as they cried, they did; for catching up
Such sudden weapons as their madness shew'd them, [from 'em,
In short, they beat the guard, and took him
And now march with him like a royal army.
Dor. Heav'n, Heav'n, I thank thee! what a slave was I
To have my hand so far from this brave rescue!
'Thad been a thing to brag on when I was old.
Shall we run for a wager to the next temple,
And give thanks?
Nisus. As fast as wishes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus; the People within stop.

Leuc. Good friends, go home again! there's
Shall go with me. [not a man
Ism. Will you not take revenge?
I'll call them on.
Leuc. All that love me, depart!
I thank you, and will serve you for your loves;
But I will thank you more to suffer me
To govern 'em. Once more, I do beg ye,
For my sake, to your houses!
Omnes [*within*]. Gods preserve you!
Ism. And what house will you go to?
Leuc. Ismenus, I will take the wariest courses
That I can think of to defend myself,
But not offend. [offend your father,
Ism. You may kill your mother, and ne'er
Or any honest man[48].
Leuc. Thou know'st I can
'Scape now; that's all I look for. I will leave—
Ism. Timantus, a pox take him! 'would I had him here!
I'd kill him at his own weapon, single scithes.
We've built enough on him. Plague on't, I'm out of
All patience! discharge such an army as this,
That would have follow'd you without paying? Oh, gods! [free.
Leuc. To what end shall I keep 'em? I am
Ism. Yes, free o' th' traitors; for you are proclaim'd one.
Leuc. Should I therefore make myself one?
Ism. This is one of [me
Your moral philosophy, is it? Heav'n bless
From subtilties to undo myself with! but I know, [part
If Reason herself were here, she would not
With her own safety.
Leuc. Well, pardon, Ismenus! for I know
My courses are most just; nor will I stain 'em
With one bad action. For thyself, thou know'st,
That tho' I may command thee, I shall be
A ready servant unto thee, if thou need'st:
And so I'll take my leave.
Ism. Of whom?
Leuc. Of thee.
Ism. Heart, you shall take no leave of me!
Leuc. Shall I not? [if you have
Ism. No, by the gods, shall you not! Nay,
No more wit but to go absolutely alone,
I'll be in a little.
Leuc. Nay, prithee, good Ismenus,
Part with me!
Ism. I wo'n't, i'faith, ne'er move it
Any more; for by this good light, I wo'not!
Leuc. This is an ill time to be thus unruly:
Ismenus, you must leave me.
Ism. Yes, if you can
Beat me away; else the gods refuse me,
If I will leave you till I see more reason!
You sha'n't undo yourself.
Leuc. But why wilt not leave me?
Ism. Why, I will tell you, because when you are gone,
Then—Life, if I have not forgot my reason,
Hell take me! you put me out of patience so.
Oh! marry, when you are gone, then will your mother [my head,
—A pox confound her—she ne'er comes in
But she spoils my memory too. There are a hundred reasons.
Leuc. But shew me one.
Ism. Shew you(what a stir here is!
Why, I will shew you: do you think—well, well, ['Tis in vain,
I know what I know; I pray come, come!
But I am sure—Devils take 'em! what do I meddle with them?
You know yourself—Soul, I think I am—
Is there any man i' th' world—As if you knew not this [no reason!
Already better than I! Pish, pish, I'll give
Leuc. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay:
I have not one friend in the court but thou,
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me
Any intelligence; and if thou lov'st me,
Thou wilt do this; thou need'st not fear to stay,
For there are new-come proclamations out,
Where all are pardon'd but myself.
Ism. 'Tis true;
And i' th' same proclamation your fine sister
Urania, whom you us'd so kindly, is pro-
Apparent to the crown. [claim'd heir

[48] *You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend your father*, an *honest man.*] Former editions. Both sense and measure require the emendation. *Seward.*

Leuc.

Leuc. What tho', thou may'st stay at home without danger?

Ism. Danger? hang danger! what tell you me of danger?

Leuc. Why, if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

Ism. I dare not? If you speak of it in earnest, you are A boy.

Leuc. Well, sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Ism. Why, so you shall; I will stay.

Leuc. Why, God-a-mercy—

Ism. You know I love you but too well!

Leuc. Now take these few directions, and farewell!
Send to me by the wariest ways thou canst:
I have a soul tells me we shall meet often.
The gods protect thee!

Ism. Pox o' myself for an ass,
I'm crying now! God be with you! if I never
See you again, why then—Pray get you gone;
For grief and anger wo'not let me know
What I say. I'll to the court
As fast as I can, and see the new heir apparent. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Urania (in Boy's Cloaths) and her Maid.

Urania. WHAT, hast thou found him?

Maid. Madam, he's coming in.

Ura. Gods bless my brother, wheresoe'er he is!
And I beseech you keep me fro' the bed
Of any naughty tyrant, whom my mother
Would ha' me have to wrong him.

Enter Ismenus.

Ism. What would her new grace have with me?

Ura. Leave us awhile. My lord Ismenus, [*Exit Maid.*
I pray, for the love of Heav'n and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I
You can do weel.

Ism. Where's her fain grace? [know

Ura. You know me weel inough, but that you mock;
I'm she mysen.

Ism. God bless him that shall be [soon,
Thy husband! if thou wear'st breeches thus
Thou'lt be as impudent as thy mother.

Ura. But will you
Tell me this one thing?

Ism. What is it? if it
Be no great matter whether I do or no,
Perhaps I will.

Ura. Yes, faith, 'tis matter.

Ism. And what is't?

Ura. I pray you, let me know where the prince my brother is.

Ism. I'faith, you shan be hang'd first!
Is your mother so foolish to think your good grace
Can sift it out of me?

Ura. If you have any mercy
Left in you to a poor wench, tell me!

Ism. Why,
Wouldst not thou have thy brains beat out for this,
To follow thy mother's steps so young?

Ura. But believe me, she knows none of this.

Ism. Believe you?
Why do you think I never had wits?
Or that I am run out of them? How should it
Belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Ura. Why, I will tell you; and if I speak false,
Let the de'il ha' me! Yonder's a bad man,
Come from a tayrant to my mother, and what name
They ha' for him, good feith, I cannot tell.

Ism. An ambassador?

Ura. That's it: but he would carry me away,
And have me marry his master; and I'll daye
Ere I will ha' him.

Ism. But what's this to knowing
Where the prince is?

Ura. Yes; for ye know all my mother does
Agen the prince, is but to ma me great.

Ism. Pray (I know that too well), what then?

Ura. Why,
I would go to the good marquis my brother,
And put myself into his hands, that so
He may preserve himself.

Ism. Oh, that thou hadst no seed of thy mother in thee,
And couldst mean this now!

Ura. Why, ifeth I do;
'Would I might never stir more if I do not!

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd else:
Hang me, if I don't half believe thee!

Ura. By my troth,
You may.

Ism. By my troth, I do! I know I'm an ass for't,
But I can't help it.

Ura. And won you tell me then?

Ism. Yes, faith will I, or any thing else i'th' world;
For I think thou art as good a creature as
Ever was born.

Ura. But ail go i'this lad's reparel;
But you mun help me to silver.

Ism. Help thee? why, the pox take him
That will not help thee to any thing i'th' world!
I'll help thee to money, and I'll do't presently too:
And yet—Soul, if you should play the scurvy harlotry,

The

The little pocky baggage now, and cozen me,
What then?
Ura. Why, an I do, would I might ne'er
See day again!
Ism. Nay, by this light, I do not think
Thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee
Money and a letter. [*Exit.*
Ura. Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.
When I have found my brother, I will beg
To serve him; but he shall ne'er know who
I am;
For he must hate me then for my bad mother:
I'll say I am a country lad that want a service,
And have straid on him by chance, lest he
discover me.
I know I must not live long, but that taime
I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him. [away,
And tho' my mother seek to take his life
In ai day[49] my brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, tho' she were naught.
[*Exit.*

Enter Bacha and Timantus; Bacha reading a Letter.

Bacha. Run away? the devil be her guide!
Tim. Faith, she's gone!
There is a letter; I found it in her pocket.
'Would I were with her! she's a handsome
lady; [her
A plague upon my bashfulness! I had bobb'd
Long ago else. [after all
Bacha. What a base whore is this, that,
My ways for her advancement, should so
poorly
Make virtue her undoer, and chuse this time,
The king being deadly sick, and I intending
A present marriage with some foreign prince,
To strengthen and secure myself! She writes
here,
Like a wise gentlewoman, she will not stay;
And the example of her dear brother makes
her
Fear herself[50], to whom she means to fly.
Tim. Why, who can help it? [thy end,
Bacha. Now poverty and lechery, which is
Rot thee, where'er thou goest, with all thy
goodness! [were of brass!
Tim. By'r lady, they'll bruise her, an she
I'm sure they'll break stone walls: I've had
experience [rate.
O' them both, and they have made me despe-
But there's a messenger, madam, come from
the prince
With a letter to Ismenus, who by him
Returns an answer.
Bacha. This comes as pat as wishes:
Thou shalt presently away, Timantus.
Tim. Whither, madam? [senger for guide!
Bacha. To the prince; and take the mes-
Tim. What shall I do there? I have done
too much ['scape
Mischief to be believ'd again; or, indeed, to
With my head on my back, if I be once known.
Bacha. Thou'rt a weak shallow fool! Get
thee a disguise; [have a letter
And withal, when thou com'st before him,
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou
Hast ever hope of goodness by me, or after me,
Strike one home stroke, that shall not need
another! [fallest off,
Dar'st thou? speak! dar'st thou? If thou
Go be a rogue again, and lie and pandar
To procure thy meat! Dar'st thou? speak
to me! [dead,
Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am
I have no spirit. Madam, I'll be drunk,
But I will do it; that is all my refuge. [*Exit.*
Bacha. Away! no more! Then I will raise
an army [and power
Whilst the king yet lives, if all the means
I have can do it; I can't tell.

Enter Ismenus and the three Lords.

Ism. Are you inventing still? we'll ease
your studies.
Bacha. Why, how now, saucy lords?
Ism. Nay, I'll shake you! yes, devil, I will
shake you!
Bacha. Do not you know me, lords?
Nisus. Yes, deadly sin, we know you:
'would we did not! [upon thee!
Ism. Do you hear, whore? a plague o'God
The duke is dead.
Bacha. Dead?
Ism. Ay, [man, he
Wildfire and brimstone take thee! Good
Is dead, and past those miseries, which thou,
Thou salt infection like, like a disease ['twere
Flungest upon his head. Dost thou hear? An
Not more respect to womanhood in general
Than thee, because I had a mother, who—
I will not say she was good, she liv'd so near
Thy time—I would have thee, in vengeance
of [this time,
This man, whose peace is made in Heav'n by
Tied to a post, and dried i'th' sun; and after
Carried about, and shewn at fairs for money,
With a long story of the devil thy father,
That taught thee to be whorish, envious,
bloody.
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha! [leap thee,
Ism. You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to
And thy base issue shall carry sumpters[51].
Come, lords; [where
Bring her along! We'll to the prince all,
Her hell-hood shall wait his censure; and if
he spare [and beside,
Thee, she-goat, may he lie with thee again!

[49] *In* ai *day;*] *i. e.* in *one* day.
[50] Fear *herself.*] Seward reads, *Fear* for *herself;* but the text is good sense, according to the idiom prevailing in our authors' time.
[51] *Shall carry* sumpters.] A *sumpter* horse, is that which carries the provisions and baggage. *R.*

Mayst

Mayst thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, [ditch!—
That hate still follows, and his end a dry
Lead, you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad
Shall make you skip; away to the prince!
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
I hope yet I shall come too late to find him.
[*Exeunt.*

Cornets[52], *Cupid descends.*

Cupid. The time now of my revenge draws near;
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a god, [ditch!—
With all the cries and prayers that have been,
And those that be to come, tho' they be infinite
In need and number[53]! [*Ascends.*

Enter Leucippus and Urania.

Leuc. Alas, poor boy, why dost thou follow me? [art.
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou
Ura. In good feth, I shall be weel and rich enough
If you will love me, and not put me from you!
Leuc. Why dost thou chuse out me, boy, to undo thee?
Alas, for pity, take another master,
That may be able to deserve thy love [not,
In breeding thee hereafter! me thou knowest
More than my misery; and therefore canst not [able,
Look for rewards at my hands: 'would I were
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindness!
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith;
Thy harmless innocence moves me at heart.
Wilt thou go save thyself? Why dost thou weep?
Alas, I do not chide thee. [more:
Ura. I cannot tell;
If I go from you, sir, I shall ne'er draw day
Pray, if you can (I will be true to you),
Let me wait on you! If I were a man,
I would fight for you: sure you have some ill-willers;
I would slay 'em. [me still:
Leuc. Such harmless souls are ever prophets.
Well, take thy wish[54]; thou shalt be with
But, prithee eat, my good boy! thou wilt die,
My child, if thou fast one day more; these four days
Th' hast tasted nothing: go into the cave,
And eat; thou shalt find something for thee,
To bring thy blood again, and thy fair colour.
Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you! but I'll eat
To-morrow. [Thou't be dead by that time.
Leuc.
Ura. I should be
Well then; for you'll not love me.
Leuc. Indeed I will.— [yet!—
This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt
Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?
Ura. You've fair eyes, master.
Leuc. Sure the boy dotes!—
Why dost thou sigh, my child?
Ura. To think that such [him.
A fine man should live, and no gay lady love
Leuc. Thou wilt love me?
Ura. Yes sure, till I die; and when
I am in Heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.
Leuc. And I'll come to thee, boy.—This is a love [sleepy, child;
I never yet heard tell of.—Come, thou'rt
Go in, and I'll sit with thee.—Heav'n,' what portends this? [I could
Ura. You're sad, but I'm not sleepy: 'would
Do aught to make you merry; shall I sing?
Leuc. If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou
Shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I!

Enter Timantus, disguised.

Ura. La', master, there is one; look to yourself! [place,
Leuc. What art thou, that into this dismal
Which nothing could find out but misery,
Thus boldly step'st? Comfort was never here;
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better architect than beasts;
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: if you conquer him,
He is your meat; if not, you must be his.
Tim. I come to you (for, if I not mistake,
You are the prince) from that most noble lord
Ismenus, with a letter.
Ura. Alas, I fear
I shall be discover'd now.
Leuc. Now I feel
Myself the poorest of all mortal things:
Where is he that receives such courtesies,
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all!
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.
Tim. His letters speak him, sir. [till I die!
Ura. Gods keep me but from knowing him
Ah me! sure I cannot live a day.
[*Leucippus opening the letter, the whilst Timantus runs at him, and Urania steps before.*
Oh, thou foul traitor? How do you, master?

[52] Cornets. *Cupid from above.*] Seward, seeing 'no propriety' in the *cornets* 'belonging 'to *Cupid*,' places that direction at the end of the foregoing scene; but why displace the *cornets* here, since he inserts them on *Cupid*'s other appearances? We have made this direction like the former.

[53] Cupid. *The time now, &c.*] This speech, till Seward very properly introduced it here, was placed at the end of the play, notwithstanding the direction quoted in the last note stood where it now does.

[54] *Well, I take thy wish.*] The measure and sense both require us to expunge the *I*. *Seward.*

Leuc.

Leuc. How dost thou, my child?—Alas! look on this;
It may make thee repentant, to behold
Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.
Ura. 'Tis nothing, sir, an you be well.
Tim. Oh, pardon me!
Know you me now, sir?
Leuc. How couldst thou find me out?
Tim. We intercepted
A letter from Ismenus, and the bearer
Directed me.
Leuc. Stand up, Timantus, boldly!
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the state and me:
But oh, far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a traitor death
Without a trial! Here the country is not
To purge thee or condemn thee[55]; therefore take
A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,
Rather than none at all: here I accuse thee,
Before the face of Heav'n, to be a traitor
Both to the duke my father and to me,
And the whole land. Speak! is it so, or no?
Tim. 'Tis true, sir: pardon me!
Leuc. Take heed, Timantus,
How thou dost cast away thyself! I must
Proceed to execution hastily [or no?
If thou confess it: speak once again! is't so,
Tim. I am not guilty, sir.
Leuc. Gods and thy sword
Acquit thee! here it is. [*Gives him his sword.*
Tim. I'll not use any violence
Against your highness.
Leuc. At thy peril then!
For this must be thy trial; and from henceforth
Look to thyself!
[*Timantus draws his sword, they fight, Timantus falls.*
Tim. I do beseech you, sir,
Let me not fight.
Leuc. Up, up again, Timantus!
There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—
Fy, fy, Timantus! is there no usage can
Recover thee from baseness! Wert thou longer
To converse with men, I'd have chid thee
Be all thy faults forgiven! [for this.
Tim. Oh, spare me, sir! I am not fit for death.
Leuc. I think thou art not; yet trust me, fitter than
For life. Yet tell me, ere thy breath be gone,
Know'st of any other plots against me?
Tim. Of none.
Leuc. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou hadst kill'd me?
Tim. I would have ta'en your page, and married her.
Leuc. What page? [*Urania swoons.*
Tim. Your boy there— [*Dies.*

Leuc. Is he fall'n mad in death? what does he mean? [dost thou?
Some good god help me at the worst! How
Let not thy misery vex me; thou shalt have
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayest cloaths,
And the finest things, that ever pretty boy
Had given him.
Ura. I know you well enough.
Feth, I am dying; and now you know all too.
Leuc. But stir up thyself: look what a jewel here is,
See how it glisters! what a pretty show
Will this make in thy little ear! ha, speak!
Eat but a bit, and take it.
Ura. Do you not know me? [well said;
Leuc. I prithee mind thy health! why, that's
My good boy, smile still.
Ura. I shall smile 'till death,
An I see you! I am Urania,
Your sister-in-law.
Leuc. How!
Ura. I am Urania. [thee well:
Leuc. Dulness did seize me! now I know
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?
Ura. Feth, for love:
I would not let you know 'till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my mother was
So naught.
Leuc. I will love thee, or any thing!
What, wilt thou leave me as soon as I know thee?
Speak one word to me! Alas, she's past it!
She will never speak more.—
What noise is that? it is no matter who

Enter Ismenus with the Lords.

Comes on me now.—What worse than mad are you,
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights,
Begone from hence!
Ism. Sir, for you we come, [suffer'd
As soldiers to revenge the wrongs you've
Under this naughty creature: what shall be
Say; I am ready. [done with her?
Leuc. Leave her to Heav'n, brave cousin!
They shall tell her how sh'has sinn'd against 'em; [blood.
My hand shall ne'er be stain'd with such base
Live, wicked mother! that reverend title be
Your pardon! for I'll use no extremity
Against you, but leave you to Heav'n.
Bacha. Hell take you all! or, if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither!
And 'till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continu'd plague, and such a one
That knows no friends nor ending! may all ages
That shall succeed curse you, as I do! and

[55] *To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore*
A nobler trial than thou dost deserve.] Here a verb is evidently left out, being equally necessary to the sense and measure. *Seward.*

If

If it be possible, I ask it Heav'n,
That your base issues may be ever monsters,
That must, for shame of nature and succession, [to poison you[56]!
Be drown'd like dogs! 'Would I had breath
Leuc. 'Would you had love within you, and such grief
As might become a mother! Look you there!
Know you that face? that was Urania:
These are the fruits of those unhappy mothers,
That labour with such horrid births as you do!
If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,
Your wickedness has kill'd her: I'll weep for you.
Ism. Monstrous woman!
Mars would weep at this, and yet she cannot.
Leuc. Here lies your minion too, slain by my hand:
I will not say you are the cause; yet certain,
I know you were to blame: the gods forgive you!
Ism. See, she stands as if she were inventing
Some new destruction for the world.
Leuc. Ismenus,
Thou'rt welcome yet to my sad company.
Ism. I come to make you somewhat sadder, sir. [already.
Leuc. You cannot; I am at the height
Ism. Your father's dead!
Leuc. I thought so; Heav'n be with him!
Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never! thou
Hast made more sorrows than we've eyes to utter.
Bacha. Now let Heav'n fall! I'm at the worst of evils;
A thing so miserably wretched, that
Ev'ry thing, the last of human comforts, hath left me!
I will not be so base and cold to live,
And wait the mercies of these men I hate:
No, it is just I die, since fortune hath left me.
My steep descent attends me[57]: hand, strike thou home!
I've soul enough to guide; and let all know,
As I stood a queen, the same I'll fall,
And one with me!
[*Stabs the Prince, then herself.*
Leuc. Oh!
Ism. How do you, sir? [here.
Leuc. Nearer my health than I think any
My tongue begins to falter: what is man?
Or who would be one, when he sees a poor
Weak woman can in an instant make him
Dor. She's dead already. [none?
Ism. Let her be damn'd
Already, as she is! Post all for surgeons!
Leuc. Let not a man stir! for I am but dead.
I've some few words which I would have you hear, ['em:
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak
First to you, my lords; you know Ismenus is
Undoubted heir of Lycia[58]; I do beseech you all,
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.
Lords. We vow to do't.
Leuc. I thank you. Next to you,
Cousin Ismenus, that shall be the duke,
I pray you let the broken images[59]
Of Cupid be re-edified! I know
All this is done by him.
Ism. It shall be so. [in-law
Leuc. Last, I beseech you that my mother-
May have a burial according to— [*Dies.*
Ism. To what, sir?
Dor. There's a full point! [burial
Ism. I will interpret for him: she shall have
According to her own deserts, with dogs!
Dor. I would your majesty would haste
Of the people. [for settling
Ism. I'm ready.
Age. Go; and let the trumpets sound
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave!
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,
Accurs'd, whilst one man has a memory!
[*Exeunt.*

[56] *Would I had breath to* poison *you.*] Some editions (Seward's among the number) read, Would I had breath to *please* you.
[57] *My* step *descent attends me.*] Corrected in 1750.
[58] Undoubtedly *heir.*] Varied by Seward.
[59] *I pray you let the broken* image *of Cupid.*] Altered in 1750.

In the course of Mr. Seward's notes on this play, he remarks, that 'Had this whole plot, 'a father marrying his son's whore, the son's penitence and distress, and her plots for his 'destruction, been wrought into a tragedy, without the idle machinery of Cupid and his 'Revenge, it would have afforded sufficient matter to such geniuses as our authors:' and afterwards says, 'I cannot take leave of this play without again regretting the farcical inter-'mixture of the machinery of Cupid, from whence it takes its name. Without this, and the 'ridiculous death of the princess, what a noble tragedy would our authors have left us! The 'character of the king, from his ridiculous dotage on his children, to a still more ridiculous 'dotage on a wanton wife; the misfortunes of a virtuous young prince, from taking one 'vicious step, and endeavouring to conceal it by a falsity, are finely describ'd; but how is 'the just moral arising from thence spoil'd, by making this only *Cupid's Revenge!*'

In our opinion, the plot and the machinery are equally ridiculous; and we cannot avoid expressing our concern, that so much admirable poetry should be bestowed on so absurd a drama.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

This Play was first printed in quarto, anno 1634, under the following title: 'The Two Noble 'Kinsmen: presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Maiesties Servants, with great ap- 'plause: written by the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher, and 'Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent.;' and has always been received as the production of those Poets. In the year 1668, it was altered by Sir William Davenant, who gave it the title of The Rivals; when it appears to have been acted with great success.

PROLOGUE.

[*Flourish.*

New plays and maidenheads are near a-kin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'n,
If they stand sound, and well: and a good play
(Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour) is like her
That after holy tie, and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains [pains.
More of the maid to sight, than husband's
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, 'Oh, fan
'From me the witless chaff of such a writer,
'That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works make lighter [bring;
'Than Robin Hood!' This is the fear we
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim,
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about!
And something do to save us, you shall hear
Scenes, tho' below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.

[*Flourish.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED[1].

MEN.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
PALAMON, } The Two Noble Kinsmen, *in*
ARCITE, } *love with Emilia.*
PERITHOUS, *an Athenian General.*
VALERIUS, *a Theban Nobleman.*
Three valiant KNIGHTS.
HERALD.
JAILOR.
WOOER.
GERROLD, *a Schoolmaster.*
A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, &c.

WOMEN.

HIPPOLITA, *Bride to Theseus.*
EMILIA, *her Sister.*
Three QUEENS.
JAILOR'S DAUGHTER, *in love with Palamon.*
SERVANT *to Emilia.*
Nymphs, Wenches, &c.

[1] *Hymen* has hitherto stood as a personage of this drama, and even the first: as he only appears in the dumb-show, we have expunged the name. The *Wooer*, though a character of some consideration, has always been omitted; and so has *Valerius*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning; a Boy, in a white Robe, before, singing, and strewing Flowers; after Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland; then Theseus, between two other Nymphs, with wheaten Chaplets on their Heads; then Hippolita, led by Perithous[2], and another holding a Garland over her Head, her Tresses likewise hanging; after her, Emilia, holding up her Train.

SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thime true.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lye 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet.
Blessing their sense! [*Strew flowers.*
Not an angel of the air[3],
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar[4],
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with imperial Crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus; the second falls down at the foot of Hippolita; the third before Emilia.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me! [
2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me! [
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' th' book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise!
Hip. Stand up!
Emi. No knees to me! What woman I may stead that is distress'd, does bind me to her. [for all.
Thes. What's your request? Deliver you
1 *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endur'd
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence

[2] *Then Hippolita the bride, led by* Theseus.] Mr. Theobald very justly changed *Theseus* here to *Perithous*. *Seward.*

[3] *Not an* angel *of the air.*] Mr. Theobald was very fond of a change here, which I can by no means admit; as he happened not to see the authors' design in applying the word *angel* to birds, he would read *angel*, from the *Italian angello*, a bird. But beside the objection there is to admitting words of foreign extraction without authority into the text (a thing by no means justifiable), there would be a needless tautology,

Not an *angel* or bird of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair.

Several birds too are excluded in the next stanza, which renders *angel* improper, whereas *angel* very beautifully expresses the birds of melody and good omen. *Seward.*

[4] *The boding raven, nor* clough he
Nor chatt'ring pie.] *Clough he*, which is the reading of all the editions, is neither sense nor rhime. My dictionaries at least have no such bird as *clough*. *Chough* is Shakespeare and Fletcher's name of a *jack-daw*, of which Ray says, *Postica pars capitis cinerascit*. But he (and from him the Oxford editor) mistakes, in making the *chough* the *coracias* a frequenter of the Cornish cliffs only, which has no such grey feathers. Besides, Shakespeare's *chough* feeds on corn, for Autolycus, in the Winter's Tale, says, 'My *choughs* are scar'd from the 'chaff.' So that the *chough* must be the daw or the rook, which has often grey feathers on the head and back. See Ray on Birds. There can be no reason to doubt therefore of our having got the true substantive; for *he* we must have an adjective that suits the *chough*, and also rhimes to *nor; hoar* will do both, the *chough* having greyish feathers on his head, from whence Shakespeare calls him the *russet-pated chough*. Midsummer-Night's Dream. *Seward.*

Of

Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke! [sword,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!

Thes. Pray you kneel not! [suffer'd
I was transported with your speech, and
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the fortunes [lamenting
Of your dead lords, which gives me such
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her[5]; your wheaten wreath [at you
Was then nor thresh'd, nor blasted; Fortune
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide[6],
And swore his sinews thaw'd: oh, grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god, [hood,
Some god hath put his mercy in your man-
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you
Our undertaker! [forth

Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scithe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First nature stil'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'er-flowing, at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him [strength[7],
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off! [swoln,
Tell him, if he i'th' blood-size'd field lay
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do! [*Kneels to Emilia.*

Hip. Poor lady, say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing way[8]. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!

[5] *Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,*
Nor in more bounty spread her.] The reader will see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure, and to be discarded. The mantle of Juno is beautifully described in the fourteenth book of the Iliad. It was wrought by Minerva, and adorned with variety of figures; allegorically, it may signify the æther adorned with the sun and stars formed by Minerva, *i. e.* the wisdom of the Creator. *Seward.*

We cannot 'see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure,' nor that it ought 'to 'be discarded.' The construction is easy.

[6] Nenuan *hide.*] Corrected in 1750.

[7] Whom *now I know hast much more power on him*
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st *his strength*
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of the *speech.*] The change of particles and monosyllables frequently destroy both the grammar and sense of our authors. *Whom* might have been corrected without a note, but what is, *Who is a servant* for *the tenor of* the *speech?* The original probably was,

——who is a servant *to*
The tenor of *thy* speech;

i. e. He who before conquered thee, is now obedient to every word thou utterest. *Ow'st*, is the same as *own'st*, in all the old writers. *Seward.*

[8] ——*and never yet*
Went I so willing way;] *i. e.* I never went so willing a journey. *Seward.*

You

You cannot read it there[9]; here thro' my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth,
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Tho' it were made of stone: pray have good comfort! [a jot

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out
O' th' sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last[10], and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame [quickly
Knolls in the ear o' th' world: what you do
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your pre-meditating
More than their actions; but, (oh, Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as osprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3 *Queen.* None fit for th' dead:
Those that with cords, knives, drams[11], precipitance, [selves
Weary of this world's light, have to them-
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings, when living.

Thes. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves[12]:
The which to do must make some work with Creon. [to th' doing[13]:

1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then bootless toil must recompense itself,
With its own sweat; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing your holy begging[14] in our eyes,
To make petition clear.

2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes[15]! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell! [could grief

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fit'st
For best solicitation? [time

[9] *You cannot read it there; there thro' my tears,*
Like wrinkl'd pebbles in a glasse stream.] Mr. Sympson and I change the second *there* to *here*, as she evidently points at her heart, and so expkuins herself in the sequel. *Glassy* for *glasse*, Mr. Theobald agreed with us in. *Seward.*

[10] *Will* long *last.*] Corrected in 1750.

[11] *Drams precipitance.*] Mr. Sympson and I disjoin these two, the one expressing poison, the other leaping down precipices. *Seward.*

Precipitance is, we think, rightly disjoined from *drams*; but signifies, in general, the unhappy *precipitation* of suicides in getting rid of their lives, not the particular act of *leaping down précipices*, which seems to us a ridiculous explanation.

[12] *To give your dead lords graves.*] As both the sense and measure are somewhat deficient, there is reason to suspect a part of the sentence dropt, perhaps somewhat like the following might have been the original.

But I will give you comfort, *and engage*
Myself and pow'rs to give your dead lords graves. *Seward.*

[13] *And that work presents, &c.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[14] Wrinching *our holy begging.*] Corrected in 1750.

[15] *Let us be widows to our woes;*] *i. e.* Let us continue still in the most distress'd widowhood by the continuance of our woes. The expression, tho' not quite clear, will give this sense, which is certainly a fine one; and in such writers as our authors we must not always expect that perspicuity as we meet with in poems of less depth. For this reason I cannot admit a conjecture of Mr. Sympson, tho' it is undoubtedly an ingenious one:

Let us be *wedded* to our woes. *Seward.*

Thes.

Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war [16]; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 Queen. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when [fall
Her twining cherries [17] shall their sweetness
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care [being able
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.
Hip. Tho' much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit,
That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!
All Queens. Oh, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.
Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.
Thes. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the god
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier (as before) hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis [18] meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd!—Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.
[*Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!
Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return [19].
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!
1 Queen. Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' th' world.
2 Queen. And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.
3 Queen. If not above him; for
Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery. [say,
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer, ladies! [*Flourish.*
Now turn we tow'rds your comforts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further

Sully

[16] *This is a service, whereto I am going, Greater than any* was.] *War* (which is Theobald's variation) instead of *was*, is a great improvement of the old text, and I verily believe it the author's word. The service I am now going to, (*i. e.* my marriage) is of more import to my happiness than any *war* can possibly be. *Seward.*

[17] *Her* twining *cherries.*] Theobald corrected the spelling here.

[18] *And at the banks of* Anly.] Mr. Theobald sent me a very probable conjecture upon this place; none of us being able to find in any geographer such a name as *Anly* in Greece, he reads *Aulis*, the celebrated sea-port between Athens and Thebes. It would indeed be more convincing were there a river of that name, for I don't know whether it be proper, in speaking of Calais or Dover to say, Meet me at the banks of Dover. But *Aulis* being a situation so exceedingly proper to be mention'd here, I still believe it the true word, and perhaps *banks* may be also a corruption; it might have been *At the gates*, or *at the port*, or *at the back of Aulis. Seward.*

[19] *Shall* want *till your return.*] The editors of 1750, for *want* read *wait*; but *want* seems genuine; signifying, the celebration of the nuptials should remain incomplete till his return, as Perithous had rather accompany Theseus than stay behind to be his proxy, as the latter desires.

Sully our gloss of youth!
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: for not to swim
I'th' head o'th' current[20], were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy [thro',
Where we should turn or drown; if labour
Our gain but life, and weakness.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o'th' martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden ingots,
Which, tho' he won, he had not; and now flurted [shall offer
By peace, for whom he fought! Who then
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin, but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?
Pal. Yes; I pity [most
Decays where-e'er I find them; but such
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where ev'ry evil
Hath a good colour; where ev'ry seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be ev'n jump
As they are[21], here were to be strangers and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i'th' sequent trace! These poor slight sores [bosom,
Need not a plantain; that which rips my
Almost to th' heart, 's—
Arc. Our uncle Creon.
Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant! whose successes
Make Heav'n unfear'd[22], and villainy assur'd,
Beyond

[20] *I'th' aid o'th' current.*] The variation is from Theobald's conjecture, which we think a happy one, tho' rejected by Seward. The old reading, if sense, is very hard. Palamon says, a few speeches lower,

——Either I am
The *fore-horse* in the team, or I am none
That draw i'th' *sequent* trace.

[21] *Where not to be ev'n* jump
As they are.] *Jump*, in our ancient writers, frequently means *just, exact*; sometimes *to agree*. So, in Othello, act ii. scene 3.

'Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
'And bring him *jump* where he may Cassio find
'Soliciting his wife.'

Again, 'Not two of them *jumpe* in one tale.' Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, p. 29. *R.*

[22] *Makes Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,*
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a favour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance.] This sentence, as hitherto printed, has been a mere chaos, for first, what is making villainy assur'd beyond its power? and how does nothing almost put faith in a fever? The true adjustment of the points restores connection, sense, and beauty: 'The 'successes of the tyrant makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd that nothing is beyond 'its power; which almost staggers the faith of good men, and makes them think that chance, 'and not a just Providence, governs the world.' The moral of this is extremely beautiful, for it is just utter'd before they hear that Theseus, the instrument of divine vengeance, is at hand, and the thunder bursting on the head of *Creon*. In the emendation of the points in this passage, Mr. Sympson concurr'd with me. *Seward.*

Seward

Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance—who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too[23]:
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: let [suck'd
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him[24], be
From me with leeches: let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!
Arc. Clear-spirited cousin, [share
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heav'nly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter Valerius.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
'Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach! [not
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours) [sur'd
When that his action's dregg'd with mind as-
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd!
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king! who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us [low
When we know all ourselves; and let us fol-
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Perithous, Hippolita, and Emilia.

Per. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To cure ill-dealing fortune[25]. Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.
Per. Tho' I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they

Seward points,

Beyond its pow'r there's nothing; almost, &c.

In more than the two last lines, it is difficult to make out even a tolerable construction, and in the first line and half at least, Seward has perverted the sense by altering the points:

——— Whose successes
Make Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy assur'd
Beyond its power;

plainly signifies, that 'Creon's success diminishes our fear of the gods, by making us suppose 'that guilt can oppose their power, and defend itself from their justice.'—I. e. *power* refers to *Heav'n*, not to *villainy*. The next sentence appears to be incomplete, probably by a casual omission, or possibly on purpose broken off abruptly; if the latter, there should be a dash after *voluble chance*.

[23] *Boot and glory* on.] Former editions; I read *too*, *i. e.* both the advantage and honour. *Seward.*

[24] *That's* sibbe *to him;*] i. e. *Kin*. It is spelt *sib* by Spenser, and *sybbe* by Chaucer. *Seward.*

[25] *To* dure *ill-dealing Fortune.*] This makes an odd conclusion to the *climax* of *Hippolita*'s good wishes to her husband. She wished him not only *success*, but such excess of it, as to do what? why, to be able to bear ill fortune; I read,

To *cure* ill-dealing Fortune;

i. e. To take from Fortune her malignity, or the power of ever dealing ill to him again. Mr. Sympson has since sent me *dare*, as his conjecture. *Seward.*

Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the Heav'ns infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, sir! Remember me
To our all-royal brother! for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent!
Hip. In's bosom!
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea, [men
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or wo-
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em: then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Tho' craving seriousness and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing o'er business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins! Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed?
Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending, they have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' least of these was dreadful[26]: and they have [lodg'd,
Fought out together, where death's self was
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi. Doubtless,
There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon [count
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, and is more maturely season'd, [their needs
More buckled with strong judgment, and
The one of th'other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment[27]; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom[28]) she would long
'Till she had such another, and commit it

[26] ——————*they have skift*
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power,
I' th' least of these was dreadful.] The expression here is obscure; the pronoun *these*, whether it relates to tyranny and power or to *torrents*, seems very forc'd. *Whose tyranny and power in the least of these torrents, or of their tyranny and power, was dreadful.* I shall not obtrude my conjecture upon the reader, as the original; it departs rather too far from the trace of the letters, but it is offer'd as what I could have wish'd the poets to have wrote.

—————— they have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' *best* of *ships* were dreadful;

i. e. in a small skiff they have endured storms which would have been terrible to the largest ships. *Seward.*

The text is obscure; but the conjectural reading ridiculous. The sense seems to be, 'That the very *least* of their *dangers* and *distresses* was *dreadful*.'

[27] *No more arraignment:*] *i. e.* says Dr. Dodd, 'Her not liking it was sufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial.'

[28] *Oh, then but beginning*
To swell about the blossom.] Somewhat similar to this is a passage in Cymbeline, where Jachimo, describing Imogen asleep, says,

'—————— on her left breast
'A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
'I' th' bottom of a cowslip, &c.'

To

To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix-like
They died in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Tho' happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking[29]; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one[30]
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on[31]),
And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal
(Which surely innocence wots well[32]) comes in
Like old importment's bastard; has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual[33].

Hip.

[29] ——— *on my head no toy*
But was her patterne; her affections *(pretty*
Tho' happely, HER *careles,* WERE, *I followed*
For, &c.] Thus the old quarto. Sympson first proposed,

But was her pattern; her *affections* pretty
(Tho' *happily* THEY careless WERE) I followed;

and afterwards,

But was her pattern, her *affections;* pretty
Tho' *happily* HER careless WEAR I follow'd.

The first, Seward rejects, because 'to term an accidental careless ornament the affections of 'the wearer, is scarcely to be defended;' and the second, 'as not thinking the words Eng-'lish.' That gentleman prints thus:

But was her pattern, her *affection;* HER
Pretty, tho' *haply* careless WEAR, I follow'd;

and observes, that the being obliged to depart so far from the trace of the letters, is, he believes, the chief objection to his reading.

Dr. Dodd [Beauties of Shakespear, vol. i. p. 92] reads,

But was her pattern: her *affections* (pretty,
Tho' *happily* THEY careless WERE) I follow'd;

giving us upon this passage the following note: '—— she says, 'She had no toy on her head, "but that became her friend's pattern: and her affections [the things her friend affected, "or lik'd, in which sense the word is frequently used] (ever pretty, tho' perhaps they were "merely casual and careless at first) yet she so much approved, that she follow'd "them for her most serious dressing.' The reader will find this passage differently read by 'the late editors: possibly some may object against a careless dress being called the *affection* 'of the wearer, and ask how any one can *affect* or like that, which they take no care about? 'I think two answers may be given: it is well known how much some ladies *affect a careless* 'way of dressing: and what seems in them often the effect of mere chance, is the produce of 'their utmost study—conformable to the old maxim, *ars est celare artem;* or it may be, the 'lady calls those the *affections* of her friend, which she herself esteem'd so, and which, as 'being hers, she admir'd:—Perhaps we might read the passage thus, if these reasons are not 'satisfactory:

'But was her pattern, her *affect; her* pretty
'Though *happily* HER careless WEAR, I follow'd;

'which is almost the same with that Mr. Seward places in the text.'

The difficulties of the passage appear to have arisen partly from a mis-spelling *(were* for *wear)* and partly from the commentators' mis-apprehension of the word *affections*, which is not here used to signify a *solid mature preference* (as Seward seems to think it) but merely *choice, fancy.* The plain signification then appears to be, 'Her *fancy* (which was sure to be 'pretty, even in her most CARELESS dress) I copied in my most STUDIED adornments.' If this explanation is admissible, there wants only the orthographical correction: we need not so much as, with Dr. Dodd, alter *her* to *they*, much less subscribe to Mr. Seward's violent modes.—It may not be amiss to remark, that, in the old quarto, the *parenthesis* begins at the word *pretty*, but is no where closed.

[30] *Or at adventure humm'd* on
From musical coinage.] The correction proposed by Seward.

[31] *Whereon*, &c.] Dr. Dodd makes the following very ingenious remark: 'The reader will 'be pleased, well to observe that heavy line,

'Whereon her spirits would sojourn *(rather dwell on)*:

'Do not the last words sound as if they had been a marginal note of some critic, or a re-'mark of a prompter?' The conjecture is so very probable, and the passage would be so much amended, we are almost inclined to discard the words.

[32] *(Which* fury-innocent *wots well).*] Amended by Sympson.

[33] *More than in sex* individual.] As the word *individual* is very common, but *dividual* not so, the transcriber or printer put the one for the other here, though it absolutely destroyed both

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.
Emi. I'm sure I shall not.
Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Tho' in't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite, [sister,
That loaths even as it longs. But sure, my
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; Flourish. Then enter Theseus (Victor); the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!
2 *Queen.* Both Heav'n and earth
'Friend thee for ever!
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *amen* to't!
Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted Heav'ns
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony! rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and ev'n each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: so adieu,
And Heav'n's good eyes look on you!—What are those? [*Exeunt Queens.*
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd [told's
By their appointment; some of Thebes have
They're sister's children, nephews to the king.
Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, succour'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What prisoner was't that told me,
When I enquir'd their names?
Herald. With leave, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.
Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead? [been taken
Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible [breathe,
They might have been recover'd; yet they
And have the name of men.
Thes. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us [than have 'em
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we'd rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister [more!
What man to man may do! for our sake,
Since I have known frights, fury, friends, behests,
Loves, provocations[34], zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire

both sense and measure. Mr. Sympson too saw and corrected the error. *Sex dividual* for *different sexes*, is perhaps an uncommon, but a perfectly poetical expression. *Seward.*

[34] *Since I have known frights, fury,* friends, behests,
Loves, provocations, *zeal, a mistress task,*
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Hath *set a mark which Nature could not reach to*
Without some imposition, sickness in will
Or wrestling strength in reason, for our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skills tender. 'Tis a great pity that this fine enumeration of the ills of human life (which for conciseness and beauty may almost vie with the celebrated one in the soliloquy of Hamlet, should at last, by the errors of the transcriber or printer, vanish into darkness and obscurity. There is hopes that it is now restored by a very small change in the auxiliary verb *hath*, and a transposition of the lines into the order which the sense seems to require. I read,

——————— a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
'Thath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition. For our love, &c.

The sentiment is the common one,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,

'That our own miseries naturally awaken our compassion for those of others.' When therefore

Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
'Thath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition. For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city:
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army[35]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Queens with the Hearses of their Knights, in a funeral solemnity, &c.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, thro' the wild air flying:
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd Pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your houshold graves: [him!
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with
2 *Queen.* And this to yours!
1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!
3 *Queen.* This world's a city, full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jailor. I MAY depart with little[36], while I live;
Something I may cast to you, not much. Alas,
The prison I keep, tho' it be for great ones, yet
They seldom come: before one salmon, you
Shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out
To be better lin'd, than it can appear to me
Report is a true speaker: I would I were
Really, that I am delivered to be! Marry, what
I have (be't what it will) I will assure
Upon my daughter at the day o' my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer;
And I'll estate your daughter, in what I
Have promised.

Jailor. Well, we'll talk more of this,
When the solemnity is past. But have you
A full promise of her? When that shall be seen,

Enter Daughter.

I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Jailor. Your friend and I have chanc'd to name you here,
On the old business: but no more o' that now!
So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have
An end of't: i'th' mean time, look tenderly
To the two prisoners! I can tell you they're princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. It is pity they are
In prison, and 'twere pity they should be out.
I do think they have patience to make any
Adversity asham'd: the prison itself is proud
Of them: and they have all the world in their chamber. [solute men.

Jailor. They're fam'd to be a pair of ab-

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em;

fore he has enumerated the various ills which he has gone thro', he says, That these ills have set a mark of humanity on his heart that Nature, *without some imposition*, *i. e.* without the addition of such experience, could not have arrived at. The reader will find another change, instead of making *friends*, *behests*, *loves*, *provocations*, four of the ills of life, as in the former editions, I join them and make only two, *friends' behests*, and *love's provocations*; the former is particularly applicable to *Theseus*; the latter gives much the same idea as Shakespear's pangs of despised love. *Seward.*

This passage is extremely difficult and obscure. Seward's reading and explanation are certainly ingenious, and his slight transposition in the latter part admissible; but the two first lines of the old text are preferable.

[35] *To Athens* for *our army.*] The correction of *for* into *'fore* is self-evident, and occurred to us all three. *Seward.*

[36] *Depart;*] *i. e.* in this place, *part.* So Ben Jonson, in the Induction to Bartholomew-Fair,

'——— the author having now *departed* with his right.' *R.*

They

They stand a grief[37] above the reach of report.

Jailor. I heard them reported, in the battle
To be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely;
For they are noble sufferers. I marvel
How they'd have look'd, had they been victors, that
With such a constant nobility enforce
A freedom out of bondage, making misery
Their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Jailor. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me,
They've no more sense of their captivity,
Then I of ruling Athens: they eat well,
Look merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their own restraint and disasters.
Yet, sometime, a divided sigh, martyr'd
As 'twere in the deliverance, will break
From one of them; when th' other presently
Gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish
Myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least
A sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I ne'er saw 'em.

Jailor. The duke himself came privately in the night.

Enter Palamon and Arcite above.

And so did they[38]; what the reason of it is, I
Know not.—Look, yonder they are! that is
Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon:
Arcite's the lower of the twain: you may
Perceive a part of him.

Jailor. Go to, leave your pointing!
They'd not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them!
Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, in Prison.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir? [sery,

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at mi-
And bear the chance of war yet. We are
I fear for ever, cousin. [prisoners

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite, [country?
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Ev'n in the wagging of a wanton leg, [lands,
Out-stript the people's praises, won the gar-
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,
(Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore[39])
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us; [light'ning,
These hands shall never draw 'em out like
To blast whole armies more!

Arc. No, Palamon, [are,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we
And here the graces of our youths must wither, [us,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find

[37] *They stand a* grief.] This is a stiff expression, and only the conjectural reading of the late editions: the old quarto reads,

——— they stand a *griese.*

Mr. Sympson and I both read and conjecture, *grece*, the old word for *gradus* or *degree*. See Urry's Glossary to Chaucer. Indeed spelling of words was formerly so very uncertain, that *griese* for a step, might have been in use as well as *grece*, and therefore it is best to restore it. *Seward.*

We see no objection to the text, but think it, both in expression and sentiment, every way superior to the proposed restoration.

[38] *The duke himself came privately in the night,*
Enter Palamon and Arcite.
And so did they—] There is a deficiency in the sense here, that seems to denote the loss of at least one whole line, nor can I, from the context, easily guess the purport of it. By striking out, *And so did they*, the whole would be sense, but the measure would be lost. So we must leave it to some more fortunate conjecture. *Seward.*

We do not perceive any fault.

[39] ——— *our good swords now*
(Better the red-ey'd god of war nev'r were)
Bravish'd *our sides.*] The two mistakes of *were* for *wore*, and *bravish'd* for *ravish'd*, are very easily amended, and the reader will observe that the second arose from the initial letter of the former line being repeated. I had the concurrence here of both my assistants. *Seward.*

And,

And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife [pids,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cu-
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer! [ments,
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banish-
And in their songs curse ever-blinded fortune,
'Till she for shame see what a wrong sh' has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour!) lazily[40],
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly, [tunes
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our for-
Were twinn'd together: 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations [gether,
May make it ours? and here being thus to-
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience, [seek us;
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance[41]; I might sicken, cousin,

[40] *(Which is the curse of honour)* lastly,
Children of grief, and ignorance.] When a word is flat and unpoetical, and at the same time detrimental to the measure, there is almost a certainty of its being corrupt. *Lastly* has both these bad qualities; it is a more degrading expletive as to the sense, and wants a syllable to complete the measure. I cannot doubt therefore of the true word being *lazily*; laziness to a man of spirit being the true curse of honour. Hence the sentence becomes a fine climax to that noble spirit of poetry that animates the whole speech. *Seward.*

Seward's emendation here is happy, and we believe gives the genuine text. He supports his conjecture by the following quotation from the Lovers' Progress:

——We shall grow old men and feeble,
Which is the scorn of love and rust of honour.

[41] ——*envy of ill men*
Crave *our acquaintance.*] We have each a different conjecture here, Mr. Theobald reads *craze*, Mr. Sympson, *carve*, and I, *reave!* I know not whether self-partiality makes me prefer the latter. It is a common word in old authors, though now we seldom use it except in the perfect tense *reft*, as in Mr. Mallet's charming song, the first stanza of which is taken from Fletcher:

'Such is the robe that kings must wear
'When death has *reft* their crown.'

See Skinner on the word *reave*: *Spoliare*, to *spoil* or *take away*. The two former words, *craze* and *carve*, seem stiffer than this. *Seward.*

Reave is a plausible reading, and much better than *craze* or *carve*: but the old text *(crave)* being easy and intelligible, should not be disturbed.

Where

Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite!) almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where!
'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here, [sures
I'm sure a more content; and all those plea-
That wooe the wills of men to vanity,
I see thro' now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!
Shall I say more?
Arc. I would hear you still.
Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
Arc. 'Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter Emilia and her Servant.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!
Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures
What flower is this? [in't[42].
Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself: were there not maids enough?
Arc. Pray forward!
Pal. Yes.
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not?
Serv. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness tho'!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in
Serv. Yes. [silk, wench?
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of
This is a pretty colour: will't not do [these;
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Serv. Dainty, madam.
Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir?
Why, Palamon!
Pal. Never 'till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By Heav'n, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence!
She is a goddess, Arcite!
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.
Serv. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently[43],
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers[44]

[42] *This garden has a world of pleasures in't.*] This in all the former editions was made the end of *Arcite*'s speech; the absurdity was evident to us all, and must have been so to every reader of the least attention. *Seward.*

[43] *For when the west-wind courts her* gently.] As there is a deficiency in measure, Mr. Theobald reads,

——courts her *beauties* gently.

But the necessity of such an insertion does not appear, as making *gently* three syllables, a thing very common in our authors, sufficiently fills up the measure. *Seward.*

Theobald's variation is best, but neither is necessary: our authors are not so precise in their measure.

[44] *It is the very emblem of a maid:*
For when the west-wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes? When the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like chastity
She locks *her beauties in her bud again,*
And leaves him to base briers.] Dr. Farmer (Appendix to Shakespeare, 1773) quotes this speech, and with Seward (line 2) reads *gentily* for *gently*. I mention this minuteness of the doctor, because (line 5) he substitutes *charity* for *chastity*, and (line 6) *shuts* for *locks*. The quotation is made in support of a proposal, by 'an eminent critic,' to alter the word *shakes* to *shuts*, in the following passage in Cymbeline:

'——like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
'*Shakes* all our buds from growing.'

I dare say, the doctor did not intentionally violate the poets' text; but think each of the errors very remarkable. *J. N.*

Serv.

Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: a maid,
If she have any honour, would be loath
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair!
Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in! Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near art can come near their colours.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Serv. I could lie down, I'm sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then. [*Exit with Serv.*
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her? [have,
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heav'nly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all!
Arc. Not love at all? who shall deny me?
Pal. I that first saw her; I that took possession [her
First with mine eye of all those beauties in
Reveal'd to mankind! If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you! am not I Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend
Pal. You may be. [shall suffer?
Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so, [her,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
'Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fy, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Pal. Oh, that now, that now [fortune,
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou'rt baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!
Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,

Enter Jailor.

And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Pal. No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arc. Do!
Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen!
Pal. Now, honest keeper? [th' duke:
Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to
The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I'm ready, keeper. [reave you
Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile be-
Of your fair cousin's company.
[*Exit with Arcite.*
Pal. And me too,
Ev'n when you please, of life!—Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her: he's goodly;

And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falshood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
And fruit, and flowers more blessed, that still blossom [were,
As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heav'nly[44], I would make her [her;
So near the gods in nature, they should fear

Enter Jailor.

And then I'm sure she'd love me. How now keeper!
Where's Arcite?
Jailor. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.
Pal. He's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me. [her,
Jailor. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To discharge my life? [your lordship;
Jailor. No; but from this place to remove
The windows are too open.
Pal. Devils take 'em,
That are so envious to me! Prithee kill me!
Jailor. And hang for't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.
Jailor. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.
Jailor. Indeed you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Jailor. No.
Pal. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.
Jailor. I must [ous,
Constrain you then! and, for you're danger-
I'll clap more irons on you.
Pal. Do, good keeper!
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
I'll make you a new morris! Must I go?
Jailor. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see [thy window,
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come what can come, [dom:
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingI know my own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there! if I go, he has her.
I am resolv'd: another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; one with a Garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there. ['tis but a chiding;
3 *Coun.* And I.
4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys!

[44] *And if she be not heav'nly—*] This and the end of the next speech, which may at first sight appear a rant, are inimitably beautiful in a character of such warm passions under a phrenzy of love. Our authors have improv'd upon Chaucer, in making *Palamon* and *Arcite* such very distinct characters; but *Arcite*, who is not crown'd with success, becomes by this means the more amiable, and has the reader's wishes in his favour. This is a fault that Chaucer particularly guards against, for he makes the Two Kinsmen under an engagement upon oath, to assist each other when either happened to be in love. Had our authors inserted this, they had obviated all prejudice against *Palamon*, and given sufficient matter to kindle his rage and violence. *Seward.*

Who entertains any prejudice against *Palamon* here?

Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow!
1 *Coun.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go thro', let her mumble. [and stow her,
2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night,
And all's made up again.
3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put
A feskue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold against the maying?
4 *Coun.* Hold! what
Should ail us?
3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd [Ha!
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches.
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know. [Go to!
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail:
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' th' breech on us! and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again, [weavers!
And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the
1 *Coun.* This must be done i' th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent i' th' woods; [cry.
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no
3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle! [means,
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on't!
4 *Coun.* Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away boys, and hold! [you, whither go you?
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray
4 *Coun.* Whither? why, what a question's that! [not.
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that know
3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.
2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
2 *Coun.* Wrastling and running. 'Tis a pretty fellow.
3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
Take your own time. Come, boys!
1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance trick o' th' hip;
Mark, how his body's made for't!
2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd tho'
If he dare venture; hang him, plumb-porridge! [gone, lads!
He wrastle? He roast eggs. Come, let's be
[*Exeunt Countrymen.*
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run,
Swifter the wind upon a field of corn[45]
(Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew! I'll venture, [knows
And in some poor disguise be there: who
Whether my brows may not be girt with garAnd happiness prefer me to a place, [lands,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me: I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o'my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: then, I lov'd him,
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too:
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps[46]! To hear him

[45] *Swifter* than *wind.*] Amended by Seward and Sympson.

[46] *Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him.*] This line wants two syllables of its due measure, and the words that I have inserted seem to improve the sense as well as compleat the measure, as they imply a continuance of his singing, and her attention to it. *Seward.*

Seward reads, ——— To *sit and* hear him;
but these supposed *improvements of the sense*, and arbitrary *completions of the measure*, are unwarrantable. *To sit*, would rather imply sitting in his company, which is not supposed in this place.

Sing in an evening[47], what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: when I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
'Fair gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
'Get thee a happy husband!' Once he kiss'd me;
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
'Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery: [him?
What should I do, to make him know I love
For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd
To set him free? what says the law then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it[48],
And this night, or to-morrow: he shall love me! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

[*A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Emilia, and Arcite with a Gurland, &c.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I'm proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life[49].
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father
Sure is a happy sire then. What prove you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have holloa'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me [greatest,
Would say it was my best piece; last, and
I would be thought a soldier.
Thes. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emi. He is so.
Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
(If he say true) of his sort.
Emi. Believe,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman!
His face methinks goes that way.
Hip. But his body,
And fiery mind, illustrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks thro' his baser garments. [him.
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.
Per. All his words are worthy. [travel,
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your
Nor shall you lose your wishes. Perithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Per. Thanks, Theseus!— [give you
Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall

[47] ——— *To hear him*
Sing in an evening, &c.] In All's Well that ends Well, act i. sc. 1, Helena says:

'——— 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
'To see him every hour; to sit and draw
'His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
'In our heart's table: heart, too capable
'Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
'But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
'Must sanctify his relics.' *R.*

[48] *For law or kindred: I will do it,*
And this night, or to-morrow he shall love me.] The first verse wants a syllable, and 'tis odd in her to say that he should love her either this night or to-morrow; what she would naturally say, is, that she would free him this night, and that would so oblige him, that to-morrow he would love her. I have added one particle and chang'd another, in which I hope I have only restor'd the original. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

For law, or kindred: I will do it, *ay*
And this night; *and* to-morrow he shall love me.

Our punctuation, we hope, restores the poets' meaning, without committing any violence on the old text. A similar expression occurs, p. 402 of this volume;

——— they should fear her;
And then I'm sure *she'd love me.*

[49] *And to those gentle uses gave* me *life;*] *i. e.* Gave me life on purpose to educate me gentilely: the reading may be defended, but it would certainly be more natural if we read *gave* my *life, i. e.* brought me up and dedicated my life to all gentile habits and exercises. *Seward.*

To

To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray observe her goodness. [virtues,
You've honour'd her fair birth-day with your
And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir. [beauty,
Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant [you,
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends
Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you. [you say
Per. I'll see you furnish'd: and because
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not
Freeze in my saddle. [then
Thes. Sweet, you must be ready;
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flow'ry May[50], in Dian's wood. Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress! Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir, [what
While I have horses. Take your choice; and
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows!
Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I've ventur'd for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane[51]
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
'Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father [done it.
Durst better have endur'd cold iron, than
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety! I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose, is my way too: sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not so easily [me
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd
For what I've done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my cloaths up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me! by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

[50] ——— *to do observance*
To flow'ry May.] Of the custom of going into the woods to celebrate the introduction of *May*, and the several rites observed by different people on that occasion, the reader will see an ample account in Bourne's Observations on Popular Antiquities. See Brand's edition, 8vo. 1777, printed at Newcastle, p. 255. *R.*

[51] *Plane;*] *i. e.* The plane-tree. *R.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Cornets in sundry Places. Noise and hallooing, as People a-maying.
Enter Arcite.

Arcite. THE duke has lost Hippolita; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o'th'mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh jewel [place
O'th'wood, o'th' world, hast likewise blest a
With thy sole presence[52].—In thy rumination
That I poor man might eftsoons come between, [blessed chance,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice
To drop on such a mistress! Expectation
Most guiltless of't! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, altho' free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles; bends his Fist at Arcite.

Pal. Traitor kinsman! [signs
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token[53]! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away—
Arc. Dear cousin Palamon— [such
Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language
As thou hast shew'd me feat!
Arc. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To shew in generous terms your griefs, since that [fesses
Your question's with your equal, who pro-
To clear his own way, with the mind and
Of a true gentleman. [sword
Pal. That thou durst, Arcite! [advertis'd
Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, tho' i'th' sanctuary.
Pal. Sir, [well
I've seen you move in such a place, which
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;

[52] ——— *hast likewise blest a* pace
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
That I poor man might eftsoons come between
And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance, &c.] The amendment of the punctuation in this passage, and altering *pace* to *place*, are by Seward.

[53] ——— *O thou most perfidious*
That ever gently look'd the voids *of honour,*
That ever bore gentle token.] The reader will, I believe, find this difficult passage (which had long puzzled us all three) at last clear'd up by Mr. Sympson to entire satisfaction. *Seward.*

nd then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
peak this, and act it in your glass, as to
lis ear, which now disdains you!
Pal. Come up to me! [sword
Quit me of these cold gyves[54], give me a
Tho' it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none
That thou art brave and noble. [but this,
Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house!
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th' prison: after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but,
'Arcite,
I am in plight!' there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.
Pal. Oh, you Heav'ns, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
Arc. Sweet Palamon—
Pal. I do embrace you, and your offer: for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't.
[*Wind horns of cornets.*
Arc. You hear the horns: [tween's
Enter your muse quick[55], lest this match be-
Be crost ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong!
Pal. Pray hold your promise, [certain
And do the deed with a bent brow! most
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: by this air,
I could for each word give a cuff! my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.
Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
[*Wind horns.*
In me have but one face. Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.
Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is atchiev'd.
Arc. I've a good title[56],
I am persuaded: this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this
And talk of it no more. [plea,
Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is—
Arc. Nay, then—
Pal. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the beck I meant[57],
'is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter! 'would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o'th' world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf: [thing,
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I hallooed for him?
I cannot halloo: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be

[54] Gyves.] See note 31 on Beggars' Bush.

[55] *You hear the horns;*
Enter your music *lest this match between's*
Be crost e'er met.] *Music* is evidently corrupt; I read, *muse quick*; the *muse* of a hare is exactly the idea the context requires. I find this emendation in Mr. Theobald's margin, but as I sent it him, I know not whether he had it from me, or hit upon it before. *Seward.*
This emendation had been made before by sir William Davenant, to whom, as it seems a happy conjecture, the merit of it ought to be ascribed. He reads (Rivals, act iii. p. 38,)
'You hear the horns: enter your *muise*. Take
'Comfort and be strong.' *R.*

[56] If *a good title,*
I'm persuaded this question, &c.] The reading and pointing of former editions. *Seward.*

[57] *He has mistook the* beake *I meant.*] Seward alters *beake* to *beck*, which, says he, 'is an 'old English word, and now in use in all the northern counties; it signifies a brook or river; 'and some towns, as Welbeck, Holbeck, &c. take their names from it. See Ray's Nor-'thern Dialects, and Skinner on the word.'
Davenant here is less successful in his alteration than in other passages: he reads *beach*. *R.*

They

They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days[58],
Sipt some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scower'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
Oh, state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?
The best way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: but the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite, with Meat, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite? [files.
Arc. The same: I've brought you food and
Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.
Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.
Arc. That's no matter;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage; [drink!
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir,
I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.
Pal. Arcite, thou might'st now poison me.
Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parlies! let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your [health!
Pal. Do—
Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.
Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I'm glad
You have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat. [wenches
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
Arc. She did so: well, sir?
Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arc. Out with it, faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz? Play o'th' virginals?
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

[58] *Food took I none these two days,*
Sipt some water, I've not clos'd mine eyes
Save when my lids scower'd off their brine.] Here both sense and measure are very deficient; Mr. Sympson reads,

Food took I none these two days, *'cept* some water;

But then the second line becomes an hemistich, and seems to be deficient too in sense, as she does not specify how long she had continued sleepless; I fill up both verses with what seems perfectly natural for her to say:

Food took I none these two days, *only sipt*
Some water, *two nights* I've not clos'd mine eyes, &c. *Seward.*

It is not *unnatural* she should say this; but not seeing the defect in *sense* as well as measure, we think this way of *filling up verses* an unwarrantable licence in an editor.

Else

Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes. [a time
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis! There was
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arc. You're wide.
Pal. By Heav'n and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest!
Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful; files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armour?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: Farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
Pal. Sirrah[59]—
Arc. I'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he's in Heav'n!—Where am I now?— [tumbles!
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how't
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry! [else!
Up with her 'fore the wind[60], you'll lose all
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; you're gone!—I'm very hungry:
'Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me [make
News from all parts o'th' world; then would I
A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the king of pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning; I'll say never a word.

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat[61], a foot above my knee;
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine eye.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him, thro' the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale[62],
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else. [*Exit.*

[59] *Sir, ha.*] Former copies.

[60] Upon her *before the wind.*] Mr. Sympson thinks this not true sea language, and puts what I believe is,

Up with her 'fore the wind——

Mr. Theobald reads,

Spoon her before the wind,——

Either of them will do. *Seward.*

[61] *For I'll cut, &c.*] Davenant altered this song in the following manner:

'For straight my green gown into breeches I'll make,
'And my long yellow locks much shorter I'll take.
'Sing down a-down, &c.
'Then I'll cut me a switch, and on that ride about,
'And wander and wander 'till I find him out.
'With a heigh down, &c.' *R.*

[62] *Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,*
To put my breast against.] This allusion is very frequent in our ancient poets: from several examples which might be produced, we shall select the following, from a poem written by Fletcher's cousin, which at present is scarcely known:

'So Philomel, perch't on an aspin sprig,
'Weeps all the night her lost virginitie,
'And sings her sad tale to the merrie twig,
'That dances at such joyfull miserie,
'Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eyes:
'But *leaning on a thorn* her dainty chest,
'*For fear soft sleep should steal into her brest,*
'Expresses in her song grief not to be exprest.'

Christs Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death. By Giles Fletcher, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 68. *R.*

SCENE V.

Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen (and the Bavian), two or three Wenches, with a Taborer.

Ger. Fy, fy!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, ev'n the very plumb-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye, [*fore?*
And do ye still cry *where*, and *how*, and *where-*
Ye most coarse-freeze capacities, ye sleave judgments[63],
Have I said *thus let be*, and *there let be*,
And *then let be*, and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
For why? here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you, [meet him,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums, [length
And then cries *rare!* and I go forward; at I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently, [boys!
And sweetly, by a figure, trace, and turn,

1 Coun. And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold. [the taborer?

2 Coun. Draw up the company. Where's

3 Coun. Why, Timothy!

Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

Ger. But I say where's their women?

4 Coun. Here's Friz and Maudlin.

2 Coun. And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.

1 Coun. And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.

Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour, and a frisk!

Nell. Let us alone, sir.

Ger. Where's the rest o'th' music?

3 Coun. Dispers'd as you commanded.

Ger. Couple then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood!
And when you bark, do it with judgment.

Bav. Yes, sir. [wanting.

Ger. Quo usque tandem? Here's a woman

4 Coun. We may go whistle; all the fat's

Ger. We have, [i' th' fire!
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

2 Coun. This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding, [be here,
That gave her promise faithfully she would
Cicely, the sempster's daughter! [skin!
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas, [break.
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not

Ger. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners, this was false position. [now?

1 Coun. A fire ill take her[64]! does she flinch

3 Coun. What
Shall we determine, sir?

Ger. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity.
Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity!

4 Coun. Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal[65], now to piss o'th' nettle!
Go thy ways: I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. The George alow came from the
From the coast of Barbary-a. [south,

[63] *Ye* jave *judgments.*] Whether *jave* be some sort of coarse cloth as well as *freeze*, or a mistake of the press, must be uncertain to all who are unacquainted with the word. Supposing it the latter, I have two conjectures to offer. first, *ye* lays *judgments*, or *ye* sleave *judgments*. *Sleave* is the term the silk-weavers use for the ravell'd knotty gouty parts of the silk, from whence Shakespeare has taken an extremely beautiful metaphor that has been hitherto generally misunderstood, and therefore disik'd and ev'n discarded from the text as spurious by Mr. Pope and the Oxford edition. It is in Macbeth, in the fine scene after the murder of the king;

'Sleep, that knits up the *ravell'd sleeve* of care.'

It should have been *sleave*. The trouble that the *ravell'd knotty silk* gives the knitter or weaver: and the confusion and embarrassment of the *sleave* itself, makes it an exceeding proper emblem of the perplexities and uneasiness of care and trouble. See Skinner on the word. I owe the emendation in Shakespeare to an ingenious friend. *Seward.*

[64] *A fire ill take her.*] This may be defended, but as the expression is not a very common or eligible one, and the dialogue is with a schoolmaster, who says of himself that,

He humbles with a *ferula* the tall ones,

I hope I only restore the original in reading,

A *feril* take her. *Seward.*

We believe there is no such word as *feril*. May we not understand by FIRE *ill*, a MIGHTY *ill*, a SEVERE *punishment?* A similar use of *fire* adjectively is frequent.

[65] *Frampal.*] See note 30 on Wit at Several Weapons.

An

nd there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.
Vell hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whether now are you bound-a?
)h, let me have your company
'Till I come to the Sound-a!
There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
The one said 'twas an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There is a dainty mad woman, magister[65], comes i'th' nick; as mad as a March hare! f we can get her dance, we're made again: warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols!

1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!

Ger. And are you mad, good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.

Ger. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten: I've poz'd him. Buz! [do,
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker: sirrah tinker[66], Stop no more holes, but what you should!

Ger. Dii boni!
A tinker, damsel?

Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play *Quipassa*, o' th' bells and bones!

Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace[67]:
Atque opus, exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec Strike up, and lead her in! [*ignis*—

2 *Coun.* Come, lass, let's trip it!

Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind horns.*

3 *Coun.* Do, do. [boys!

Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly; away,
[*Exeunt all but Gerrold.*
I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me!

Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, and Train.

Thes. This way the stag took.

Ger. Stay, and edify!

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some country-sport, upon my life, sir.

Thes. Well, sir, go forward: we will edify.
Ladies, sit down! we'll stay it.

Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, sweet ladies!

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all,
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad; help me, thy poor well-willer, [straight
And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight;
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd toge ther [hither,
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came
The body of our sport of no small study.
I first appear, tho' rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble Grace, this tenor:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid, and servingman by night,
That seek out silent hanging: then mine host,
And his fat spouse, that welcome to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say *ay*, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine!*

Per. Produce.

Ger. Intrate filii! Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, &c. They dance.

Ladies, if we have been merry[68],
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the Schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, *domine*.—How does my sweetheart?

[65] *There's a dainty mad woman*, Mr.] As most, and I believe all the *Countrymen*'s speeches are in verse, I fancy *Mr.* stood for *Magister* here. The Schoolmaster's first speech and the greatest part of this scene was printed as prose. But I have found it running easily into measure, which Fletcher's drollery frequently does. *Seward.*

[66] Sir, ha, *Tinker.*] Former copies.

[67] *Persuade her to* a peace.] I think we should read *appease*: i. e. be *quiet*, or *silent*.

[68] *Ladies, if we have*, &c.] We have ventured to prefix the *Schoolmaster*'s name to this speech. It has always been given to *Perithous.*

Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.
Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance;
And, for a preface, I never heard a better.
Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see 'em all rewarded! [pole withal.
Per. And here's something to paint your
Thes. Now to our sports again!

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowsets!

Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*
Dii Deæque omnes! ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords, and two good armours; if he fail [me,
He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with: 'tis justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me! Oh, good-morrow!

Enter Arcite, with Armours and Swords.

Arc. Good-morrow, Noble Kinsman!
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. 'Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish you
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.
Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Pal. Then I shall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
As you love any thing that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen,
And quickly, yours, or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Tho' I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I'm well, and lusty; chuse your arms!
Arc. Chuse you, sir!
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost
To make me spare thee? [thou do it
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I'll not spare you!
Pal. That's well said!
Arc. You will find it. [love
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly! This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine then;
I'll arm you first.
Pal. Do. Pray thee tell me, cousin,
Where got'st thou this good armour?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arc. I'm indifferent. [the buckle
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust
Thro' far enough!
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now!
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets tho': those are o'th' least;
Prithee take mine, good cousin!
Pal. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.
Arc. Do, and spare not!
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

Arc

Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You're modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too straight?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then!
Arc. Take my sword! I hold it better.
Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it!
Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand!
Arc. Here, Palamon! This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials[69].
Once more, farewell, my cousin!
Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*
[*Horns within; they stand.*
Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched! Oh, retire,
For honour's sake! and safely presently[70]
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
Pal. No, no, cousin;

[69] *If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,*
For none but such dare die in these just trials.] Mr. Sympson thinks this a strange sentiment, and indeed it must appear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of *knight errantry* rather than in Athens: that our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquer'd always suppos'd guilty and held infamous. In this light the sentiment is proper, though it would certainly be more in character in *Palamon*'s mouth, whose enthusiastic zeal for the justice of his cause, would be the proper father of such a sentiment. Perhaps therefore the original might have run thus,

Pal. I commend thee.
If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such dare die in these just trials.

Instead of returning this with the like violence, Arcite (with a look where *disdain* and *tenderness* struggle awhile and then settle to a firm resolution) answers,

Once more farewell, my cousin.

But if this change of the speakers takes place, it might be necessary to give the former speech of *Palamon* to *Arcite*, and make *Palamon* only speak the last line of it. It is very common to have whole scenes confus'd thus in their speakers. *Seward.*

We cannot see any need of change.

[70] ——————*and* safely *presently*
Into your bush again.] The two adverbs, *safely presently* in conjunction, are very unlike our authors; by putting a comma between them they may suit the hurry of the speaker. But it seems much more probable that the first is a mistake, and that the true reading is,

——————Oh, retire
For honour's sake, and *safety*, presently
Into the bush again,——.

Mr. Theobald concurred with me in this emendation. *Seward.*

But being merely conjectural, and not *necessary*, is not admissible.

I will

I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial!
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! Put
Upon thy present guard— [thyself
Arc. You are not mad? [hour
Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me, [cousin,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak
I love Emilia! and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else!
Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse, or sleep: only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!
Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and train.

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus!
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against this known edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am); and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries, [Theseus,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou shalt see me,
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy;
Then take my life! I'll wooe thee to't.
Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I've sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus! 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if *she* say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, Theseus,
If unto neither thou shew mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let's die together at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here speak for 'em!
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
Hip. Alas, the pity! now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
For these lost cousins!
Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kills 'em:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to th' ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother—
Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage—
Emi. By your own spotless honour—
Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me— [ther,
Emi. By that you would have pity in ano-
By your own virtues infinite—
Hip. By valour, [you—
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd
Thes. These are strange conjurings!
Per. Nay, then I'll in too:
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady— [deny,
Emi. By that you would have trembled to
A blushing maid—
Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—
Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.
Hip. Next hear my prayers!
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Per. For mercy!
Hip. Mercy!

Emi.

Emi. Mercy on these princes!
Thes. You make my faith reel: say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it? [nishments.
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their ba-
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'll fight about you; hourly bring your honour [then,
In public question with their swords: be wise
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by th' law, than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Thes. What is it, sister?
Per. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing [ing:
Fit for my modest suit, and your free grant-
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion!) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion[71]!
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms, [seus,
Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke The-
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty, [sins,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cou-
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
'Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heav'n's sake save their lives, and banish 'em!
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords, and cause along; else never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will [sin,
And for that love, must and dare kill this cou-
On any piece the earth has!
Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Pal. He's a villain then!
Per. These are men! [begging,
Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than
To take my life so basely. Tho' I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil! [compassion.
Thes. What may be done? for now I feel
Per. Let it not fall again, sir!
Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference!
I give consent! are you content too, princes?
Both. With all our souls.
Thes. He that she refuses
Must die then.
Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Thes. Make choice then! [cellent:
Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too ex-
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Thes. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country:
And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin

[71] ——— *how their lives*
Might breed the ruin of my name; opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?] *Opinion* is often used by the old writers in the sense of *reputation*, in which sense it is here to be taken. Macbeth says,

'We will proceed no further in this business;
'He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
'*Golden opinions* from all sorts of people,
'Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
'Not cast aside so soon.'

By

By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar;
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head[72],
And all his friends: nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady:
Will this content ye?
Pal. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again 'till that hour.
Arc. I embrace you.
Thes. Are you content, sister?
Emi. Yes: I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.
Thes. Come, shake hands again then;
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep 'till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course!
Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes, and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and a Friend.

Jailor. HEAR you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember!
1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolita,
And fair-ey'd Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Jailor. Pray Heav'n, it hold so!
2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man! I bring you news,
Good news.
Jailor. They're welcome.
2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he 'scap'd, which was your daughter's,
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner

[72] ——— *The other lose his head,*
And all his friends.] Chaucer's doom on this occasion is only banishment, and our authors altered it, to render the catastrophe more interesting. As to the probability of their procuring each three seconds upon such odd terms, it may shock us to suppose any such gallant idiots; but even so low as our authors' age, it was reckon'd cowardice to refuse any man, even a stranger, to be a second in almost any duel whatever, of which there is a most inimitable burlesque in the Little French Lawyer. Mankind were mad after knight-errantry; and the reader must catch a little of the spirit himself, or he'll lose a great part of the beauties of this play; he must kindle with the flames of military glory, think life a small stake to hazard in such a combat, and death desirable to the conquer'd as a refuge from shame. While the *judicial trials* by the *duello* were part of our laws, this was really the spirit of our ancestors. I have a treatise now before me of Mr. Selden, wrote in 1610, probably about the very time of our authors publishing this play, where these *duello trials* are very learnedly traced, with all their forms and ceremonies from the Norman conquest to James the First, in whose reign they still continued part of the laws of our land, and seem to have been not out of fashion; for we find by all the writers of that age, how common the private extrajudicial duel then was, and this author, after reciting the decrees of two popes against such trials, and the thunder, as he calls it, of the Council of Trent, with a very serious face subjoins: 'To those 'which were the observant sonnes of the Roman church, this and the other decrees extend 'their inhibitions; but the English customs never permitted themselves to be subjected to 'such clergy canons; alwaies (under parliament correction) retaining, as whatsoever they 'have by long use or allowance approv'd, so this of the duel.'—I am told by lawyers, that this superstitious and barbarous law has never to this day met with *parliament correction*, but has by custom only sunk into obsoleteness. Our ancestors in this instance as well as that of our calendar, most resolutely avoided the example of Papists, even where the latter were evidently right. *Seward.*

(Not

(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.
Jailor. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.
1 *Friend.* How was it ended?
2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd [granted.
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly
The prisoners have their lives.
1 *Friend.* I knew 'twould be so.
2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.
Jailor. I hope they're good.
2 *Friend.* They're honourable;
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 *Friend.* 'Twill be known.
Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?
Jailor. Why do you ask?
Wooer. Oh, sir, when did you see her?
2 *Friend.* How he looks!
Jailor. This morning. [sir?
Wooer. Was she well? was she in health,
When did she sleep?
1 *Friend.* These are strange questions.
Jailor. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent[73]! and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Jailor. Well, sir?
1 *Friend.* Not right?
2 *Friend.* Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
'Tis too true, she is mad.
1 *Friend.* It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Jailor. I half suspected [her!
What you have told me; the gods comfort
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.
Wooer. 'Tis likely.
Jailor. But why all this haste, sir?
Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
Inthe great lake that lies behind the palace[74],
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung; and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Thro' a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.
Jailor. Pray go on, sir!
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,
'Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
'I'll find him out to-morrow.'
1 *Friend.* Pretty soul! [he'll be taken;
Wooer. 'His shackles will betray him,
'And what shall I do then? I'll bring a beavy,
'A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I
'do,
'With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
'With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask
'roses,
'And all we'll dance an antick 'fore the duke,
'And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you, sir; [morning,
That you must lose your head to-morrow
And she must gather flowers to bury you,

[73] *An* innocent.] In the northern parts of this kingdom, the common appellation of *an idcot* is *an innocent* to this day. *R.*

[74] *As I late, &c.*] This description bears a striking resemblance to the following in Hamlet:

'There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
'That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
'There with fantastic garlands did she come,
'Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
'That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
'But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
'There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
'Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
'When down her weedy trophies and herself
'Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
'And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
'Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
'As one incapable of her own distress,
'Or like a creature native, and indued
'Unto that element.' *R.*

And see the house made handsome: then she sung [between
Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow[74];' and
Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'
And: 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place [tresses,
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless
A wreath of bull-rush rounded[75]; about her stuck [lours;
Thousand fresh-water flowers of several co-
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from Heav'n! Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; 'Thus our true love's tied;' [one:
'This you may loose, not me;' and many a
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2 Friend. Alas, what pity 'tis!

Wooer. I made in to her; [sav'd her,
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me,
She left me far behind her: three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you. Here they are!

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the
Is not this a fine song? [light, &c.

Brother. Oh, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Brother. I think you can. [Broom,

Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the
And Bonny Robin[76]. Are not you a tailor?

Brother. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?

Brother. I'll bring it to-morrow.

Daugh. Do, very early[77]; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.
Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c. [*Sings.*

Brother. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Jailor. 'Tis true. [you ever hear

Daugh. Good e'en, good men! Pray did
Of one young Palamon?

Jailor. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?

Jailor. 'Tis love! [then distemper'd

Brother. By no means cross her; she is
Far worse than now she shews.

1 Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?

1 Friend. Yes. [her so,

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell
For a trick that I know: you had best look to her, [done,
For if she see him once, she's gone; she's
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?

1 Friend. Yes.

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him,
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the Wars of Theseus.

2 Friend. This is strange.

Daugh. As ever you heard; but say nothing.

1 Friend. No. [dukedom to him:

Daugh. They come from all parts of the
I'll warrant you, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Jailor. She's lost,
Past all cure!

Brother. Heav'n forbid, man!

Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.

1 Friend. Does she know him?

2 Friend. No; 'would she did!

Daugh. You're master of a ship?

Jailor. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your compass?

Jailor. Here.

Daugh. Set it to th' north;
And now direct your course to th' wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: come, weigh my hearts, cheerly!

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair.
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail!
Where is your whistle, master?

Brother. Let's get her in.

Jailor. Up to the top, boy.

Brother. Where's the pilot?

1 Friend. Here.

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

[74] *Willow, &c.*] See Othello. The song here alluded to, is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. *R.*

[75] *A* wreak *of bull-rush.*] Corrected in 1750.

[76] *Bonny Robin.*] Ophelia, in Shakespeare's Hamlet, sings part of this song.

[77] *Do, very* rarely.] I had put *early* into the text here before I received Mr. Sympson's reading *rearly*, i. e. betimes in the morning. If there is such a word, it is undoubtedly the true one; but as he quotes no authority, and I can find none in my glossaries, I must let *early* remain, which Mr. Theobald has likewise put in his margin. *Seward.*

2 *Friend.* A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about!
[*Sings.*
When Cinthia with her borrow'd light, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Emilia, with two Pictures.

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open [chuse,
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll
And end their strife; two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heav'n,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganimede
Set Jove afire with[77], and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter, [Honour,
Smoother than Pelop's shoulder! Fame and
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heav'n, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he'd lost his mother[78]; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heav'nly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me!
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly,
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command [dare cross 'em?
And threaten love, and what young maid
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only [cite!
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Ar-
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me[79],
For if my brother but ev'n now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together! Now, come, ask me, brother,
Alas, I know not! ask me, now, sweet sister;
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?
Gent. From the noble duke, your brother,

[77] ——— *here Love himself sits smiling*
Just such another wanton Ganimede,
Set Love afire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy.—] This is certainly corrupt; every body must see that *Jove* is somewhere left out. But says Mr. Sympson, suppose we read,
Set *Jove* afire with———
it is still not sense; he therefore proposes,
Jove such another wanton Ganimede
Set *Love* afire with———
But this, I fear, will hardly be thought good English. I had long since discover'd what still seems the real mistake, *fire* like *hour*, *your*, &c. is often made two syllables by our authors; the actors and transcribers not knowing this, thought the verse wanted a syllable, and probably intruded the particle *with* to supply it, not observing how much it embarrass'd the construction. *Love* for *Jove* seems a mere accidental error of the press. I read therefore,
Just such another wanton Ganimede
Set *Jove* afire, and enforc'd the god, &c.
There is another way of correcting this, by the insertion of a nominative case in the end of the second line, as
——— here *Love* himself sits smiling,
Just such another wanton Ganimede *he*
Set *Jove* afire with,———
The former seems far preferable. *Seward.*

[78] *As if he'd lost his mother.*] This seems directly opposite to the sense intended, the effeminacy of *Palamon*, compared with *Arcite*. Perhaps we should read, *As h'had* NOT *lost his mother*, i. e. the mother in his mind.

[79] *My* virgin *faith has fled me.*] So reads Seward.

Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come!
Emi. To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. 'Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers' joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, and Attendants.

Thes. Bring 'em in
Quickly by any means! I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. Who saw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.
Thes. From whence come you, sir?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes. Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think: six braver spirits
Than these they've brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes shew far within him[80],
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like raven's wings; his shoulders broad, and strong;
Arms long and round[81]: and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick[82], when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
Thes. Th'hast well describ'd him.
Per. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
Thes. Pray speak him, friend.
Per. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs thro' his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shews no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour[83];
His nose stands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
Emi. Must these men die too?
Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five and twenty.
Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.
Per. Oh, he that's freckle-fac'd?

[80] *The circles of his eyes shew* fair *within him,*
And as a heated lion, so he looks.] He is describ'd of a very dark-brown complexion, with raven-black hair, of a noble but withal of so stern a look, that his eyes were like those of a heated lion. To every part of this description the adjective *fair* is diametrically opposite, not only as to the colour, but to the sternness and fierceness of his looks, *fair* conveying the idea of openness and mildness. But the corruption consists only in the addition of a single vowel, which being removed, the expression regains its original strength and propriety:
The circles of his eyes shew *fir* within him. *Seward.*

[81] Arm'd *long and round.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[82] *Baldrick.*] See note 49 on Beggars' Bush.

[83] ——— *sits Victory,*
As if she ever meant to correct *his valour.*] How does victory *correct* valour? The word is undoubtedly corrupt, and equally hurts both the measure and sense. *Crown* is what the context evidently requires, and tho' it differs much in its letters from the old reading, yet it is rather a proof what great mistakes printers sometimes make, than an argument against its being admitted for the genuine text. *Seward.*

Mess.

Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?
Per. Yes, they're well.
Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well dispos'd, they shew
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-ey'd,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six and thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
Thes. Are they all thus?
Per. They're all the sons of honour.
Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would shew bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms[84];
'Tis pity love should be so tyrannous.
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.
Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty.
Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it,
Fitting the persons that must use it!
Per. Yes, sir
Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay
(Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear;
Good friend, be royal!
Per. There shall want no bravery.

Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins,
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon
Than at other some, is it not?
Jailor. She is
Continually in a harmless distemper;
Sleeps little, altogether without appetite,
Save often drinking; dreaming of another
World, and a better; and what broken piece
Of matter soe'er she's about, the name
Palamon lards it; that she farces ev'ry

Enter Daughter.

Business withal, fits it to every question.
Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.
Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden
Was *down-a down-a;* and penn'd by no worse man than
Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as
Fantastical too, as ever he may go upon's legs;
For in the next world will Dido see Palamon,
And then will she be out of love with Æneas.
Doctor. What stuff's here? poor soul!
Jailor. Ev'n thus all day long.
Daugh. Now for this charm, that I told you of; you must
Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come
Where the blessed spirits, (as there's a sight now) we maids
That have our livers perish'd, crack'd to pieces
With love, we shall come there, and do nothing
All day long but pick flowers with Proserpine;
Then will I make Palamon a nosegay;
Then let him—mark me—then!
Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further!
Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break,
We of the bless'd[85]: alas, 'tis a sore life
They have i'th' other place, such burning, frying,

Boiling,

[84] *But not the cause, my lord: they would shew*
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms.] As two syllables are somewhere wanting in these lines, and the sense as well as measure is improved by inserting the word *fighting*, which is evidently understood in the construction of the passage as hitherto printed, 'tis hoped that the genuine text is only restored. *Seward.*

[85] *Faith I'll tell you, sometime we go to the barley-break, we of the bless'd, alas, 'tis a sore life they have i'th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chatt'ring, cursing,* &c.] The printers here, contrary to their usual custom, have divided the lines of this whole scene as if they were verse, though it is evidently all prose. *Seward.*

The printers having divided the lines as verse, is a strong presumption of their having been so written. They often run verse into prose, but we remember no instance of the reverse. A kind of loose measure, often used by our authors, was probably intended here; as such we have given it, endeavouring to make out the verse as nearly as possible according to the division of lines in the old books.

Boiling, hissing, howling, chatt'ring, cursing,
Oh, they have shrewd measure; take heed!
If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves,
Thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there
Shall we be put in a caldron of lead
And usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cutpurses,
And there boil like a gammon of bacon
That will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with-child,
They are in this place; they shall stand in fire
Up to the navel, and in ice up to th' heart,
And there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part
Freezes: in troth, a very grievous punishment,
As one would think, for such a trifle! believe me, [on't,
One would marry a leprous witch, to be rid
I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy!
'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick
And profound melancholy. [together!

Daugh. To hear there
A proud lady, and a proud city-wife, howl
I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one
Cries, *Oh, this smoke!* another, *this fire!* one cries,
Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!
And then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow,
And her garden-house. [*Exit Daughter.*
[*Sings.*] I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.

Jailor. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind,
Which I cannot minister to.

Jailor. Alas, what then? [any man,

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected
Ere she beheld Palamon?

Jailor. I was once, sir,
In great hope she had fix'd her liking on
This gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too;
And would account I had a great pen'worth on't,
To give half my state, that both she and I
At this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distemper'd
The other senses; they may return and settle again
To execute their preordained faculties;
But they are now in a most extravagant vagary
This you must do: confine her to a place where the light
May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted
Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name
Of Palamon; say you come to eat with her,
And to commune of love; this will catch her attention,
For this her mind beats upon; other objects
That are inserted 'tween her mind and eye,
Become the pranks and friskins of her madness;
Sing to her such green songs of love, as she
Says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her,
Stuck in as sweet flowers as the season
Is mistress of, and thereto make an addition
Of some other compounded odours, which
Are grateful to the sense: all this
Shall become Palamon, for Palamon
Can sing, and Palamon is sweet,
And ev'ry good thing; desire to eat with her,
Carve for her, drink to her, and still among
Intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
Into her favour; learn what maids have been
Her companions, and play-pheers[85]; and let them
Repair to her with Palamon in their mouths
And appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him:
It is a falshood she is in, which is
With falshoods to be combated. This may bring her
To eat, to sleep, and reduce what are now
Out of square in her, into their former law
And regiment[86]: I have seen it approv'd,
How many times I know not; but to make
The number more, I have great hope in this
I will, between the passages of this project
Come in with my appliance. Let us put in
In execution; and hasten the success,
Which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt*

[85] Play-*pheers.*] See note 95 on this play.

[86] *Regiment.*] Thus the old quarto, and right, signifying *government*. *Regimen* (which other copies exhibit) conveys another idea.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, and Attendants.

Thes. NOW let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!
[*Flourish of cornets.*
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very pow'rs that love 'em.

Enter Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.
Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.
Per. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt Thes. and train.*
Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
'Till one of us expire: think you but thus;
That were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Tho' parcel of myself! then from this gather
How I should tender you!
Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, ou kindred,
Out of my memory; and i'th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we [where
The sails, that must these vessels port[87] ev'n
The heav'nly Limiter pleases!
Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin!
This I shall never do again.
Arc. One farewell!
Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!
Arc. Farewell, sir!
[*Exe. Pal. and his Knights.*
Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is further off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too!
Yea, the speed also! to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flow'rs; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brim'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him!—
[*They kneel.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy pow'r hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple[88]; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havock in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon[89]; who dost pluck

[87] *The sails, that must these vessels* part.] This reading, so different from the poets' meaning, is in several of the last editions.

[88] *Green Neptune into purple,*
Comets prewarn, whose havock in vast field, &c.] With this great deficiency of sense and measure has this passage been hitherto printed. The sense is easily restor'd, because tho' half the sentence is lost, the two remaining words, *Comets prewarn*, sufficiently point out the meaning; for that *Comets prewarn* or *foretell wars*, is the vulgar as well as poetical creed; thus Milton,

' ——— and like a comet burn'd,
' That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
' In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
' Shakes pestilence and war.'

The *rage*, the *ravage*, the *devastations* of Mars, will give the idea requir'd: but among those and many other words that would suit the sense, only two have occurr'd that supply both sense and measure, viz. *approach*, and *destructions*; the former is certainly the best word, therefore bids very fair for having been the original. *Seward.*

[89] *Foyzon,*] i. e. *Abundance.* This word also occurs in the Tempest, act ii. sc. 1.

With

With hand armipotent[90] from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum[91], instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be stil'd the lord o'th' day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the Altar.*

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O'th' pleurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former observance.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard! To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! [*Here they kneel.*
Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl[92]; that hast the might
Ev'n with an eye-glance to choak Mars's drum,
And turn th'alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subjects' vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the polled bachelor[93]
(Whose youth, like wanton boys thro' bon
fires[94], [catch
Have skipt thy flame) at seventy thou can
And make him, to the scorn of his hoars
throat, [powe
Abuse young lays of love. What godlik
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus tho
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heav'nl
fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; th
huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to thro
Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yok
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
I've never been foul-mouth'd against thy law
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, woul
not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'
At simpring sirs that did; I have been hars
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd 'en
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew
man
Of eighty winters, (this I told them) who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that wha
was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair pheer a boy[95], and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief! I an
To those that prate, and have done, no com
panion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close office
The foulest way, nor names concealments i

[90] *Armenipotent.*] Corrected by Seward; who observes that '*Armipotent* is apply'd t
'Mars by Chaucer in the same tale of Palamon and Arcite.'

[91] Youngest *follower.*] Seward reads, Young *follower.*

[92] *And weep* unto *a girl.*] Mr. Theobald's margin says *into*, i. e. *'till he became tender a a girl.* But surely to become a whining lover and weep unto a girl, is an idea more prope to the context. I cannot indeed make it connect grammatically with the former part of th sentence, without changing *and* to *to.* *Seward.*

[93] *The* pould *bachelor.*] Varied by Seward; who says, '*Pould* is what we now spell *poll'd* 'depilatus; bald-headed. Chaucer's word is *pilled*, as 'The Pardoner with his *Pilled* Poll.

[94] *Whose youth, like wanton boys thro' bonfires.*] Seward, to assist the measure, reads,

Whose *freaks of* youth, like wanton boys through bonfires;

which most materially injures the sense.

[95] *Pheer;*] i. e. *Companion.* Coles's Dict. 1677, where it is marked as then obsolete.— The word occurs in Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 1. In the Silent Woman, Morose says,

'— her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-pheer.*'

In this play, p. 422, *play-pheers* are spoken of.

Th

The boldest language[96]; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance *[They bow.*
My body to this business. Let us rise
And bow before the goddess! Time comes on. *[Exeunt.*

[Still music of records.

Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver Hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the Altar, her Maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curt'sy and kneel.

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow[97], who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here thy priest
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye[98], which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port[99]
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
Were I to lose one, (they are equal precious)
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me,
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band!

[Here the hind vanishes under the Altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose?
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery! I hope she's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious.

[They curt'sy, and exeunt.

[96] *Nor names, &c.*] This clause is hard; taken with the preceding and subsequent, all together they imply, 'He does not love the man who speaks too grossly of his success in 'love, or does not defend secrecy in amours; the last of which he ever maintained.'

[97] ——*And pure*
As wind-fann'd snow.] Very similar to this are a passage in the Double Marriage, and one in Coriolanus: the reader may find them both in act iii. of this play. In Comus also, Milton gives a most nervous eulogium on Chastity.

[98] *With that thy rare* green *eye.*] Seward reads, '*sheen* eye, *i. e.* extremely shining.' We believe the old text genuine.

[99] ——*thine ear*
——*into whose* port.] Mr. Theobald reads, *porch*, and quotes Hamlet:
'Into the *porches* of my ears did pour
'The leprous distilment.'
Mr. Theobald follows several great critics, particularly Dr. Bentley, in thinking an author's use of a metaphor at one time is a reason why he should repeat the same, when it is again applicable; but perhaps the very reverse is true: a good poet will always avoid tautology, if he can, and will not repeat his own or any other person's expression, if another occurs full as good. Thus *port* in this place being full as good a word as *porch*, for the sake of novelty would be most probably preferr'd to it. *Seward.*
Porch seems the more probable reading, and Theobald's argument appears truer than Seward's; but as *port* is sense, and authorized by the old books, it should not be removed from the text.

SCENE II.

Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer (in habit of Palamon).

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her? [her company

Wooer. Oh, very much: the maids that kept
Have half persuaded her that I'm Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then she told me [knew
She'd watch with me to-night, for well she
What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so; [presently!
And when your fit comes, fit her home, and

Wooer. She'd have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Wooer. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then:
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise:
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.

Jailor. Hoa there, Doctor!

Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.

Jailor. But first, by your leave,
I' th' way of honesty!

Doctor. That's but a niceness;
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty:
Cure her first this way; then if she will be
She has the path before her. [honest,

Jailor. Thank you, doctor! [how she is.

Doctor. Pray bring her in, and let's see

Jailor. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: but, Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still. [*Exit.*

Doctor. Go, go! You fathers are fine fools: Her honesty: [that—
An we should give her physick till we find

Wooer. Why, do you think she is not ho-

Doctor. How old is she? [nest, sir?

Wooer. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?

Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.

Doctor. Please her appetite,
And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.

Wooer. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maid.

Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes, pray humour her![100] [you, child;

Jailor. Come; your love Palamon stays for
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

Jailor. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Jailor. He's a very fair one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Jailor. No.

Daugh. I have often;
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!
He turns you like a top.

Jailor. That's fine indeed.

Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour.
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish:
And gallops to the tune[101] of light o' love:[102]
What think you of this horse?

Jailor. Having these virtues, [nis.
I think he might be brought to play at ten-

Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.

Jailor. Can he write and read too?

Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender: that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chesnut mare the duke has?

Jailor. Very well. [poor beast;

Daugh. She's horribly in love with him,
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

Jailor. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred bottles[103]
And twenty strike of outs: but he'll ne'er have her;
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.

Doctor. What stuff she utters!

Jailor. Make curt'sy; here your love comes!

Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curt'sy! [honesty.

Daugh. Yours to command, i' th' way of
How far is't now to th' end o' th' world, my masters?

Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.

Daugh. Will you go with me?

Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?

Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:
What is there else to do?

Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.

[100] *Pray* honour *her.*] Amended in 1750.

[101] *Gallops to the* turne.] Corrected by Theobald and Seward.

[102] *Light o' love.*] This appears to have been a very popular tune, and is frequently mentioned by our authors and their contemporaries.

[103] *Bottles;*] *i. e.* Bottles of hay; some spell it *pottles.* *Seward.*

Daugh.

Daugh. 'Tis true;
For there I will assure you ye shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes; by this fair hand will I.
Daugh. We'll to bed then.
Wooer. Ev'n when you will.
Daugh. Oh, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.[104]
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one, [ding.
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wed-
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children.—
Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow too finely,
Now he's at liberty; alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
You'll lose the noblest sight that e'er was seen.
Jailor. Are they i'th' field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Jailor. I'll away straight.
I must ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the fight.
Jailor. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days [from her,
I'll make her right again. You must not
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, sweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Per. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell, than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, ('gainst the which there is
No deafing) but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Per. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. Oh, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,[105]
Which sometime shew well-pencil'd: Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present; [land
You are the victor's meed, the price and gar-
To crown the question's title.
Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.
Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i'th' night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may ev'n now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty. [

104 Daugh. *Oh, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.*] Seward says, 'This seems evidently to belong 'to the father, who cannot easily consent to the remedy propos'd by the *Doctor*:' but we think it doubtful.

105 *She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,*
Which sometime *shew well pencill'd.*] Deeds of honour are not only *sometimes* but at all times *well pencill'd, i.e.* worthy to be engrav'd on the memory, *sometime* therefore is probably a corrupt reading, and *time shall* as probably the true one, as it gives the sense requir'd by the context. *Seward.*

The old text is right, and the logical distinction between *sometimes* and *all times* ridiculous. The sense is clear, without any reason to suspect corruption, or demand alteration.

Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure!
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister!
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!
[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.*
Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others[106], on him
Live in fair dwelling.
[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a Charge.*
Hark, how yon spurs[107] to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence[108],
Which crav'd that very time; it is much better
[*Cornets. Cry within,* A Palamon!
I am not there; oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.
Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout, and cornets; cry,* A Palamon!
Serv. Still Palamon. [hast lost!
Emi. Run and enquire. Poor servant, thou
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in't[109]; chance would have it so.
[*Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.*
On the sinister side the heart lies: Palamon
Had

[106] ——— *those darker humours that*
Stick misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.] *Arcite* does not appear to have any of the melancholy or darker humours; these therefore seem only applicable to *Palamon*, and make it probable that we should read *on him*, instead of *on them*. *Seward.*

[107] *Hark, how* yon *spurs.*] We have not, for several plays past, amused our readers with an account of the amendments which the editors of 1750 *pretend* to have made, in order to enhance the idea of their own ingenuity: we have not, however, discontinued that information for want of matter (there has all along been abundance!) but for fear of its becoming troublesome. After so long a recess, it may not be disagreeable to resume the character of Detectors, and reveal the falshoods told of the play now before us.

In the passage quoted at the head of this note, they pretend to have altered *your* to *yon*; p. 404, l. 8, 2d col. *feat* to *feet*; p. 405, l. 17, 1st col. *A jewel* to *O jewel*; p. 407, last line 1st col. *on't* to *out*, though Davenant, as well as our old quarto, reads *out*; p. 417, l. 34, 1st col. *and* innocent to *an* innocent; p. 424, l. 1, 1st col, *when* to *with*; p. 424, l. 2, 2d col. *state* to *stale*; p. 424, l. 10, 2d col. *sphere* to *pheer*; and p. 427, l. 31, 1st col. to have added the word *grown*.—Every one of these passages stands right in the first quarto, which their own notes prove they were possessed of.

[108] *Omit a* ward, *or forfeit an* offence.] Mr. Sympson would read *defence*, but *ward* and *defence* is the same thing. *Offence* is the reverse to *ward*, as offence and defence. To forfeit an offence therefore, is to miss the opportunity of striking some advantageous blow, that might give the victory. The weapon used in the legal duello in England was only a battoon or truncheon, and this was designed by the authors to be understood of the present combat. It is extremely beautiful to have this duel perform'd behind the scenes, yet within hearing. All battles on the stage make, as Shakespear says, but *brawls ridiculous*. Here is a method of concealing all the awkwardness of such combats, and keeping the attention of the audience upon the full stretch. It was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, as in the famous instance of Clytemnestra's murder, who is heard to deprecate her son's vengeance behind the scenes, and Electra upon the stage continues to irritate it. *Seward.*

[109] *I had no end in't;* else *chance would have it so.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympson would

Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o'th' combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o'th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general a Palamon; but anon,
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd [man
Both into one—Oh, why? there were no wo-
Worth so compos'd a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them,[109] gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within*, Arcite, Arcite!
To any lady breathing.—More exulting?
Palamon still?

Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.

Emi. I prithee lay attention to the cry;
[*Cornets. A great shout and cry*, Arcite, victory!
Set both thine ears to th' business.

Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's 'lid, his richness [could
And costliness of spirit look'd thro' him! it
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds force to raging. I did think [not
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as Victor, Attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!

Arc. Emilia,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. Oh, lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed; surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should shew i' th' world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels[110] beat the ear o'th' night [higher,
With their contentious throats, now one the
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted[111], that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
Good space between these Kinsmen; 'till Heav'ns did [land
Make hardly one the winner. Wear the gar-
With joy that you have won! For the subdu'd,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow! Arm your prize[112],
I know you will not lose her. Hippolita,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*

Emi. Is this winning?
Oh, all you heav'nly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort thus unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away

would read *less*, *i. e.* unless: and that too was my first conjecture. But more probably the particle *else* may be a mere interpolation, for the sense and measure are better without it. *Seward.*

[109] *Their nobleness, &c.*] This line is now first restored from the old quarto. The consequent deficiency of sense greatly distresses Seward.

[110] *Two emulous Philomels.*] I cannot pass by this simile without begging the reader to give a due attention to it, as it may rank with the most beautiful descriptions of the nightingale that are met with in Virgil and Milton. It is also totally different from all the attitudes of this angel of night that those poets, who were so enamour'd of her song, have ever painted her in. It may be further observ'd that those similies strike the most, which, in their own natures, seem totally averse to their archetype, but are join'd to it in perfect union by the art of the poet. What, at first sight, could be more unlike than the fury of a combat to the singing of nightingales? Yet how charmingly are they marry'd together? They who are conversant in Homer, Virgil, Spenser, Milton, &c. will be able to recollect many instances of the like nature. *Seward.*

[111] *Out*-breasted.] See note 28 on the Pilgrim.

[112] Arm *your prize;*] *i. e.* Take the lady, whom you have won, by the hand.

A life

A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should, and would die too.
Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!
Thes. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd, Jailor, Executioner, and Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath out-liv'd [state
The love o' th' people; yea, i' th' self-same
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come tow'rds the gods
Young, and unwarp'd,[113] not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen, [down,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid
You've sold 'em too, too cheap.
1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.
2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels!
3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?
Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all. Ah-ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever. Pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
Jailor. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.
Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't! 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee tell her so:
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.
1 *Knight.* Nay, let's be offerers all!
2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?
Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of!
All Knights. Commend us to her.
[*Give their purses.*
Jailor. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!
Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*
1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!
2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.
[*A great noise within, crying,* Run, save, hold!

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Perithous in haste.

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?
Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter![114]
Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?
Per. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did

[113] *Young and* unwapper'd:] *i. e.* says Sympson, young and *unfrighten'd*. He quotes no authority, nor can I find one in my dictionaries. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in reading *unwarp'd*, which, supposing the former word to be true English, and to give the idea mention'd, rather better agrees with the sense, and much better with the measure of the context. Thus Valerio, in A Wife for a Month, says in the like circumstances,

To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our yet good parts put wings unto our souls.

And again,

As it [age] encreases, so vexations,
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrs; we're but our living coffins.
Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,
And we are earth again.— See the whole scene, act ii.

P. S. I find in the Glossary to Urry's Chaucer, *wapid* and *unwapid*, daunted, astonished. This is probably the same word that Mr. Sympson may have somewhere found spelt *wapper'd*. *Seward.*

[114] *That are most* early *sweet and bitter.*] Mr. Sympson and I agree in rejecting *early* as a corruption, but he reads *rarely sweet*, and I *dearly*. The adverb *dearly* in the sense of *exceedingly* or *extremely*, seems particularly beautiful when expressive of any of the tender passions.

Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: on this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins[115]
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin) what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely: When nought serv'd,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires [appears!
To have some speech with you. Lo, he

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite in a Chair.

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia, [hand;
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy
Farewell! I've told my last hour. I was false,[116]
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia! 'Tis done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour. [very here
Thes. In this place first you fought; even
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, tho' it were too short,
He did it well: your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose you;[117]
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar

passions, whether of joy or sorrow, and after I had inserted it in my notes, I found in the last speech of this play a confirmation of it:

——— for whom———
But one hour since, I was as *dearly sorry*,
As glad of Arcite:——

The repeated use of the same adverb, in the same sense, is not an instance of that tautology spoke of in the last note of the first scene of this play, for a metaphor repeated differs much from simple words. Words, when they occur twice, must generally have the same ideas fixed to them; but metaphors always containing double ideas, with a similitude between them, or, as has been frequently observ'd, being short similies, they should be as seldom repeated as possible; as the same simile should not be used twice. *Seward.*

Dearly is, we think, right: but poor Seward is a little gravelled with his own doctrine of tautology.

[115] *Calkins;*] i. e. *Heofs*, we suppose, from the Latin *calx*.—There are some hard and odd passages, mixed with much poetical expression, in this description.

[116] *I was false.*] I believe the reader will not be easily convinc'd, that *Arcite* had been false. But our authors seem to have been so possess'd of the story from Chaucer, that they even forgot that they had inserted an essential part of it, the oath between the Two Kinsmen never to rival, but always to assist each other in love. This, as was before observ'd, would justify *Palamon*'s anger, and render him the more amiable character. *Seward.*

The characters of *Palamon* and *Arcite* are finely discriminated. *Palamon* is certainly the aggrieved party yet there is a gallantry in *Arcite* that redeems his falshood; and a passion in *Palamon* that renders him still more amiable and interesting, from the very infirmity of his temper.—Either Seward, or his printer, have made a mistake here; for our authors *have* NOT *inserted* the oath.

[117] *Arowze you;*] i. e. *Water, sprinkle:* bedew from the French, *arroser*. *Seward.*

It should then be spelt *arrose*: *arouse* is an English word of very different import.

And

And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have shew'd due justice. Bear this hence!
Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!
Thes. Never fortune [triumphs,
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your Kinsman hath confess'd the right o'th'lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice [come
Take from my hand, and they themselves be-
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers[118] from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends! A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite! in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. Oh, you heav'nly charmers,[119]
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry still;
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question! Let's go off,
And bear us like the time!
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[118] *Your* LOVERS;] *i. e.* the knights who assisted you.

[119] *Heav'nly charmers;*] *i. c.* Enchanters, ruling us at their will, whose operations are beyond our power to conceive, till we see the effects of them. *Seward.*

So in Othello, act iii. scene 4:

'———That handkerchief
'Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:
'She was *a charmer*, and could almost read
'The thoughts of people.' *R.*

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with schoolboys cannot say,
I'm cruel fearful! Pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye! No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see: he that has
Lov'd a young handsome wench then, shew his face!
'Tis strange if none be here; and if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market! 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye;
Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold;
We've no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye,
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye)
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good night!
[*Flourish.*

THIS whole play, Mr. Seward observes, 'abounds with such sublimity of sentiment and 'diction, that were the beauties to be mark'd with asterisms, after Mr. Pope and Mr. Warburton's manner, scarce a page would be left uncover'd with them.'

The capital defect in the piece is hinted at in these words of the Epilogue,

———*If the* TALE *we have told*
(For 'tis NO OTHER)——

It is indeed rather a *tale* than a *drama*, particularly towards the conclusion, which has perhaps so long prevented its representation on the stage; where some scenes of it would produce a great effect, tho' there are in this dramatick tale many excellent passages, more calculated to please the reader than spectator. The mixture of Gothick with antient manners was the common vice of the writers of the age in which it was wrote. It is, however, a most noble play, replete with animated discourse, and sublime touches of poetry.

THE

THE Two Noble Kinsmen, on the authority of the title-page to the first edition, has been looked on as the production of Shakespeare and Fletcher; but not being able to find any satisfactory proof (nor indeed presumptive, except that it contains many passages not unworthy of him) that the former was joint author of it, we acknowledge we doubt the tradition of his being at all concerned in the piece. Little stress can be laid on the title-page in question (the only shadow of authority), which bears evident marks of the craft of a publisher, and was not printed till nine years after the death of Fletcher, and sixteen after Shakespeare's. Seward, however, takes it for granted to be the production of the poets to whom it has been attributed; of which he does not mention a doubt, but says,

I. 'It will be an entertainment to the curious, to distinguish the hand of Shakespeare 'from that of Fletcher. The only external evidence that I ever heard of, is a tradition of 'the playhouse, that the first act only was wrote by Shakespeare, and this Mr. Warburton 'says in his Preface to that author. If it is true, it does great honour to Fletcher, for 'though there are many excellent things in that act, it is in every respect much inferior to 'the four others. Had it fallen within Mr. Warburton's province to have examin'd the in-'ternal evidence, I know no man so capable of striking light out of obscurity. I shall lay 'before the reader the reasons which make me doubt the authenticity of this tradition, and 'shall endeavour to prove that either Shakespeare had a very great hand in all the acts of 'this play, particularly in the whole charming character of the Jailor's Daughter, or else that 'Fletcher more closely imitated him in this than in any other part of his works.'

II. The prison scene between Palamon and Arcite 'is,' says Seward, 'more worthy of 'Shakespeare than any long one in the first act. It is in Shakespeare's SECOND-BEST man-'ner, or in Fletcher's BEST, and these are not easily distinguishable. If the reader will con-'sult the first scene of the two brothers, with their supposed father coming out of the cave, 'in Cymbeline, and the description of the Spartan hounds by Theseus, in Midsummer-Night's 'Dream, he will find a great similitude of sentiment, stile, and spirit: add to these, the 'following lines in Richard II. Mowbray being banish'd, thus complains of his want of 'foreign languages:

"Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
"Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,
"And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
"Must be the jailor to attend on me.'

'All but the second of these are noble lines, though so great a man as Mr. Pope discarded 'them from the text. The end of Arcite's former speech, (which Milton very closely fol-'lows, bewailing his blindness, in his Hymn to Light) and the lines referr'd to in the 'emendation above, have the sublimity of these lines of Mowbray, without the quaintness of 'thought that disgraces one of them, notwithstanding its similitude to the ερκος οδοντων 'of Homer. These reasons may induce one to place this scene to Shakespeare. There, however, arise DOUBTS: 'On the other hand, the simile of a wild boar in chase to the 'Parthian archer (who by a bold poetic liberty is called the Parthian quiver), the bristles 'and darts sticking on his back to the arrows on the archer's shoulder, and the frequent and 'furious turnings of the boar to the Parthian's turning to shoot as he flies. This noble 'simile is a favourite of Fletcher's, and he uses it in another play that seems to have been 'wrote before this. And I believe it no where occurs in Shakespeare. As to the ana-'chronism of making Parthian archers talk'd of in Theseus's time, it is an impropriety that 'both Shakespeare and Fletcher are equally guilty of.'

III. Speaking of the Jailor's Daughter, 'The Aurora of Guido has not more strokes of 'the same hand which drew his Bacchus and Ariadne, than the sweet description of this 'pretty maiden's love-distraction has to the like distraction of Ophelia in Hamlet: that of 'Ophelia ending in her death, is like the Ariadne more moving, but the images here, like 'those in Aurora, are more numerous, and equally exquisite in grace and beauty. May we 'not then pronounce, that either this is Shakespeare's, or that Fletcher has here equall'd 'him in his very BEST manner?'

IV. In p. 431, the reader will find Mr. Seward propose a mode of justification for *Palamon's* anger; after which he adds, 'This seems the whole that is wanting (which might be 'added in three lines) to render this play equal to Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Twelfth-'Night, As You Like it, and all the plays of the SECOND-CLASS of Shakespeare; and to The 'Maid's Tragedy, The False One, The Bloody Brother, A King and No King, Philaster, The 'Double Marriage, and the rest of the FIRST-RATE plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.'

V. The description of female friendship, p. 394, *& seq.* he says, 'was probably Shake-'speare's, and in his SECOND, if not in his very BEST manner, which will evidently appear by 'its preference, which it may justly claim to the like description in Midsummer-Night's 'Dream, act iii. scene 8.

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
"Created with our needles both one flower,
"Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;

" Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
" As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
" Had been incorporate; so we grew together,
" Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
" But yet an union in partition,
" Two lovely berries molded in one stem;
" Or with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
" Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
" Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

VI. Relative to the madness of the Jailor's Daughter, 'There are, says Seward, such characterising strokes, and such strong features of both Ophelia and Lear in their phrensies, 'that one cannot but believe that the same pencil drew them all.'

VII. We will now mention a DOUBT or two more. 'If the reader will please to consult 'the soliloquy of *Richard* II. in prison, he will find several strokes much resembling some in 'this scene, [the prison scene between *Palamon* and *Arcite*], and whilst he compares them, 'may be apt to ascribe them both to the same hand; but the following lines out of Fletcher's 'Lovers' Progress, may again stagger our opinion, and make us as apt to ascribe the whole 'scene to Fletcher. *Lidian*, a young lover, in a fit of despair turns hermit, and thus describes the happiness of solitude:

" —— These wild fields are my gardens;
" The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
" And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions,
" The hollow rocks their beds, which tho' they're hard
" (The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
" Yet they are quiet, and the weary slumbers
" The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down;
" The birds my bell to call me to devotions;
" My book the story of my wand'ring life,
" In which I find more hours due to repentance
" Than time hath told me yet.'

'See the whole dialogue, act iv. scene 3.'

VIII. Again, 'What was said of the difficulty of judging whether Shakespeare or Fletcher 'had the greatest hand in the scene of the Two Kinsmen in prison, is applicable to this, '[the temple scene] and indeed to all the scenes in which they appear. Fletcher frequently 'writes as well, and Shakespeare perhaps alone of all our dramatick poets can be said ever 'to have wrote better.'

IX. Again, 'This Schoolmaster and his fellow-comedians seem very like the farcical 'clowns in Midsummer-Night's Dream, and other plays of Shakespeare; yet it seems probable that Fletcher had the greatest share of this, as the quotation from Tully's Oration 'against Catiline, and all the Latinisms of the Schoolmaster seem wrote by one who was 'more ready in Latin quotations than Shakespeare; who, notwithstanding all the pains 'which learned men have taken to prove the contrary, seems to have had no more Latin 'than falls to the share of a very young school-boy, the Grammar and a little of Ovid. At 'the same time, I allow him an excellent scholar in English, French, and Italian, which 'comprehend a vast extent of literature.'

X. Shakespeare's supposed want of erudition, Mr. Seward considers as an argument for some other particular parts being attributed to Fletcher: thus, after observing that the method of concealing combats was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, he says, 'I don't 'remember either in Shakespeare or Fletcher, any instance of this kind before this combat. 'As Fletcher was a scholar, and Shakespeare not one in Greek, the former was probably the 'author here.'

XI. Again, speaking of *Theseus*'s address to the *First Queen*, wherein he mentions *Juno*'s mantle, Seward says, 'As there is more display of learning in this speech than is usually seen 'in Shakespeare's, may we not probably suppose this scene to have been Fletcher's, contrary 'to the receiv'd opinion?'

XII. The modesty of the expression, 'Weak as we are,' in the prologue, makes Seward think it 'probable, that the play was acted before the death of Shakespeare, and that it 'was wrote in conjunction as much as those which Beaumont joined in.' And the modesty of promising, in the epilogue, 'many a better play,' says he, 'strengthens the probability of 'the two great authors having nearly an equal share of the play. Had Fletcher finished a 'work of Shakespeare's, he would probably have spoke in a different stile.'

I. Seward is rather unfortunate in his beginning; for Warburton does not even mention The Two Noble Kinsmen in the Preface.—Pope speaks of it in his Preface, in the following manner: '—— if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been 'received as genuine):' An assertion which that great man would not have made, had he ever read

read Fletcher with attention.—Mr. Steevens ranks this play in the same list with Locrine, London Prodigal, Sir John Oldcastle, and the other plays ascribed to Shakespeare by catalogues and editions, whose authority has not been sufficient to gain the several pieces there mentioned a place among the dramas at present received as Shakespeare's; and except the posthumous title-page of 1634, there is indeed no kind of authority.

II. III. IV. Seward is very fond of the idea of Fletcher's BEST manner resembling Shakespeare's SECOND-BEST; but we cannot help thinking it childish to account the poetry of those scenes which he cites, Shakespeare's SECOND-BEST. Whether they were his work or Fletcher's, they are most excellent; and might have been produced by either, or by Beaumont. That Shakespeare is, taken altogether, superior to our authors, is certain; but there often occur passages in their plays far beyond the promise of the subject, and equal to the pen of any writer ancient or modern; as may be evinced by numberless passages in Philaster, the Maid's Tragedy, King and no King, Bonduca, Wife for a Month, Cupid's Revenge, *&c. &c. &c.* notwithstanding what is above quoted from the Preface of that great man, Mr. Pope.

V. In our opinion, there is more ease, spirit, and nature, in the description in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, than in that of the Two Noble Kinsmen. However, if it be otherwise, Fletcher has confessedly so much poetical merit, that to attribute his most exquisite beauties to Shakespeare, is doing him an injury. And in this injury we are sorry to find Dr. Farmer has taken part, who, speaking of *Emilia*'s fine comparison of a maid to a rose, which he highly praises, says, 'I have no doubt those lines were written by Shakespeare.' And because the speech of *Theseus*, p. 396, is particularly beautiful, Seward thinks that it 'looks 'extremely like the hand of Shakespeare.'

VI. Though there is much poetical fancy in the phrensy of the *Jailor's Daughter*, we cannot with Mr. Seward think it equal to the *natural* madness painted by Shakespeare. Like the assumed distraction of Hamlet and Edgar,

'Tho' this be madness, yet there's method in't;'

more *apparent* method then in the drawing of Ophelia and Lear.

VII. VIII. IX. Nothing need be said of the DOUBTS.

X. XI. What is here said, tending to invalidate Shakespeare's claim, is apart from the argument; but we may, however, just remark, that there are many speeches in Shakespeare, as much abounding with learned allusions as any part of *Theseus*'s address.

XII. That the play was 'wrote in conjunction,' we will readily suppose; but no kind of information can be derived from either prologue or epilogue, *who* the associate was.

We have now gone through all that Mr. Seward had said on this subject; wherein we cannot find one plausible argument for ascribing to Shakespeare any part of the Two Noble Kinsmen; which certainly abounds with the peculiar beauties and defects that distinguish the rest of this collection, and should, in our opinion, (if a joint work) be attributed to the same authors. There are too, many particular passages and expressions in this play, which bear a striking similarity to others wrote between them: of this sort are TRACE, *and turn boys!* p. 410: on the same mob-occasion, the same expression occurs in Philaster. In that play too, the *Prince* talks of discoursing from *a pyramid, to all the under-world:* So here, p. 419, *Emilia* says, in one of the most beautiful passages of the play,

'——— Fame and Honour,
'Methinks, from hence, as from *a promontory*
'Pointed in Heav'n, should clap their wings, and sing
'*To all the under-world*———.'

And various others might be quoted. Writers often unknowingly copy themselves, as well as other authors; and tho' it might here be answer'd, that Fletcher is allowed to have wrote in both, and the similar passages may be his; yet Beaumont (who had a great share in Philaster) is *as likely* to have produced them *in both* as his associate. And (what is rather remarkable) it will appear to my attentive reader, that the chief similarities are to pieces in which Beaumont is universally allowed to have been connected, not where his assistance is doubted.—Had Shakespeare been considered as one of the joint authors, is it not natural to suppose, that a play of so much excellence would have found a place in the collection of his Dramas published by Hemings and Condell? But they have neither admitted the piece, nor taken the least notice of Shakespeare's being at all concerned in it. We must not, indeed, rest too much upon this, as it is certain they omitted Troilus and Cressida, a play, however, of much less eminence: on the whole, we think that there ought to be more authority than an uncertain tradition, to take the credit of this play from Beaumont and Fletcher, the joint authors of so many other excellent dramas, written very much in the stile and spirit of the play before us. Place Shakespeare's name before several other of these dramas, how many criticks, like Seward, would labour to ascertain the particular passages that came from his hand!

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

The first edition of this Play was printed in quarto, 1621, without the name of either Author. The edition of 1648, ascribes it to Fletcher; and that of 1649, to both writers. Dr. Hyde, in the Bodleian Catalogue, assigns it to Ben Jonson, without any authority whatever. It was formerly performed frequently, but of late years has been entirely laid aside.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

THIERRY, } *Brothers, Kings of France*
THEODORET, } *and Austracia.*
MARTELL, *a Soldier, Friend to Theodoret.*
PROTALDYE, *Gallant to Brunhalt.*
BAWDBER, } *two Pandars.*
LECURE, }
DE VITRY, *a disbanded Officer.*
REVELLERS.
COURTIERS.
HUNTSMEN.

WOMEN.

BRUNHALT, *Mother to Thierry and Theodoret.*
ORDELLA, *the King of Arragon's Daughter, married to Thierry.*
MEMBERGE, *Theodoret's Daughter.*
LADIES.

SCENE, *France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, and Bawdber.

Brunhalt. TAX me with these hot taintures[1]?

Theod. You're too sudden;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honour! how these courses,
Of loose and lazy pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known; your mind that grants no limit,
And all your actions follow, which loose people,
That see but thro' a mist of circumstance,

[1] *Tax me with these hot* tainters?] Theobald would read, *hot* TAINTS. The oldest quarto exhibits *taintur*s; we therefore prefer *taintures;* and though we do not remember meeting with the word, it is more expressive of the sense of *taints* (here required) than *tainters.*

Dare

Dare term ambitious; all your ways hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers[2].
Your instruments like these may call the world,
And with a fearful clamour, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example,
If not for virtue's sake, you may be honest:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis necessary,
Because you are yourself, and by yourself,
A self-piece from the touch of power and justice, [imagine
You should command yourself. You may
(Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
The name of greatness glorifies your actions;
And strong power, like a pent-house, promises
To shade you from opinion: take heed, mother!
And let us all take heed! these most abuse us:
The sins we do, people behold thro' optics,
Which shew them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiply them: then what justice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
When we are thieves ourselves?
Brun. This is Martell, [son,
Studied and penn'd unto you; whose base per-
I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to, nor allowance!
Next, I tell you, sir, you from whom obedience
Is so far fled that you dare tax a mother,
Nay, further, brand her honour with your slanders,
And break into the treasures of her credit,
Your easiness is abused, your faith freighted
With lies, malicious lies; your merchant Mischief;
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
Suspicions into honest hearts: what you or he,
Or all the world dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions! I am she,
And so will bear myself, whose truth and whiteness
Shall ever stand as far from these detections
As you from duty. Get you better servants,
People of honest actions, without ends,
And whip these knaves away! they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poisons. My known credit,
Whom all the courts o' this side Nile have envied, [question,
And happy she could cite me[3], brought in
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be render'd?
And by a rush that one day's warmth [tice,
Hath shot up to this swelling? Give me jus-
Which is his life!
Theod. This is an impudence;
And he must tell you, that 'till now, mother,
Brought you a son's obedience, and now
Above the sufferance of a son. [breaks it,
Baw. Bless us!
For I do now begin to feel myself
Tucking into a halter[4], and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.
Theod. These truths are no man's tales, but all men's troubles; [out-stare 'em:
They are, tho' your strange greatness would
Witness the daily libels, almost ballads,
In every place almost, in every province[5],
Are made upon your lust; tavern discourses;
Crowds cram'd with whispers; nay, the holy temples [blush;
Are not without your curses. Now you would
But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I should fright that too.
Brun. Oh, ye gods! [your actions:
Theod. Do not abuse their names! they see

[2] *Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.*] The ancient English poets were certainly not sufficiently cautious of properly accenting their verses, insomuch that it may be doubted whether they thought the rule of accenting the even syllables (viz. the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth) a necessary part of our measure. This line has the accent upon all the odd syllables, and, tho' the thought is poetry, it is not verse at all. Our authors indeed in general have such good ears, and this is so easily made right measure, that it may probably be a corruption, and the original have run,

To nothing opening in the end but ulcers.

See the rule above more fully explain'd, with the exception it admits, in a note in the first scene of Wit Without Money. *Seward.*

[3] *And happy she could* site *me.*] Corrected in 1750.

[4] ——— *feel myself*
Turning into a halter, *and the ladder*
Turning from me.] *Turning into a halter*, is no very natural expression. The common word of being *tuck'd in a halter*, seems probably the true reading. *Seward.*

[5] *In every place, almost* in *every province.*] *Every place* being much more minutely particular than *every province*, the *almost* seems improperly plac'd here. It is not very material, but rather more correct to read,

In every place almost *of* every province;

i. e. In every corner of every province of our kingdom. *Seward.*

We apprehend the error to be merely in the punctuation, and the poet to have meant, 'in *almost every* place, *in* every province at least.'

And

And your conceal'd sins, tho' you work like moles,
Lie level to their justice.
Brun. Art thou a son? a mother,
Theod. The more my shame is of so bad me,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so.
But, woman (for a mother's name hath left me,
Since you have left your honour), mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame; and fairly,
(Your most intemperate fires have burnt) and quickly,
Within these ten days, take a monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make you
Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears—
Brun. Oh, misery! starv'd penance,
Theod. And there to cold repentance, and
Tie your succeeding days: or curse me, heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers, and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, strong Protaldye,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not shame 'em, fed with spunges,
To suck away their rankness! and yourself you;
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old desires!
Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Tho' Heav'n might grant me both: unthankful, no!
I nourish'd you; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you;
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd; I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness;
'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps[6]; I watch'd your wakings;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd, 'em,
Discours'd, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are; and I am thus rewarded?
Theod. But that I know these tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd: ful,
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitFull of the weeper, anger and ill-nature.
Brun. In my last hours despis'd?
Theod. That text should tell,
How ugly it becomes you to err thus:
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains you; fers[7],
And those your favour and your bounty suffLie not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palsy;
Your power they may love, and like Spanish jennets,
Commit with such a gust—
Baw. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now! *Exit.*
Theod. But were you once disgrac'd,
Or fall'n in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you, will'd me
And become browse for every beast. You
To stock myself with better friends, and servants; kind,
With what face dare you see me, or any man-
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples, and (lest art
Should lose herself in act) to call back custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe! I told you how; brance
And when your eyes have dropt away remem-
Of what you were, I am your son: perform it!
[*Exit.*
Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt, him,
From this accursed hour forget thou bor'st
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy, ward;
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns back-
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or woman worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtful!

Enter Bawdber, Protaldye, and Lecure.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet! clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withal? uphold
It runs like snow-balls thro' me! me;
Brun. Now, my varlets, tions!
My slaves, my running thoughts, my execu-
Baw. Lord, how she looks!
Brun. Hell take ye all!
Baw. We shall be gelt.
Brun. Your mistress, curtals,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tir'd
Suffers for your base sins! I must be cloister'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous: who can help this? taldye!
Now you stand still, like statues! Come, Pro-
One kiss before I perish, kiss me strongly!
Another, and a third!
Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as she holds this way.
Brun. The young courser,

[6] *'Twas I* pay'd *for your sleeps.*] To watch another while he's sleeping, cannot simply be said to *pay* for his sleep; a metaphor of that nature would require a further explanation, as, I pay'd for your sleep at the price of my own watchings. As nothing of that nature appears, it is most probable that it is the mere omission of a letter, it is therefore restored, *pray'd.* *Seward.*

[7] — *your favour and your bounty* suffers.] Seward conjectured we should read *fosters;* and Sympson *succours;* but *suffers,* in the sense of *per its,* is intelligible.

That

That unlick'd lump of mine, will win thy mistress[8]:
Must I be chaste, Protaldye?
Prot. Thus, and thus, lady! [vestals!
Brun. It shall be so: let him seek fools for
Here is my cloister.
Lec. But what safety, madam,
Find you in staying here?
Brun. Th'hast hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, son of my blessings, [tilly,
And there complain me, tell my tale so sub-
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourn; [ness;
And thou shalt weep, Protaldye, in my wit-
And these forswear.
Baw. Yes; any thing but gelding!
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
To-morrow we are capons!
Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,
Ere I forsake this desart. I live honest?
He may as well bid dead men walk! I humbled, [tear me,
Or bent below my power? let night-dogs
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphere!
Lec. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you, or any,
Ye dross[9], ye powder'd pigsbones, rhubarb clisters!
Must you know my designs? a college of you
The proverb makes but fools.
Prot. But, noble lady— [not,
Brun. You are a saucy ass too! Off I will
If you but anger me, 'till a sow-gelder [me!
Have cut you all like colts: hold me, and kiss
For I am too much troubled. Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private; come, about it!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoret, Martell, &c.

Theod. Tho' I assure myself, Martell, your counsel
Had no end but allegiance and my honour,
Yet I am jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
Of a son's duty: for, suppose her worse
Than your report, not by bare circumstance,
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out[10];
Yet since all weaknesses in a kingdom are
No more to be severely punish'd, than
The faults of kings are, by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.
Mart. Sir,
A duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance; nor did your highness ever [better
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her,
Than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkable point in which kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allied to them
In nearness, or dependance, by their care
Should be free from suspicion of all crime:
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: first in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures[11] you remove th'example
From others of the like licentiousness;
Then when 'tis known that your severity
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least indulgence or connivance in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you, or to the kingdom?
Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good, Martell, if, as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of being: but I know her temper,
And fear (if such a word become a king)
That in discovering her, I have let loose
A tigress, whose rage being shut up in darkness
Was grievous only to herself; which, brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provok'd by her own shame, will turn on him

[8] *Will* win *thy mistress*] The word *win* does not seem very expressive, tho' as it bears some affinity to the *courser* in the former line, I shall not change it, but suppose it may mean, win her from her evil courses. Were a change necessary, we might use *chain*, *confine* (cutting off *w* in *will*), or *gimn*, perhaps the best word of all, and the nearest to the old reading, for the two first editions read *winne*. *Seward.*

Perhaps we should read, *wean.*

[9] *Ye* doss.] Not finding *doss* in any glossary, I am forc'd to treat it as corrupt, and suppose *dross* or *dolt* to have been the original. *Seward.*

[10] *Than* you *report*, *not* by *bare circumstance*,
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out.] The grammar seems deficient here, but it is easily cur'd two ways; the most probable I shall insert, but it might be,
Than you report, not *that* bare circumstance. *Seward.*

[11] *Of her* lost *pleasures.*] *Lost* might possibly be interpreted, *abandon'd*, lost to all goodness. But as *loose* seems the natural word, it was probably the true one. *Seward.*

Lost will certainly admit of Seward's first interpretation: it seems therefore arbitrary to change the text.

That

That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformity.
Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give suspicion
Of the least violence, should be chained up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt, [unable
Par'd off, and knock'd out; and so made
To do ill, they would soon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your grace done,
Or would do yet, what your less-forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: for believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy, that hath means [mour
To shun the worst they can effect, gives ar-
To keep off his own strength; nay, more, disarms
Himself, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.
Theod. 'Tis true:
And such a desperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle unguents only were
To be applied: and as physicians,
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, tho' alike diseas'd;
So she, considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordials to restore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.
Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am silent.

Enter De Vitry.

Theod. What laugh'd you at, sir?
Vitry. I have some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.
Theod. Why, what's the matter?
Vitry. I see, and joy to see, that sometimes poor men
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted [cious,
For means to breathe, to such as are held vi-
Than those that wear, like hypocrites, on their foreheads
Th' ambitious titles of just men and virtuous.
Mart. Speak to the purpose!
Vitry. Who would e'er have thought
The good old queen, your highness' reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an academe,
In which all the principles of lust were practis'd)
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state were charitably
Conferr'd on pandars, o'er-worn chamber-wrestlers,
And such physicians as knew how to kill
With safety, under the pretence of saving,
And such-like children of a monstrous peace;
That she, I say, should at the length provide
That men of war, and honest younger brothers, [codpiece,
That would not owe their feeding to their
Should be esteem'd of more than moths[12] or
Or idle vagabonds. [drones,
Theod. I am glad to hear it;
Prithee what course takes she to do this?
Vitry. One
That cannot fail: she and her virtuous train,
Wi' her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court; and as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How!
Vitry. Nay, storm not;
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of such a fiery temper as report [to use
Has given him out for, you shall have cause
Such poor men as myself; and thank us too
For coming to you, and without petitions:
Pray Heav'n reward the good old woman for't!
Mart. I foresaw this.
Theod. I hear a tempest coming,
That sings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back!
Yet stay! why should I use means to bring in
A plague that of herself hath left me? Muster
Our soldiers up! we'll stand upon our guard;
For we shall be attempted.—Yet forbear!
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature: something
Must be done, and done suddenly. Save your labour!
In this I'll use no counsel but mine own:
That course though dangerous, is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness to attend us!
Martell, your company! and honest Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?
Vitry. Yes, any where;
To be worse than I'm here, is past my fear.
[*Exeunt.*

[12] *More than* mothers *or drones.*] Corrected in 1750.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Thierry, Brunhalt, Bawdber, and Lecure.

Thi. YOU are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who, since he hath forgot to be a son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have raz'd their temples, and spurn'd down their altars,
Than in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.

Brun. Princely son,
And in this worthy of a nearer name,
I have, in the relation of my wrongs,
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To express my insupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer[13]; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes, and force me to divide
The fires of brotherly affection[14],
Which should make but one flame.

Thi. That part of his,
As it deserves, shall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their lord,
Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have power [vants,
To put it out: and you, and these your ser-
Who in our favours shall find cause to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to understand
His ignorance of the prizeless jewel which
He did possess in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner[15],
Than if th' absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand. Once more, you're welcome!
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge
Admits not of delay. Your hand, lord-general!

Enter Protaldye, with Soldiers.

Brun. Your favour and his merit, I may say,
Have made him such; but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.

Thi. How! my subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh, Heav'n! my subjects?
How base should I esteem the name of prince,
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirlwind of my absolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To such a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encrease it; that,
Altho' he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night-labour of strong Hercules,
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives; whose hands, tho' strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury!—
But I grow glorious—and let them beware
That, in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild prince (for if provok'd,
I dare and will be so) into a tyrant!

Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again,
And your fall'n fortunes rise.

Baw. I hope your highness [with you;
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my place
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely
If cashier'd now, I shall prove a bad caterer
In the fish-market of cold Chastity.

Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, since I first [ber'd
Knew what it was to serve you, have remem-
I had a soul, but such an one whose essence
Depended wholly on your highness' pleasure;
And therefore, madam——

[13] ——— *Nor has my grief,*
Being *from what I suffer.*] The comma at *grief* should be out, for it confounds the meaning; which is, that 'Her grief does not take its *being* merely from her sufferings, but, &c.' It is not at first obvious that the word *being* is here used as a substantive, and the comma leads the reader further astray.

[14] ——— *to divide*
The fires of brotherly *affection.*] Mr. Theobald has very justly put in the margin, Eteocles and Polynices. The metaphor is a noble allusion to the remarkable poetic fiction of the flames of their funeral pyre, dividing and flying asunder. *Seward.*

[15] *To be the* donor.] *Owner* seem'd at first sight self-evidently the true reading both to Mr. Sympson and myself. *Seward.*

Brun.

Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such instruments we must not lose!
Lec. Baw. Our service!
Thi. You've view'd them then? what's your opinion of them? [em
In this dull time of peace, we have prepar'd
Apt for the war; ha?
Prot. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armours, [pears
The soldier's best-lov'd wealth: more, it ap-
They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd; [quets
For many of them can discharge their mus-
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers-by,
By sweating too much backwards: nay, I find [may,
They know the right and left-hand file, and
With some impulsion, no doubt be brought
To pass the *A, B, C*, of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.
Thi. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it!
Prot. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents, of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be said
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be esteem'd a coward!
For, sir, few captains know the way to win him,
And make the soldier valiant. You shall see me[16]
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together, which, once practised,
And with some other care and hidden arts[17],
They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervor,
That, tho' I brought them to besiege a fort
Whose walls were steeple-high, and cannon-proof,
Not to be undermin'd, they should fly up
Like swallows; and, the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
They should leap down again; and what is more,
By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.

Thi. This is above belief. [spoke much,
Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, tho' he hath
He's able to do more.
Lec. She means on her.
Brun. And howsoever in his thankfulness,
For some few favours done him by myself,
He left Austracia; not Theodoret,
Tho' he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
With all his dukedom's power, that shame upon him,
Which in his barbarous malice to my honour,
He swore with threats t' effect.
Thi. I cannot but
Believe you, madam.—Thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither: in thy conduct, we
Go on assur'd of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next sun.

Enter Theodoret, Memberge, Martell, and De Vitry.

Lec. Amazement leave me!
'Tis he!
Baw. We are again undone!
Prot. Our guilt
Hath no assurance nor defence.
Baw. If now
Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discover'd.
Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears!
I am prepar'd for't.
Theod. How! not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see you, brother?
Thi. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolv'd
Whether to entertain thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet stand bound
(Tho' thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing,
Before I execute. What foolish hope,
(Nay, pray you forbear) or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assur'd, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyself)
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy sear'd up conscience,
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
To make thee sensible of that horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like Nero—
Like, said I? thou art worse; since thou dar'st strive
In her defame to murder thine alive. [ness to
Theod. That she that long since had the bold-

[16] *You shall seeme.*] Former editions. Corrected by all. *Seward.*

[17] *And with some other* care *and hidden* acts.] Mr. Sympson concurr'd with me in reading *arts* for *acts*, but there seems another corruption in the line; *care*, 'tis true, is sense, but *rare* is so much better suited to the ridiculous brags of *Protaldye*, that I have but little doubt of its being the true reading. *Seward.*

This is plausible; but the old reading, being sense, should stand.

Be a bad woman (tho' I wish some other
Should so report her), could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was resolv'd before;
Nor make I doubt but that she hath empoison'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incens'd your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.

Brun. To excuse
Thy impious scandals rather!

Prot. Rather forc'd with fear
To be compell'd to come.

Thi. Forbear! [not been

Theod. This moves not me; and yet had I
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty: but since Innocence
Is to itself an hundred thousand guards,
And that there is no son, but tho' he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away with his own danger
From th' number of her faults, than for his
Security, to add unto them: this, [own
This hath made me to prevent th' expence
Of blood on both sides; the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war) [cause,
The account of all which, since you are the
Believe it, would have been requir'd from you;
Rather I say to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood a sacrifice to your anger, [more curses
Than that you should draw on your head
Than yet you have deserv'd.

Thi. I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-sail'd confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain, that falling on the fire [would
Of my hot rage, hath quench'd it. Ha! I
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much: how is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son, and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am sway'd here,
And must ask of you, how 'tis possible
You can affect me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you should pay all love?

Theod. Which, join'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not us'd herself so many swords
To cut those bonds that tied me to it.

Thi. Fy,
No more of that!

Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleasure to discourse of: 'would
It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me! nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of Heav'n) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent judges might condemn me for
A most malicious slanderer, nay, text it
Upon my forehead[18]. If you hate me, mother,
Put me to such a shame; pray you do! Believe it,
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-banish'd virtues, and good name,
Usher'd me to it.

Thi. See, she shews herself
An easy mother, which her tears confirm!

Theod. 'Tis a good sign; the comfortablest I ever saw. [rain

Thi. Embrace!—Why, this is well:
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, rise between you!

Baw. Do you hear, lord-general? [sudden
Does not your new-stamp'd honour on the
Begin to grow sick?

Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I should think of
Some honest hospital to retire to.

Baw. Sure,
Altho' I am a bawd, yet being a lord, [nion?
They cannot whip me for't: what's your opi-

Lec. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot: [myself
There's something that more near concerns
That calls upon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabes[19],
That liv'd upon the dung of her base pleasures; [honest
How from the fear that she may yet prove
Hang down their wicked heads!

Vitry. What's that to me?
Tho' they and all the polecats of the court
Were truss'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecue,
To help to keep me honest. [*A horn.*

Enter a Post.

Thi. How! from whence?

Post. These letters will resolve your grace.

Thi. What speak they?— [*Reads.*
How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing, almost equal to it,
Is coming tow'rds me! my contracted wife

[18] *Nay, texde it*
Upon my forehead.] So quartos; folio, *texte;* and Seward, *tax.* We should surely read *text*, in the sense of *write, mark.* To *text*, as it is technically understood, is to write in that kind of hand which lawyers distinguish by the name of a *text*-hand, and which is used in those writings intended to last a long time: to *text*, therefore, means to make a deep and lasting impression. *R.*

[19] *Scrabs.*] See note 49 on Elder Brother.

Ordella, daughter of wise Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then, to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your presence
Our long-deferr'd, but much-wish'd nuptial,
Falls out above expression! Heav'n be pleas'd
That I may use these blessings pour'd on me
With moderation!
Brun. Hell and furies aid me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues
That press upon me!
Thi. Two days' journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her:
Nay, let me have your companies! there's a forest
In the midway shall yield us hunting sport,
To ease our travel! I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it; therefore clear them!
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts;
And th' war we meant to men, we'll make on beasts.
[*Exeunt omnes præter Brun. Baw. Prot. Lec.*
Brun. Oh, that I had the magick to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you piece-meal! Are you so stupid? [mouths[20]
No word of comfort? Have I fed your
From my excess of moisture, with such cost,
And can you yield no other retribution,
But to devour your maker? pandar, spunge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren?
Prot. You yourself,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself, in giving way
To th' reconcilement of your sons.
Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily
Remove all other hind'rances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.
Baw. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicates, hang me!
Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation; their reconcilement
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which, when I am pleas'd to
I can with ease spurn down. [o'erthrow,
Lec. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction?
Brun. My grief comes along [power
With the new queen, in whose grace all my
Must suffer shipwreck: for me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yield the least precedence
To any other, 's death! to have my sleeps
Less enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the king's great favours
To pass thro' any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me—Do you understand me yet?
No means to prevent this?
Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chastity [dam,
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, ma-
For me, tho' I have pleas'd you, to attempt
Were to no purpose. [her,
Brun. Tush, some other way!
Baw. Faith, I know none else; all my bringing-up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lec. Give me leave!
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What is't? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my Æsculapius;
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worship it.
Lec. The lady is fair?
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lec. And young?
Brun. Some fifteen at the most.
Lec. And loves the king with equal ardour?
Brun. More; she dotes on him.
Lec. Well then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man?
Prot. 'Twere rare!
Lec. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which ne'er can be made up;
Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent!
Baw. The physician
Helps ever at a dead lift: a fine calling,
That can both raise and take down: out upon thee!
Brun. For this one service, I am ever thine!
Prepare't; I'll give it to him myself. For you, Protaldye,
By this kiss, and our promis'd sport at night,
I do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of Theodoret,
Or any of his followers: whatsoe'er
You are, yet appear valiant, and make good
Th' opinion that is had of you! For myself,
In the new queen's remove being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure. [*Exeunt.*

[20] *Have I fed your* mothers.] This is the second time that *mothers* has been intruded into the text. *Mouths* is here pretty evidently the true word, and appear'd so to all three. *Seward.*

Wind

Wind horns. Enter Theodoret and Thierry.

Theod. This stag stood well, and cunningly.
Thi. My horse,
I'm sure, has found it, for his sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?

Enter Martell.

Theod. Pass'd homeward,
Weary and tir'd as we are. Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?
Mart. Yes, sir; I've singled him[21]; and if there be
Any desert in's blood, beside the itch,
Or manly heat, but what decoctions,
Leeches, and cullises have cram'd into him,
Your lordship shall know perfect.
Thi. What is that?
May not I know too?
Theod. Yes, sir; to that end
We cast the project.
Thi. What is't?
Mart. A design, sir[22],
Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandring eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us!)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward; a mere lump,
Made to load beds withal, and, like a night-mare,
Ride ladies that forget to say their prayers;
One that dares only be diseased, and in debt;
Whose body mews more plaisters every
Than women do old faces! [month[23],
Thi. No more! I know him;
I now repent my error: take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd,
You tie your anger up!
Mart. I lost it else, sir. [violence,
Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without
(For that will best declare him)—
Theod. That's the thing.
Thi. And my best horse is thine.
Mart. Your grace's servant! [*Exit.*

Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir?
Thi. Not to-day; the weather [spent:
Is grown too warm; besides, the dogs are
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And halloo in the troop!
[*Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter Two Huntsmen.

1 *Hunts.* Ay, marry, Twainer, [angels
This woman gives indeed; these are the
That are the keepers' saints!
2 *Hunts.* I like a woman [cretion,
That handles the deer's dowsets with dis-
And pays us by proportion.
1 *Hunts.* 'Tis no treason
To think this good old lady has a stump yet
That may require a coral.
2 *Hunts.* And the bells too;

Enter Protaldye.

Sh'has lost a friend of me else. But here's the clerk:
No more, for fear o'th' bell-ropes!
Prot. How now, keepers?
Saw you the king?
1 *Hunts.* Yes, sir; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take't, ridden home.
Prot. Farewell then! [*Exeunt Keepers.*

Enter Martell.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Prot. How, sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.
Mart. Few words shall serve:
I am betray'd, sir; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and foully laid for; for my life, sir!
Danger is now about me, now in my throat,
Prot. Where, sir? [sir.
Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms upon me,
I've met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning, sir?
For I have present business.
Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession [peril.
Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in such a
There are but six, my lord.
Prot. What six?

[21] *Yes, sir, I* have snigled *him.*] As *snigle* was a word new to me, I conjectur'd *singled him, i. e.* I know where to find him alone; and find that Mr. Theobald had propos'd the same conjecture: but upon looking into Skinner, I find *snigle* a fisherman's term, which he explains by *scindere*: I suppose therefore it means *cutting up, dissecting*; but then this could not *have* been the case, the dissection was to come; and it seems necessary that the future tense should be restor'd, *I'll snigle him.* *Seward.*

This conjecture is not without ingenuity; but *single* appears to be genuine, as we afterwards find that *Protaldye* is *singled*, or *left alone.*

[22] *I* desire, *sir.*] We all three concurr'd in changing this to *design.* *Seward.*

[23] *Whose body* mews *more plaisters.*] *Mews*; i. e. *sheds.* A term in falconry.

Mart.

Mart. Six villains;
Sworn, and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?
Mart. Alas, sir, [present?
What can six do, or six score, now you're
Your name will blow 'em off: say they have shot too, [sir.
Who dare present a piece; your valour's proof,
Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion,
Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me,
(In which I am no more mine own, nor your's, sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger,
But what concerns my place) tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six? why, Hercules
Avoided two, man: yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
Were there but four, sir, I car'd not if I kill'd them;
They'll serve to set my sword.
Mart. There are but four, sir;
I did mistake them: but four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour—
Prot. Well consider'd!
I will not meddle with 'em; four, in honour,
Are equal with four score: besides, they're
Only directed by their fury. [people
Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice.
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?
Prot. I would not leave you; but, look you, sir,
Men of my place and business must not
Be question'd thus.
Mart. You cannot pass, sir, [danger:
Now they have seen me with you, without
They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two! [sir—
Prot. Let the law take 'em! take a tree,
I'll take my horse—that you may keep with safety, [this hour
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within
I'll send you rescue, and a toil to take 'em.
Mart. You shall not go so poorly. Stay! but one, sir! [rescues,
Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these
So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, sir,
I've mainly vow'd against 'em: yet, for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.
Mart. There is no
More, sir, and, as I doubt, a base one too.
Prot. Fy on him! Go lug him out by th' ears!
Mart. Yes,
This is he, sir; the basest in the kingdom.
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a general-fool,
A knave, a coward, an upstart stallion bawd,
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knows patience.
Mart. Yes,
This way, sir; now draw your sword, and right you, [*Kicks him.*
Or render it to me; for one you shall do!
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, sir!
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady mistress, [place too,
Sh' has shot up a sweet mushroom! quit your
And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten else [know thee)
By thine own lanceprisadoes[24], (when they
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee:
Go, get you to your foining work at court,
And learn to sweat again, and eat dry mutton!
An armour like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar, you rogue! Not a reply,
For if you do, your ears go off!
Prot. Still patience! [*Exeunt.*

Loud Musick. A Banquet set out. Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure, Bawdber, &c.

Thi. It is your place; and tho' in all things else
You may and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.
Ord. Sir, the consent
That made me yours, shall never teach me to
Repent I am so: yet be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to say so much; the honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.
Thi. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in such a blessing
That pays to you so large a share of duty.
But, fy! no more! for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces that are in the power
Of majesty to bestow.
Brun. Which I'll provide
Shall be short-liv'd. Lecure!
Lec. I have it ready.
Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup.
Lec. You honour me.
Thi. We're dull;
No object to provoke mirth?
Theod. Martell,
If you remember, sir, will grace your feast
With something that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thi. Touching Protaldye?
Theod. You have it.
Brun. What of him? I fear his baseness, [*Aside.*
In spite of all the titles that my favours

[24] *Lanceprisadoes.*] See note 1 on Rollo.

Have

Have cloth'd him with[25], will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Look, sir; he has it!
Nay, we shall have peace, when so great a soldier
As the renown'd Protaldye will give up
His sword rather than use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head! [*Aside.*
Thi. Pray you speak;
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him, sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead: had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His nose, provided that the loss of it [sir,
Might have sav'd the rest of his face. He is,
The most unutterable coward that e'er Nature [given him
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only
To th' ruin of bastinadoes.
Thi. Possible?
Theod. Observe but how she frets!
Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the shame of this disgrace
Will make the beast to live with such and never [zard
Presume to come more among men; I'll ha-
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top,
And make him dance before you.
Brun. Slave, thou liest! [ing
Thou dar'st as well speak treason in the hear-
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him:
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Mart. Nay, pray you, madam;
I have no ears to hear you, tho' a foot
To let you understand what he is.
Brun. Villain—
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating, and such virtues,
I have been long acquainted with.
Mart. Oh, strange!
Baw. Behold the man you talk of!
Brun. Give me leave!
Or free thyself—think in what place you are—
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour—be bold! I'll protect you—
Or here I vow—deny it or swear it—
These honours which thou wear'st unworthily— [them—
Which be but impudent enough, and keep
Shall be torn from thee, with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it.—
My valour? is there any here, beneath
The stile of king, dares question it?
Thi. This is rare! [been noble,
Prot. Which of my actions, which have still
Has render'd me suspected?
Thi. Nay, Martell,
You must not fall off.
Mart. Oh, sir, fear it not:
D' you know this sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. 'Pray you, on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it, say you?
Mart. So.
Thi. Nay, study not an answer; confess freely! [fall,
Prot. Oh, I remember now: at the stag's
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch) this silly wretch I spoke of,
With this petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my will he kiss'd) desir'd,
That as a special means for his preferment
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword,
To cut off the stag's head.
Brun. Will you hear that?
Baw. This lie bears a similitude of truth.
Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakness in me),
Granted his humble suit.
Mart. Oh, impudence!
Thi. This change is excellent.
Mart. A word with you:
Deny it not! I was that man disguis'd!
You know my temper, and, as you respect
A daily cudgelling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by th' nose, or the most precious balm [me?)
You us'd of patience, (patience, do you mark
Confess before these kings, with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.
Prot. Oh, I shall burst!
And if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, altho' Herculean,
And somewhat bigger! There's my gage! pray you here
Let me redeem my credit!
Thi. Ha, ha! forbear! [do not,
Mart. Pray you let me take it up; and if I
Against all odds of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees,
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that's my office.
Baw. Fy!
You take the hangman's place?
Ord. Nay, good my lord,
Let me atone this difference! do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the centaurs' feast.
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant

[25] *Have cloth'd him, which will make discovery.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympson conceiv'd in the correction. *Seward.*

All

All just suits unto ladies: for my sake,
Forget your suppos'd wrong!
Prot. Well, let him thank you!
For your sake, he shall live, perhaps a day;
And, may be, on submission, longer.
Theod. Nay,
Martell, you must be patient.
Mart. I am your's;
And this slave shall be once more mine.
Thi. Sit all!
One health, and so to bed! for I too long
Defer my choicest delicates.
Brun. Which, if poison
Have any power, thou shalt, like Tantalus,
Behold and never taste. Be careful!
Lec. Fear not! [once
Brun. Tho' it be rare in our sex, yet, for I will begin a health.
Thi. Let it come freely!
Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the son we hope
This night shall be an embrion!
Thi. You have nam'd
A blessing that I most desir'd; I pledge you:
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto so great a good.[26]
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began!
Thi. Well, as you please.
Brun. Is't done?
Lec. Unto your wish, I warrant you;
For this night I durst trust him with my mo- [ther.
Thi. So, 'tis gone round: lights! [don me!
Brun. Pray you use my service.
Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, madam,
And must have none from you: pray you par-
Thi. Good rest to all!
Theod. And to you pleasant labour!
Martell, your company! Madam, good night!
Exeunt all but Brun. Prot. Lec. and Baw.
Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush; but I will hide it, [pity,
And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not
That thou that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her, [ful
In which she is best pleas'd, should be so fear-
To meet a man?
Prot. Why, would you have me lose
That blood that's dedicated to your service,
In any other quarrel?
Brun. No; reserve it!
As I will study to preserve thy credit.
You, sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, tho' valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling.
Baw. 'Would your highness
Were pleas'd to inform me better of your purpose! [box'd or kick'd;
Brun. Why one, sir, that would thus be
D'you apprehend me now?
Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that shall receive this from my lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns?
Prot. He shall.
Baw. Besides,
His day of bastinadoing past o'er, [favour?
He shall not lose your grace nor your good
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Baw. It must be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?
Prot. True, it should. [the worse?
Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baw. If he be a lord,
'Twill be the greater grace?
Brun. Thou'rt in the right. [and lord,
Baw. Why then, behold that valiant man
That for your sake will take a cudgeling:
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you
For one of the nine worthies. [out
Brun. Out, you pandar!
Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it: lose not time
In vain replies, but do it! Come, my solace,
Let us to bed! and our desires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine us'd to ruin us.
Yet one word more; Lecure, art thou assur'd
The potion will work?
Lec. My life upon it!
Brun. Come, my Protaldye[27], thou then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denied
To her that does expect them, being a bride!
[*Exeunt.*

[26] *Unto so great a* God.] Amended in 1750.
[27] *Come, my* Protaldye, *then glut me with.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Thierry and Ordella, as from bed.

Thi. SURE I have drunk the blood of elephants[28],
The tears of mandrakes, and the marble dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural heat,
And left no spark of fire, but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward! make me all one piece[29], tho' earth!
My tears shall overwhelm you else too.
Ord. What moves my lord to this strange sadness?
If any late-discerned want in me
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompense.
Thi. Are you yet frozen, veins? feel you a breath, [North star reel,
Whose temperate heat[30] would make the
Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw nearer! yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiss thou may'st confess
I have not heat enough to make a blush!
Ord. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a husband! [husband,
Thi. How should he speak the language of a
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?
Ord. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you, with that you now deliver.
Thi. Bind not his ears up with so dull a charm, [thy words
Who hath no other sense left open! why should
Find more restraint than thy free-speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs,
The silent orators to slow desire?
Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance[31], [can witness,
Which must be lost in knowledge! Heav'n
My furthest hope of good reach'd at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
That in itself is direct and easy.
Thi. Oh, thou hast drunk the juice of hemlock too:
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly-prais'd workmanship, the first chas couple,
Before the want of joy taught guilty sight
A way, thro' shame and sorrow, to delight
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence,
When turtles kiss'd to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it?
Ord. I know no bar. [beats woma
Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy puls
And says the name of *wife* did promise the
The blest reward of duty to thy mother;
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her hu band. [to yourse
Ord. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a secon
Was only worthy of my virgin loss;
And should I prize you less unpattern'd, si
Than being exemplified? Is't not more honou
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue,
Than what is parallel'd? Give me belief;
The name of mother knows no way of goo
More than the end in me: who weds for lus
Is oft a widow; when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wish of change, which that pa can
Only maintain, is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to dissolv
Nor wrinkles bury. [tak
Thi. Confine thyself to silence, lest tho
That part of reason from me, is only left
To give persuasion to me I'm a man!
Or say, th' hast never seen the rivers haste
With gladsome speed, to meet the am'rous se
Ord. We're but to praise the coolness their streams. [lustful fire
Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by the
Pursue each other thro' the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the sport.
Ord. As it made way unto their envied res
With weary knots binding their harmless eye
Thi. Nor do you know the reason why th dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly fee
So often clipt and kiss'd her happy mate?
Ord. Unless it were to welcome his wish sight,

[28] *The blood of elephants.*] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson observed that this pr perty of elephants' blood is mentioned by Pliny. *Seward.*

[29] *Make me all one piece*, though *earth.*] We cannot clearly comprehend why *Thierry* being composed of *earth*, should prevent his being *all one piece.*

[30] *Whose* temperate *heat*, &c.] *Temperate* seems an oddly-chosen word in this plac when he is talking of a heat to overcome the influence of the North star.

[31] *Strive not*, &c.] This speech is rather obscurely expressed, but signifies, 'Strive n 'to rob my ignorance of that content, which knowledge would destroy. All my wish 'were to read satisfaction in your countenance. Add not therefore, &c.'

Whos

Whose absence only gave her mourning voice.
Thi. And you could, dove-like, to a single object [one
Bind your loose spirits? to one? nay, such a
Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer sense made useless? nay, myself[32],
As in my all of good, already known?
Ord. Let proof plead for me! let me be mew'd up [own!
Where never eye may reach me, but your
And when I shall repent, but in my looks; if sigh—
Thi. Or shed a tear that's warm?
Ord. But in your sadness. [their mates,
Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for
Ask if it be St. Valentine, their coupling day?
Ord. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me, by the title of most falsehood!
Thi. Oh, who would know a wife,
That might have such a friend? Posterity,
Henceforth lose the name of blessing, and leave
Th'earth uninhabited to people Heav'n[33]!

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Martell, and Protaldye.

Mart. All happiness to Thierry and Ordella!
Thi. 'Tis a desire but borrow'd from me; my happiness
Shall be the period of all good men's wishes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one give all! Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here;
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, title, sovereignty.
Brun. What passion sways my son?
Thi. Oh, mother, she has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made possible
To my glad being!
Prot. He should have done
Little unto her, he is so light-hearted.
Thi. My brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want, enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded: instead of question,
Let it be envy not to bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and masques[34] [malice,
Keep waking our delights, mocking night's
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us! our court
Be but one stage of revels, and each eye
The scene where our content moves!
Theod. There shall want [light, sir.
Nothing to express our shares in your delight,
Mart. 'Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of widower.

[32] *And myself, nay.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[33] *And leave the earth* inhabited *to people Heav'n.*] A virgin state resembles that of the angels, and may be a good means to pave the way to it, but it would not leave the earth *inhabited*, but the reverse, I therefore read, *uninhabited*. *Seward.*

[34] *Brother, friends, if honour unto shame,*
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,
My joys are *unbounded, instead of* question
Let it be envy, not bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth, banquets, and masques.] In this very mangled state with regard to measure and sense has this passage pass'd thro' all the editions: in the first place, what is
—— instead of *question?*
In the next place,
Let it be envy?———
Are banquets and masques the presents that were to be offer'd by his friends and courtiers? I hope the changes which have appear'd necessary, will be thought by the reader to have been probably the original text. I read,
My brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,
My joy's unbounded; 'stead of *questioning*,
Let it be envy not *to* bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth; banquets and masques, &c. *Seward.*
The word *my* in the first line, and *to* in the fourth, are rightly inserted; but *question* should not be changed to *questioning*, the old reading being perfectly intelligible.—There is often a strange uncouthness in the stile of this play, which obscures the sentiment: in this speech,
—— if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded.
The meaning of *honour unto* SHAME, and *wealth to* WANT, is not obvious: it is, we apprehend, 'if *honour and wealth*, COMPARED with shame and want, are grateful to the sense, then my 'joys are boundless.'

Thi. Music, why art thou so [della;
Slow-voic'd? it stays thy presence, my Or-
This chamber is a sphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way,
I say!
Who must alone her sex's want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.
Mart. This passion's above utterance!
Theod. Nay, credulity!
[*Exe. all but Thi. and Brun.*
Brun. Why, son, what mean you? are you a man?
Thi. No, mother, I'm no man:
Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then? [woman:
Thi. That being no man, I'm married to no
The best of men in full ability
Can only hope to satisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
(And such defective poverty, that to her bed
From my first cradle brought no strength but thought) [rock'd me,
Have met a temperance beyond her's that
Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loss by her desire.
Brun. It is beyond my admiration!
Thi. Beyond your sex's faith!
The unripe virgins of our age, to hear't,
Will dream themselves to women, and con-
Th' example to a miracle. [vert
Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement;
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruel Theodoret!
Thi. What of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule:
Who, loving the effect, would not be strange
In favouring the cause: look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.
Thi. The name of father, to what I possess,
Is shame and care.
Brun. Were we begot to single happiness,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age of chastity?
Thi. You teach a deaf man language.
Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease.
Have you heard of one Leforte?
Thi. A learn'd astronomer, a great magician,
Who lives hard-by retir'd.
Brun. Repair to him, with the just hour and place
Of your nativity: fools are amaz'd at fate;
Griefs, but conceal'd, are never desperate.
Thi. You've timely waken'd me; nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his art. [*Exit.*

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't. Lecure, met happily! [the conveyance
Lec. The ground answers your purpose,
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret.
Brun. 'Tis well: your trust invites you to a second charge;
You know Leforte's cell?
Lec. Who constellated your fair birth.
Brun. Enough; I see thou know'st him; where is Bawdber?
Lec. I left him careful of the project cast
To raise Protaldye's credit.
Brun. A sore that must be plaister'd; in whose wound [selves sound.
Others shall find their graves think them-
Your ear and quickest apprehension! [*Exit.*

Enter Bawdber and a Servant.

Baw. This man of war will advance?
Lec. His hour's upon the stroke. [ears!
Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my
I love no noise in my head; my brains
Have hitherto been employ'd in silent businesses.

Enter De Vitry.

Lec. The gentleman's within your reach, sir. [*Exit.*
Baw. Give ground,
Whilst I drill my wits to the encounter.
De Vitry, I take it?
Vitry. All that's left of him.
Baw. Is there another parcel of you? If
It be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it,
To make you wholly mine.
Vitry. You seek too hard
A pennyworth.
Baw. You do ill[35] to keep [known to me,
Such distance; your parts have been long
Howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.
Vitry. I must confess, I have been subject to
Lewd company.
Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance!
You've been a soldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.
Vitry. A couple of unprofitable ones, that
Have only serv'd to get me a stomach to
My dinner.
Baw. Much good may it do you, sir.
Vitry. You should
Have heard me say I'd din'd first: I have built
On an unwholesome ground, rais'd up a house
Before I knew a tenant, march'd to meet weariness,
Fought to find want and hunger.
Baw. 'Tis time you [sir;
Put up your sword, and run away for meat,
Nay, if I had not withdrawn ere now,
I might have kept the fast with you: but since
The way to thrive is never late, what is
The nearest course to profit, think you?

[35] *You to ill.*] Corrected by Seward.

Vitry.

Vitry. It may be
Your worship will say bawdry.
Baw. True sense, bawdry. [ne'er knew
Vitry. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I
But one.
Baw. I'll shew you a new way
Of prostitution: fall back! further yet! [to
Further! There's fifty crowns; do but as much
Protaldye, the queen's favourite, they are
Vitry. But thus much? [doubled.
Baw. Give him but an affront as
He comes to th' presence, and i' his drawing
make way, [own;
Like a true bawd t'his valour, the sum's thy
If ye take a scratch in the arm or so, every
Of blood weighs down a ducat. [drop
Vitry. After that rate,
I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me blush to see my want,
Whose cure is such a cheap and easy pur-
This is male-bawdry, belike? [chase:

Enter Protaldye, a Lady, and Revellers.

Baw. See!
You shall not be long earning your wages;
Your work's before your eyes.
Vitry. Leave it to my
Handling; I'll fall upon it instantly.
Baw. What opinion[36] will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my inven-
Tickles with apprehension on't! [tion
Prot. These are
The joys of marriage, lady, whose sights are
Able to dissolve virginity. Speak freely!
Do you not envy the bride's felicity?
Lady. How should I, being partner of't?
Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taste
Stands from your palate: if he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night
gave?
Vitry. Will you have a relish of wit, lady?
Baw. This is the man.
Lady. If it be not dear, sir.
Vitry. If you affect cheapness,
How can you prize this sullied ware so much?
Mine's fresh, my own, not retail'd.
Prot. You are saucy, sirrah!
Vitry. The fitter to be in
The dish with such dry stockfish as you are.
How! strike?
Baw. Remember the condition, as
You look for payment.
Vitry. That box was left out
O' th' bargain.
Prot. Help, help, help!
Baw. Plague of [this to
The scrivener's running hand! what a blow's
My reputation!

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, and Martell.

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?
Vitry. Hear me, sir!
This creature hir'd me, wi' fifty crowns in
hand,
To let Protaldye have the better of me
At single rapier on a made quarrel: he,
Mistaking th' weapon, lays me over the chaps
With his club-fist, for which I was bold to
The art of memory. [teach him
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theod. Your general, mother, will display
himself,
'Spite of our peace, I see.
Thi. Forbear these civil jars: fy, Protaldye!
So open in your projects? Avoid our pre-
sence, sirrah!
Vitry. Willingly. If you have any more
Wages to earn, you see I can take pains.
Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour,
More than was promis'd. Ha, ha, ha!
Baw. Where could I wish myself now? in
the Isle of Dogs,
So I might escape scratching; for I see
By her cat's eyes I shall be claw'd fearfully.
Thi. We'll hear no more on't; music drown
all sadness! [*Soft music.*
Command the revellers in. At what a rate I
do [spleen
Purchase my mother's absence, to give my
Full liberty! [thy ruin.
Brun. Speak not a thought's delay, it names
Prot. I had thought my life had borne more
value with you. [secure thee!
Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't; let that
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair; the blow once
Thou art unseen. [given,
Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm
sure.
Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their
own destruction! [*Prot. withdraws.*
Thi. You'll add unto her rage.
Theod. 'Sfoot, I shall burst,
Unless I vent myself: ha, ha, ha!
Brun. Me, sir?
You never could have found a time t'invite
More willingness in my dispose to pleasure.
Mem. 'Would you would please to make
some other choice! [lady,
Rev. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me,
Should you refuse. [mother's looks
Mem. Your reason conquers.—My grand-
Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they sit
Upon my heart like night-charms, black and
heavy.
Thi. You're too much libertine. [*They dance.*
Theod. The fortune of the fool persuades
my laughter
More than his cowardise: was ever rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!
Thi. Forbear, I say! [and strike,
Prot. No eye looks this way: I will wink
Lest I betray myself.
[*Behind the state, stabs Theod.*
Theod. Ha! did you not see one near me?

[36] *Opinion;*] i. e. *Reputation.* See note 71 on the Two Noble Kinsmen.

Thi. How! near you? why do you look so pale, brother?
Treason, treason!
Memb. Oh, my presage! Father!
Ord. Brother!
Mart. Prince, noble prince! [every angle
Thi. Make the gates sure! search into
And corner of the court; oh, my shame!—
Mother,
Your son is slain! Theodoret, noble Theodoret,
Here in my arms, too weak a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder! Say, is the traitor taken? [on my life, sir.
1 *Guard.* No man hath past the chamber,
Thi. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseen [to't
May perish in this mischief! who moves slow
Shall add unto the flame. [vate hearing.
Brun. What mean you? give me your pri-
Thi. Persuasion is a partner in the crime:
I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. Ere a torch can take flame,
I will produce the author of the fact.
Thi. Withdraw! But, for your lights—
Memb. Oh, my too-true suspicion!
[*Exeunt Mart. and Memb.*
Thi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid act? [whom make good
Brun. Here you do behold her; upon
Your causeless rage! The deed was done
By my incitement, and not yet repented.
Thi. Whither did Nature start, when you conceiv'd
A birth so unlike woman? Say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserv'd itself within you to his ruin?
Brun. Ha, ha! a son of mine? do not dissever
Thy father's dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would send so foul an
My son? thy brother? [issue.
Thi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart,
To speak and do only things monstrous?
Brun. Hear me, and thou shalt make thine own belief:
Thy still-with-sorrow-mention'd father liv'd
Three careful years, in hope of wished heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home: one fatal day,
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc'd command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair, which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gard'ner's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loss with thee,
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my misery;
Which, that I might diminish, tho' not end,
My sighs and wet eyes, from thy father's will,
Bequeath this largest part of his dominions
Of France unto thee, and only left Austracia
Unto that changeling; whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger. [believe you;
Thi. Come, do not weep! I must, nay do
And, in my father's satisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong, or loss.
Brun. You do but flatter;
There's anger yet flames in your eyes.
Thi. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travail for me.
Brun. You will not fire the house then?
Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret; my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.
Brun. Protaldye, rise,
Good faithful servant! Heaven knows
How hardly he was drawn to this attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

Thi. Protaldye? He had a gard'ner's fate I'll swear.
Fell by thy hand[37]?
Sir, we do owe unto you for this service.
Brun. Why look'st thou so dejected!

Enter Martell.

Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing else.
Mart. The fires are ready; [form
Please it your grace withdraw, whilst we per-
Your pleasure.
Thi. Reserve them for the body: since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He shall not lose the title in his funeral.
[*Exit.*
Mart. His fate to live a prince? Thou old Impiety, [body.
Made up by lust and mischief! Take up the
[*Exeunt with the body of Theodoret.*

Enter Lecure and a Servant.

Lec. Dost think Leforte's sure enough?
Serv. As bonds [east,
Can make him: I have turn'd his eyes to th'
And left him gaping after the morning-star.
His head is a mere astrolobe; his eyes
Stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being [resemblance
The coachman, his five teeth have the nearest
To Charles's Wain—
Lec. Thou hast cast a figure
Which shall raise thee: direct my hair a little;
And in my likeness to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largest hopes.

[37] Fell *by thy hand.*] So oldest quarto; subsequent editions, TELL *by thy hand*: To rectify this, Seward proposes the following (which he calls a *very probable*) conjecture: 'I suppose 'the transcriber to have accidentally contracted *To fall* into *tall*, and this making no sense, 'the first printers, by way of correction read *tell*, which seem'd to make something that ap-'proach'd to a meaning.'

Serv.

Serv. You are so far 'bove likeness, you're the same;
If you love mirth, persuade him from himself.
It is but an astronomer out of the way,
And lying will bear the better place for't.
Lec. I
Have profitabler use in hand: haste to
The queen, and tell her how you left me chang'd! [*Exit Serv.*
Who would not serve this virtuous active queen? [does it,
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that
And him above her pleasure; yet knows no Heaven else.

Enter Thierry.

Thi. How well this loneness suits the art I seek,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on,
With a remiss and careless hand!—
Fair peace unto your meditations, father!
Lec. The same to you you bring, sir!
Thi. Drawn by your much-fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character[39]
Shall e'er have issue?
Lec. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have nam'd! He is a
Whose fortune you enquire? [prince
Thi. He's nobly born. [him,
Lec. He had a dukedom lately fall'n unto
By one, call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thi. The question is of heirs, not lands.
Lec. Heirs? yes;
He shall have heirs.
Thi. Begotten of his body?
Why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lec. Nor thou;
I neither can nor will give further knowledge
To thee.
Thi. Thou must! I am the man myself,
Thy sovereign; who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.
Lec. Your grace doth wrong your stars: if this be yours,
You may have children.
Thi. Speak it again!
Lec. You may have fruitful issue.
Thi. By whom? when? how? [blood
Lec. It was the fatal means first struck my
With the cold hand of Wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth. [end
Thi. Can there be any way unsmooth, has
So fair and good? [Heav'n[40],
Lec. We that behold the sad aspects of
Leading sense-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, tho' not to speak their miseries.
Thi. Sorrow must lose a name[41], where mine finds life!
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.
Lec. Then thus:
The first of females which your eye shall meet
Before the sun next rise, coming from out
The temple of Diana, being slain, you live
Father of many sons. [*Exit.*
Thi. Call'st thou this sadness? can I beget a son
Deserving less, than to give recompense
Unto so poor a loss? Whate'er thou art,
Rest peaceable, bless'd creature, born to be
Mother of princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
Should give her form and happy figure to me;
I long to see my happiness: he's gone!
As I remember, he nam'd my brother's daughter;
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give Ordella's virtue living breath! [*Exit.*

ACT

[39] *Who* owes *this character;*] *i. e.* who owns; a word often mentioned before as common to all the old English writers; as in the old editions of the Bible, *The man who* oweth *this girdle.* The character is the calculation of his nativity, which his mother advis'd him to lay before *Leforte.* The word *resolution,* in *Lecure*'s answer to this, signifies the same with *solution.* *Seward.*

[40] *We that behold the sad aspects of Heav'n,*
Leading sense blinded, men feel grief enough
To know, tho' not to speak their miseries.] The change of a comma, and the insertion of a hyphen, are necessary to the cure of this passage. *Lecure* is pretending great compassion, and says that we that are learned in the sad aspects of Heaven, which lead men sense-blinded to their fate, have grief enough to know and not to declare the miseries of men. *Seward.*

[41] *Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life;*
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed.] This seems obscure, the first is a very poetic sentiment,

Sorrow must lose a name,——

i. e. Lose its being where mine, *i. e.* my *name* finds life; by my gaining heirs to it. Then he answers what *Lecure* had before said of his grief in the foreknowledge of the means of gaining him heirs; if, says he, you cannot ease your own grief, at least ease mine. The relative *my* inserted, gives this sense, and it being common in our poets to cut off the initial or final vowel of one word, when the following or former begins or ends with another vowel. The insertion will not alter the measure, the *a* in *at* being here cut off. *Seward.*

Seward

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Thierry and Martell.

Mart. YOUR Grace is early stirring.

Thi. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour,
He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell!
Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run her fears, can, on that day[42] she's married,
Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
That bears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions; this day France
(France, that in want of issue withers with us,
And like an aged river runs his head
Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right: this day Thierry,
The son of France[43], whose manly powers like prisoners
Have been tied up, and fetter'd, by one death
Gives life to thousand ages; this day beauty,
The envy of the world, the pleasure, glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it,
Are made mine own, and useful!

Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do these things!

Thi. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now; and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and bless'd fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises ages
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessed marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And, in the marriage, more than bless'd Ordella,

Seward reads

If not in thee, *'t* least ease *my* pain, *&c.*

The insertion is needless; and the elision, like many hundred others, ridiculous. The passage seems to be corrupt. The first line is, we think, ingeniously and justly interpreted; but the two next will not convey the meaning Seward has assigned to them.

[42] *Can* on *that day, &c.*] Seward rejects the word *on*.

[43] ——— *This day Thierry,*
The son *of France, whose manly powers like prisoners*
Have been tied up——] That this is good sense is allow'd, but that the *sun of France* is much more poetical, I believe will be equally allow'd. How long the *sun* has been the emblem of the French King, I have no book by me that will tell us. It was the emblem which Louis the Fourteenth most delighted in; if it was of older date in the arms of France, it would be a confirmation of the emendation here, and still more so, of the exquisite beauty of the following passage of Shakespeare in Harry the Fifth, the French King describing the battle of Cressy:

'When Cressy battle fatally was struck;
'And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
'Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales:
'While that his mountain-sire on mountain standing,
'Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
'Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him
'Mangle the work of Nature——'

Were a painter to give us this battle in colours, what a noble image might he take from hence? The king of more than human stature, and enlarg'd beyond the strict rules of perspective, aloft on a hill, with the *sun* in his zenith darting all his glory round his head. Shakespeare expresses this in words that exceed all colours; *mountain*, when made an adjective, is something beyond the epithet, *great, vast, immense*. I should not have mentioned this but to shew the fallibility of criticism, since the greatest of the critics on Shakespeare for *mountain-sire* reads *mounting sire*, and rejects the line

'Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,'

as the nonsensical insertion of some player. As to the change, I propose of *son* to *sun*, I shall not insert it in the text, as the former, though not so poetical, may perhaps be thought full as proper, now he is talking of a son to succeed him. *Seward.*

We have no doubt but the text is genuine; yet there is an amusing conceitedness in Seward's note, which has induced us to retain it.

Tha

That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer!
Mart. Sir, you're lost!
Thi. I prithee let me be so!
Mart. The day wears; [prayers,
And those that have been offering early
Are now retiring homeward.
Thi. Stand, and mark then!
Mart. Is it the first must suffer?
Thi. The first woman.
Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?
Thi. This hand, Martell;
For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?
Mart. 'Would I were she!
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting.
[*Two men pass over.*
Thi. What are those?
Mart. Men, men, sir, men.
Thi. The plagues of men light on 'em!
They cross my hopes like hares. Who's that? [*A priest passes over.*
Mart. A priest, sir.
Thi. 'Would he were gelt!
Mart. May not these rascals serve, sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thi. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter Ordella, veil'd.

Thi. Stand, and behold her then!
Mart. I think, a fair one. [her peace,
Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her: may
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires) pull Heav'n upon her!
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!
No love of any thing, but you and goodness,
Tie her to earth! Fear be a stranger to her;
And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
Let her bequeath to women! Hear me, Heav'n!
Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer!
Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death;
And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That, by his cutting off more may encrease,
So let her fall to raise me fruit!—Hail, woman!
The happiest, and the best, (if thy dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet! [worse than woman,
Ord. She's more than dull, sir, less, and
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.
Thi. Tell me this then;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
Has, or dare make a story?
Ord. Many dead, sir;
Living, I think, as many.
Thi. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
A general blessing, lady?
Ord. A general curse
Light on her heart, denies it!
Thi. Full of honour!
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures!
Ord. You strangely stir me, sir; and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions: may I do it? [must.
Thi. You may; and, which is more, you
Ord. I joy in't,
Above a moderate gladness! Sir, you promise
It shall be honest?
Thi. As ever time discover'd. [dare,
Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it
I have a mind will hazard it.
Thi. But, hark you; [blessing?
What may that woman merit, makes this
Ord. Only her duty, sir.
Thi. 'Tis terrible!
Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows!
Ord. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours, and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: but those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thi. Suppose it death! [nothing.
Ord. I do.
Thi. And endless parting [sweetness,
With all we can call ours, with all our
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason!
For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel, nothing's heard[44],
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion, [woman,
Dust and an endless darkness: and dare you,
Desire this place?
Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompense this place; and mad that stay it, [mours
'Till age blow out their lights, or rotten hu-
Bring them dispers'd to th' earth.
Thi. Then you can suffer?
Ord. As willingly as say it.
Thi. Martell, a wonder!

[44] ——*nothing's* hard.] Amended in 1750.

Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?
Ord. I am, sir.
Thi. And have children?—
She sighs, and weeps!
Ord. Oh, none, sir.
Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?
Ord. With all but Heaven, [me
And yet die full of children: he that reads
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory, [ters.
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daugh-
Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.
Ord. You are the king, sir,
And what you do I'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom! [I must kill you,
Thi. Thus much before I strike then; for
The gods have will'd it so: thou'rt made the blessing[45]
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly!
Ord. Fear me not.
Thi. And meet death like a measure!
Ord. I am stedfast. [thy tomb
Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman; and
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven every age[46];
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall, [Nature.
Tell thou liest there like old and fruitful
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?
Ord. I dare, sir.
Thi. Ha! [*Pulls off her veil, lets fall his sword.*
Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it.
Thi. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!
Ord. Strike, sir, strike! [merit
And if in my poor death fair France may
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!
Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shew'd us!—Oh, my heart-strings! [*Exit.*
Mart. I see you full of wonder; therefore noblest,
And truest amongst women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.
Ord. Amazement
Has so much won upon my heart[47], that truly
I feel myself unfit to hear: oh, sir,
My lord has slighted me!
Mart. Oh, no, sweet lady. [pity
Ord. Robb'd me of such a glory, by his
And most unprovident respect—
Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ord. Else where the day is,
And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages
And ages end the world, I had been spoken
Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but
Will give me hearing. [your patience
Ord. If I have transgress'd
Forgive me, sir!
Mart. Your noble lord was counsell'd
(Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the kingdom with him[48]) to seek out

[45] They're *made the blessing.*] Amended in 1750.

[46] *And on it shall be graven, every age,*
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou ly'st there like old and fruitful Nature.] I flatter myself, that I have full cured this passage, by making a colon instead of a comma at the end of the second line, and changing *tell* to *'till.* The image is this, 'On thy tomb shall be engrav'd from age to age 'the succeeding kings of France as acknowledging their being all deriv'd from thee, 'till they 'ly'st there like Nature, the fruitful mother of all things.' The image is full as noble as the famous simile of Virgil of the city of Rome to Berecynthia the mother of the gods:

——Illa inclyta Roma
Felix prole virûm. Qualis Berecynthia mater,
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per Urbes,
Læta Deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes Cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes. *Seward.*

The old text (with no variation, but a stronger point, a semicolon, at the end of the first line) is much preferable: the sense then is plain and easy: 'Every age shall be graven on 'thy tomb; and the succeeding French princes shall *tell*, having risen from thy fall, that thou 'liest there like fruitful Nature.' The obscurity proceeds from the omission of the second *shall*.

[47] *Has so much* wove *upon my heart.*] Wove is a strange expression here, and much less in the manner of our poets, than the word substituted.

[48] *And all the* kingdom *with him.*] Was all the *kingdom* counsell'd to seek out an astrologer? This seems the construction of the words as they now stand: I read,

And all the *kingdom*'s with him,

i. e. all the *kingdom*'s barrenness in his. *Seward.*

Seward misconceived this passage: *kingdom* refers to *grieving*, not to *counselled.*

A man

A man that knew the secrets of the gods:
He went, found such an one, and had this answer;
That if he would have issue, on this morning
(For this hour was prefix'd him) he should kill
The first he met, being female, from the temple,
And then he should have children: the mis-
Is now too perfect, lady.
Ord. Still 'tis I, sir;
For may this work be done by common wo-
Durst any but myself, that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this dying?
In any other, 't had been lost and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing: I was figur'd;
And shall a little fondness bar my purchase?
Mart. Where should he then seek children?
Ord. Where they are;
In wombs ordain'd for issues; in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed[49], and make it procreant
With kisses that conceive, and fruitful pleasures:
Mine, like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And too a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest! Rob not us,
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worth in woman[50],
Your lord of such obedience, all of honour!
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will short of your wisdom, make not error
A tombstone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard;
He makes a separation Nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting justice
Shrinks back, and sheaths her sword at.
Ord. All's but talk, sir!
I find to what I am reserv'd, and needful:
And tho' my lord's compassion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my best use[51], yet a strength
Above mine own, or his dull fondness, finds me:
The gods have given it to me[52].
[*Draws a knife.*
Mart. Self-destruction?
Now all good angels bless thee! oh, sweet lady!
You are abus'd; this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you;
To ruin all you build! Would you be famous?
Is that your end?
Ord. I would be what I should be.
Mart. Live and confirm the gods then! live and be loaden
With more than olives bear[53], or fruitful autumn!
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to: where or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what devil durst know
Look on that angel face, and tempt? do you
What 'tis to die thus? how you strike the stars,
And all good things above us? do you feel
What follows a self-blood? whither you venture,
And to what punishment? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd! do not fool yourself!
The priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.
Ord. I am counsell'd.
Mart. And I am glad on't; lie, I know you dare not.
Ord. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray take my comfort!
Was this a soul to lose? two more such wo- men
Would save their sex. See, she repents and prays!
Oh, hear her, hear her! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.
Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me!
Mart. I will, lady,
And every hour advise you; for I doubt
Whether this plot be Heav'n's, or hell's your mother!
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the centre of it: in the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourself,
And shew the instrument; so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fittest;
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love, and give!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brunhalt and Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project I have

[49] *That bless a marriage-bed, and make it* proceed
With kisses that conceive.] The variation in the text is by Seward. The conjecture is happy, and very possibly restores the original word. We might read *breed;* but Seward's text is more elegant.

[50] *Of such inestimable* worthies *in woman.*] Former editions. The original might have been either *worths* or *worth.* *Seward.*

[51] *And leaves me in my best use;*] *i. e.* Neglects putting me to the use I am most fit for, the best use I can be employed in.

[52] ——*yet a strength*
Above mine own, or his dull fondness finds me:
The gods have given it *to me.*] This reading may be constru'd into sense, but the change of a colon to a comma, and the omission of the relative *it,* makes it much more easy. *Seward.* Surely, these variations greatly injured the text.

[53] *With more than* olives bear.] So first quarto. Seward reads, *olive bears.*

I have so long gone with! Ha, here's the midwife:
Or life, or death?

Enter Lecure.

Lec. If in the supposition [me,
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask
I think you're safe.
Brun. Is she dead?
Lec. I have us'd
All means to make her so: I saw him waiting
At th' temple door, and us'd such art within,
That only she of all her sex was first
Giv'n up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determin'd his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself; for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life) he should be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.
Lec. If you are so resolv'd, I have provided
A means to ship him hence: look upon this,
But touch it sparingly; for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing, until death perform that office.
Brun. Give't me! I may have use of't; and on you
I'll make the first experiment, if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so-long-congeal'd and flinty hardness.
'Slight, go on constant, or I shall—
Prot. Blest lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.
Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.
Brun. Be so,
And we will stand or fall together: for
Since we have gone so far, that death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end,
And innocent, or guilty, we must die;
When we do so, let's know the reason why!

Enter Thierry and Courtiers.

Lec. The king!
Thi. We'll be alone.
Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me safe off!
For rage, altho' it be allay'd with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon it.
Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence't has birth. Son! kingly Thierry! [men,
Thi. Is cheating grown so common among
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above? [deavour
Brun. Your mother!
Thi. Ha!—
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for our offences[54]
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?
Brun. Will you not hear me? [duties
Thi. To lose the ability to perform those
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but to impose,
For the redress of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, (for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want) requires
More the making the head bald, or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, such a scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to express it! for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that tho' the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, men's pity.
Brun. I've given you way thus long: a king, and what
Is more, my son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, sorrow!
For shame, look up!
Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth [these!
One mark'd out only for it!—What are
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?
Prot. No, not we, sir.
Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them?
Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing.
Brun. This is madness!
Take but my counsel!
Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Tho' arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another syllable awake it? [cause
Go, and with yours be safe; I have such
Of grief, (nay more, to love it) that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lec. Madam!
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolv'd, and will: be statues!

Enter Martell.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man. Do you see? he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence

[54] *Or when, for* your *offences.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Of sorrow has made bankrupt of such treasure!
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along!
Thi. Thou mak'st me smile
I' th' height of my calamities: as if
There could be the addition of an atom,
To the giant-body of my miseries! [death
But try; for I will hear thee. All sit down! 'tis
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.
Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The griev'd Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd;
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, tho' it had been my death,
To hide it from her: she, I say, in whom
All was, that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die, to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth, in despite of the much sorrow [taking
She shew'd she had to leave you; and then
Me by the hand (this hand, which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it),
Go, said she, to my lord (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for),
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians, as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore, in some part of recompense
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings; yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her. Which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.
Thi. Stay! dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves to merit,
To do so for her? I have done; now on!
Mart. Fall'n thus, once more she smil'd, as if that death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body, without sense of pain;
And then, Tell him, quoth she, what you have seen, [which
And with what willingness 'twas done! for
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place;
By whom if Heav'n bless him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name!
Which said, she died.
Thi. I hear this, and yet live!
Heart! art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break thee? [be
She's dead; and what her entertainment may
In th' other world without me, is uncertain;
And dare I stay here unresolv'd?
Mart. Oh, sir!
Brun. Dear son!
Prot. Great king!
Thi. Unhand me! am I fall'n
So low, that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow so much time of sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon yourself! 'twas hers,
And dying hers, that you should live, and happy,
In seeing little models of yourself,
By matching with another: and will you
Leave any thing that she desir'd ungranted?
And suffer such a life that was laid down
For your sake only, to be fruitless?
Thi. Oh, [which
Thou dost throw charms upon me, against
I cannot stop my ears: bear witness, Heaven!
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasures,
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessed spirit, in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting! [shall be
Which in my choice, and sudden choice,
To all apparent.
Brun. How! do I remove one mischief,
To draw upon my head a greater?
Thi. Go,
Thou only good man, to whom for herself
Goodness is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was! Oh, my heart, my Ordella[55]!
A monument worthy to be the casket
Of such a jewel.
Mart. Your command, that makes way Unto

[55] —— *Oh, my heart! my Ordella,*
A monument worthy to be the casket
Of such a jewel.] The whole is confused, and both sense and measure require the adverb *only* to be inserted in the second line: the former wants a verb to make it clear. *Seward.*

Seward

Unto my absence, is a welcome one; [tell
For, but yourself, there's nothing here Mar-
Can take delight to look on: yet some com-
fort [want it,
Goes back with me to her, who, tho' she
Deserves all blessings. [*Exit.*

Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it, will
Be censur'd in the world.

Thi. Pray you, no more!
There is no argument you can use to cross it,
But does encrease in me such a suspicion
I would not cherish.—Who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One no guard [threats
Can put back from access, whose tongue no
Nor pray'rs can silence! a bold suitor, and
For that which, if you are yourself, a king,
You were made so to grant it: justice, jus-
tice! [for that

Thi. With what assurance dare you hope
Which is denied to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be just unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that
Above me? [are

Memb. There is justice: 'twere unfit [him,
That any thing but vengeance should fall on
That, by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear father's death was parricide)
Makes it his own.

Brun. I charge you, hear her not!

Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from
ent'ring Heav'n:
I must and will be heard! Sir, but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your bro-
ther;
And the place where, your palace, against all
Th' inviolable rights of hospitality;
Your word, a king's word, given for his safety;
His innocence, his protection; and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds! and can you
wonder
(That in not punishing such a horrid murder
You did it) that Heav'n's favour is gone from
you?
Which never will return, until his blood
Be wash'd away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the wretch!

Thi. Forbear. With what variety
Of torments do I meet! Oh, thou hast open'd
A book, in which, writ down in bloody letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo; but I'll begin,
For my Ordella's sake, and for thine own,
To make less Heav'n's great anger: thou hast
lost
A father; I to thee am so: the hope
Of a good husband; in me have one! Nor
Be fearful I am still no man; already
That weakness is gone from me.

Brun. That it might [*Aside.*
Have ever grown inseparably upon thee!—
What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd Ordella's place? the daugh-
Of a poor gardener? [ter

Memb. Your son!

Thi. The power
To take away that lowness is in me.

Brun. Stay yet; for rather than that thou
shalt add
Incest unto thy other sins, I will,
With hazard of my own life, utter all:
Theodoret was thy brother.

Thi. You denied it,
Upon your oath; nor will I now believe you:
Your Protean turnings cannot change my
purpose! [to be

Memb. And for me, be assur'd the means
Reveng'd on thee, vile hag, admits no thought
But what tends to it!

Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge! Art thou grown
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on [that!
Without the least compunction? There, take
To witness that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of grief and sad repentance,
That, so soon after bless'd Ordella's death,
Without a tear, thou canst embrace another!
Forgetful man!

Thi. Mine eyes, when she is nam'd,
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now.

Lec. He's past all cure;
That only touch is death.

Thi. This night I'll keep it;
To-morrow I will send it you, and full
Of my affliction. [*Exit.*

Brun. Is the poison mortal?

Lec. Above the help of physic.

Brun. To my wish.
Now for our own security! You, Protaldye,
Shall this night post towards Austracia,
With letters to Theodoret's bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his
rising
We have done to Thierry: no denial, [of;
Nor no excuse in such acts, must be thought
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end.
[*Exeunt.*

Seward reads,

Oh! my heart, my Ordella, *is*
A monument *only* worthy to be th' casket, &c.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter De Vitry, and four Soldiers.

Vitry. NO war, no money, no master! banish'd the court,
Not trusted in the city, whipt out of the coun- [try,
In what a triangle runs our misery!
Let me hear which of you has the best voice to beg in,
For other hopes or fortunes I see you have not.
Be not nice; Nature provided you with tones for the purpose;
The people's charity was your heritage,
And I would see which of you deserves his birth-right.
Omnes. We understand you not, captain.
Vitry. You see this cardecue; [crowns,
The last, and the only quintessence of fifty
Distill'd in the limbeck of your gardage,
Of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer:
Now he that can soonest persuade him to part with it,
Enjoys it, possesses it, and, with it,
Me and my future countenance.
1 *Sold.* If they want art
To persuade it, I'll keep it myself.
Vitry. So you be not
A partial judge in your own cause, you shall.
Omnes. A match!
2 *Sold.* I'll begin to you: Brave sir, be proud
To make him happy by your liberality,
Whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition,
Was never heard before less than to command.
I am a soldier by profession, a gentleman
By birth, and an officer by place;
Whose poverty blushes to be the cause
That so high a virtue should descend
To the pity of your charity.
1 *Sold.* In any case keep your high stile!
It is not charity to shame any man,
Much less a virtue of your eminence; [serve
Wherefore preserve your worth, and I'll pre-
My money.
3 *Sold.* You persuade? You are shallow!
Give way to merit: Ah, by the bread of God, man[56],
Thou hast a bonny countenance and a blith,
Promising mickle good to a siking wemb[57],
That has trod a long and a sore ground to meet
With friends, that will owe much to thy reverence,
When they shall hear of thy courtesy
To their wandring countryman.
1 *Sold.* You that will use [sir,
Your friends so hardly to bring them in debt,
Will deserve worse of a stranger; wherefore,
Pead on, pead on, I say[58]!
4 *Sold.* It is the Welsh
Must do't, I see.—Comrade, man of urship,
St. Tavy be her patron, the gods of the mountains [never
Keep her cow and her cupboard; may she
Want the green of the leek, nor the fat of the onion, [great deal
If she part with her bounties to him, that is a
Away from her cousins, and has two big suits in law
To recover her heritage!
1 *Sold.* Pardon me, sir;
I will have nothing to do with your suits;
It comes within the statute of maintenance.
Home to your cousins, and sow garlick and hempseed!
The one will stop your hunger, the other end your suits;
Gammawash, comrades, gammawash!
4 *Sold.* 'Foot, he'll hoord all for himself.
Vitry. Yes, let him:
Now comes my turn; I'll see if he can answer me: [money.
Save you, sir! they say you have that I want,
1 *Sold.* And that you are like to want, for aught I perceive yet.
Vitry. Stand, deliver!
1 *Sold.* 'Foot, what mean you?
You will not rob the exchequer?
Vitry. Do you prate?
1 *Sold.* Hold, hold! here, captain!
2 *Sold.* Why, I could have done this
Before you.
3 *Sold.* And I.
4 *Sold.* And I.
Vitry. You have done this:
'Brave man, be proud to make him happy!'
'By the bread of God, man, thou hast a bonny countenance!' [patron!'
'Comrade, man of urship, St. Tavy be her
Out upon you, you uncurried colts!
Walking cans, that have no souls in you[60],
But

[56] *By the bread of* good *man.*] The variation is proposed by Theobald and Sympson. Seward reads, *by the bread of* a gode *man*, and says, 'One would wish to put any thing rather 'than the TRUE WORD.'

[57] *To a* sicker womb.] Seward alters *sicker* to *siking*, and says, 'A *siking womb* is a groan-'ing stomach or belly.' But *womb* surely should displace *womb*.

[58] Pead *on;*] i. e. *Pad on, foot it on.* *Seward.*

[60] *Walking cans that have no souls in you.*] The metaphor is here taken from the old English *black jacks*, made almost in the shape of a boot, (the name Erasmus gave them) they were

But a little rosin to keep your ribs sweet,
And hold in liquor!
Omnes. Why, what would you have us to do, captain? [ing,
Vitry. Beg, beg, and keep constables wak-
Wear out stocks and whipcord,
Maunder for butter-milk, die of the jaundice,
You have the cure about you, lice, large lice,
Begot of your own dust, and the heat of the brick-kilns!
May you starve, and the fear of the gallows
(Which is a gentle consumption to it[61])
Only preserve you from it! or may you fall
Upon your fear, and be hang'd for selling
Those purses to keep you from famine,
Whose monies my valour empties,
And be cast without other evidence!
Here is my fort, my castle of defence;
Who comes by shall pay me toll;
The first purse is your mittimus, slaves.
2 *Sold.* The purse? 'foot, we'll share in the money, captain,
If any come within a furlong of our fingers.
4 *Sold.* Did you doubt but we could steal
As well as yourself? did not I speak Welsh?
3 *Sold.* We are thieves from our cradles, and will die so.
Vitry. Then you will not beg again?
Omnes. Yes, as you did;
Stand, and deliver!
2 *Sold.* Hark! here comes handsel:
'Tis a trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down. [lets, and to't
Vitry. Have goodness in your minds, var-
Like men: he that has more money than we
Cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no
For spoiling the enemy. [law
3 *Sold.* You need not
Instruct us further; your example pleads enough. [company is, fall on!
Vitry. Disperse yourselves; and as their
2 *Sold.* Come, there are a band of 'em! I'll charge single.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark! I have lost my man,
And dare not call for him, lest I should have
More followers than I would pay wages to.
What throes am I in, in this travel! These
Be honourable adventures! had I
That honest blood in my veins again, queen,
That your feats and these frights have drain'd from me,
Honour should pull hard, ere it drew me
Into these brakes.
Vitry. Who goes there?
Prot. Hey ho!
Here's a pang of preferment!
Vitry. 'Heart, who goes there?
Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance.
What shall I do with my jewels and my letter?
My codpiece, that's too loose; good, my boots!—
Who is't that spoke to me? Here's a friend.
Vitry. We shall find that presently: stand,
As you love your safety, stand!
Prot. That unlucky word
Of standing, has brought me to all this. Hold,
Or I shall never stand you.
Vitry. I should know
That voice. Deliver!

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have
Is at your service, gentlemen; and much
Good may it do you!
Vitry. Zoons, down with him!
Do you prate?
Prot. Keep your first word, as you are gentlemen,
And let me stand! alas, what do you mean?
2 *Sold.* To tie you to us, sir, bind you in the knot
Of friendship.
Prot. Alas, sir, all the physic in Europe
Cannot bind me.
Vitry. You should have jewels about you,
Stones, precious stones.
1 *Sold.* Captain, away! [longer,
There's company within hearing; if you stay
We are surprised.
Vitry. Let the devil come,
I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet!
2 *Sold.* 'Foot, we are lost! they are upon us.
Vitry. Ha! upon us?
Make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gasp!
3 *Sold.* Which way shall we make, sir?
Vitry. Every man his own! [and when
Do you hear? only bind me before you go
The company's past, make this place again
This carvel should have better lading in him
You are slow; why do you not tie harder?
1 *Sold.* You are sure enough,
I warrant you, sir.
Vitry. Darkness befriend you! away!

[*Exeunt Sold.*

Pro. What tyrants have I met with! they leave me [cry
Alone in the dark, yet would not have me
I shall grow wondrous melancholy,
If I stay long here without company: [ers
I was wont to get a nap with saying my pray
I'll see if they will work upon me now.

were stiffened leather lin'd with rosin, from whence a stiffen'd boot is called a *jack boot*. Sor therefore is equivocal, and the too common pun; but the allusion to the *rosin* is extremel arch. *Seward.*

We cannot believe any pun was intended here.

[61] *And fear of the gallows (which is a gentle consumption to't) only* prefer *it.*] Amended b Seward.

Bu

But then if I should talk in my sleep, and they [windpipe,
Hear me, they would make a recorder of my
Slit my throat. Heaven be prais'd! I hear some noise; [have fellows.
It may be new purchase, and then I shall
Vitry. They are gone past hearing: Now to task, De Vitry!—
Help, help, as you are men, help! some charitable hand,
Relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch!
Thieves, wicked thieves, have robb'd me, bound me.
Prot. 'Foot, [will betray us,
'Would they had gag'd you too! your noise
And fetch them again.
Vitry. What blessed tongue spake to me?
Where, where are you, sir?
Prot. A plague of your bawling throat:
We are well enough, if you have the grace
To be thankful for't. Do but snore to me,
And 'tis as much as I desire, to pass
Away time with, 'till morning; then talk
As loud as you please. Sir, I am bound not to stir,
Wherefore, lie still and snore, I say.
Vitry. Then you have met with thieves too, I see. [them.
Prot. And desire to meet with no more of
Vitry. Alas,
What can we suffer more? They are far enough [have, sir?
By this time; have they not all, all that we
Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, sir! I gave them [sir,
One trick to boot for their learning: my boots,
My boots! I have sav'd my stock, and my jewels in them,
And therefore desire to hear no more of them.
Vitry. Now blessing on your wit, sir! what a dull
Slave was I, dream'd not of your conveyance?
Help to unbind me, sir, and I'll undo you;
My life for yours, no worse thief than myself
Meets you again this night!
Prot. Reach me thy hands!
Vitry. Here, sir, here; I could beat my brains out,
That could not think of boots,
Boots, sir, wide-topt boots; I shall love them
The better whilst I live. But are you sure
Your jewels are here, sir?
Prot. Sure, sayst thou? ha, ha, ha!
Vitry. So ho, illo ho!
Sold. [*within.*] Here, captain, here.
Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Vitry. A trick to boot, say you?
Here, you dull slaves, purchase, purchase[62]!
The soul of the rock, diamonds, sparkling diamonds!
Prot. I'm betray'd, lost, past recovery lost!
As you are men—
Vitry. Nay, rook, since you'll be prating,
We'll share your carrion with you. Have you
Any other conveyance now, sir?
1 *Sold.* 'Foot here are letters,
Epistles, familiar epistles: we'll see [sure.
What treasure is in them. They are seal'd
Prot. Gentlemen! [take all
As you are gentlemen, spare my letters, and
Willingly, all! I'll give you a release,
A general release, and meet you here
To-morrow with as much more.
Vitry. Nay, since
You have your tricks, and your conveyances,
We will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearch'd.
Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be betray'd.
As you love your safeties, beat out my brains;
I shall betray you else.
Vitry. Treason, [villainies!
Unheard-of treason! monstrous, monstrous
Prot. I confess myself a traitor; shew yourselves
Good subjects, and hang me up for't.
1 *Sold.* If it be
Treason, the discovery will get our pardon,
Captain.
Vitry. 'Would we were all lost, hang'd,
Quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent prince!
Thierry's poison'd, by his mother poison'd,
The mistress to this stallion!
Who, by that poison, ne'er shall sleep again!
2 *Sold.* 'Foot, let us mince him by piece-meal, 'till he
Eat himself up. [meal, 'till he
3 *Sold.* Let us dig out his heart
With needles, and half bróil him, like a mussel! [blood's
Prot. Such another and I prevent you; my
Settled already.
Vitry. Here's that shall remove it!
Toad, viper! Drag him unto Martell!
Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!
Omnes. On, you dog-fish, leech, caterpillar!
Vitry. A longer sight of him will make my rage turn
Pity, and with his sudden end prevent
Revenge and torture! wicked, wicked Brunhalt! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bawdber and three Courtiers.

1 *Cour.* Not sleep at all? no means?
2 *Cour.* No art can do it.
Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,
Or one of the city constables, are tops.
3 *Cour.* How came he so?

[62] *Purchase!*] *Purchase*, in the cant language of the times, always means any thing acquired by robbery or cozening: thus Gadshill says, in First Part of Henry IV. act ii. sc. 1, 'Give me thy hand, thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*; I am a true man.' See Mr. Steevens's note on this passage. *R.*

Baw. They are too wise that dare know;
Something's amiss: Heav'n help all!
1 *Cour.* What cure has he?
Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with clisters, some with lettice-caps,
Some posset-drinks, some pills; twenty consulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him;
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i'th' dog-days; after him,
A wise Italian, and he cries, Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble, [about her
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat
As may conceive a prayer! after him,
An English doctor, with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out endive and suckery,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!
And talks of oil made of a churchman's cha- [rity;
Yet still he wakes.
1 *Cour.* But your good honour
Has a prayer in store, if all should fail?
Baw. I could have pray'd, and handsomely,
And an ill memory— [but age
3 *Cour.* Has spoil'd your primmer.
Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i'th' court,
And can pray for a pension— [court,

Enter Thierry on a Bed, with Doctors and Attendants.

2 *Cour.* Here's the king, sir
And those that will pray without pay.
Baw. Then pray for me too.
1 *Doctor.* How does your grace now feel yourself?
Thi. What's that? [fancy.
1 *Doctor.* Nothing at all, sir, but your
Thi. Tell me,
Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night
And rest for human labours? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-stare time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
The happiness of him that drinks his water,
After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely upon one another?
When shall I rest?
2 *Doctor.* Oh, sir, be patient!
Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
More than a mangy dog, among your doses?
Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
Unwholsome fools sleep for a guarded foot-cloth[63];
Whores for a hot sin-offering; yet I must crave,
That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye,
Because my power is far above your searching,
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none,
But those of equal ignorance? Dare ye kill me!
1 *Doctor.* We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd[64]!
This talk doth but distemper you.
Thi. Well, I will die,
In spite of all your potions! One of you sleep;
Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of!
See; he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now, [ber!
When he that wakes for him can never slum-
Is't not a dainty ease?
2 *Doctor.* Your grace shall feel it. [ven
Thi. Oh, never, never I! The eyes of Hea-
See but their certain motions, and then sleep;
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,
And quiet silver calms; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never set!—Who's that?

Enter Martell, Brunhalt, De Vitry, and Soldiers.

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,
And all good things live in a worse than thou art[65],
Ere thou shalt sleep! dost thou see him? [him.
Brun. Yes, and curse him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by
Mart. Why art thou such a monster?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, nor feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society

[63] *Unwholesome fools sleeps for a* guarded *footcloth.*] Seward is at a loss to know whether the *guarded footcloth* is spoke of as a 'reward given to the doctor,' or as 'a soft footcloth 'guarded from pressure,' for 'the use of the patient.' He gives the preference to *garded* (for so he erroneously spells it), i. e. *lac'd.* This word occurs in the Merchant of Venice.

[64] *Be more* reclaim'd.] Seward proposes to read *becalm'd*, instead of *reclaim'd*: we think the text right.

[65] *And all good things live in a worse than thou art.*] The leaving out the substantive that should agree with *worse*, renders this scarcely English. It might easily be amended by reading,

And all good things live in worse *state* than thou art,
Or, ——————— in worse *hell* than thou art. *Seward.*

The meaning seems to be,

And all good *things* live in a worse (*thing*) that thou art.

But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself [science,
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad con-
'Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Whore, this shall be! Do you nod? I'll waken
With my sword's point. [you
Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee!
Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir!
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother! [hour now!
Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an
Is it so, mother?
Brun. Yes, it is so, son;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.
Mart. She nods again; swinge her[66]!
Thi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so) was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers,
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?
Brun. It was, and by that will—
Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of Nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age! and when time calls you,
That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang, like
Brun. Holy fool, [penons!
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted, [tunes,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes Suffer'd by blasted virtue to be scatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done, read, and know
Thi. Heav'n forgive you! [thy ruin!
Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent: Protaldye we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat on you, she trusted

Enter Messenger.

The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,
Son to your murder'd brother: her physician
By this time is attach'd to that damn'd devil.
Mess. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.
Brun. He did like one of mine then!
Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night [dye
To hide me from their horrors? That Protal-
See justice fall upon!
Brun. Now I could sleep too. [the lady,
Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy: bring

Enter Ordella.

And Heav'n in her embraces give him quiet[67]!
Madam, unveil yourself.
Ord. I do forgive you; [for you.
And tho' you sought my blood, yet I'll pray
Brun. Art thou alive?
Mart. Now could you sleep?
Brun. For ever. [or quiet,
Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep,
Where her strong knave Protaldye's broke o' th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be musick to her!
I mean to waken her.
Thi. Do her no wrong!
Mart. Nor right[68], as you love justice!
Brun. I will think;
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them!
Mart. Keep her waking! [*Exit Brun.*
Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? There's that face—
Mart. Be moderate, lady!
Thi. That angel's face—
Mart. Go nearer. [soul
Thi. Martell, I cannot last long! See the
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heav'nly figure of her sweetness, there!

[66] Swing *her.*] Former editions. *Swinge*, which properly signifies to beat with rods, is probably the true word. *Seward.*

[67] *And Heav'n in her embraces* give *him quiet.*] The editors of 1750 *pretend* to have amended this passage by substituting *give* for *gives*. So, p. 438, 1st col. l. 18, to have altered *promise* to *promises*; p. 439, 2d col. l. 15, *letches* to *leeches*; p. 451, 2d col. l. 24, *keeping* to *keep*; same p. and col. l. 27, *ye* to *eye*; p. 454, 1st col. l. 40, *my* to *thy*; p. 462, 1st col. l. 17, *praises* to *prayers*; and p. 449, 1st col. l. 40, to have placed the name *Martell* as being *spoken to*, instead of as *speaker*. The quarto is right in all.

[68] NOR *right.*] This seems corrupt. The context requires, NO HER *right*, or something to that effect. If not corrupt, it may, by a licentious construction, be interpreted, 'Shew 'her no favour.'

Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divinest sub-
stance! [sex,
Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy
If it be for my cruelty thou comest—
Do ye see her, hoa?
Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.
Thi. Down, down again! To be reveng'd
for blood!
Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me!
Oh, blessed sign of peace!
Mart. Go nearer, lady.
Ord. I come to make you happy.
Thi. Hear you that, sirs? [crifice!
She comes to crown my soul: away, get sa-
Whilst I with holy honours—
Mart. She's alive, sir.
Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:
Oh, happy, happy soul!
Ord. Alas, I live, sir;
A mortal woman still.
Thi. Can spirits weep too? [Lady,
Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray kiss her.
Be very gentle to him!
Thi. Stay!—She's warm; [brightness,
And, by my life, the same lips! Tell me,
Are you the same Ordella still?
Mart. The same, sir, [from ruin.
Whom Heav'ns and my good angel stay'd
Thi. Kiss me again!
Ord. The same still, still your servant.
Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell.
Sit down, sweet! [slumber
Oh, bless'd and happiest woman!—A dead
Begins to creep upon me: oh, my jewel!

Enter Messenger and Memberge.

Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!
Thi. My joys are too much for me!
Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint
to see
Protaldye tortur'd, has choak'd herself.
Mart. No more!
Her sins go with her!
Thi. Love I must die; I faint:
Close up my glasses!
1 *Doctor.* The queen faints too, and deadly.
Thi. One dying kiss!
Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest[69]!
And now, close my eyes too!
Thi. Thou perfect woman!—
Martell, the kingdom's yours: take Mem-
berge to you,
And keep my line alive! Nay, weep not, lady!
Take me! I go.
Ord. Take me too! Farewell, Honour!
[*Die both.*
2 *Doctor.* They're gone for ever.
Mart. The peace of happy souls go after
them!
Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time
lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.
Omnes. We your subjects! [near us!
Mart. De Vitry, for your services[70], be
Whip out these instruments of this mad mo-
ther [cause
From court, and all good people; and, be-
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor ho-
nour[71]!
And now lead on!—They that shall read
this story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in good, not glory.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[69] *My last, sir, and my dearest.*] There are two senses of this, which the reader will please to take his choice of. If the above points be right, *last* and *dearest* relate to her kiss; if we point with the old editions (which the suspicion of another sense made me turn to)

My last sir, and my dearest,

The sense will be, my last and dearest lord! For *sir* is often us'd in this its original sense. *Seward.*

Ordella had no *other lords*. The sense obviously is, 'Take my last kiss, and the *most affectionate* I ever gave.'

[70] *For your* service.] *Services* was probably the original word here.

[71] *But neither* tongue *nor honour.*] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson would reject *tongue* here, and read *tomb*, but surely without sufficient reason: for *tongue* signifies the *funeral oration*, *honour* the escutcheons and other ceremonies of the funeral, together with the monument, or whatever may shew respect to the deceas'd. As to the character of *Brunhalt*, or *Brunhaud*, though it may perhaps be thought too shocking to appear upon the stage history has still represented her as a worse devil than our poets have done. *Thierry* and *Theodoret*, or *Theodebert*, were her grand-children, whose father she had poison'd when he came of age, in order to keep the government in her own hands. She irritated *Thierry* against *Theodebert*, whom she caus'd him to slay, and then poison'd *Thierry*, in hopes that the states would have submitted to her government; but her horrid wickednesses being laid open to the peers of France, she was accus'd of having been the murdress of ten kings beside debauching her grand-child *Thierry*, making him put away a virtuous wife, and providing him with misses. She was condemn'd to the rack, which she suffer'd three days, was then carry'd about the camp upon a camel's back, afterwards ty'd by the feet to a wild mare and so dash'd in pieces. *Seward.*

THE WOMAN-HATER.

This Play was originally printed in quarto in the year 1607. It was afterwards revived by Sir William Davenant, who added a second title, Or, The Hungry Courtier, and wrote a new Prologue to it, printed in his Works, p. 239, and in the quarto of 1649. The title page of the latter edition ascribes it to both Authors: both the Original and Davenant's Prologues, however, speak of it as the production of but one; and Langbaine positively says it was one of those plays which Fletcher wrote alone. It has not been acted many years.

PROLOGUE.

Gentlemen, inductions[1] are out of date, and a Prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak, and a bay garland; therefore you shall have it plain prose, thus: if there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny gallery-men, you shall have no bawdry in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with table-books, who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his——malice on, let them clasp them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play means to please auditors so, as he may be an auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dear loss of his ears. I dare not call it Comedy or Tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: a Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it will please you, is not written in my part: for though you should like it to-day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it to-morrow. Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: a duke there is, and the scene lies in Italy, as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, that he did never think, but that a lord, lord-born, might be a wise man, and a courtier an honest man[2].

PROLOGUE AT THE REVIVAL.

Ladies, take't as a secret in your ear,
Instead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone;
For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.
Alas! you now expect, the usual ways
Of our address, which is your sex's praise:
But we to-night, unluckily, must speak
Such things will make your lovers' heart-strings break,

[1] *Inductions.*] Such as precede Cynthia's Revels, Bartholomew-Fair, The Taming of the Shrew, and many other plays of that period. By the former of those we learn, that it was usual for the speaker of a prologue, in those times, to be habited in a *black cloak*: it is possible the custom of dressing in black, which continued to be the fashion for prologue-speakers until very lately, was derived from hence. *R.*

[2] From this prologue as well as a thousand other passages in our authors, it is very evident that their plays were in the age they lived in made for the decency and delicacy of their language; though several of their expressions are become now very gross, and are apt to give offence to modest ears; but they ought to be judged by the fashion of the age they lived in, not by that which now reigns. *Seward.*

Be-lie

Be-lie your virtues, and your beauties stain,
With words, contriv'd long since, in your disdain.
'Tis strange you stir not yet; not all this while
Lift up your fans to hide a scornful smile;
Whisper, or jog your lords to steal away,
So leave us t' act, unto ourselves, our play:
Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue
Your patience to endure an act or two;
Nay more, when you are told our poet's rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His muse believ'd not what she then did write;
Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight,
Soar'd high, and to the stars your sex did raise;
For which, full twenty years he wore the bays.
'Twas he reduc'd Evadne from her scorn,
And taught the sad Aspatia how to mourn;
Gave Arethusa's love a glad relief;
And made Panthea elegant in grief.
If those great trophies of his noble muse
Cannot one humour 'gainst your sex excuse,
Which we present to-night, you'll find a way
How to make good the libel in our play:
So you are cruel to yourselves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integrity)
Will be a prophet, not a poet thought,
And this fine web last long, tho' loosely wrought.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Duke of Milan, *in love with Oriana.*
Count Valore.
Gondarino, *the* Woman-Hater.
Arrigo, *a Courtier.*
Lucio, *a weak formal Statesman.*
Lazarillo, *a voluptuous Smell-Feast.*
Boy, *Lazarillo's Servant.*
Mercer, *a Dupe, and an affected admirer of Learning.*
Pandar.
Two Intelligencers.
Secretary *to Lucio.*
Gentleman.
Servants, &c.

Women.

Oriana, *Sister to Valore.*
Julia, Francissina, } *two Courtezans.*
A deaf Gentlewoman.
Ladies.

SCENE, *Milan.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. 'Tis now the sweetest time for sleep; the night is
Scarce spent: Arrigo, what's o'clock?
Arr. Past four.
Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder, where the shame-fac'd maiden comes:
Into our sight how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest bride,
With a red veil of blushes; as is she[3],
Even such all modest virtuous women be!
Why thinks your lordship I am up so soon?
Lucio. About some weighty state-plot.
Duke. And what thinks
Your knighthood of it?
Arr. I do think, to cure wealth.
Some strange corruptions in the common-
Duke. You're well conceited of yourselves, to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state:
But am not I a pattern for all princes,
That break my soft sleep for my subjects'
Am I not careful? very provident? good?
Lucio. Your grace is careful.
Arr. Very provident, working plots
Duke. Nay, knew you how my[4] serious-

[3] *As* if *she.*] This nonsensical lection is in all editions but the first quarto.

[4] *My* serious working *plots.*] I never think it right to discard good sense because another reading appears preferable, but a compound word, *secret-working*, occurr'd at first sight, and was rejected as unnecessary, 'till reading three lines below *Arrigo*'s answer,

You *secretly* will cross some other state,

which seems to imply something of secrecy being mention'd before, the conjecture seem'd much more probable. *Seward.*

Concern

Concern the whole estates of all my subjects,
Ay, and their lives; then, Lucio, thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving prince.
Lucio. I think your grace
Intends to walk the public streets disguis'd,
To see the streets' disorders.
Duke. 'Tis not so. [states,
Arr. You secretly will cross some other
That do conspire against you.
Duke. Weightier far: [cause;
You are my friends, and you shall have the
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.
Lucio. You're wondrous careful for your subjects' good!
Arr. You are a very loving prince indeed!
Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes
Are clos'd with heavy slumbers.
Arr. Then you rise
To see your wenches.
Lucio. What Milan beauty hath the pow'r
To charm her sovereign's eyes[4], and break his sleeps?
Duke. Sister to count Valore! she's a maid
Would make a prince forget his throne and state,
And lowly kneel to her: the general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.
Lucio. My lord, the day grows clear; the court will rise. [head[5],
Duke. We stay too long.—Is the umbrana's
As we commanded, sent to the sad Gonda-
Our general? [rino,
Arr. 'Tis sent.
Duke. But stay! where shines
That light?
Arr. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarillo.
Duke. Lazarillo? what is he?
Arr. A courtier, my lord;
And one that I wonder your grace knows not, for [predecessors,
He hath follow'd your court, and your last
From place to place, any time this seven year,
As faithfully as your spits and your dripping-pans
Have done, and almost as greasily.
Duke. Oh, we know him: as we have heard, he keeps
A calendar of all the famous dishes
Of meat, that have been in the court, e'er since [can thrust
Our great-grandfather's time; and when he
In at no table, he makes his meat of that.
Lucio. The very same, my lord.
Duke. A courtier call'st thou him?
Believe me, Lucio, there be many such
About our court, respected, as they think,
Ev'n by ourself. With thee I will be plain:
We princes do use to prefer many for nothing,
And to take particular and free knowledge,
Almost in the nature of acquaintance, of many
Whom we do use only for our pleasures;
And do give largely to numbers,
More out of policy to be thought liberal,
And by that means to make the people strive
To deserve our love, than to reward
Any particular desert of theirs [hear
To whom we give! and do suffer ourselves to
Flatterers, more for recreation
Than for love of it, tho' we seldom hate it:
And yet we know all these; and when we please, [about.
Can touch the wheel, and turn their names
Lucio. I wonder they that know their states so well,
Should fancy such base slaves.
Duke. Thou wonder'st, Lucio? [Milan,
Dost not thou think, if thou wert duke of
Thou shouldst be flatter'd?
Lucio. I know, my lord, I would not.
Duke. Why, so I thought 'till I was duke; I thought
I should have left me no more flatterers
Than there are now plain-dealers; and yet,
For all this my resolution, I am most
Palpably flatter'd: the poor man may loath
Covetousness and flattery, but fortune will
Alter the mind when the wind turns; there may
Be well a little conflict, but it will drive
The billows before it. Arrigo, it grows late;
For see, fair Tethys hath undone the bars
To Phœbus' team; and his unrival'd light
Hath chas'd the morning's modest blush away:
Now must we to our love. Bright Paphian queen,
Thou Cytherean goddess, that delights

[4] *Her* sovereign *eyes*.] First quarto and Seward read as in text.

[5] *The* umbrana.] In another passage, this fish is called an *umbrane;* and is probably the same which Cotgrave describes in the following manner, under the name of an *umbrine*: 'A great-eyed, round-tongued, small-toothed, and holesome sea-fish, which hath certaine 'barres over crosse her backe, and growing often to the bignesse of a *maigre*, is sometimes 'taken for it.' Florio, in his 'Worlde of Wordes,' folio, 1598, *voce umbrine*, calls it 'a 'kinde of fish, which some take to be the halybut;' and Cotgrave, who, as before, says it is sometimes taken for a *maigre*, gives the following account of the latter: 'A great and skalie 'fish, having a wattle on his chinne, two holes on the top of his beake neere his eyes; and 'two stones within his head of some vertue (as is supposed) against the cholicke: the 'French do tearme him thus, not because he is leane, but because by the whitenesse of his 'flesh he seems so; howsoever, and howsoever he be dressed, he is reasonable good 'meat.' *R.*

In

In stirring glances, and art still thyself
More toying than thy team of sparrows be;
Thou laughing Erecina, oh, inspire
Her heart with love, or lessen my desire!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle
O'th' kitchens, larders, and pasteries;
Know what meat's boil'd, bak'd, roast, stew'd, fried, or sous'd, [directly,
At this dinner, to be serv'd directly, or in-
To every several table in the court;
Be gone!
Boy. I run; but not so fast as I
Your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven. [*Exit.*
Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow [stomach!
Upon man, when he did give him a good
What unbounded graces there are pour'd
Upon them that have the continual command
Of the very best of these blessings! 'Tis
An excellent thing to be a prince; he is
Serv'd with such admirable variety of fare,
Such innumerable choice of delicates;
His tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, [wines;
And his cupboards heavy laden with rich
His court is still fill'd with most pleasing varieties:
In the summer his palace is full of green-geese,
And in winter it swarmeth woodcocks.
Oh, thou goddess of plenty!
Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast
(If thou wilt send me victuals) in thine honour!
And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Ev'n all the valiant stomachs in the court;
All short-cloak'd knights, and all cross-garter'd gentlemen;
All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, and huge stuff'd doublets: [yet
All these shall eat, and, which is more than
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied!—
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.
Laz. And welcome!
Never did that sweet virgin in her smock,
Fair-cheek'd Andromeda, when to the rock
Her ivory limbs were chain'd, and straight before
A huge sea-monster, tumbling to the shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing sigh
Expect the coming of some hardy knight,
That might have quell'd his pride, and se
her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee
Boy. Your Perseus is come, master, tha
will destroy him;
The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster hunger from your yelping guts.
Laz. Brief, boy, brief!
Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.
Boy. Here is a bill of all, sir.
Laz. Give it me!
A bill of all the several services this day
Appointed for every table in the court:
Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely;
Within this paper all my joys are clos'd!
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.
Boy. For th' captain of the guard's table
three chines
Of beef, and two joles of sturgeon.
Laz. A portly service, [table
But gross, gross. Proceed to th' duke's own
Dear boy, to the duke's own table!
Boy. For the duke's own table,
The head of an umbrana.
Laz. Is it possible?
Can Heaven be so propitious to the duke?
Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, sir, 'tis possible;
Heaven is so propitious to him.
Laz. Why then,
He is the richest prince alive! He were
The wealthiest monarch in all Europe, had he
No other territories, dominions,
Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrane's head.
Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, sir;
The fish was taken but this night, and the
head,
As a rare novelty, appointed by [table
Special commandment for the duke's own
This dinner.
Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous
house,
A board groaning under the heavy burden
Of the beast that cheweth the cud,
And the fowl that cutteth the air: it shall
Not, like the table of a country justice,
Be sprinkled over with all manner of
Che p sallads, sliced beef, giblets, and
pettitoes,
To fill up room; nor should there stand
Any great, cumbersome, un-cut-up pies,
At the nether end, filled with moss and
stones,
Partly to make a show with, and partly
To keep the lower mess from eating[6]; nor shall
My

[6] *The lower mess.*] That is, those who used to set at the table below the salt; a custom frequently mentioned in our ancient writers. Mr. Whalley gives the following account o
the

My meat come in sneaking, like the city service,
One dish a quarter of an hour after another,
And gone as if they had appointed to meet there,
And had mistook the hour; nor should it,
Like the new court service, come in in haste,
As if it fain would be gone again, all courses
At once, like a hunting breakfast; but I
Would have my several courses, and my dishes
Well fill'd: my first course should be brought in
After the ancient manner, by a score
Of old bleer-ey'd servingmen, in long blue coats,
(Marry, they shall buy silk, facing, and buttons
Themselves) but that's by the way.
Boy. Master,
The time calls on; will you be walking?
Laz. Follow, boy, follow!
My guts were half an hour since in the privy kitchen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Valore and Oriana.

Ori. Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.
Val. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder?
Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad To see me.
Val. Glad to see you? Faith, the lady Honoria cares for you as she doth for all Other young ladies; she is glad to see you, And will shew you the privy-garden, and tell you [you have How many gowns the duchess had. Marry, if Ever an old uncle, that would be a lord, Or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder, Or committed a robbery, and will give Good store of money to procure his pardon, Then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.
Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see fine The court. [sights at
Val. I'll tell you what you shall see; You shall see many faces of man's making, For you shall find very few as God Left them: and you shall see many legs too; Amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, The feet of which were in times past sock- less, but are now, [things), Thro' the change of time (that alters all Very strangely become the legs of a knight And a courtier; another pair you shall see, That were heir-apparent legs to a glover, These legs hope shortly to be honourable; When they pass by they will bow, and the mouth [courtship; To these legs will seem to offer you some It will swear, but it will lie; hear it not!
Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights?
Val. Sister, In seriousness you yet are young, and fair; A fair young maid, and apt—
Ori. Apt?
Val. Exceeding apt; Apt to be drawn to—
Ori. To what? [dispraise;
Val. To that you should not be; 'tis no She is not bad that hath desire to ill, But she that hath no power to rule that will: For there you shall be woo'd in other kinds Than yet your years have known; The chiefest men will seem to throw them- selves As vassals at your service, kiss your hand, Prepare you banquets, masques, shows, all inticements That wit and lust together can devise, To draw a lady from the state of grace

the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals: 'The tables being 'long, the *salt* was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to 'the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the 'space below was assigned to the dependants, or inferior relations of the master of the 'house. An allusion to this custom occurs in a satire of bishop Hall. As it is but short, 'the reader perhaps will not be displeased if I transcribe the whole:

"A gentle squire would gladly entertain
"Into his house some trencher chaplain;
"Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
"And that would stand to good conditions.
"First, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
"Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head.
"Secondly, that he do on no default,
"Ever presume to *sit above the salt.*'
"Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
"Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
"Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
"Last, that he never his young master beat,
"But he must ask his mother to define,
"How many jerks she would his breech should line.
"All these observ'd, he could contented be,
"To give five marks, and winter livery.'

'Again, by a reference to this fashion, we are told in a little piece, called News from the 'Lower End of the Table, that the best company makes the upper end of the table, and not 'the salt-celler. This custom is yet preserved at the lord-mayor's, and some other publick 'tables.' *R.*

To an old lady-widow's gallery;
And they will praise your virtues; beware that!
The only way to turn a woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity: you'll go?
Ori. I would go, if it were but
Only to shew you, that I could be there,
And be mov'd with none of these tricks.
Val. Your servants
Are ready?
Ori. An hour since.
Val. Well, if you come [shall be
Off clear from this hot service, your praise
The greater. Farewell, sister!
Ori. Farewell, brother! [sence
Val. Once more! If you stay in the pre-
Till candle-light, keep on the foreside o'th' curtain;
And, do you hear, take heed of the old bawd,
In the cloth of tissue sleeves, and the knit mittens!
Farewell, sister!—Now am I idle; I would I'd been [*Exit Ori.*
A scholar, that I might have studied now!
The punishment of meaner men is, they have
Too much to do; our only misery is,
That without company we know not what
To do. I must take some of the common
Of our nobility, which is thus: [courses
If I can find no company that likes me[7],
Pluck off my hatband, throw an old cloak over
My face, and, as if I would not be known,
Walk hastily thro' the streets, 'till I be
Discover'd; then 'There goes count Such-a-one,' [says another:
Says one; 'There goes count Such-a-one,'
'Look how fast he goes,' says a third: 'There's some [fourth;
'Great matters in hand questionless,' says a
When all my business is to have them say so.
This hath been used.
Or, if I can find any company[8],
I'll after dinner to the stage to see [have
A play; where when I first enter, you shall
A murmur in the house, ev'ry one
That does not know cries, 'What nobleman is that?'
All the gallants on the stage rise, veil to me,
Kiss their hand, offer me their places; then
I pick out some one, whom I please to grace
Among the rest[9], take his seat, use it, throw
My cloak over my face, and laugh at him:
The poor gentleman imagines himself most highly
Graced, thinks all the auditors esteem him
One of my bosom-friends, and in right special
Regard with me. But here comes a gentleman, [either
That I hope will make me better sport than
Street or stage fooleries. This man loves

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

To eat good meat; always provided,
He do not pay for't himself. He goes [because
By the name of the Hungry Courtier; marry,
I think that name will not sufficiently
Distinguish him (for no doubt he hath
More fellows there) his name is Lazarillo;
He is none of these same ordinary-eaters[10];
That will devour three breakfasts, and as many [vers,
Dinners, without any prejudice to their be-
Drinkings, or suppers; but he hath a more
Courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more
After novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him.
Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite[11],

Which

[7] *Likes me;*] i. e. *Pleases me.* So, in King Lear, Kent says, act ii. scene 2, 'His countenance *likes me* not;' and, in the Maid's Tragedy,

What look likes you *best?* *R.*

[8] *Or if I* can *find any company.*] As he describes his coming into the playhouse alone, this seems a second expedient to pass away time for want of company at home. I therefore read *can't* for *can.* *Seward.*

We see no objection to the old text.

[9] *To grace* among *the rest.*] All this speech, and far the greatest part of the play, was printed before as prose; though most of it runs easily into a familiar verse. I don't change *among* here, as the sense is much the same as *above*, but the latter seems the more natural preposition. *Seward.*

[10] *He is none of these* ordnary eaters.] Here I was puzzled to make out the measure, a syllable being wanting, and I thought to have resolved *none* into *not one*, but looking in the old quarto, I found *same* was the monosyllable that the late editions had dropt. This is a strong proof that the whole was that kind of familiar verse that I place it in. By *ordnary eaters* I believe we should not understand *common eaters* but *ordinary eaters*, or eaters at ordnaries, where great eaters frequently crowd, as they can have more for their money than when they pay for their meat by weight: this seems more humorous than the former interpretation, though that also will well suit the context. *Seward.*

We think *ordinary* in this place has not *extraordinary* sense, but signifies merely *common.* The scene seems to be loose verse; but we have endeavoured to divide it more naturally and numerously than Seward, and nearer in general to the quarto. It is sometimes, however, at any rate, very rugged.

[11] *Oh, thou most* itching kindly *appetite.*] There is great humour in the pomp of *Lazarillo*'s stile, but here, I believe, it has been a little degraded by the epithet *kindly.* As *itching* expresses the troublesome effects of the appetite, so *kindly* may be thought well adapted to the pleasing

Which every creature in his stomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment
Three several sallads have I sacrific'd, [me!
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath.
Boy!
Boy. Sir?
Laz. Will the count speak with me?
Boy. One of
His gentlemen is gone to inform him of
Your coming, sir.
Laz. There is no way left [ing
For me to compass this fish-head, but by be-
Presently made known to the duke.
Boy. That will be hard, sir.
Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be serv'd to satisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus:
My bier shall be a charger borne by four,
The coffin where I lie a powd'ring-tub,
Bestrew'd with lettuce, and cool sallad-herbs;
My winding-sheet of tansies; the black guard
Shall be my solemn mourners; and instead
Of ceremonies, wholsome burial prayers;
A printed dirge in rhime[12], shall bury me.
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust,
Manchets for stones; for other glorious shields
Give me a voider; and above my hearse,
For a trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up!
[*Valore discovers himself.*
Boy. Master, the count's here.
Laz. Where?—My lord, I do
Beseech you—
Val. You are very welcome, sir;
I pray you stand up; you shall dine with me.
Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love
I still have borne to your honourable house—
Val. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine
I pray rise. [with me.
Laz. Perhaps your lordship takes me
For one of these same fellows, that do, as it were,
Respect victuals.
Val. Oh, sir, by no means.
Laz. Your lordship
Has often promis'd, that whensoever
I should affect greatness, your own hand should help
To raise me.
Val. And so much still assure yourself of.
Laz. And tho' I must confess I've ever shunn'd
Popularity, by the example of others,
Yet I do now feel myself a little
Ambitious: your lordship is great,
And, tho' young, yet a privy-counsellor.
Val. I pray you, sir, leap into the matter;
What would you have me do for you?
Laz. I would entreat
Your lordship to make me known to the duke.
Val. When, sir?
Laz. Suddenly, my lord; I would have you
Present me unto him this morning.
Val. It shall [him
Be done: but for what virtues would you have
Take notice of you?
Laz. Your lordship shall know
That presently.
Val. 'Tis pity of this fellow; he is
Of good wit and sufficient understanding,
When he's not troubled with this greedy worm.
Laz. 'Faith you may entreat him to take notice of me
For any thing; for being an excellent farrier,
For playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives
In walls, for being impudent, or for nothing;
Why may not I be a favourite on the sudden?
I see nothing against it.

pleasing effects of it; but as the change of a single letter gives a much more pompous word, it seems highly probable that *kingly* was the true reading, for *Lazarillo* had before made the whole glory of a prince to consist in satiating his royal maw. *Seward.*

We think the text far preferable.

[12] ——— *instead*
Of ceremonies, wholsome *burial pray'rs,*
A printed *dirge in rhime shall bury me.*] If he would have no ceremonies nor prayers, it is probable we should read *falsome*, or perhaps, as *wholsome* is a word proper to *Lazarillo*, the following transposition may have been the original,

——— instead
Of ceremonies, *printed* burial pray'rs,
A *wholsome* dirge in rhime shall bury me.

A *dirge* in this sense may signify verses setting forth the wholsomeness and excellency of good eating. *Dirge* is derived from the Latin word *dirige*, which begins a part of the Popish Litany. The more I consider this latter conjecture, the more probable it appears; I shall therefore venture it into the text. *Seward.*

The old text is very good, and should not be changed: he first says, there shall be at his funeral,

'Instead of ceremonies, *wholsome* burial pray'rs;'

and then proceeds to specify, that

'A printed dirge in rhime shall bury him,'

instead of the usual service.

Val. Not so, sir;
I know you've not the face to be a favourite
On the sudden.
Laz. Why then, you shall present me
As a gentleman well qualified, or one
Extraordinary seen in divers strange myste-
Val. In what, sir? as how? [ries.
Laz. Marry as thus—

Enter Intelligencer.

Val. Yonder's
My old spirit, that hath haunted me daily,
Ever since I was a privy-counsellor;
I must be rid of him. I pray you stay there;
I am a little busy; I will speak
With you presently.
Laz. You shall bring me in, and after
A little other talk, taking me by the hand,
You shall utter these words to the duke:
'May it please
'Your grace, to take note of a gentleman,
'Well read, deeply learned, and throughly
'Grounded in the hidden knowledge of all
'sallads
'And pot-herbs whatsoever.'
Val. 'Twill be rare!
If you will walk before, sir, I will
Overtake you instantly.
Laz. Your lordship's ever. [*Exit.*
Val. This fellow is a kind
Of an informer, one that lives in alehouses
And taverns; and because he perceives
Some worthy men in this land, with much labour
And great expence, to have discover'd things
Dangerously hanging over the state, he thinks
To discover as much out of the talk of drunkards
In tap-houses: he brings me informations,
Pick'd out of broken words, in men's common talk,
Which, with his malicious mis-application, he
Hopes will seem dangerous; he doth, besides,
Bring me the names of all the young gentlemen
In the city, that use ordinaries, or taverns,
Talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom
Of their youth teach them, without any further ends,
For dangerous and seditious spirits;
He is, besides, an arrant whoremaster
As any is in Milan, of a layman;
I will not meddle with the clergy: he
Is parcel lawyer[13], and in my conscience much
Of their religion: I must put upon him
Some piece of service. Come hither, sir;
What have you to do with me?
Int. Little, my lord;
I only come to know how your lordship would
Employ me.
Val. Observ'd you that gentleman
That parted from me but now?
Int. I saw him now, my lord. [with
Val. I was sending for you; I have talk'd
This man, and I do find him dangerous.
Int. Is your lordship in good earnest?
Val. Hark you, sir:
There may perhaps be some within ear-shot
[*He whispers with him.*

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life,
The duke hath sent the fish-head to my lord
Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what
you will with me! [tal things
Laz. How uncertain is the state of all mor
I have these crosses from my cradle, from
My very cradle, insomuch
That I do begin to grow desperate:
Fortune, I do despise thee, do thy worst!
—Yet, when I do better gather myself toge
ther,
I do find it's rather the part of a wise man
To prevent the storms of fortune by stirring
Than to suffer 'em, by standing still,
To pour themselves upon his naked body:
I will about it.
Val. Who's within there?

Enter a Servingman.

Let this gentleman out at the back-door!
Forget not my instructions. If you find
Any thing dangerous, trouble not yourself
To find out me, but carry your information
To the lord Lucio; he is a man grave,
And well-experienc'd in these businesses.
Int. Your lordship's servant.
[*Exeunt Intelligencer and Servingman.*
Laz. Will't please your lordship walk?
Val. Sir, I was coming; I will overtake you
Laz. I will attend you over against
The lord Gondarino's house.
Val. You shall not
Attend there long.
Laz. Thither must I
To see my love's face, the chaste virgin head
Of a dear fish, yet pure and undeflower'd,
Not known of man; no rough-bred country
hand [paw
Hath once touch'd thee, no pandar's wither'd
Nor an un-napkin'd lawyer's greasy fist,
Hath once slubber'd thee; no lady's supple
hand,
Wash'd o'er with urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
With her too-nimble talons[14]; no court-hand
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air
Hath

[13] *Is* parcel *lawyer.*] *Parcel* from *particelle;* it means *partly*, as *partly a lawyer.* Massenger, our authors' contemporary and rival, often uses it in this sense. *Seward.*
Parcel drunk occurs in the Chances, p. 63.

[14] *With her* two *nimble* talents.] Mr. Sympson concurs with me in reading *too nimble*, but there seems a still greater corruption than that; her *fingers* are certainly here called *too nimble*

Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter grace:
Oh, let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginity! [*Exit.*
Val. This day I am for fools; I am all theirs:
Tho', like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect those men above the rest
In whose base company they still are best,
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company;
But for a fool our wisdom oft amends[15],
As enemies do teach us more than friends. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino and Servants.

Serv. MY lord!
Gond. Ha!
Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present.
Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from a woman, [whore.
Bid him carry it back, and tell her she's a
What is it?
Serv. A fish-head, my lord.
Gond. What fish-head?
Serv. I did not ask that, my lord.
Gond. Whence comes it?
Serv. From the court.
Gond. Oh, 'tis a cod's head.
Serv. No, my lord; [duke.
'Tis some strange head; it comes from the
Gond. Let it be carried to my mercer; I do
Owe him money for silks; stop his mouth with that.—
Was there ever any man that hated his wife [*Exit Serv.*
After death but I? and, for her sake, all women,
Women that were created only for
The preservation of little dogs!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the count's
Sister being overtaken in the streets
With a great hail-storm, is lit at your gate,
And desires room 'till the storm be overpast.
Gond. Is she a woman?
Serv. Ay, my lord, I think so. [her gone;
Gond. I've none for her then; bid her get
Tell her she is not welcome!
Serv. My lord, she is
Now coming up.
Gond. She shall not come up! tell her
Any thing; tell her I have but one
Great room in my house, and I am now
In it at the close-stool.
Serv. She's here, my lord.
Gond. Oh, impudence of women!
I can keep dogs out of my house,
Or I can defend my house against thieves;
But I cannot keep out women. Now, madam;

Enter Oriana, a Waiting-woman, and a Page.

What hath your ladyship to say to me?
Ori. My lord, I was bold to crave the help
Of your house against the storm.
Gond. Your ladyship's boldness
In coming will be impudence in staying;
For you are most unwelcome.
Ori. Oh, my lord! [you, 'tis true!
Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to
Ori. You're merry, my lord.
Gond. Let me laugh to death if I be,
Or can be, whilst thou art here, or livest,
Or any of thy sex!
Ori. I commend your lordship.
Gond. Do you commend me? why do you commend me?
I give you no such cause: thou art a filthy,
Impudent whore; a woman, a very woman!
Ori. Ha, ha, ha!
Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.
Ori. Your lordship
Hath a good wit.
Gond. How? what! have I good wit?
Ori. Come, my lord; I've heard before
Of your lordship's merry vein in jesting
Against our sex; which I being desirous
To hear, made me rather chuse your lordship's house
Than any other; but I know I'm welcome.
Gond. Let me not live, if you be! Methinks it
Doth not become you to come to my house,
Being a stranger to you: I have no woman in
My house to entertain you, nor to shew you
Your chamber; why should you come to me?
I have no [pictures,
Galleries, nor banqueting-houses, nor bawdy
To shew your ladyship.
Ori. Believe me, this [self
Your lordship's plainness makes me think myMore welcome than if you had sworn, by all

nimble,' and though *talents* be intelligible, yet *talons* seems a much more easy as well as more comic word. On turning to Mr. Theobald, I find that he too reads *talons*. *Seward.*

No doubt TALONS was the *intention* of the quarto; the old *spelling* was very inaccurate.

[15] *But for a fool, our wisdom oft amends.*] Seward rightly observes, '*for* is here the same 'as *because*.'

The

The pretty court-oaths that are, I had been welcomer
Than your soul to your body.
Gond. Now she's in, [sooner
Talking treason will not get her out[16]; I durst
Undertake to talk an intelligencer out of the room, [a woman
And speak more than he durst hear, than talk
Out o' my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the duke
Being in the streets, and the storm continuing,
Is enter'd your gate, and now coming up.
Gond. The duke?— [plots
Now I know your errand, madam; you have
And private meetings in hand: why do you chuse
My house? are you asham'd to go to it
In the old coupling-place? tho' it be less
Suspicious here (for no Christian will
Suspect a woman to be in my house),
Yet you may do it cleanlier there,
For there's a care had of those businesses;
And wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer [opposite;
And you shall have your lodgings directly
It is but putting on your night-gown and
Your slippers: madam, you understand me[17]?
Ori. Before, [speaks
I would not understand him; but now he
Riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a strange hail-storm.
Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.
Gond. Good-morrow to your grace!
Duke. Good-morrow, Gondarino.
Gond. Justice, great prince!
Duke. Why should you beg for justice?
I never did you wrong; what's the offender?
Gond. A woman.
Duke. Oh, I know your ancient quarrel
Against that sex; but, what heinous crime
Hath she committed?
Gond. She hath gone abroad.
Duke. What? it cannot be.
Gond. She hath done it.
Duke. How!
I never heard of any woman that
Did so before.
Gond. If she have not laid by
That modesty that should attend a virgin,
And, quite void of shame, hath left the house
Where she was born (as they should never do),
Let me endure the pains that she should suffer!
Duke. Hath she so? which is the woman
Gond. This[18].
Duke. This? how!—Arrigo! Lucio!
Gond. Ay, then it is a plot: no prince alive
Shall force me make my house a brothel-house;
Not for the sin's, but for the woman's sake;
I will not have her in my doors so long:
Will they make my house as bawdy as their own are?
Duke. Is it not Oriana? [own are?
Lucio. It is.
Duke. Sister to count Valore?
Arr. The very same.
Duke. She that I love?
Lucio. She that you love.
Duke. I do suspect—
Lucio. So do I.
Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit;
One that doth seem to loath all woman-kind,
To hate himself because he hath some part
Of woman in him, seems not to endure
To see or to be seen of any woman,
Only because he knows it is their nature
To wish to taste that which is most forbidden:
And with this show he may the better compass
(And with far less suspicion) his base ends.
Lucio. Upon my life, 'tis so.
Duke. And I do know,
Before his slain wife gave him that offence[19],

[16] *Will get her out.*] The negative added, and we think justly, by Seward.

[17] *Your night-gown, and your slippers; madam, you understand me?*] To make out the verse here with the context, I am forced to divide one word into two lines; this, which gives the measure a more comic aspect, is done by our authors indisputably in the comic part of the Schoolmaster, in The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight,
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together,
Makes *morris*. *Seward.*

Seward (oh, miserable division!) exhibits,
Your night-gown, and your slippers; madam, *y' under-*
Stand me?

But the example from The Two Noble Kinsmen is so far from apposite, that it rather proves our authors would not gravely practise what they there exposed as supremely ridiculous.

[18] Gond. *This*, this.] As we have no doubt but the second *this* belongs to the *Duke*, we have removed it to his speech.

[19] *Before his* slain *wife*.] I have ventured to alter this to *late wife;* there not being the least hint of his wife's being *slain* by him or any other. *Lain* for *buried* might probably be allowed, but I lay it down as a rule, never to ascribe to my authors an expression that I should be ashamed to use myself. *Seward.*

The variation should at most have only been offered as a conjecture. LATE *wife* is very flat and modern.

He

He was the greatest servant to that sex
That ever was. What doth this lady here
With him alone? Why should he rail at her
To me?
Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.
Duke. It was so! I do love her strangely. I
Would fain know the truth; counsel me.
[*They three whisper.*

Enter Valore, Lazarillo, and Boy.

Val. It falls out better than we could expect, sir,
That we should find the duke and my lord
Gondarino together, both which you desire
To be acquainted with.
Laz. 'Twas very happy.—
Boy, go down into the kitchen, and see
If you can spy that same.—I am now in some hope; [*Exit Boy.*
I have methinks a kind of fever upon me,
A certain gloominess within me, doubting,
As it were, betwixt two passions: there's no
Young maid upon her wedding-night, when her husband
Sets first foot in the bed, blushes, and
Looks pale again, oftner than I do now.
There is no poet acquainted with more
Shakings and quakings, towards the latter end
Of his new play, (when he's in that case
That he stands peeping betwixt the curtains,
So fearfully that a bottle of ale cannot
Be open'd, but he thinks somebody hisses)
Than I am at this instant.
Val. Are they in consultation?
If they be, either my young duke hath gotten
Some bastard, and is persuading my knight yonder [else
To father the child, and marry the wench, or
Some cockpit's to be built.
Laz. My lord! what nobleman's that?
Val. His name is Lucio; 'tis he that was made a lord [wife's sake;
At the request of some of his friends for's
He affects to be a great statesman, and thinks
It consists in night-caps, and jewels, and
Toothpicks.
Laz. And what's that other?
Val. A knight, sir, that
Pleaseth the duke to favour, and to raise
To some extraordinary fortunes: he can make [week,
As good men as himself ev'ry day in the
And doth.
Laz. For what was he raised?
Val. Truly, sir,
I am not able to say directly for what,
But for wearing of red breeches, as I take it:
He is a brave man; he will spend three knighthoods
At a supper without trumpets.
Laz. My lord, I'll talk with him;
For I've a friend that would gladly receive the honour[19]— [him, let him
Val. If he have the itch of knighthood upon
Repair to that physician, he'll cure him.
But I will give you a note: is your friend
Fat or lean?
Laz. Something fat.
Val. It will be the worse for him.
Laz. I hope that's not material.
Val. Very much,
For there's an impost set upon knighthoods,
And your friend shall pay a noble in the pound.
Duke. I do not like examinations;
We shall find out the truth more easily,
Some other way less noted, and that course
Should not be us'd, 'till we be sure to prove
Something directly; for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.
Lucio. Doth she know
Your grace doth love her?
Duke. She hath never heard it.
Lucio. Then thus, my lord.
[*They whisper again.*
Laz. What's he that walks alone
So sadly, with his hands behind him?
Val. The lord
Of the house, he that you desire to be
Acquainted with. He doth hate women for
The same cause that I love them.
Laz. What is that? [ceive me, sir?
Val. For that which apes want: you per-
Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath
So rich a gem under his roof, as that
Which I do follow?—What young lady's that?
Val. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect? 'tis
My sister! Did I say the duke had a bastard?
What should she make here with him and his council? [them;
She hath no papers in her hand to petition to
She hath never a husband in prison, whose release [wench,
She might sue for: that's a fine trick for a
To get her husband clapt up, that she may
More freely, and with less suspicion, visit
The private studies of men in authority.
Now I do discover their consultation;
Yon fellow is a pandar without all salvation!
But let me not condemn her too rashly, without
Weighing the matter: she is a young lady;
She went forth early this morning with
A waiting-woman, and a page or so:
This is no garden-house; in my conscience,
She went forth with no dishonest intent; for
She did not pretend going to any sermon
In the further end of the city; neither went she
To see any odd old gentlewoman, that mourns for

[19] *Gladly receive the* humour.] Corrected in 1750.

The

The death of her husband, or the loss of her friend, [her;
And must have young ladies come to comfort
Those are the damnable bawds! 'Twas no set meeting [her
Certainly, for there was no wafer-woman with
These three days, on my knowledge. I'll talk with her.
—Good morrow, my lord! [brother
Gond. You're welcome, sir.—Here's her
Come now to do a kind office for his sister;
Is it not strange?
Val. I am glad to meet you here, sister.
Ori. I thank you, good brother; and if you doubt of
The cause of my coming, I can satisfy you.
Val. No, faith, I dare trust thee: I do suspect thou'rt honest;
For it is so rare a thing to be honest,
Among you, that some one man in an age
May perhaps suspect some two women to be honest,
But never believe it verily.
Lucio. Let your return be sudden!
Arr. Unsuspected by them.
Duke. It shall; so shall I best
Perceive their love, if there be any: farewell!
Val. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding: he hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on
Duke. His name? [my knowledge.
Val. Lazarillo.
Duke. I heard of him this morning;
Which is he?
Val. Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits!
Thy fortunes are now raising; the duke calls for thee,
And thou shalt be acquainted with him.
Laz. He's going away,
And I must of necessity stay here,
Upon business.
Val. 'Tis all one; thou shalt know him first.
Laz. Stay a little!—
If he should offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I should lose that I seek for—
But if he should, I will not go with him.
Val. Lazarillo, the duke stays! wilt thou
This opportunity? [lose
Laz. How must I speak to him?
Val. 'Twas well thought of; you must not talk to him
As you do to an ordinary man, [him:
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about
For example; if he should ask you what o'clock it is, ['tis nine;'
You must not say, 'If it please your grace,
But thus, 'Thrice three o'clock, so please 'my sovereign;' ['dwell
Or thus, 'Look how many muses there doth
'Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
'And just so many strokes the clock hath 'struck;'
And so forth: and you must now and then
Enter into a description.
Laz. I hope I shall do it.
Val. Come! ['gentleman,
'May it please your grace to take note of a
'Well seen, deeply read, and throughly
'Grounded in the hidden knowledge of all
'And pot-herbs whatsoever.' [sallads
Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.
Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your grace's foot.
Val. Very well!—Will your grace question him a little?
Duke. How old are you? [mānacks
Laz. Full eight and twenty several al-
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath; four prentice-ships
Have I most truly served in this world;
And eight and twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course, since—
Duke. I understand you, sir.
Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks!
Duke. You are eight and twenty year old.
What time of the day do you hold it to be?
Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives [stairs;
On thresholds, on their shoe-soals, and on
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now; now the tables all—
Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time?
Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly. [further conference,
Val. Your grace shall find him, in your
Grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, understandingly read
In the necessities of the life of man:
He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man must die, and therefore live; [eat.
He knows that man must live, and therefore
And if it shall please your grace to accompany
Yourself with him, I doubt not but that he will,
At the least, make good my commendations.
Duke. Attend us, Lazarillo; we do want
Men of such action, as we have receiv'd you
Reported from your honourable friend.
Laz. Good my lord, stand betwixt me and my overthrow! [part!—
You know I'm tied here, and may not de-
My gracious lord, so weighty are the business of mine own,
Which at this time do call upon me, that I
Will rather chuse to die, than to neglect them.
Val. Nay, you shall well perceive; besides the virtues
That I have already inform'd you of, he hath
A stomach which will stoop to no prince alive.
Duke. Sir, at your best leisure; I shall thirst to see you.
Laz. And I shall hunger for it.
Duke. 'Till then, farewell all!
Gond. Val. Long life attend your grace!

Duke.

Duke. I do not taste this sport. Arrigo!
Arr. Lucio. We do attend. [Lucio!
[*Exeunt Duke, Arr. and Lucio.*
Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left
His Helen with me: I am no pandar for him;
Neither can I be won, with the hope of gain,
Or the itching desire of tasting my lord's
Lechery to him, to keep her at my house,
Or bring her in disguise to his bed-chamber.
The twines of adders and of scorpions
About my naked breast, will seem to me
More tickling than those clasps, which men adore,
The lustful, dull, ill-spirited embraces
Of women! The much-praised Amazons,
Knowing their own infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what men
They take amongst them they condemn to die;
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer, that would willingly
Come in the worthless presence of a woman.—
I will attend and see what my young lord
Will do with his sister.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My lord, the fish-head
Is gone again.
Val. Whither?
Boy. I know whither, my lord.
Val. Keep it from Lazarillo!—Sister, shall I
Confer with you in private, to know the cause
Of the duke's coming hither? I know he makes you
Acquainted with his business of state.
Ori. I'll satisfy you, brother; for I see
You're jealous of me.
Gond. Now there shall be some course
Taken for her conveyance.
Laz. Lazarillo,
Thou art happy! thy carriage hath begot love, [here
And that love hath brought forth fruits; thou'rt
In the company of a man honourable,
That will help thee to taste of the bounties
Of the sea; and when thou hast so done,
Thou shalt retire thyself unto the court,
And there taste of the delicates of the earth,
And be great in the eyes of thy sovereign.
Now no more shalt thou need to scramble for
Thy meat, nor remove thy stomach with the court; [sire,
But thy credit shall command thy heart's de-
And all novelties shall be sent as presents unto thee.

Val. Good sister, when you see your own time, will you
Return home?
Ori. Yes, brother, and not before.
Laz. I will grow popular in this state,
And overthrow the fortunes of a number,
That live by extortion.
Val. Lazarillo,
Bestir thyself nimbly, and suddenly,
And hear me with patience.
Laz. Let me not fall from myself!
Speak! I am bound to hear[20].
Val. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear; [ther.
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whi-
Laz. I will not curse, nor swear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue accuse my fate
(Tho' I might justly do it); nor will I
Wish myself uncreated, for this evil!
Shall I entreat your lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by fortune?
Val. I hate
To leave my friend in his extremities.
Laz. 'Tis noble in you; then I take your hand,
And do protest, I do not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaste,
As that a brother to his sister bears:
And if I see this fish-head, yet unknown,
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye-strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remember'd, as our meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust!
Val. Farewell, my lord! I was entreated to invite
Your lordship to a lady's upsitting.
Gond. Oh, my ears!—
Why, madam, will not you follow your brother? [you to 'em.
You are waited for by great men; he'll bring
Ori. I am very well, my lord: you do mistake me,
If you think I affect greater company
Than yourself.
Gond. What madness possesseth thee,
That thou canst imagine me a fit man
To entertain ladies? I tell thee, I do use
To tear their hair, to kick them, and to twinge
Their noses, if they be not careful in
Avoiding me.

[20] *So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear,*
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.] As *where* is equally sense here, it adds much to the humour to make this hobbling comic verse rhime to the grandeur of the line above quoted from the most solemn scene in all Shakespeare. Mr. Sympson asks, Is this a burlesque upon Hamlet's Ghost or not? I am quite clear that it is not, and have given, I believe, convincing reasons at note 43, in that exceeding comic character, the Little French Lawyer. Sentiments and expressions of acknowledged dignity, when applied to a ridiculous subject, only render it still more ridiculous, and for that end only are used, burlesquing, as in this place *Lazarillo*, not *Hamlet*. *Seward.*
We see no *humour* in this unwarranted alteration, nor conviction in the note referred to.

Ori. Your lordship may descant
Upon your own behaviour as please you, but I
Protest, so sweet and courtly it appears
In my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.
Gond. I shall grow rough.
Ori. A rough carriage is best
In a man.—I'll dine with you, my lord.
Gond. Why, I will starve thee;
Thou shalt have nothing.
Ori. I have heard of your lordship's nothing;
I'll put that to the venture.
Gond. Well, thou shalt have meat;
I'll send it to thee.
Ori. I'll keep no state, my lord[21];
Neither do I mourn; I'll dine with you.
Gond. Is such a thing as this allow'd to live?
What power hath let thee loose upon the earth,
To plague us for our sins? Out of my doors!
Ori. I would your lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you! it doth shew
So near the life, as it were natural.
Gond. Oh, thou damn'd woman! I will fly the vengeance
That hangs above thee: follow, if thou dar'st!
[*Exit Gond.*
Ori. I must not leave this fellow; I will torment him to madness!
To teach his passions against kind to move;
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.
[*Exeunt Oriana and Maid.*

Enter Pandar and Mercer.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done;
I wear not this black cloak for nothing.
Mercer. Perform this,
Help me to this great heir by learning,
And you shall want no black cloaks; taffaties,
Silk-grograms, sattins, and velvets are mine;
They shall be yours, perform what you have promis'd;
And you shall make me lover of sciences;
I will study the learned languages, and keep
My shop-book in Latin.
Pandar. Trouble me not now; [shop.
I will not fail you within this hour at your
Mercer. Let Art have her course. [*Exit.*

Enter Julia.

Pandar. 'Tis well spoken.—Madona;
Julia. Hast thou brought me any customers?
Pandar. No.
Julia. What the devil dost thou in black?
Pandar. As all solemn professors of settled courses do,
Cover my knavery with it. Will you marry
A citizen, reasonably rich, and unreasonably foolish,
Silks in his shop, money in his purse,
And no wit in his head?
Julia. Out upon him!
I could have been otherwise than so; there was a knight [have lent him
Swore he would have had me, if I would
But forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloak,
To go to church in.
Pandar. Then your waistcoat-waiter
Shall have him; call her in.
Julia. Francissina!
Fran. [*within.*] Anon. [yourself[23]
Julia. Get you to the church, and shrive
For you shall be richly married anon.
Pandar. And get you after her. I will work
Upon my citizen whilst he is warm;
I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours;
The openest fools are hardly cozened,
If they once grow jealous.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino, flying the Lady.

Gond. SAVE me, ye better powers! let me not fall
Between the loose embracements of a woman!
Heav'n, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprieve awhile thy punishment;
Only I crave, (and hear me, equal Heav'ns!)
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me,
Be that imperfect piece of Nature
That Art makes up, woman, unsatiate woman!
Had we not knowing souls, at first infus'd
To teach a difference 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made ourselves, free, unconfin'd,

[21] I'll *keep no state, my lord; neither do I mourn.*] *I'll.* instead of *I*, crept in from the line below. *Mourn*, here signifies keeping house on account of mourning for any relation dead. *Seward.*
There surely is not the least cause for variation.
[23] *And* shrive *yourself;*] i. e. *Go to confession.* The same expression occurs in Romeo and Juliet.

Commanders

Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
This image of his Maker, well-squar'd man,
Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,
To fall into a woman's easy arms?

Enter Oriana.

Ori. Now, Venus, be my speed! inspire me with
All the several subtile temptations, that
Thou hast already given, or hast in store
Hereafter to bestow upon our sex!
Grant that I may apply that physic that is
Most apt to work upon him; whether he will
Soonest be mov'd with wantonness, singing,
Dancing, or (being passionate) with scorn,
Or with sad and serious looks, cunningly
Mingled with sighs, with smiling, lisping[24],
Kissing the hand, and making short curt'sies;
Or with whatsoever other nimble power
He may be caught, do thou infuse into me!
And, when I have him, I will sacrifice him
Up to thee!

Gond. It comes again! new apparitions,
And tempting spirits! Stand and reveal thyself;
Tell why thou follow'st me? I fear thee
As I fear the place thou cam'st from, hell.

Ori. My lord, I am a woman, and such a one—

Gond. That I hate truly!
Thou hadst better been a devil.

Ori. Why, my unpatient lord?

Gond. Devils were once good; there they excell'd you women.

Ori. Can you be so uneasy? can you freeze,
And such a summer's heat so ready to dissolve?
Nay, gentle lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am! Look on these cheeks;
They've yet enough of nature, true complexion:
If to be red and white[25], a forehead high,
An easy melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear
Of strict religion, and men most austere:
If these may hope to please you, look you here[26]!

Gond. This woman with entreaty would shew all. [well.
Lady, there lies your way; I pray you, fare-

Ori. You're yet too harsh, too dissonant;
There's no true music in your words, my lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone? Here stay; ['tis big enough,
An thou want'st lodging[27], take my house,
It is thine own; 'twill hold five lecherous lords
And their lackies, without discovery:
There's stoves and bathing-tubs.

Ori. Dear lord, you are
Too wild.

Gond. Shalt have a doctor too, thou shalt,
'Bout six and twenty, 'tis a pleasing age;
Or I can help thee to a handsome usher;
Or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one:
Prithee keep house, and leave me!

Ori. I do
Confess I am too easy, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection;
Yet I can frown, and nip a passion,
Even in the bud: I can say, [leave us.
Men please their present heats, then please to
I can hold off, and, by my chymic power,
Draw sonnets from the melting lover's brain;
Ayme's, and *elegies:* yet to you, my lord,
My love, my better self, I put these off,
Doing that office not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love. Are you not yet
Relenting? ha' you blood and spirit in those veins?
You are no image, tho' you be as hard
As marble: sure you've no liver; if you had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heat
To every member! Is not this miserable?
A thing so truly form'd, shap'd out by symmetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to shew all these

[24] *Or with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled* with *sighs, with smiling, lisping.*] This speech, all printed before as prose, I have found not the least difficulty in restoring to its measure, 'till I came to this passage; and here there is the greatest reason to believe a monosyllable added, more injurious to the sense than measure: for what cunning is there in mingling sad looks with sighs? It does indeed require cunning to mingle sighs and smiles together, so as to appear engaging and charming. I therefore read,

Cunningly-mingled sighs, with smiling, lisping,
Kissing the hand, &c. *Seward.*

[25] *If* to *be red and white.*] The construction here seems a little difficult; I therefore read,

If *it* be red and white;

i. e. If true complexion consist in red and white. *Seward.*

There is no occasion to depart from the old text.

[26] *If these may hope to please, look here.*] Former editions. The insertion of two relatives not only completes the comic dignity of the measure, but is rather preferable as to the sense. *Seward.*

[27] *Here's* ta, *and* tha *wants lodging.*] These mangled words Mr. Sympson has happily cured: he reads,

Here *stay*, an *thou* want'st lodging. *Seward.*

Like dead motions moving upon wires?
Then, good my lord, leave off what you have been, [a man!
And freely be what you were first intended for,
Gond. Thou art a precious piece of sly damnation!
I will be deaf; I will lock up my ears:
Tempt me not! I will not love! if I do—
Ori. Then I'll hate you. [turn'd
Gond. Let me be 'nointed with honey, and
Into the sun, to be stung to death with horse-flies!
Hear'st thou, thou breeder? here I'll sit,
And, in despite of thee, I will say nothing.
Ori. Let me, with your fair patience, sit beside you! [man, air,
Gond. Madam, lady; tempter, tongue, wo-
Look to me, I shall kick! I say again,
Look to me, I shall kick!
Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge
Can use a woman so uncivilly.
Gond. I cannot think I shall become a coxcomb,
To ha' my hair curl'd by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn tabors, and be play'd upon,
Mine eyes look'd babies in[28], and my nose blow'd to my hand:
I say again, I shall kick! sure, I shall.
Ori. 'Tis but [mind
Your outside that you shew; I know your
Never was guilty of so great a weakness:
Or, could the tongues of all men join'd together
Possess me with a thought of your dislike,
My weakness were above a woman's, to fall off
From my affection, for one crack of thunder.
Oh, would you could love, my lord!
Gond. I would thou wouldst
Sit still, and say nothing! What madman let thee loose, [winds?
To do more mischief than a dozen whirl-
Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle [still?
Worms in thy fingers' ends: will you be doing
Will no entreating serve you? no lawful warning?
I must remove, and leave your ladyship:
Nay, never hope to stay me; for I will run
From that smooth, smiling, witching, cozening, tempting,
Damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land,
Where I will put myself into a daily course
Of curses for thee and all thy family.
Ori. Nay, good my lord, sit still! I'll promise peace, [course;
And fold mine arms up, let but mine eye dis-
Or let my voice, set to some pleasing chord, sound out
The sullen strains of my neglected love!
Gond. Sing 'till thou crack thy treble-string in pieces, [and walk!
And when th' hast done, put up thy pipes
Do any thing, sit still and tempt me not!
Ori. I'd rather sing at doors for bread, than sing to
This fellow, but for hate; if this should be
Told in the court, that I begin to woo lords,
What a troop of the untruss'd nobility
Should I have at my lodging to-morrow morning?

SONG.

Come, Sleep, and, with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

Gond. Have you done your wassail[29]?
'Tis a handsome drowsy ditty, I'll assure you;
Now I had as lief hear a cat cry, when her tail
Is cut off, as hear these lamentations,
These lousy love-lays, these bewailments.
You think you have caught me, lady! you think I melt now,
Like a dish of May-butter, and run
All into brine and passion: yes, yes, I'm taken: [dwindle,
Look how I cross my arms, look pale, and
And would cry, but for spoiling my face!
We must part: nay, we'll avoid all ceremony;
No kissing, lady! I desire to know
Your ladyship no more. Death of my soul, the duke!
Ori. God keep your lordship!
Gond. From thee and all thy sex.
Ori. I'll be the clerk, and cry, Amen!
Your lordship's
Ever-assured enemy, Oriana.
[*Exit Ori. Manet Gond.*

Enter Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Gond. All the day's good attend your lordship! [possible?
Duke. We thank you, Gondarino.—Is it
Can belief lay hold on such a miracle?
To see thee (one that hath cloister'd up all passion,
Turn'd wilful votary, and forsworn converse
With women) in company and fair discourse
With the best beauty of Milan?

[28] *Mine eyes look'd babies in.*] So, in Woman's Prize, act v. scene 1,

——— No more fool,
To *look gay babies in your eyes*, young Rowland. *R.*

[29] *Wassail.*] See note 50 on Beggars' Bush.

Gond.

Gond. 'Tis true; and if your grace, that hath the sway
Of the whole state, will suffer this lewd sex,
These women, to pursue us to our homes,
Not to be pray'd nor to be rail'd away,
But they will wooe, and dance, and sing,
And, in a manner looser than they are
By nature (which should seem impossible),
To throw their arms on our unwilling necks—
Duke. No more! I can see thro' your visor; dissemble it [art,
No more! Do not I know thou hast us'd all
To work upon the poor simplicity
Of this young maid, that yet hath known none ill, [wooe
Thinks that damnation will fright those that
From oaths and lies[29]? But yet I think her chaste,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me. [new grace;
Gond. My lord, I speak not this to gain
But howsoever you esteem my words,
My love and duty will not suffer me
To see you favour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb; without rack, torture,
Or strapado, I will unrip myself:
I do confess I was in company
With that pleasing piece of frailty,
That we call woman; I do confess, after
A long and tedious siege, I yielded.
Duke. Forward! [the point,
Gond. Faith, my lord, to come quickly to
The woman you saw with me is a whore,
An arrant whore.
Duke. Was she not cousat Valore's sister?
Gond. Yes; that count Valore's sister is
Duke. Thou dar'st not say so. [naught.
Gond. Not if it be distasting to your lordship;
But give me freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embrac'd this body, and grown to it
As close as the hot youthful vine to the elm.
Duke. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts [strictness
Were prompted by mine eyes to hold thy
False and impostorous:
Is this your mewing up, your strict retirement,
Your bitterness and gall against that sex?
Have I not heard thee say, thou'dst sooner meet
The basilisk's dead doing eye, than meet
A woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me; [off!—
Or, by our country's saint, your head goes
Oh, Oriana, if thou prove a whore[30],
No woman's face shall ever move me more.
[*Exeunt. Manet Gond.*

Gond. So, so! 'tis as't should be. Are women
Grown so mankind[31]? must they be wooing?
I have a plot shall blow her up; she flies,
She mounts! I'll teach her ladyship to dare
My fury! I will be known, and fear'd, and
More truly hated of women than an eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

She's here again: good gall, be patient! for
I must dissemble.
Ori. Now, my cold frosty lord,
My Woman-Hater, you that have sworn
An everlasting hate to all our sex!
By my troth, good lord, and as I'm yet a maid,
Methought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honour [neral,
Swear out an alphabet, chafe nobly like a ge-
Kick like a resty jade, and make ill faces!
Did your good honour think I was in love?
Where did I first begin to take that heat?
From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight?
Oh, they were lovely, if the balls stood right!
And there's a leg made out of a dainty staff,
Where, the gods be thanked, there is calf enough! [vertite:
Gond. Pardon him, lady, that is now a con-
Your beauty, like a saint, hath wrought this wonder.
Ori. Alas, has it been pricked at the heart?
Is the stomach come down? will't rail no more
At women, and call 'em devils, she-cats, and goblins? [ter spend
Gond. He that shall marry thee, had bet-
The poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge,
For two-pence a week, and find himself.
Down again, spleen! I prithee down again!—
Shall I find favour, lady? Shall at length
My true unfeigned penitence get pardon
For my harsh unseasoned follies?
I am no more an atheist; no; I do
Acknowledge that dread powerful deity,
And his all-quick'ning heats burn in my breast:
Oh, be not as I was, hard, unrelenting;
But as I am, be partner of my fires!
Ori. Sure we shall have store of larks; the skies will [soon
Not hold up long: I should have look'd as
For frost in the dog-days, or another inundation, [racle.
As hop'd this strange conversion above mi-
Let me look upon your lordship: is your name
Gondarino? are you Milan's general, that
Great bugbear Bloody-bones, at whose very name

[29] Thinkest *that damnation will fright those that wooe*
From oaths and lies.] This is an odd question to *Gondarino*, but it seems only a mistake from adding a letter to the verb. *Thinks* is surely the true reading, and it is the supposed simplicity of the young maid who *thinks* that the fear of damnation will deter men from lying and falsely swearing to them. *Seward.*

[30] *If thou prove, &c.*] The words, *Oh, Oriana,* added by Seward.

[31] *Are women grown so* mankind?] See note 55 on Monsieur Thomas.

All

All women, from the lady to the laundress,
Shake like a cold fit?
Gond. Good patience, help me!
This fever will enrage my blood again.—
Madam, I am that man; I'm even he
That once did owe unreconciled hate [man;
To you, and all that bear the name of wo-
I am the man that wrong'd your honour to the duke;
I am the man that said you were unchaste,
And prostitute; yet I am he that dare deny all this.
Ori. Your big nobility is very merry.
Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that; [again:
Yet have I found a means to make all good
I do beseech your beauty, not for myself,
(My merits are yet in conception)
But for your honour's safety and my zeal, retire awhile,
While I unsay myself unto the duke,
And cast out that evil spirit I have possess'd him with!
I have a house conveniently private.
Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence;
But thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.
Gond. By the true
Honest service that I owe those eyes,
My meaning is as spotless as my faith.
Ori. The duke doubt mine honour? a' may judge strangely. [again?
'Twill not be long, before I'll be enlarg'd
Gond. A day or two.
Ori. Mine own servants shall attend me?
Gond. Your ladyship's command is good.
Ori. Look you be true! [*Exit.*
Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to!
I will be a scourge to all females in my life,
And, after my death, the name of Gondarino
Shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth: [of it
They shall shake at my name, and at the sound
Their knees shall knock together; and they shall
Run into nunneries, for they and I
Are beyond all hope irreconcilable:
For if I could endure an ear with a hole in't, or a plaited lock, [sign
Or a bareheaded coachman, that sits like a
Where great ladies are to be sold within,
Agreement betwixt us were not to be de
spair'd of. [women
If I could be but brought to endure to se
I'd have them come all once a-week and kis
me,
As witches do the devil, in token of homage
I must not live here; I will to the court,
And there pursue my plot: when it hath took
Women shall stand in awe, but of my look.
[*Exit*

SCENE III.

Enter two Intelligencers.

1 *Int.* There take your standing; be clos
And vigilant! here will I set myself;
And let him look to his language! a' shal know
The duke has more ears in court than two.
2 *Int.* I'll quote him to a tittle[30]: let him speak wisely,
And plainly, and as hidden as a' can,
Or I shall crush him; a' shall not scape by characters[31]; [hav
Tho' a' speak Babel, I shall crush him. We
A fortune by this service hanging over us,
That, within this year or two,
I hope we shall be call'd to be examiners,
Wear politic gowns guarded with copper-lace,
Making great faces full of fear and office;
Our labours may deserve this.
1 *Int.* I hope it shall:
Why, have not many men been raised from
This worming trade, first, to gain good acces
To great men; then, to have commissions ou
For search; and lastly, to be worthily nam'd
At a great arraignment? Yes; and why no we?
They that endeavour well deserve their fee.
Close, close! a' comes; mark well, and all goes well!

Enter Valore, Lazarillo, and Boy.

Laz. Farewell, my hopes! my anchor now is broken!
Farewell, my *quandam* joy! of which no toke
Is now remaining; such is the sad mischance
Where lady Fortune leads the slippery dance.
Yet, at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes, or a wished grave!

[30] *I'll quote him to a tittle;*] *i. e.* I'll *observe* or *note* him: so, in Hamlet, act ii. scene 1, Polonius says,

'——— That hath made him mad:
'I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
'I had not *quoted* him.' *R.*

[31] *A' shall not scape characters.*] This is a little difficult: if it is the true reading the sense must be, that he shall not escape having characters drawn of him. But besides the stiffness of this interpretation, it does not well suit the context. I read therefore,

——— a shall not scape *by characters*,
Let him speak Babel, I shall crush him;

By *characters* must here be understood, using names of one thing for another, as the *characters of a cypher* do; for from *writing* the metaphor before is taken.

I'll quote him to a tittle. *Seward.*

Val. The gods defend, so brave and valiant maw
hould slip into the never-satiate jaw [know
f black Despair! No; thou shalt live and
hy full desires; hunger, thy ancient foe,
hall be subdued; those guts that daily tumble,
hro' air and appetite, shall cease to rumble;
nd thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish,
hat noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the duke!

2 *Int.* There, there's
notable piece of treason! greater than
he duke; mark that!

Val. But how, or where, or when [reach.
his shall be compass'd, is yet out of my

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I
e now knock'd o'th' head, with all my heart I would
orgive a dog-killer.

Val. Yet do I see
hro' this confusedness, some little comfort[32].

Laz. The plot, my lord, as e'er you came of a woman, discover.

1 *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots! I will deserve by this
Most liberally.

Val. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. Oh, that it would stand me, that I might fight,
Or have some venture for it! that I might
Be turn'd loose, to try my fortune among the whole
Fry in a college, or an inn of court,
Or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon!
Nay, were it set down in the outward court,
And all the guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn (which were a dismal sight),
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my shirt,
To try, by valour, how much of the spoil[33]
I would recover from the enemies' mouths,
I would accept the challenge.

Val. Let it go! [the court,
Hast not thou been held to have some wit in
And to make fine jests upon country people

[32] *Yet do I see thro' this confusedness some little comfort.*] This, when restored to its measure, is a high burlesque parody of all poetic sublimity whatever, and Fletcher, to whom alone this play is ascribed, in the first edition must have ridiculed himself as well as all grave writers, if every quotation from Shakespeare is a sneer upon him, as my assistants, Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson, have been apt to imagine, and to have been quite angry with Fletcher for it. The lines above very much resemble the following in The Two Noble Kinsmen:

> ——— yet cousin,
> Ev'n from the bottom of these miseries,
> From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
> I see two comforts rising.

Now would Fletcher sneer himself at a work that he certainly had a great, if not the greatest, share in? I shall here take an opportunity of defending Fletcher for the character of *Lazarillo*. I find few of my friends quite relish it; they think the *characature* too high, too much beyond Nature, even so as rather to raise disgust than laughter. To this might be pleaded the authority of Aristophanes in his *characature* of Socrates, of Plautus in more than one of his characters, of Shakespeare in Pistol, and of Jonson and Moliere in the greatest part of their plays, which are most of them formed not of characters of *real persons*, as those in general of Shakespeare, Fletcher, Terence, &c. are, but of the *passions personated;* as the passion of *epicurism* or *nice gluttony* is in this play. Few people have seen how extremely high the several passions, as *avarice*, *pride*, *lust*, *epicurism*, &c. have been carried in real life: I have heard of a gentleman that died not long since, whose passion for eating came not far short of *Lazarillo*'s; and poetry is always allowed a little to heighten the features. Then as to the sublimity of the poetic language used by *Lazarillo*, it is certainly the very best that could be chose for high burlesque; as the dignity of the stile is the highest contrast to the ridiculousness of the sentiments. *Guardo mio*, like *Lazarillo*, is a *passion* personated, and a very well drawn character in Ben. Jonson's manner; so that upon the whole, I hope the majority of readers will join the laugh at this exceedingly droll play. *Seward.*

The parallel Seward draws between the passage quoted and that in The Noble Kinsmen, is very much forced. Our authors certainly have often, without remorse, burlesqued Shakespeare, and particularly his Hamlet.

[33] *To try the valour, how much of the spoil*
I would recover from the enemies' mouths.] This is scarcely sense; there are two ways of correcting it, as

> To try *by* valour, how much of the spoil
> I *could* recover from the enemies' mouths!

Or,

> To try *their* valour! how much of the spoil
> Would I recover from the enemies' mouths?

I prefer the former. The two next lines of the count's speech are restored from the old quarto. *Seward.*

In

In progress-time? and wilt thou lose this opinion,
For the cold head of a fish? I say, let it go!
I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.
Laz. God, let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so prophanely! But
It is not in the power of loose words
Of any vain or misbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any lady in the court,
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh: this doth not lie
In almond-gloves, nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial baths; no traveller [hath dar'd,
That hath brought *doctor* home with him[34],
With all his waters, powders, fucuses,
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.
Val. I have it; 'tis now infus'd; be comforted!
Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left
In Nature? Shall I once more erect up trophies?
Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear saint,
And bless my palate with the best of creatures?
Ah, good my lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this being?
Val. Sir, I have found by certain calculation,
And settled revolution of the stars,
The fish is sent by the lord Gondarino
To his mercer: now it is a growing hope
To know where 'tis.
Laz. Oh, it is far above
The good of women; the pathick cannot yield
More pleasing titillation! [about,
Val. But how to compass it? search, cast
And bang your brains, Lazarillo! Thou art
Too dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.
Laz. My lord, I'll not be idle: now,
Think, think, think! [Lazarillo,
Val. Yonder's my informer, [at me:
And his fellow, with table-books; they nod
Upon my life, they have poor Lazarillo
(That beats his brains about no such weighty matter)
In for treason before this.
Laz. My lord, what do you think,
If I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel,
Come in with a handkerchief, and beg a piece
For a great-bellied woman, or a sick child?
Val. Good, very good!
Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentice
To betray the reversion.
1 *Int.* There's another point
In's plot; corrupt with money to betray:
Sure 'tis some fort a' means. Mark; have a care! [with,
Laz. An 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten
It would in some sort satisfy Nature:
But might I once attain the dish itself,
Tho' I cut out my means thro' sword and fire,
Thro' poison, thro' any thing that may make
My hopes— [good
2 *Int.* Thanks to the gods, and our officiousness,
The plot's discover'd! fire, steel,
And poison; burn the palace, kill the duke,
And poison his privy-council.
Val. To the mercer's! let me see!
How if, before we can attain the means
To make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?
Laz. If it be eaten, here a' stands, that is
The most dejected, most unfortunate,
Miserable, accurs'd, forsaken slave [it;
This province yields! I will not sure out-live
No, I will die bravely, and like a Roman;
And after death, amidst the Elysian shades
I'll meet my love again.
1 *Int.* I will die bravely,
Like a Roman: have a care; mark that!
When he hath done all, he will kill himself.
Val. Will nothing ease your appetite but this? [ness,
Laz. No; could the sea throw up his vastAnd offer free his best inhabitants, [me!
'Twere not so much as a bare temptation to
Val. If you could be drawn to affect beef,
Venison, or fowl, it would be far the better.
Laz. I do beseech your lordship's patience!
I do confess that, in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats;
But I protest I do honour a chine of
Beef, I do reverence a loin of veal;
But, good my lord, give me leave a little
To adore this! But, my good lord, would your lordship,
Under colour of taking up some silks,
Go to the mercer's, I would in all humility
Attend your honour, where we may be invited,
If Fortune stand propitious.
Val. Sir, you shall
Work me as you please.
Laz. Let it be suddenly,
I do beseech your lordship! 'Tis now upon
The point of dinner-time.
Val. I am all yours. [*Exe. Laz. and Val.*
1 *Int.* Come, let's confer: *Imprimis*, a' saith, like [duke;
A blasphemous villain, he's greater than the
This peppers him, an there were nothing else.
2 *Int.* Then a' was naming plots; did you not hear? [covery,
1 *Int.* Yes; but a' fell from that unto dis-
To corrupt by money, and so attain.
2 *Int.* Ay, ay,
A' meant some fort or citadel the duke hath;
His very face betray'd his meaning. Oh, he's
A very subtle and a dangerous knave;
But if a' deal a God's name, we shall worm him.
1 *Int.* But now comes the stroke, the fatal blow,

[34] *That hath brought doctor home with him;*] *i. e.* Has had a doctor's degree in some foreign university. *Seward.*

Fire

Fire, sword, and poison: oh, canibal,
Thou bloody canibal!
2 *Int.* What had become
Of this poor state had not we been?
1 *Int.* Faith,
It had lain buried in its own ashes, had not
A greater hand been in't.
2 *Int.* But note
The rascal's resolution; after th' act's done,
Because he would avoid all fear of torture,
And cozen the law, he'd kill himself: was there [age?
Ever the like danger brought to light in this
Sure we shall merit much; we shall be able
To keep two men a-piece, and a two-hand sword
Between us; we will live in favour of
The state, betray our ten or twelve
Treasons a-week, and the people shall fear us.
Come; to the lord Lucio!
The sun shall not go down 'till he be hang'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. Look to my shop; and if there come ever a scholar [are shopkeepers
In black, let him speak with me. We that
In good trade, are so pester'd, that we can scarce [tion;
Pick out an hour for our morning's medita-
And howsoever we're all accounted dull,
And common jesting-stocks for your gallants,
There are some of us do not deserve it; for, for my own part,
I do begin to be given to my book. I love
A scholar with my heart; for, questionless,
There are marvellous things to be done by art: why, sir, [horses,
Some of them will tell you what's become of
And silver spoons, and will make wenches dance
Naked to their beds. I'm yet unmarried,
And because some of our neighbours are said
To be cuckolds, I will never marry
Without the consent of some of these scholars,
That know what will come of it.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Are you busy, sir?
Mercer. Never to you, sir, nor to any of your coat.
Sir, is there any thing to be done by art,
Concerning the great heir we talk'd on?
Pandar. Will she, nill she, she shall
Come running into my house, at the further corner
In St. Mark's Street, 'twixt three and four.
Mercer. 'Twixt three and four?
She's brave in cloaths, is she not?
Pandar. Oh, rich, rich!—(Where should I
Get cloaths to dress her in? Help me, invention!)—
Sir, that her running thro' the street may be
Less noted, my art more shewn,
And your fear to speak with her less,
She shall come in a white waistcoat, and—
Mercer. What! shall she? [hath left
Pandar. And perhaps torn stockings.—She
Her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my lord Gondarino
Hath sent you a rare fish-head.
Mercer. It comes right; all things
Suit right with me since I began to love scholars! [come.
You shall have't home with you against she
Carry it to this gentleman's house.
Pandar. The fair [Mark's Street.
White house, at the further corner of St.
Make haste! I must leave you too, sir; I have
Two hours to study. Buy a new Accidence,
And ply your book, and you shall want nothing
That all the scholars in the town can do for you! [*Exit.*
Mercer. Heav'n prosper both our studies!
What a dull slave was I before
I fell in love with this learning! not worthy
To tread upon the earth; and what fresh hopes
It hath put into me! I do hope, within this twelvemonth,
To be able by art to serve the court with silks,
And not undo myself; to trust knights, and
Yet get in my money again; to keep
My wife brave, and yet she keep nobody else so.

Enter Valore and Lazarillo.

Your lordship is most honourably welcome,
In regard of your nobility; but most
Especially in regard of your scholarship.
Did your lordship come openly?
Val. Sir, this cloak [pect me
Keeps me private; besides, no man will sus-
To be in the company of this gentleman;
With whom I will desire you to be acquainted:
He may prove a good customer to you.
Laz. For plain silks and velvets.
Mercer. Are you scholastical?
Laz. Something addicted to the muses.
Val. I hope they will not dispute.
Mercer. You have no skill in the black art?

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, yonder's a gentleman enquires
For count Valore. [hastily
Val. For me? what is he? [think.
Pren. One of your followers, my lord, I
Val. Let him come in.
Mercer. Shall I talk with you in private, sir?

Enter Messenger with a Letter; Valore reads.

Val. 'Count, come to the court; your business calls you thither:'
I will go. Farewell, sir! I'll see your silks
Some other time. Farewell, Lazarillo!

Mercer. Will not your lordship take a
With me? [piece of beef
Val. Sir, I have greater business
Than eating; I'll leave this gentleman with you. [*Exeunt Valore and Messenger.*
Laz. Now, now, now, now[35]! [me,
Now do I feel that strange struggling within
That I think I could prophesy.
Mercer. The gentleman
Is meditating.
Laz. Hunger, valour, love,
Ambition, are alike pleasing, and,
Let our philosophers say what they will,
Are one kind of heat; only hunger is
The safest: ambition's apt to fall; love
And valour are not free from dangers: only
Hunger, begotten of some old limber courtier,
In paned hose, and nurs'd by an attorney's wife,
Is now so thriven, that he need not fear
To be of the Great Turk's guard; is so free
From all quarrels and dangers,
So full of hopes, joys, and ticklings, that my life
Is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the fish-head is gone.
Laz. Then be [voice!
Thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding
Farewell, Milan! Farewell, noble duke!
Farewell, my fellow-courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
In corners, behind arrases, on stairs;
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd
Our doublets and our hose with liquid stuff!
Farewell, you lusty archers of the guard,
To whom I now do give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers! now you happy be;
When this shall light upon you, think on me!
You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court,
Sirnamed *gentle* for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my last farewell:
May you stand stifly in your proper places,
And execute your offices aright!
Farewell, you maidens, with your mothers eke,
Farewell, you courtly chaplains that be there
All good attend you! may you never more
Marry your patron's lady's waiting-woman,
But may you raised be by this my fall!
May Lazarillo suffer for you all!
Mercer. Sir, I was hearkning to you.
Laz. I will hear nothing! I will break my knife,
The ensign of my former happy state,
Knock out my teeth, have them hung at
And enter into religion. [barber's
Boy. Why, sir, I think
I know whither it is gone.
Laz. See the rashness [d
Of man in his nature! Whither, whither?
Unsay all that I've said! Go on, go on boy!
I humble myself, and follow thee. Farewell sir! [of beef with me
Mercer. Not so, sir; you shall take a piec
Laz. I cannot stay.
Mercer. By my fay, but you shall, sir!
In regard of your love to learning, and you
In the black art. [skil
Laz. I do hate learning, and I have
No skill in the black art: I would I had!
Mercer. Why, your desire is sufficient t
You shall stay. [me
Laz. The most horrible and
Detested curses that can be imagin'd,
Light upon all the professors of that art!
May they be drunk, and, when they go t conjure, [rais'
Reel i'th' circle! May the spirits by then
Tear 'em in pieces,
And hang their quarters on old broken wall
And steeple-tops!
Mercer. This speech of yours shews you
To have some skill i'th' science; wherefor
Civility, I may not suffer you [i
To depart empty.
Laz. My stomach is up;
I can't endure it! I will fight in this quarrel,
As soon as for my prince. Room! mak way! [*Draws his rapier*
Hunger commands; my valour must obey
[*Exeun*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Valore and Arrigo.

Val. IS the duke private?
Arr. He's alone; but I think
Your lordship may enter. [*Exit Val.*

Enter Gondarino.

Gond. Who is with the duke? [wi
Arr. The count is new gone in; but the duk
Come forth, before you can be weary o waiting.

[35] *No, no, no, no; now.*] Former editions. This meditation of *Lazarillo*'s seems de signedly flung in, to shew that a man may run mad with the passion of hunger as well as tha of love, ambition, &c. and this is a key to *Lazarillo*'s character. The umbrana's head become his mistress, and he is run mad with the thoughts of it. *Seward.*

Gon

Gond. I will attend him here.
Arr. I must wait without the door. [*Exit.*
Gond. Doth he hope to clear his sister? She will come [sent her
No more to my house, to laugh at me: I've
To an habitation, where, when she shall be
Seen, it will set a gloss upon her name:
Yet, on my soul, I have bestow'd her amongst
The purest-hearted creatures of her sex,
And the freest from dissimulation; for their deeds
Are all alike, only they dare speak
What the rest think. The women of this age,
(If there be any degrees of comparison
Amongst their sex) are worse than those of former times:
For I have read of women, of that truth,
Spirit, and constancy, that, were they now
Living, I should endure to see them: but
I fear the writers of the time belied them;
For how familiar a thing is it with
The poets of our age, to extol their whores
(Which they call *mistresses*) with heav'nly praises! [brains,
But, I thank their furies, and their craz'd
Beyond belief! Nay, how many that would fain
Seem serious, have dedicated grave works
To ladies, toothless, hollow-ey'd, their hair shedding[36], [off,
Purple-fac'd, their nails apparently coming
And the bridges of their noses broken down,
And have call'd them the choice handyworks of Nature, [ment
The patterns of perfection, and the wonder-
Of women. Our women begin to swarm
Like bees in summer: as I came hither,
There was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby,
But was pestered with them: methinks
There might be some course taken to destroy them.

Enter Arrigo, and an old deaf Country Gentlewoman, suitor to the Duke.

Arr. I do accept your money: walk here; and when [portunity
The duke comes out, you shall have fit op-
To deliver your petition to him.
Gentlew. I thank you heartily.
I pray you who's he that walks there?
Arr. A lord, and a soldier,
One in good favour with the duke: if you could get him
To deliver your petition—
Gentlew. What do you say, sir?
Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition
For you, or to second you, 'twere sure.
Gentlew. I hope
I shall live to requite your kindness.
Arr. You have already. [*Exit.*
Gentlew. May it please your lordship—
Gond. No, no.
Gentlew. To consider the estate— [tlewoman.
Gond. No.
Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed country gen-
Gond. No, it doth not please my lordship.
Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injury; [times.
Then I've been brought up to the town three
Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the town! [heartily!
Gentlew. I thank your good lordship
Tho' I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you:
And here we have been delay'd, and sent down again,
And fetch'd up again, and sent down again,
To my great charge; and now at last they've fetch'd me up,
And five of my daughters—
Gond. Enough to damn five worlds!
Gentlew. Handsome young women, tho' I say it: they
Are all without; if it please your lordship,
I'll call them in. [should I
Gond. Five women! how many of my senses
Have left me then? call in five devils first!
No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee answers; whisper in thine ear,
And make thee understand thro' thy French hood;
And all this with tame patience!
Gentlew. I see [without;
Your lordship does believe that they are
And I perceive you are much mov'd at our injury:
Here's a paper will tell you more.
Gond. Away! [me tell it
Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear *Vivâ voce*, as they say.
Gond. Oh, no, no, no, no! I have heard it before. [injury,
Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough
For a poor gentlewoman to receive.
Gond. Never, never; but that it troubles
My conscience to wish any good to these women,
I could afford them to be valiant and able,
That it might be no disgrace for a soldier
To beat them.
Gentlew. I hope
Your lordship will deliver my petition
To his grace; and you may tell him withal—
Gond. What?
I will deliver any thing against myself,
To be rid on thee. [o'clock
Gentlew. That yesterday about three
I' th' afternoon, I met my adversary.
Gond. Give me thy paper! he can abide no long tales. [demanding of him—
Gentlew. 'Tis very short, my lord: and I
Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

[36] *Hollow-ey'd* their *hair shedding.*] Seward reads, Hollow-ey'd, *hair-shedding*, &c.

Gentlew. How? [begone!
Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn:
Man never doth remember how great
His offences are, 'till he do meet with one
Of you, that plagues him for them. Why should women only,
Above all other creatures that were created
For the benefit of man, have the use of speech?
Or why should any deed of theirs,
Done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful
To their owners? Nay, why should not an act done
By any beast I keep, against my consent,
Disparage me as much as that of theirs?
Gentlew. Here's some few angels for your lordship.
Gond. Again?
Yet more torments?
Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.
Gond. Keep off! [ness.
Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kind-
Gond. Hold away!
Gentlew. Why then, I thank your lordship!
I'll gather them up again; and I'll be sworn
It is the first money that was refus'd
Since I came to the court.
Gond. What can she devise
To say more?
Gentlew. Truly I would have willingly
Parted with them to your lordship.
Gond. I believe it,
I believe it.
Gentlew. But since it is thus—
Gond. More yet?
Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer. [and have
Gond. Do; begone, and thou shalt expect,
Any thing; thou shalt have thy answer from him:
And he were best to give thee a good one
At first, for thy deaf importunity
Will conquer him too in the end.
Gentlew. God bless your lordship, and all that favour
Poor distressed country gentlewomen!
[*Exit.*
Gond. All the diseases of man
Light upon them that do, and upon me
When I do! A week of such days would either make me
Stark-mad, or tame me. Yonder other woman,
That I've sure enough, shall answer for thy sins. [fear
Dare they incense me still? I'll make them
As much to be ignorant of me and my moods,
As men are to be ignorant of the law
They live under. Who's there? my blood grew cold! [duke.
I began to fear my suitor's return. It is the

Enter Duke and Valore.

Val. I know her chaste, tho' she be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are; and that this lord,
Out of the boundless malice to the sex,
Hath thrown this scandal on her. [will,
Gond. Fortune befriended me against my
With this good old country gentlewoman.—
I beseech your grace to view favourably
The petition of a wrong'd gentlewoman.
Duke. What, Gondarino, are you become
A petitioner for your enemies?
Gond. My lord, they are no enemies
Of mine: I confess, the better to cover
My deeds, which sometimes were loose enough,
I pretended it (as 'tis wisdom to keep
Close our incontinence); but since you have
Discover'd me, I will no more put on
That vizard, but will as freely open
All my thoughts to you, as to my confessor.
Duke. What say you to this?
Val. He that confesses he did once dissemble,
I'll never trust his words: can you imagine
A maid, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live this long untempted by the noblest,
Richest, and cunning'st masters in that art,
And yet hath ever held a fair repute,
Could in one morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?
Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand,
Than to accuse a sister to her brother:
Nor do I mean it for a public scandal,
Unless by urging me you make it so.
Duke. I will read this at better leisure.
Gondarino, where is the lady?
Val. At his house.
Gond. No;
She is departed thence.
Val. Whither? [cus'd,
Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be ex-
If what I speak betray her chastity,
And both encrease my sorrow, and your own.
Val. Fear me not so: if she deserve the fame [lish'd,
Which she hath gotten, I would have it pub-
Brand her myself, and whip her thro' the city!
I wish those of my blood that do offend,
Should be more strictly punish'd than my foes.
Let it be prov'd!
Duke. Gondarino, thou shalt
Prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.
Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one I love more dearly than myself,
Since, opening hers, I shall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where she now intends
Not to be virtuous. Pride and wantonness,
That are true friends in deed[37], tho' not in show, [bathe,
Have enter'd on her heart; there she doth
And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks,
To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts

[37] *That are true friends* indeed.] Former editions. *Seward.*

As

As full of lust, as ever you did think
Them full of modesty.
Duke. Gondarino, lead on; we'll follow thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and here
Hopes he to meet his scholar: I am sure
I am grave enough to his eyes, and knave enough
To deceive him: I am believ'd to conjure,
Raise storms and devils, by whose power I can
Do wonders: let him believe so still; belief
Hurts no man. I have an honest black cloak for
My knavery, and a general pardon for
His foolery, from this present day, 'till
The day of his breaking. Is't not a misery,
And the greatest of our age, to see a handsome,
Young, fair-enough, and well-mounted wench,
Humble herself in an old stammel petticoat,
Standing possess'd of no more fringe than
The street can allow her; her upper parts so poor
And wanting, that you may see her bones thro' her bodice;
Shoes she would have, if her captain were come over,
And is content the while to devote herself
To ancient slippers. These premises well
Consider'd, gentlemen, will move; they make
Me melt, I promise you, they stir me much;
And were it not for my smooth, soft, silken citizen,
I'd quit this transitory trade, get me
An everlasting robe, sear up my conscience,
And turn sergeant. But here he comes is mine;
As good as prize: sir Pandarus, be my speed!
You are most fitly met, sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encounter'd.
What of this heir? Have your books been propitious? [my house:
Pandar. Sir 'tis done! She's come, she's in
Make yourself apt for courtship, stroke up your stockings, [am sure
Lose not an inch of your legs' goodness; I
You wear socks.
Mercer. There your books fail you, sir;
In truth I wear no socks.
Pandar. I would you had, sir! [on
It were the sweeter grace for your legs. Get
Your gloves; are they perfum'd[38]?
Mercer. A pretty wash,
I will assure you.
Pandar. 'Twill serve. Your offers must
Be full of bounty[39]; velvets to furnish a gown, silks
For petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining;
Forget not some pretty jewel, to fasten after
Some little compliment! If she deny this courtesy,
Double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance:
Fullness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue,
Will win an anchorite. Sir, you are my friend,
And friend to all that profess good letters;
I must not use this office else; it fits not
For a scholar, and a gentleman. Those stockings [-
Are of Naples; they are silk? [
Mercer. You are again
Beside your text, sir; they are of the best of wool,
And they're clyped jersey[40].

[38] *Your* gloves; *are they* perfum'd?] In the Winter's Tale, act iv. scene 3, Autolycus mentions 'Gloves as *sweet* as damask roses;' and Mopsa also speaks of *sweet gloves*. Mr. Warton, in a note, says, 'Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could 'not 'make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene "[Elizabeth], the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and "brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant "thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with "foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, "that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was "called *the erle of Oxforde's perfume*." The same learned gentleman also informs us, in the Appendix to Shakespeare, that 'In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity-college, Oxford, 'for the year 1631, the following article occurs, '*Solut pro fumigandis chirothecis.*' Gloves 'make a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the 'college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were 'annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and often presented to 'guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in pre-'ceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse 'soon after the reign of Charles the First.' *R.*

[39] ——'*Your offers must*
Be full of bounty, &c.] So Shakespeare, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona;
'Win her with *gifts*, if she respect not words;
'Dumb *jewels*, often in their silent kind,
'More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.' *R.*

[40] *And* they clyped *Jersey.*] Seward reads, *and* they're CLIPPED *Jersey.* We restore the word

Pandar. Sure they are very dear? [ing!
Mercer. Nine shillings, by my love to learn-
Pandar. Pardon my judgment;
We scholars use no other objects but our books. [that grave breast,
Mercer. There is one thing entomb'd in
That makes me equally admire it with
Your scholarship.
Pandar. Sir, but that in modesty I'm bound
Not to affect mine own commendation,
I would enquire it of you.
Mercer. Sure you are very honest;
And yet you have a kind of modest fear
To shew it: do not deny it; that face of yours is
A worthy, learned, modest face.
Pandar. Sir, I can blush.
Mercer. Virtue and grace are always pair'd together: [now
But I will leave to stir your blood, sir; and
To our business!
Pandar. Forget not my instructions.
Mercer. I apprehend you, sir; I will gather
Myself together with my best phrases, and so
I shall discourse in some sort takingly.
Pandar. This was well worded, sir, and like a scholar. [tents
Mercer. The muses favour me, as my in-
Are virtuous! Sir, you shall be my tutor;
'Tis never too late, sir, to love learning. When
I can once speak true Latin—
Pandar. What do you intend, sir?
Mercer. Marry, I'll then
Beggar all your bawdy writers, and undertake,
At the peril of my own invention,
All pageants, poesies for chimnies, speeches
For the duke's entertainment, whensoever
And whatsoever; nay, I will build,
At mine own charge, an hospital, to which shall retire
All diseas'd opinions, all broken poets,
All prose-men that are fallen from small sense [a lawyer,
To mere letters; and it shall be lawful for
If he be a civil man, tho' he have undone
Others and himself by the language, to retire
To this poor life, and learn to be honest.
Pandar. Sir, you are very good, and very charitable;
You are a true pattern for the city, sir!
Mercer. Sir, I do know sufficiently, their shop-books
Cannot save them; there is a further end—
Pandar. Oh, sir, much may be done by manuscript.
Mercer. I do confess it, sir, provided still
They be canonical, and have some
Worthy hands set to 'em for probation.
But we forget ourselves.
Pandar. Sir, enter when [tongue!
You please, and all good language tip your
Mercer. All that love learning, pray for my good success! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Boy, whereabouts are we?
Boy. Sir, by all tokens, this is the house;
Bawdy, I'm sure, because of the broken windows.
The fish-head is within; if you dare venture,
Here you may surprize it.
Laz. The misery of man
May fitly be compared to a didapper,
Who, when she's under water, past our sight,
And indeed can seem no more to us, rises again,
Shakes but herself, and is the same she was;
So is it still with transitory man: [mighty,
This day, oh, but an hour since, and I was
Mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes,
Mighty in blessed means, and was
So truly happy, that I durst have said,
'Live, Lazarillo, and be satisfied!'
But now—
Boy. Sir, you are yet afloat,
And may recover; be not your own wreck!
Here lies the harbour; go in, and ride at ease!
Laz. Boy, I'm receiv'd to be a gentleman,
A courtier, and a man of action,
Modest, and wise; and, be it spoken with
Thy reverence[41], child, abounding virtuous;
And wouldst thou have a man of these choice habits,
Covet the cover of a bawdy house?
Yet, if I go not in, I am but—
Boy. But what, sir? [unsatisfied,
Laz. Dust, boy, but dust; and my soul,
Shall haunt the keepers of my blessed saint,
And I'll appear.
Boy. An ass to all men.—Sir,
These are no means to stay your appetite;
You must resolve to enter.
Laz. Were not the house
Subject to martial law—
Boy. If that be all, sir, [here
You may enter, for you can know nothing
That the court's ignorant of; only the more eyes
Shall look upon you, for there they wink
One at another's faults.
Laz. If I do not—
Boy. Then you must beat fairly back again,
Fall to your physical mess of porridge, and
The twice-sack'd carcase of a capon; Fortune

word *clyped*, and understand it to mean *called*. It is variously spelt in different authors: Sometimes a *y* precedes it, to lengthen it a syllable; as in Milton's L'Allegro;

'But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
'In Heav'n *yclep'd* Euphrosyne.' *R.*

[41] *With* thy *reverence.*] Seward omits *thy*. We think it should be retained, alluding to *maxima debetur* PUERIS *reverentia.*

May favour you so much, to send the bread to it;
But it is a mere venture, and money may
Be put out upon it.
Laz. I will go in and live; [myself
Pretend some love to the gentlewoman, screw
In affection, and so be satisfied.
Pandar. This fly
Is caught, is mesh'd already; I will suck him,
And lay him by. [means;
Boy. Muffle yourself in your cloak, by any
'Tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk
To their lechery as tho' they had the rheum.
'Twas well you brought not your horse.
Laz. Why, boy? [gentry,
Boy. Faith, sir, it is the fashion of our
To have their horses wait at door like men,
While the beasts their masters are within at rack
And manger; 'twould have discover'd much.
Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave
Respects of what I am, and be myself[42]:
Only my appetite, my fire, my soul,
My being, my dear appetite, shall go
Along with me; arm'd with whose strength
I fearless will attempt the greatest danger
Dare oppose my fury. I am resolv'd,
Wherever that thou art, most sacred dish,
Hid from unhallow'd eyes, to find thee out!
Be'st thou in hell, by rap't Proserpina[43],
To be a rival in black Pluto's love;
Or mov'st thou in the heav'ns, a form divine,
Lashing the lazy spheres; or if thou be'st
Return'd to thy first being, thy mother sea,
There will I seek thee forth: earth, air, nor fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight,
So daring is my powerful appetite!
Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take
A shorter cut: you have forgot yourself;
The fish-head's here; your own imaginations
Have made you mad.
Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my boy!
Boy. Faith, sir, term it what you will, you must use
Other terms before you can get it.
Laz. The looks of my sweet love are fair[44],
Fresh and feeding as the air!
Boy. Sir, you forget yourself.
Laz. Was never seen so rare a head,
Of any fish, alive or dead!
Boy. Good sir, remember! this is the house, sir.
Laz. Cursed be he that dare not venture—
Boy. Pity yourself, sir, and leave this fury.
Laz. For such a prize! and so I enter.
[*Exeunt Laz. and Boy.*
Pandar. Dun's i'th' mire; get out again, how he can: [more
My honest gallant, I'll shew you one trick
Than e'er the fool your father dream'd of yet.
Madona Julia!

Enter Julia.

Julia. What news, my sweet rogue?
My dear sins' broker, what good news?
Pandar. There is
A kind of ignorant thing, much like
A courtier, now gone in.
Julia. Is a' gallant?
Pandar. He shines not very gloriously,
Nor does he wear one skin perfum'd to keep
The other sweet; his coat is not in *or*,
Nor does the world yet run on wheels with him; [lows him,
He's rich enough, and has a small thing fol-
Like to a boat tied to a tall ship's tail.
Give him entertainment; be light and flashing,
Like a meteor; hug him about the neck,

[42] *And grave respects of what I am, and be myself.*] Seward says, 'How could *Lazarillo* 'change himself in all outward respects, and yet continue to be himself, and then again 'except his appetite, which should stay with him? The *Duke* below, when disguised, says, '*We're not ourselves*;' but without this confirmation, 'twas evident at first sight that a *nega-'tive* was omitted.' He therefore reads, *And be* NO MORE *myself.* We apprehend this addition to be unnecessary, and to pervert the sense. *Lazarillo* says, 'he will lay by outward 'forms, which are no part of himself, and carry with him only his passions, soul, and being, 'which are his very self.' In short, I will lay by these *forms*, and *be myself.*'

[43] Rap't by *Proserpina.*] We apprehend every reader will see the necessity of the transposition here made.

[44] *The looks of my sweet love are fair.*] Mr. Sympson asks what means this stuff? I was much surprized at the question, as it had always struck me as one of the most laughable burlesques in the whole play. *Lazarillo*, as I have often mentioned, being evidently in love with his *umbrana*, every where addresses it as his mistress, in a high banter upon all the warm and poetic flights of lovers, and indeed of all sublime writing in poetry: and as he generally assumes the tragic and epic stile here, like the change of the measure in the *strophe* and *antistrophe* of the Greeks, he breaks out into the *lyric*, begins it with high rapture, but ends with such inimitable drollery, that I can scarce write my note for laughing at it. *Seward.*

Seward's risibility seems rather extravagant: but he very properly vindicates our authors from the contempt of Sympson: yet he does not seem to have conceived what we apprehend to be the case, that when *Lazarillo* 'breaks out into the lyric,' he recites, or closely parodies, some well-known old English ballad, without at all adverting to 'the strophe and 'antistrophe of the Greeks.'

Give

Give him a kiss, and lisping cry, 'Good sir!'
And he's thine own, as fast as he were tied
To thine arms by indenture.
Julia. I dare do more
Than this, if he be of the true court cut;
I'll take him out a lesson worth the learning:
But we are but their apes. What is he worth?
Pandar. Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, [stables and marshals.
Thou may'st use thy trade, free from con-
Who hath been here since I went out?
Julia. There is
A gentlewoman sent hither by a lord:
She's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue;
Smooth and soft as new sattin;
She was ne'er gumm'd yet, boy, nor fretted.
Pandar. Where lies she?
Julia. She lies above, towards the street;
Not to be spoke with, but by the lord that sent her, [his servants.
Or some from him, we have in charge from

Enter Lazarillo.

Pandar. Peace! he comes out again upon discovery:
Up with all your canvas, hale him in!
And, when thou hast done, clap him aboard
My valiant pinnace! [bravely,
Julia. Be gone! I shall do reason with him.
Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?
Julia. Sir, you have given it a more special
Regard by your good language, than these
Black brows can merit.
Laz. Lady, you are fair. [means
Julia. Fair, sir? I thank you! all the poor
I've left to be thought grateful, is but
A kiss, and you shall have it, sir.
Laz. You have
A very moving lip.
Julia. Prove it again, sir;
It may be your sense was set too high, and so
O'er-wrought itself.
Laz. 'Tis still the same. How far
May you hold the time to be spent, lady?
Julia. Four o'clock, sir.
Laz. I have not eat to-day. [your supper;
Julia. You will have the better stomach to
In the mean time, I'll feed you with delight.
Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty stomach:
If it might be without the trouble of
Your house, I'd eat.
Julia. Sir, we can have
A capon ready.
Laz. The day?
Julia. 'Tis Friday, sir.
Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.
Julia. Come, sweet, you shall not think on meat;
I'll drown it with a better appetite. [eat.
Laz. I feel it work more strangely; I must
Julia. 'Tis now too late to send: I say you shall
Not think on meat; if you do, by this kiss,
I'll be angry.
Laz. I could be far more sprightful,
Had I eaten, and more lasting. [the fish,
Julia. What will you have, sir? Name but
My maid shall bring it, if it may be got.
Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnish'd,
As not to have some pretty modicum.
Julia. It is so now: but, could you stay till supper—
Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much,
And my inflictions make it manifest!
I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber,
Live privately, and die forgotten.
Julia. Sir, I must crave your pardon! I'd forgot myself:
I have a dish of meat within, and 'tis fish:
I think this dukedom holds not a daintier;
'Tis an umbrana's head.
Laz. Lady, this kiss
Is yours, and this.
Julia. Ho! within there! cover the board,
And set the fish-head on it.
Laz. Now am I
So truly happy, so much above all fate
And fortune, that I should despise that man
Durst say 'Remember, Lazarillo, thou art 'mortal!'

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 *Int.* This is the villain: lay hands on him!
Laz. Gentlemen,
Why am I thus entreated? What is the nature
Of my crime?
2 *Int.* Sir, tho' you have carried it
A great while privately, and (as you think) well, [thee,
Yet we have seen you, sir, and we do know
Lazarillo, for a traitor!
Laz. The gods
Defend our duke.
2 *Int.* Amen! Sir, sir, this cannot
Save that stiff neck from the halter.
Julia. Gentlemen,
I'm glad you have discover'd him: he should not
Have eaten under my roof, for twenty pounds;
And surely I did not like him when he call'd
For fish[44].

Laz.

[44] *When he call'd for* fish.] In King Lear, one of Kent's articles of self-recommendation is, that he eats no *fish*: the following explanation is there given by Warburton. 'In queen 'Elizabeth's time the papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the govern-'ment. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *he's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's 'a friend to the government and a protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, 'being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act 'of

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have
That little favour—
1 Int. Sir, you shall have law,
And nothing else.
Laz. To let me stay the eating of
A bit or two; for I protest I am yet fasting.
Julia. I'll have no traitor come within my house.
Laz. Now could I wish myself I had been
Traitor! I have strength enough for to endure it,
Had I but patience. Man, thou art but grass,
Thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.
Then lead along; I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall!
2 Int. Away, sir!
Laz. As thou hast hope of man,
Stay but this dish this two hours; I doubt not
But I shall be discharged: by this light,
I will marry thee!
Julia. You shall marry me first then.
Laz. I do contract myself unto thee now,
Before these gentlemen.
Julia. I will preserve it
'Till you be hang'd or quitted.
Laz. Thanks, thanks! [at the gallows.
2 Int. Away, away! you shall thank her
Laz. Adieu, adieu!
[*Exe. Laz. Int. and Guard.*
Julia. If he live, I will have him;
If he be hang'd, there is no loss in it. [*Exit.*

Oriana and her Waiting-woman, looking out at a Window.

Ori. Hast thou provided one to bear my
To my brother? [letter
Wait. I've enquir'd;
But they of the house will suffer no letter
Nor message to be carried from you, but such
As the lord Gondarino shall be acquainted with:
Truly, madam, I suspect the house to be
No better than it should be.
Ori. What dost thou doubt?
Wait. Faith, I am loth to tell it, madam.
Ori. Out with it!
'Tis not true modesty to fear to speak
That thou dost think.
Wait. I think it be one of
These same bawdy-houses.
Ori. 'Tis no matter, wench;
We are warm in it; keep thou thy mind pure,
And, upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt:
I cannot force myself yet to fear any thing.
When I do get out, I'll have another encounter
With my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit:
I may get sight of some of my friends; it must
Needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Valore, and Arrigo.

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguis'd? for this house
Where she attends me, is not to be visited
In our own shapes.
Duke. We are not ourselves. [yet
Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough;
I have been, heretofore,
And durst now, but for discovering of you,
Appear here in my own likeness.
Duke. Where is Lucio? [monwealth
Arr. My lord, he said the affairs of the com-
Would not suffer him to attend always.
Duke. Some great ones, questionless, that he will handle.
Val. Come, let us enter.
Gond. See, how fortune [men!
Strives to revenge my quarrel upon these wo-
She's in the window; were it not to undo her,
I should not look upon her.
Duke. Lead us, Gondarino! [my shame,
Gond. Stay; since you force me to display
Look there! and you, my lord! know you
Duke. 'Tis she. [that face?
Val. It is. [was
Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever
Dissimulation; she that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it;
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous, when she did deserve most scandal;
'Tis she that itches now, and, in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her lust.
Leave her! forget she is thy sister!
Val. Stay, stay!
Duke. I am
As full of this as thou canst be; the memory
Of this will easily hereafter stay [woman.
My loose and wand'ring thoughts from any
Val. This will not down with me; I dare
This fellow. [not trust
Duke. Leave her here! That only shall be
Her punishment, never to be fetch'd from hence;
But let her use her trade to get her living.
Val. Stay, good my lord! I do believe all this,
As great men as I have had known whores
To their sisters, and have laugh'd at it. I would fain hear

'of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to de-
'clare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful barge of poppery
'Fletcher alludes in his Woman-Hater, who makes the courtezan say, when *Laza* flies, in
'search of the umbrana's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor;
"Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my
"roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for fish." And
Marston's Dutch Courtezan: 'I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Friday.'

How she talks, since she grew thus light: will your grace make him
Shew himself to her, as if he were now
Come to satisfy her longing? whilst we,
Unseen of her, o'erhear her wantonness.
Let's make our best of it now; we shall have
Good mirth.
Duke. Do it, Gondarino.
Gond. I must:
Fortune, assist me but this once!
Val. Here we
Shall stand unseen, and near enough.
Gond. Madam! Oriana!
Ori. Who's that? Oh! my lord!
Gond. Shall I come up? [down?
Ori. Oh, you are merry; shall I come
Gond. It is better there. [made
Ori. What's the confession of the lie you
To the duke, which I scarce believe
Yet you had impudence enough to do?
Did it not gain you so much faith with me,
As that I was willing to be at [cover'd
Your lordship's bestowing, 'till you had re-
My credit, and confess'd yourself a liar,
As you pretended to do? I confess
I began to fear you, and desir'd to be
Out of your house; but your own followers
Forced me hither.
Gond. It is well suspected; [us!
Dissemble still, for there are some may hear
Ori. More tricks yet, my lord? What house
This is I know not; I only know myself;
'Twere a great conquest, if you could fasten
A scandal upon me. Faith, my lord, give
To write to my brother! [me leave
Duke. Come down!
Val. Come down!
Arr. If it please your grace,
There is a back-door.
Val. Come, meet us there then.
Duke. It seems you are acquainted with
Arr. I have been in it. [the house.
Gond. She saw you, and dissembled.
Duke. Sir, we shall know that better.
Gond. Bring me unto her!
If I prove her not to be a strumpet,
Let me be contemn'd of all her sex! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. NOW whilst the young duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practise in the state,
Must pick our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit
For the main good of the dear commonwealth.
Who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Lucio. Secretary, fetch
The gown I use to read petitions in,
And the standish I answer French letters with;
And call in the gentleman that attends.
[*Exit Serv.*
Little know they that do not deal in state,
How many things there are to be observ'd,
Which seem but little; yet, by one of us
(Whose brains do wind about the commonwealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and Servant.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secresy,
I would not have appear'd to you thus ig-
norantly
Attir'd, without a toothpick in a ribband,
Or a ring in my bandstring.
Gent. Your lordship sent for me.
Lucio. I did: sir, your long practice in the state,
Under a great man, hath led you to much
Experience.
Gent. My lord!
Lucio. Suffer not your modesty
To excuse it. In short, and in private,
I desire your direction: I take
My study already to be furnish'd after
A grave and wise method.
Gent. What will this lord do? [of
Lucio. My book-strings are suitable, and
A teaching colour[45].
Gent. How is this?
Lucio. My standish [hangs
Of wood strange and sweet, and my fore-flap
In the right place, and as near Machiavel's,
As can be gather'd by tradition.
Gent. Are there such men as will say no-[thing
Abroad, and play the fools in their lo[gings?
This lord must be follow'd.—And hath your lordship [speeches
Some new-made words to scatter in your
In publick, to gain note, that the hearers may
Carry them away, and dispute of them
At dinner?
Lucio. I have, sir; and, besides,
My several gowns and caps agreeable
To my several occasions.

[45] *And of a* reaching *colour.*] *Reaching* is the word in all the editions, but as I can affix no intelligible idea suitable to the context, I believe *teaching* the true word, *an instructive and scholar like colour* is the stile of this Machiavelian statesman. *Seward.*

Gent.

Gent. 'Tis well;
And you have learn'd to write a bad hand,
That the readers may take pains for it?
Lucio. Yes, sir;
And I give out I have the palsy.
Gent. Good!
'Twere better tho' if you had it. Your lordship hath [pose
A secretary that can write fair, when you pur-
To be understood?
Lucio. Faith, sir, I have one;
There he stands; he hath been my secretary
These seven years, but he hath forgotten to write. [not
Gent. If he can make a writing face, 'tis
Amiss, so he keep his own counsel. Your lordship
Hath no hope of the gout?
Lucio. Uh! little, sir,
Since the pain in my right foot left me.
Gent. 'Twill be some scandal [knows
To your wisdom, tho' I see your lordship
Enough in publick business.
Lucio. I am not employ'd tho'
To my desert in occasions foreign, nor
Frequented for matters domestical.
Gent. Not frequented?
What course takes your lordship?
Lucio. The readiest way;
My door stands wide[46]; my secretary knows
I'm not denied to any.
Gent. In this [way:
(Give me leave) your lordship's out of the
Make a back-door to let out intelligencers;
Seem to be ever busy, and put your door
Under keepers, and you shall have a troop of clients
Sweating to come at you.
Lucio. I've a back-door already:
I will henceforth be busy. Secretary,
Run and keep the door. [*Exit Secretary.*
Gent. This will fetch 'em.
Lucio. I hope so.

Re-enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord, there are some require access to you,
About weighty affairs of state.
Lucio. Already?
Gent. I told you so.
Lucio. How weighty is the business?
Secr. Treason, my lord.
Lucio. Sir,
My debts to you for this are great.
Gent. I'll leave
Your lordship now.
Lucio. Sir, my death must be sudden,
If I requite you not. At the back-door, good sir. [for once.
Gent. I'll be your lordship's intelligencer [*Exit.*
Secr. My lord.
Lucio. Let 'em in, and say I'm at my study.

Enter Lazarillo, and two Intelligencers, Lucio being at his study.

1 *Int.* Where is your lord?
Secr. At his study; but he will
Have you brought in.
Laz. Why, gentlemen, what will you
Charge me withal?
2 *Int.* Treason, horrible treason:
I hope to have the leading of thee to prison,
And prick thee on i' th' arse with a hulbert; to have
Him hang'd that salutes thee, and call
All those in question that spit not upon thee.
Laz. My thread is spun;
Yet might I but call for this dish of meat
At the gallows, instead of a psalm,
It were to be endur'd. The curtain opens;
Now my end draws on.
[*Secretary draws the curtain.*
Lucio. Gentlemen, I am not empty
Of weighty occasions at this time. I pray you,
Your business. [ver'd
1 *Int.* My lord, I think we have disco-
One of the most bloody traitors that ever
The world held.
Lucio. Signor Lazarillo, I'm glad
You're one of this discovery: Give me your hand!
2 *Int.* My lord, that is the traitor.
Lucio. Keep him off! [ed him.
I would not for my whole estate have touch-
Laz. My lord—
Lucio. Peace, sir! I know the devil is
At your tongue's end, to furnish you with specches.
What are the particulars you charge him with?
[*They deliver a paper to Lucio, who reads.*
Both Int. We have conferr'd our notes, and have extracted that,
Which we will justify upon our oaths.'
Lucio. 'That he'd be greater than the duke; that
'He had cast plots for this, and meant
'To corrupt some to betray him; that he
'Would burn the city, kill the duke, and poison
'The privy-council; and lastly, kill himself.'
Tho' thou deservest justly to be hang'd
With silence, yet I allow thee to speak: be short.
Laz. My lord, so may my greatest wish succeed,
So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures, but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, fishes, and such other human food,
As is provided for the good of man.
If stealing custards, tarts, and florentines,
By some late statute be created treason,
How many fellow-courtiers can I bring,

[46] *My door stands* winde.] Seward alters *winde* to *wide*. The first quarto (which he never saw) proves him right.

Whose long attendance and experience
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I!
Lucio. Peace! such hath ever been the clemency [proceedings
Of my gracious master the duke, in all his
That I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly, [self
That Malice would long ere this have hid her-
In her den, and have turn'd her own sting
Against her own heart; but I well now perceive,
That so froward is the disposition of
A deprav'd nature, that it doth not only
Seek revenge, where it hath receiv'd injury,
But many times thirst after their destruction
Where it hath met with benefits.
Laz. But, my good lord—
2 *Int.* Let's gag him.
Lucio. Peace! again!
'But many times thirst after their destruction [I left.
'Where it hath met with benefits;' there
Such, and no better are the business
That we have now in hand.
1 *Int.* He's excellently spoken.
2 *Int.* He'll wind a traitor, I warrant him.
Lucio. But surely, methinks,
Setting aside the touch of conscience,
And all other inward convulsions—
2 *Int.* He'll be hang'd,
I know by that word.
Laz. Your lordship may consider—
Lucio. Hold thy peace!
Thou canst not answer this speech; no traitor
Can answer it. But, because you cannot
Answer this speech, I take it you've confess'd
The treason.
1 *Int.* The count Valore was [it;
The first that discover'd him, and can witness
But he left the matter to your lordship's
Grave consideration.
Lucio. I thank his lordship!
Carry him away speedily to the duke.
Laz. Now, Lazarillo, thou art tumbled down
The hill of Fortune, with a violent arm!
All plagues that can be, famine and the sword,
Will light upon thee; black Despair will boil
In thy despairing breast; no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh!
Lucio. Away with him! I'll follow you. Look [him,
You pinion him, and take his money from
Lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.
2 *Int.* Get thou on before! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke, Valore, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now, Gondarino, what can
You put on now that may again deceive us?
Have you more strange illusions, yet more mists, [ror?
Thro' which the weak eye may be led to er-
What can you say that may do satisfaction
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?
Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already:
She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe, nor have the use of sense.
Duke. Dare you be yet so wilful-ignorant[47] [vants,
Of your own nakedness? Did not your ser-
In mine own hearing, confess they brought her [force,
To that house we found her in, almost by
And with a great distrust of some
Ensuing hazard?
Val. He that hath
Begun so worthily, it fits not with
His resolution to leave off thus, my lord.
I know these are but idle proofs.
What says your lordship to them?
Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce
Again, thy sister is not honest.
Val. You are
Yourself, my lord; I like your settledness.
Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in [affirm
The dark hidden ways of women: thou darst
With confidence, a lady of fifteen
May be a maid.
Val. Sir, if it were not so,
I have a sister would sit near my heart[48].

[47] *Yet so wilful, ignorant.*] Former editions. The compound word *wilful-ignorant* seems much preferable. *Seward.*

[48] *Sir, if it were not so, I have a sister would set near my heart.*] Thus all the editions, but surely the sentiment is not very natural: would the count, who, upon the supposition of his sister's being guilty, had said he would

Brand her himself, whip her about the city,

answer here, that though she were not a maid, she would sit near his heart? The natural answer is; if I durst not affirm that a lady of fifteen might be a virgin, my sister would not sit so near my heart as she now does. I cannot change the words so as to give this sense without taking rather too great liberties, and therefore shall not insert my conjecture in the text: I have restored the measure, which I cannot preserve if I insert a negative, without the following changes:

——— If it were not so,—
My sister would *not* sit so near my heart. *Seward.*

Seward did not consider, that his sister might *sit near his heart* in a painful as well as affectionate sense.

Gond.

Gond. Let her sit near her shame! it better fits her: [nearness[49],
Call back the blood that made your stream in
And turn the current to a better use:
'Tis too much mudded; I do grieve to know it.
Duke. Dar'st thou make up again? dar'st to turn face,
Knowing we know thee?
Hast thou not been discover'd openly?
Did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings?
Did we not see her blush with modest anger,
To be so overtaken by a trick?
Can you deny this, lord?
Gond. Had not your grace
And her kind brother been within
Level of her eye, you should have had a hotter
Volley from her, more full of blood and fire,
Ready to leap the window where she stood;
So truly sensual is her appetite.
Duke. Sir, sir, these are but words and tricks: give me the proof!
Val. What need a better proof than your lordship? I'm sure
You have lain with her, my lord.
Gond. I have confess'd it, sir.
Duke. I dare not give thee credit, without witness. [conds with us,
Gond. Does your grace think we carry seTo search us, and see fair play? Your grace hath
Been ill-tutor'd in the business! but if
You hope to try her truly, and satisfy
Yourself what frailty is, give her the test:
Do not remember, count, she is your sister;
Nor let my lord the duke believe she's fair;
But put her to it, without hope or pity!
Then ye shall see that golden form fly off,
That all eyes wonder at for pure and fix'd,
And under it base blushing copper; metal
Not worth the meanest honour: you shall behold
Her then, my lord, transparent, look thro'
Her heart, and view the spirits how they leap;
And tell me then I did belie the lady.
Duke. It shall be done! Come, Gondarino,
Bear us company. We do believe thee: she

Enter Lazarillo, two Intelligencers, and Guard.

Shall die, and thou shalt see it.—How now, my friends?
Who have you guarded hither?
2 Int. So please your grace,
We have discover'd a villain and a traitor:
The lord Lucio hath examin'd him, and sent
To your grace for judgment. [him
Val. My lord, I dare
Absolve him from all sin of treason: I know
His most ambition is but a dish of meat,
Which he hath hunted with so true a scent,
That he deserves the collar, not the halter[50].
Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up? [meat,
The poor man had more need have some warm
To comfort his cold stomach. [after,
Val. Your grace shall have the cause here-
When you may laugh more freely. But these
Are called *informers;* men that live by trea-
As rat-catchers do by poison. [son,
Duke. 'Would there were
No heavier prodigies hung over us, [perils
Than this poor fellow! I durst redeem all
Ready to pour themselves upon this state,
With a cold custard.
Val. Your grace
Might do it, without danger to your person.
Laz. My lord, if ever I intended treason
Against your person, or the state, unless
It were by wishing from your table some dish
Of meat, which I must needs confess was not
A subject's part; or coveting by stealth
Sups from those noble bottles, that no mouth,
Keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste—
I must confess, with more than covetous eye,
I have beheld those dear concealed dishes,
That have been brought in by cunning equi-
To wait upon your grace's palate: [page,
I do confess, out of this present heat,
I have had stratagems and ambuscadoes;
But, God be thanked, they have never took!
Duke. Count, [done,
This business is your own: when you have
Repair to us. [*Exit.*
Val. I will attend your grace. Lazarillo,
You are at liberty; be your own man again:
And, if you can, be master of your wishes;
I wish it may be so.
Laz. I humbly thank your lordship!
I must be unmannerly: I've some present business.
Once more, I heartily thank your lordship.
[*Exit.*
Val. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell:
You think you have deserv'd much of this state
By this discovery: ye're a slavish people,
Grown subject to the common curse of all men[51].
How much unhappy were that noble spirit,
Could work by such base engines[52]! What misery [lingness,
Would not a knowing man put on with wil-
Ere he see himself grown fat and full-fed,
By fall of those you rise by? I do [state
Discharge you my attendance! Our healthful
Needs no such leeches to suck out her blood.

[49] *That made* our *stream.*] Amended by Seward.

[50] *He deserves the* collar, *not the* halter;] *i. e.* He deserves the *steward's chain,* rather than to be *hanged.* See note 3 on the Lovers' Progress. *R.*

[51] *To the common* course *of all men.*] Corrected in 1750.

[52] *Could work by such* baser gains.] Amended by Sympson.

1 *Int.* I do beseech your lordship—
2 *Int.* Good my lord— [I see
Val. Go, learn to be more honest! When
You work your means from honest industry,
I will be willing to accept your labours;
[*Exeunt Int.*
'Till then I will keep back my promis'd favours.
Here comes another remnant of folly:

Enter Lucio.

I must dispatch him too. Now, lord Lucio,
What business bring you hither?
Lucio. Faith, sir, I'm discovering
What will become of that notable piece of treason
Intended by that varlet Lazarillo;
I've sent him to the duke for judgment.
Val. Sir, you have [man;
Perform'd the part of a most careful states-
And, let me say it to your face, sir, of
A father to this state: I would wish you
To retire, and insconce yourself in study; for
Such is your daily labour, and our fear,
That your loss of an hour may breed our overthrow. [judgment:
Lucio. Sir, I will be commanded by your
And tho' I find it a trouble
Scant to be waded thro', by these weak years;
Yet, for the dear care of the commonwealth,
I will bruise my brains, and confine myself
To much vexation[53].
Val. Go; and may'st thou
Knock down treason like an ox!
Lucio. Amen! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, and Francissina.

Mercer. Have I spoke thus much in the honour of learning, [ences,
Learn'd the names of the seven liberal sci-
Before my marriage; and, since, have in haste written
Epistles congratulatory to the nine muses,
And is she prov'd a whore and a beggar?
Pandar. 'Tis true. You are not now to be taught
That no man can be learned of a sudden;
Let not your first project discourage you:
What you have lost in this, you may
Get again in alchymy.
Fran. Fear not,
Husband; I hope to make as good a wife
As the best of your neighbours have, and as honest. [publish this;
Mercer. I will go home. Good sir, don't
As long as it runs amongst ourselves, it is
Good honest mirth. You'll come home to supper;
I mean to have all her friends, and mine,
As ill as it goes.
Pandar. Do wisely, sir, and bid
Your own friends; your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers;
Neither is it for your credit to walk the streets [provide
With a woman so noted: get you home, and
Her cloaths; let her come an hour hence with
An hand-basket, and shift herself, she'll serve
To sit at the upper end of the table, and drink
To your customers.
Mercer. Art's just, and will
Make me amends.
Pandar. No doubt, sir.
Mercer. The chief note of
A scholar, you say, is to govern his passions;
Wherefore I do take all patiently: in sign
Of which, my most dear wife, I do kiss thee.
Make haste
Home after me; I shall be in my study.
[*Exit.*
Pandar. Go, avaunt!—My new city-dame, send me what
You promis'd me for consideration,
And may'st thou prove a lady!
Fran. Thou shalt have it;
His silks shall fly for it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. How sweet's a calm after a tempest!
What is there
Now that can stand betwixt me and felicity?
I've gone thro' all my crosses constantly,
Have confounded my enemies, and know where
To have my longing satisfied; I have
My way before me: there's the door, and I
May freely walk in to my delights. Knock,
Julia [*within*]. Who's there?
Laz. Madona, my love! not guilty,
Not guilty! Open the door!

Enter Julia.

Julia. Art thou
Come, sweetheart?
Laz. Yes, to thy soft embraces,
And the rest of my o'erflowing blisses!
Come, let us in and swim in our delights;
A short grace as we go, and so to meat!
Julia. Nay, my dear love, you must bear with me in this;
We'll to the church first.
Laz. Shall I be sure of it then!
Julia. By my love, you shall!
Laz. I am content;
For I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet
My appetite, and do desire to meet
With more troubles, so I might conquer them:
And, as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh and tears,
Whilst he pursued his wench, and hath observ'd
The smiles, and frowns, not daring to displease;
When he at last hath with his service won
Her yielding heart, that she begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold not longer out,

[53] Confine *myself*.] Probably we should read, *consign*.

But

But hangs about his neck, and wooes him more
Than ever he desir'd her love before;
He then begins to flatter his desert[54],
And, growing wanton, needs will cast her off;
Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to encrease his pleasing appetite.
Julia. Come, mouse, will you walk?
Laz. I pray thee let me
Be deliver'd of the joy I am so big with!
I do feel that high heat within me,
That I begin to doubt whether I be mortal:
How I contemn my fellows in the court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse!
And in a lower, and an humbler key,
Did walk and meditate on grosser meats!
There are they still, poor rogues, shaking their chaps,
And sneaking after cheeses, and do run
Headlong in chase of every jack of beer
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
To a dear novelty! Approach, my love;
Come, let us go to knit the true love's knot,
That never can be broken!
Boy. That is,
To marry a whore. [the gift
Laz. When that is done, then will we taste
Which fates have sent, my fortunes up to lift.
Boy. When that is done, you will begin to repent
Upon a full stomach: but I see, 'tis but
A form in destiny, not to be alter'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arrigo and Oriana.

Ori. Sir, what may be the current of your business,
That thus you single out your time and place?
Arr. Madam, the business now impos'd
Concerns you nearly; [upon me
I wish some worser man might finish it.
Ori. Why are you changed so? are you not well, sir? [were so!
Arr. Yes, madam, I am well: 'would you
Ori. Why, sir, I feel myself in perfect health.
Arr. And yet you cannot live long, madam.
Ori. Why, good Arrigo?
Arr. Why, you must die.
Ori. I know I must;
But yet my fate calls not upon me.
Arr. It does;
This hand the duke commands shall give you death.
Ori. Heav'n, and the pow'rs divine, guard well the innocent! [some good,
Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul
But sure your body cannot merit by 'em:
You must prepare to die.
Ori. What's my offence?
What have these years committed,
That may be dangerous to the duke or state?
Have I conspir'd by poison? have I given up
My honour to some loose unsettled blood,
That may give action to my plots? Dear sir,
Let me not die ignorant of my faults!
Arr. You shall not: [honest:
Then, lady, you must know, you're held un-
The duke, your brother, and your friends in court, [me,
With too much grief condemn you; tho', to
The fault deserves not to be paid with death.
Ori. Who's my accuser?
Arr. Lord Gondarino.
Ori. Arrigo, take these words, and bear them to the duke;
It is the last petition I shall ask thee:
Tell him, the child this present hour brought forth
To see the world, has not a soul more pure,
More white, more virgin, than I have; tell him,
Lord Gondarino's plot I suffer for,
And willingly; tell him, it had been
A greater honour to have sav'd than kill'd;
But I have done: strike! I am arm'd for Heav'n.
Why stay you? is there any hope?
Arr. I would not strike.
Ori. Have you the power to save?
Arr. With hazard of my life, if't should be known.
Ori. You will not venture that?
Arr. I will: lady,
There is that means yet to escape your death,
If you can wisely apprehend it.
Ori. You dare not be so kind?
Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve it. [blame.
Ori. If I should slight my life, I were to
Arr. Then, madam,
This is the means, or else you die: I love you.
Ori. I shall believe it, if you save my life.
Arr. And you must lie with me.
Ori. I dare not buy my life so. [*no.*
Arr. Come, you must resolve; say *yea* or
Ori. Then *no!* Nay, look not ruggedly upon me;
I am made up too strong to fear such looks:
Come, do your butcher's part! Before

[54] *Then begins——*] The relative *he* being omitted, hurt both sense and measure. Most of my friends seem to think there is too much of *Lazarillo's* passion for his fish, as well as that the passion itself is carried too high. I have before given reasons to justify the extravagance of the passion, which might possibly have been carried even to madness, by some person of our author's age, and as to the long continuance of it, the distresses seem extremely ingeniously contrived to rise by a just gradation, and his marrying a whore at last to obtain his delight, is a most inimitably humorous conclusion of his character. *Seward.*

But, surely, rather extravagant.

I would

I would wish life, with the dear loss of honour,
I dare find means to free myself.
Arr. Speak, will you yield? [worst
Ori. Villain, I will not! Murderer, do the
Thy base unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee
I am above thee, slave! [to!
Arr. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair persuasions?
Ori. No; nor by—
Arr. Peace! know your doom then: your ladyship must remember [feast
You are not now at home, where you dare
All that come about you; but you are fallen
Under my mercy, which shall be but small,
If you refuse to yield: hear what I've sworn
Unto myself; I will enjoy thee, tho' it be
Between the parting of thy soul and body;
Yield yet, and live! [the other!
Ori. I'll guard the one; let Heaven guard
Arr. Are you so resolute then?
Duke [*from above*]. Hold, hold, I say!
Ori. What[55], yet more terror to my tragedy?
Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done;
You're now as free from scandal as from death.

Enter Duke, Valore, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou woman, which wert born to teach men virtue, [thoughts;
Fair, sweet, and modest maid, forgive my
My trespass was my love. Seize Gondarino!
Let him wait our dooms.
Gond. I do begin
A little to love this woman; I could endure her
Already, twelve miles off.
Val. Sister, [so fairly,
I'm glad you have brought your honour off
Without loss; you've done a work above your sex;
The duke admires it: give him fair encounter.
Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand,
And call it mine?
Ori. I am your grace's handmaid!
Duke. 'Would you had said *myself*: might it not be so, lady?
Val. Sister, say *ay*; I know you can afford it.
Ori. My lord, I am your subject; you may command me,
Provided still your thoughts be fair and good.
Duke. Here; I am yours; and when I cease to be so,
Let Heav'n forget me! thus I make it good.
Ori. My lord, I am no more mine own.
Val. So! this bargain was well driven.
Gond. Duke,
Th' hast sold away thyself to all perdition;
Thou art this present hour becoming cuckold:
Methinks I see thy gall grate thro' thy veins,
And jealousy seize on thee with her talons.
I know that woman's nose must be cut off;
She cannot 'scape it.
Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.
Ori. I do beseech your lordship, for the wrongs [punishment!
This man hath done me, let me pronounce his
Duke. Lady, I give't to you; he is your own.
Gond. I do beseech your grace, let me be banish'd,
With all the speed that may be.
Val. Stay still! you shall attend her sentence.
Ori. Lord Gondarino, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate
To me, but from a general dislike
Unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it.
Arrigo, call in some ladies to assist us.
Will your grace take your state?
Gond. My lord, I do
Beseech your grace for any punishment,
Saving this woman: let me be sent upon
Discovery of some island; I do desire
But a small gondola, with ten Holland cheeses,
And I will undertake it.
Ori. Sir, you must be content.
Will you sit down? Nay, do it willingly.
Arrigo, tie his arms close to the chair;
I dare not trust his patience.
Gond. Mayst thou
Be quickly old and painted! mayst thou dote
Upon some sturdy yeoman of the wood-yard,
And he be honest! mayst thou be barred
The lawful lechery of thy couch[56], for want
Of instruments! and, last, be thy womb
Unopen'd!
Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gall.
Val. My lord,
I hope to see him purg'd, ere he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your ladyships are welcome! I must desire your helps, [cure upon
Tho' you are no physicians, to do a strange
This gentleman.
Ladies. In what we can assist you,
Madam, you may command us.
Gond. Now do I
Sit like a conjurer within my circle,
And these the devils that are rais'd about me:
I'll pray, that they may have no power upon
Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples; [me.
Then, with a soft still march, with low demeanors,
Charge this gentleman: I'll be your leader.
Gond. Let me
Be quarter'd, duke, quickly! I can endure it.
These women long for man's flesh; let them have it! [a passion?
Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange
What would this fellow do, if he should find
In bed with a young lady? [himself
Val. 'Faith, my lord,

[55] *What* I? *yet, &c.*] As the *I* is undoubtedly an interpolation, we have discarded it.
[56] *Of thy* coach.] So all former editions.

If he could get a knife, sure he would cut her throat;
Or else he'd do as Hercules did by Lycas,
Swing out her soul: he has the true hate of A woman in him.
Ori. Low with your curtsies, ladies!
Gond. Come not too near me! I've a breath will poison ye;
My lungs are rotten, and my stomach raw;
I'm given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet airs! [jure you,
Ladies, by your first night's pleasure I con-
As you would have your husbands proper men, ['em hate
Strong backs, and little legs; as you'd have
Your waiting-women— [obtain'd
Ori. Sir, we must court you, 'till we have
Some little favour from those gracious eyes;
'Tis but a kiss a-piece.
Gond. I pronounce
Perdition to ye all! Ye are a parcel of
That damned crew that fell down with Lucifer, [men:
And here ye stay'd on earth to plague poor
Vanish, avaunt! I'm fortified against
Your charms. Heav'n grant me breath and patience!
1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiss, then?
Gond. No! sear my lips with [ret's!
Hot irons first, or stitch them up like a fer-
Oh, that this brunt were over!
2 *Lady.* Come, come, [troth
Little rogue, thou art too maidenly; by my
I think I must box thee 'till thou be'st bolder;
The more bold, the more welcome: I prithee kiss me!
Be not afraid. [*She sits on his knee.*
Gond. If there be any here [them
That yet have so much of the fool left in
As to love their mothers, let them look on
And loath them too! [her[56],
2 *Lady.* What a slovenly little villain
Art thou! why dost thou not stroke up thy hair?
I think thou never comb'st it; I must have it lie
In better order: so, so, so! Let me see
Thy hands! are they wash'd?
Gond. I would they were loose, for thy sake!
Duke. She tortures him admirably.
Val. The best that ever was. [golls!
2 *Lady.* Alas, how cold they are. Poor
Why dost thee not get thee a muff? [woman
Arr. Madam, here's an old country gentle-
At the door, that came nodding up for justice;
She was with the lord Gondarino to-day,
And would now again come to the speech of him,
She says.
Ori. Let her in, for sport's sake, let her in!
Gond. Mercy, oh, duke! I do appeal to thee:
Plant cannons there, and discharge them
Against my breast rather! Nay, first
Let this she-fury sit still where she does,
And with her nimble fingers stroke my hair,
Play with my fingers' ends, or any thing,
Until my panting heart have broke my breast!
Duke. You must abide her censure.
[*The Lady rises from his knee.*

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come!
Unbutton me, for she will speak.
Gentlew. Where is he, sir?
Gond. Save me! I hear her. [ence.
Arr. There he is in state, to give you audi-
Gentlew. How does your good lordship?
Gond. Sick of the spleen.
Gentlew. How?
Gond. Sick.
Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg?
You shall not refuse it; 'tis very comfortable.
Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it is
The devil's jubilee; hell is broke loose!
My lord, if ever I have done you service,
Or have deserv'd a favour of your grace,
Let me be turn'd upon some present action,
Where I may sooner die than languish thus!
Your grace hath her petition; grant it her,
And ease me now at last!
Duke. No, sir;
You must endure.
Gentlew. For my petition,
I hope your lordship hath remember'd me.
Ori. 'Faith, I begin to pity him: Arrigo,
Take her off; bear her away; say her petition
Is granted.
Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, sir?
I know it is not my lord's pleasure I
Should be thus us'd, before my business be
Dispatch'd.
Arr. You shall know more of that without.
Ori. Unbind him, ladies! But, before he go,
This he shall promise: for the love I bear
To our own sex, I would have them still
Hated by thee; and enjoin thee, as a punishment,
Never hereafter willingly to come

[56] Let *them* on her, *and* loath *them too.*] Sympson would read,
Set them on her, and *loo* 'em too;
which Seward justly rejects; but thinks he discovers a meaning in these words, which they certainly do not convey; viz. 'If there be any here that are such fools to retain a love even 'for their mothers, let them be persecuted by this woman, and they will loath them, *i. e.* 'their mothers also.'—It has been very ingeniously suggested, that we probably should read,
Let them *honour* and loath them too;
i. e. 'Let them feel the opposite sensations of *honouring* and *despising* them at the same 'time.'—But the source of the difficulty has, we apprehend, been the loss of the word *look*, which being restored, the passage carries with it its own explanation.

In the presence or sight of any woman,
Nor never to seek wrongfully the public
Disgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do;
When I meddle with them[57], for their good,
Or their bad, may time call back this day again!
And when I come in their companies,
May I catch the pox by their breath, and have
No other pleasure for it!

Duke. You are
Too merciful.

Ori. My lord, I shew'd my sex
The better.

Val. All is over-blown. Sister,
You're like to have a fair night of it,
And a prince in your arms.—Let's go, my lord[58].

Duke. Thus, thro' the doubtful streams of joy and grief,
True love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[57] *When I* meditate *with them.*] So all editions but the first quarto; from which invaluable copy we have made a great number of corrections, some more beneficial to the sense than this before us. On many of the errors in the later editions, we had prepared notes, and proposed variations; but on collating the text with the quarto above-mentioned (which we should not have been able to do, but for the favour of Mr. Garrick), we have suppressed our notes, and silently made the amendments there pointed out: not chusing to adopt the mode of our predecessors; who, in such cases, commonly inserted very prolix refutations of the lection in the then-last edition, proposed variations, of which they adopted the best, and then concluded their notes with, AND THIS IS CONFIRMED BY THE OLDEST EDITIONS.

[58] *Let's go, my lord.*] Perhaps these words belong to *Oriana.*

It seems not quite clear that the whole of this play was written in verse; but many speeches that evidently resolve themselves into measure having been printed as prose, Seward very properly endeavoured to restore them to their original state. He has, in our opinion, not always been elegant or accurate in his division. We are not entirely satisfied with our own; yet think the text at least runs off more easily in this edition than in any preceding one, less violated by arbitrary additions, omissions, and transpositions, and the eye and ear less offended by elisions, more barbarous than those of Procrustes.

THE NICE VALOUR;

OR,

THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher; the Prologue and Epilogue speak of the Poet singly; Seward (see note 3 on the Commendatory Poems) supposes it to be Beaumont's. It was first printed in the folio of 1647; and hath never been altered, that we are able to discover.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

DUKE *of Genoa.*
SHAMONT, *his Favourite, a superstitious lover of Reputation.*
A PASSIONATE LORD, *the Duke's distracted Kinsman.*
A SOLDIER, *Brother to Shamont.*
LAPET, *the cowardly Monsieur.*
A GALLANT *of the same temper.*
POLTROT, MOULBAZON, } *Two mushroom Courtiers.*
Two BROTHERS *to the Lady affecting the Passionate Lord.*
LA NOVE, *a Courtier.*
Four COURTIERS.
BASE, *Jester to the Passionate Lord.*
A PRIEST, *Six* WOMEN, } *in a Masque.*
GALOSHIO, *a Clown.*

WOMEN.

LADY, *Sister to the Duke, Shamont's beloved.*
LAPET'S WIFE.
A LADY, *personating Cupid, Mistress to the Mad Lord.*

SCENE, *Genoa.*

PROLOGUE AT THE REVIVAL OF THIS PLAY.

IT grows in fashion of late, in these days,
To come and beg a suffrage to our plays[1]:
'Faith, gentlemen, our poet ever writ [wit,
Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly
He made the theatre so sovereign
With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein.
We stabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd
Him write a preface to a play well made.
He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far
To bring a felon to appear at th' bar
So much he hated baseness; which this day,
His scenes will best convince you of in's play.

[1] *A* suffrage *to our plays.*] First folio exhibits *sufferance.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Shamont, and Four Gentlemen.

Duke. SHAMONT, welcome! we have miss'd thee long,
Tho' absent but two days: I hope your sports
Answer your time and wishes.
Sham. Very nobly, sir;
We found game worthy your delight, my lord,
It was so royal.
Duke. I've enough to hear on't;
Prithee bestow't upon me in discourse.
1 *Gent.* What is this gentleman, coz? you are a courtier,
Therefore know all their insides.
2 *Gent.* No further than the taffaty goes, good coz, [part
For the most part, which is indeed the best
Of the most general inside. Marry, thus far
I can with boldness speak this one man's character,
And upon honour pass it for a true one:
He has that strength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his sovereign's power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man from Cæsar's time, or further off,
That ever took disgrace unreveng'd;
And if he chance to read his abject story,
He tears his memory out, and holds it virtuous
Not to let shame have so much life amongst us;
There is not such a curious piece of courage
Amongst man's fellowship, or one so jealous
Of Honour's loss, or Reputation's glory:
There's so much perfect of his growing story!
1 *Gent.* 'Twould make one dote on Virtue, as you tell it. [it, coz.
2 *Gent.* I have told it to much loss, believe
3 *Gent.* How the duke graces him! What is he, brother?
4 *Gent.* Don't you yet know him? a vainglorious coxcomb,
As proud as he that fell for't[1]!
Set but aside his valour[2], no virtue,
Which is indeed not fit for any courtier,
And we his fellows are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of favour too,
For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into.
Give me a man, were I a sovereign now,
'Has a good stroke at *tennis*, and a stiff one;
Can play at *æquinoctium* with the line,
As even as the thirteenth of September,
When day and night lie in a scale together!
Or, may I thrive as I deserve at *billiards;*
No otherwise at *chess*, or at *primero!*
These are the parts requir'd; why not advanc'd? [lent pleasure;
Duke. Trust me, it was no less than excel-
And I'm right glad 'twas thine.—How fares our kinsman?
Who can resolve us best?
1 *Gent.* I can, my lord. [bounds,
Duke. There, if I had a pity without
It might be ill bestow'd: a man so lost
In the wild ways of passion, that he's sensible
Of nought but what torments him!
1 *Gent.* True, my lord;
He runs thro' all the passions of mankind,
And shifts 'em strangely too: one while in love;
And that so violent, that, for want of business,
He'll court the very 'prentice of a laundress,
Tho' she have kib'd heels; and in's melancholy again, [fairer
He will not brook an empress, tho' thrice
Than ever Maud was[3], or higher-spirited
Than Cleopatra, or your English countess.
Then, on a sudden he's so merry again,

[1] *As proud as he that fell for't;*] *i. e.* As proud as Lucifer, who fell through pride. *Seward.*

[2] *Set but aside his valour no virtue:*
Which is indeed not fit for any courtier.] The old folio points thus,
Set but aside his valour, no virtue
Which is indeed, not fit for any courtier,
And we his fellows, &c.
This latter is better sense, and therefore restored to the text, but as the construction from the position of the words is a little stiff, and the measure not compleat, perhaps the original might have run,
Set but aside his valour, which indeed
No virtue is, not fit for any courtier. *Seward.*
Seward's reading is as stiff as the other. There seems to be a word or two dropped in the preceding line, which has more obscured the passage; the sense of which seems to have been to this effect:
As proud as he that fell for't! HE POSSESSES,
Set but aside his valour, no virtue;
Which (*i. e. his* valour) is indeed not fit for any courtier, &c.
It is very common with our authors to refer to a remote antecedent.

[3] *Maud.*] The empress *Maud*, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II. *R.*

Out

Out-laughs a waiting-woman before her first child;
And, turning of a hand, so angry—
H'has almost beat the Northern fellow[4] blind, [my lord,
That is for that use only; if that mood hold,
H'had need of a fresh man; I'll undertake
He shall bruise thee a-month.
Duke. I pity him dearly;
And let it be your charge, with his kind brother,
To see his moods observ'd: let every passion
Be fed ev'n to a surfeit, which in time
May breed a loathing! let him have enough
Of every object, that his sense is rapt with!
And being once glutted, then the taste of folly
Will come into disrelish[5]. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* I shall see
Your charge, my lord, most faithfully effected.
And how does noble Shamont?
Sham. Never ill, man,
Until I hear of baseness; then I sicken:
I am the healthfull'st man i' th' kingdom else.

Enter Lapet.

1 *Gent.* Be arm'd then for a fit! here comes a fellow
Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.
Sham. Let me be gone! What is he?
1 *Gent.* Let me tell you first;
It can be but a qualm. Pray stay it out, sir!
Come, you've borne more than this.
Sham. Borne? never any thing
That was injurious.
1 *Gent.* Ha! I am far from that.
Sham. He looks as like a man, as I have seen one: [I prithee,
What would you speak of him? Speak well,
Ev'n for humanity's cause.
1 *Gent.* You'd have it truth tho'?
Sham. What else, sir? I have no reason to wrong Heav'n
To favour Nature; let her bear her own
If she be faulty! [shame
1 *Gent.* Monstrous faulty there, sir.
Sham. I'm ill at ease already.
1 *Gent.* Pray bear up, sir.
Sham. I prithee let me take him down with speed then, [upon.
Like a wild object that I would not look
1 *Gent.* Then thus; he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.
Sham. That may be noble?
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.
1 *Gent.* Oh, sir, [forward
Take heed of rash repentance[6]! you're too
To find out virtue where it never settled:
Take the particulars, first, of what he endures;
Videlicet, bastinadoes by the great.
Sham. How!
1 *Gent.* Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by wholesale.
Sham. No more of him! [up,
1 *Gent.* The twinges by the nostril he snuffs
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.
Sham. Away!
1 *Gent.* H'has been thrice switch'd from seven o'clock till nine; [fast,
Yet, with a cart-horse stomach, fell to break-
Forgetful of his smart.
Sham. Nay, the disgrace on't;
There is no smart but that: base things are felt [know you not;
More by their shames than hurts.—Sir, I
But that you live an injury to Nature,
I'm heartily angry with you.
Lapet. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then;
For I ne'er saw you before; and indeed
Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.
Sham. Why wouldst thou take a blow?
Lapet. I would not, sir[7],
Unless

[4] *H'has almost beat the* Northern fellow *blind,*
That is for that use only.] This is probably an allusion to Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, the hero of the North, who ascended the throne in 1611. He was one of the greatest and most successful princes which Europe hath seen, either before or since his time. *R.*

[5] His *relish.*] We have no doubt but this is corrupt, and that we ought to read, changing only one letter, DIS*relish.*

[6] *Take heed of rash repentance;*] i. e. *Repentance* on account of rashness. I should not have thought an explanation necessary, but that Mr. Sympson would have discarded the word, and read *acquaintance* for *repentance.* *Seward.*

[7] *I would not, sir,*
Unless 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy,
I'd be loth to deny it from a stranger.] The conjunctive particle *and* in the middle line seems plainly to denote the loss of some sentence previous to it, and the humour seems greatly to suffer by that loss. As to the sentiment, it may, I believe, be restored, but as several expressions will give it, it is impossible to guess how near we shall come to the old reading. I propose,

I would not, sir,
Unless 'twere offer'd me; *if from a friend*
I'd take't in friendship, and if from an enemy
I would be loth to deny it from a stranger. *Seward.*

Seward makes this proposed interpolation: but the old text gives very complete sense; and there is no saying where arbitrary variations would end, if insertions, omissions, or alterations,

Unless 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy,
I would be loath to deny it from a stranger.
Sham. What! a blow? [it?
Endure a blow? and shall he live that gives
Lapet. Many a fair year: why not, sir?
Sham. Let me wonder!
As full a man to see-to, and as perfect!
I prithee live not long—
Lapet. How!
Sham. Let me entreat it! [mankind,
Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost
To walk so long here; not to die betimes.
Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here, [more!
Ev'n for man's honour sake, take not a blow
Lapet. You should advise them not to strike me then, sir; [given.
For I'll take none, I assure you, 'less they're
Sham. How fain would I preserve man's form from shame,
And cannot get it done! However, sir,
I charge thee live not long.
Lapet. This is worse than beating, [sir,
Sham. Of what profession art thou, tell me,
Besides a taylor? for I'll know the truth.
Lapet. A taylor? I'm as good a gentle-
Can shew my arms and all. [man—
Sham. How black and blue they are:
Is that your manifestation? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of *gentleman*, because I'm one
That must not let thee live!
Lapet. I've done, I've done, sir.
If there be any harm, beshrew the herald!
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a gentleman,
To make this anger: I have nothing, no where,
But what I dearly pay for.
Sham. Groom, begone! [*Exit Lapet.*
I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Enter the Lady, and Lapet's Wife.

1 *Gent.* Here comes a cordial, sir, from th' other sex,
Able to make a dying face look chearful.
Sham. The blessedness of ladies!
Lady. You're well met, sir. [from me,
Sham. The sight of you has put an evil
Whose breath was able to make virtue sicken.
Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately.
What was it, sir? [eats after it,
Sham. A thing that takes a blow, lives and
In very good health: you ha' not seen the like, madam;
A monster worth your sixpence, lovely worth.
Lady. Speak low, sir! by all likelihoods 'tis her husband,
That now bestow'd a visitation on me.
Farewell, sir! [*Exit.*
Sham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife? [match!
Would any creature have him? 'tis some forc'd
If he were not kick'd to th' church o'th' wedding day, [wise;
I'll never come at court. Can be no other-
Perhaps he was rich; speak, mistress Lapet, was't not so?
Wife. Nay, that's without all question.
Sham. Oh, ho! he would not want kickers enough then.
If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty,
For wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon merit: if you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society;
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man
That honours you, to advise you, troth, his company
Should not be frequent with you.
Wife. 'Tis good counsel, sir.
Sham. Oh, I'm so careful where I reverence,
So just to goodness, and her precious purity,
I am as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved stain might fall
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.
Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counsel and your care.
Sham. We are your servants. [*Exit.*
Wife. He's but a gentleman
O' th' chamber; he might have kiss'd me, faith!
Where shall one find less courtesy than at court?
Say, I have an undeserver to my husband,
That's ne'er the worse for him: well, strange-lip'd man,
'Tis but a kiss lost; there'll more come again.

Enter the Passionate Lord; he makes a congee or two to nothing.

1 *Gent.* Look, who comes here, sir! his love-fit's upon him:
I know it, by that set smile, and those congees.
How courteous he's to nothing? which indeed
Is the next kin to woman, only shadow,
The elder sister of the twain, because 'tis seen too.
See how it kisses the fore-finger still!
Which is the last edition, and, being come
So near the thumb, every cobler has got it.
Sham. What a ridiculous piece humanity
Here makes itself!
1 *Gent.* Nay, good, give leave a little, sir;
You're so precise a manhood—
Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unseemliness in an image
So near the godhead! 'Tis an injury
To glorious eternity.
1 *Gent.* Pray use patience, sir!
Pas. I do confess it freely, precious lady;
And love's suit is so, the longer it hangs
The worse it is: better cut off, sweet madam.
Oh, that same drawing-in your nether lip there,

tions were made, whenever the critick thinks it might improve the passages under his consideration. An editor should give the author's text, not his own.

Foreshew

Foreshews no goodness, lady; make you question on't?
Shame on me, but I love you!
1 *Gent.* Who is't, sir,
You are at all this pains for? may I know her?
Pas. For thee, thou fairest, yet the falsest woman,
That ever broke man's heart-strings.
1 *Gent.* How? how's this, sir? [apparel?
Pas. What, the old trick of ladies? man's
Will't ne'er be left amongst you? Steal from court in't!
1 *Gent.* I see the fit grows stronger.
Pas. Pray let's talk a little.
Sham. I can endure no more!
1 *Gent.* Good, let's alone a little!
You are so exact a work! love light things somewhat, sir[8].
Sham. They're all but shames.
1 *Gent.* What is't you'd say to me, sir?
Pas. Can you be so forgetful to enquire
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly, sir. [it, lady?
Pas. The more I admire your flintiness!
What cause have I given you, illustrious madam,
To play this strange part with me?
1 *Gent.* Cause enough:
Do but look back, sir, into your memory,
Your love to other women. Oh, lewd man,
'T has almost kill'd my heart; you see I'm chang'd with it; [on't!
I ha' lost the fashion of my sex with grief
When I have seen you courting of a dowdy
(Compar'd with me), and kissing your forc-finger [not this
To one o'th' black-guard's mistresses; would
Crack a poor lady's heart, that believ'd love,
And waited for the comfort? But 'twas said, sir,
A lady of my hair cannot want pitying;
The country's coming up: farewell to you,
Pas. Whither intend you, sir? [sir!
1 *Gent.* A long journey, sir:
The truth is, I'm with-child, and go to travel.
Pas. With-child? I never got it.
1 *Gent.* I heard you were busy
At the same time, sir; and was loth to trouble you. [cellent madam?
Pas. Why, are not you a whore then, ex-
1 *Gent.* Oh, by no means; 'twas done, sir, in the state
Of my belief in you, and that quits me;
It lies upon your falshood.
Pas. Does it so?— [contract.
You shall not carry her tho', sir; she's my
Sham. I prithee, thou four elements ill-brued,
Torment none but thyself! Away, I say,
Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is
The beast of wine! Dishonour to thy making,
Thou man in fragments!
Pas. Hear me, precious madam!
Sham. Kneel for thy wits to Heav'n.
Pas. Lady, I'll father it,
Whoe'er begot it: 'tis the course of greatness.
Sham. How virtue groans at this!
Pas. I'll raise the court, but I will stay your flight.
Sham. How wretched is that piece?
[*Exit Pas.*
1 *Gent.* He's the duke's kinsman, sir.
Sham. That cannot take a passion away, sir,
Nor cut a fit but one poor hour shorter;
He must endure as much as the poorest beggar, [equality
That cannot change his money; there's the
In our impartial essence. What's the news now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your worthy brother, sir, has left his charge,
And come to see you. [this

Enter the Soldier.

Sham. Oh, the noblest welcome
That ever came from man, meet thy deservings! [now.
Methinks, I've all joy's treasure in mine arms
Sold. You are so fortunate in prevention, brother,
You always leave the answerer barren, sir,
You comprehend in few words so much worth.
Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: come, thou'rt welcome! [pray,
So I include all. Take especial knowledge,
Of this dear gentleman, my absolute friend,
That loves a soldier far above a mistress[9]!
Thou excellently faithful to 'em both!
But love to manhood owns the purer troth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

[8] *You are so exact a* work: *love light things somewhat, sir.*] It seems probable that *worth* was the true word instead of *work*, as *Shamont* calls the lady before—*lovely worth*, and one of the gentlemen in the first page of the play says of *Shamont*,

There is not such a curious piece of courage.

Notwithstanding this, *work* being good sense may still be the true reading. The advice to *Shamont* to love light things a little, is to laugh and divert himself at the absurdities and phrensies of men. Mr. Sympson thought it obscure, and that it wanted explanation. *Seward.*

Seward seems mistaken in supposing *Shamont* calls the lady *lovely* WORTH: he tells her the sight is *lovely* [i. e. *well*] *worth* sixpence:

——You ha' not seen the like, madam;
A monster *worth* your sixpence, LOVELY worth.

[9] *That loves a soldier far above a mistress,*
Thou *excellently faithful to 'em both.*] The emendation here of *thou* to *tho'* (although the old

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter the Soldier, and the Lady.

Lady. THERE should be in this gallery—
Oh, they're here.
Pray sit down: believe me, sir, I'm weary.
Sold. It well becomes a lady to complain a little [madam;
Of what she never feels: your walk was short,
You can be but afraid of weariness,
Which well implies the softness of your sex[10]:
As for the thing itself, you never came to't.
Lady. You're wondrously well read in ladies, sir. [madam,
Sold. Shall I think such a creature as you,
Was ever born to feel pain, but in travel?
There's your full portion,
Besides a little tooth-ache in the breeding,
Which a kind husband too takes from you, madam. [kind husbands?
Lady. But where do ladies, sir, find such
Perhaps you have heard [now,
The rheumatic story of some loving chandler
Or some such melting fellow, that you talk
So prodigal of men's kindness: I confess, sir,
Many of those wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher than to love and ignorance, [fond one:
Which makes an excellent husband, and a
Now, sir, your great ones aim at height and cunning, [it;
And so are oft deceiv'd, yet they must venture
For 'tis a lady's contumely, sir,
To have a lord an ignorant; then the world's voice [on't:
Will deem her for a wanton, ere she taste
But to deceive a wise man, to whose circumspection
The world resigns itself with all its envy[11],
'Tis less dishonour to us than to fall;
Because his believ'd wisdom keeps out all.
Sold. 'Would I were the man, lady, that should venture
His wisdom to your goodness!
Lady. You might fail
In the return, as many men have done, sir.
I dare not justify what is to come of me,
Because I know it not; tho' I hope virtuously:
Marry, what's past, or present, I durst put
Into a good man's hand; which if he take
Upon my word for good, it shall not cozen [him.
Sold. No, nor hereafter.
Lady. It may hap so too, sir;
A woman's goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a man's desert, believe it, sir;
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis first in him, if she were ever good[12]:
That makes me, knowing not a husband yet,
Or what he may be, promise no more virtues
Than I may well perform; for that were cozenage. [all fears!
Sold. Happy were he that had you, with
That's my opinion, lady.

Enter Shamont and a Servant, listening.

Serv. What say you now, sir?
Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?
Sham. Not yet I dare not.
Serv. No?
Sham. Scarce yet, or yet,
Altho' I see 'tis he. Why, can a thing,
That's but myself divided, be so false?
Serv. Nay, do but mark how the chair plays his part too:
How amorously 'tis bent.
Sham. Hell take thy bad thoughts!
For they are strange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worse. Look on 'em, Heav'n!
For that's a brother, send me a fair enemy,
And take him! for a fouler fiend there breathes not.
I will not sin to think there's ill in her,
But what's of his producing;
Yet goodness, whose inclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft-times but sorrily. But as black, sir,
As ever kindred was, I hate mine own blood,
Because it is so near thine. Live without honesty;

old reading was not absolute nonsense, supposing the points altered) is so easy, that I cannot fear the reader's concurrence. *Seward.*

We really think the old reading most spirited and best, only making a full point after *mistress.*

[10] *Which well* employs *the softness of your sex.*] What is it that employs the softness of the sex, weariness, or the fear of it? 'Tis scarcely sense in either light, and Mr. Sympson seems to have hit off the true reading, *implies.* *Seward.*

[11] *With all* his *envy.*] Corrected by Seward.

[12] *'Tis first in him, if she were ever good,*
That makes one; *knowing not a husband yet,*
Or what he may be: I *promise no more virtues,*
Than I will well perform.] The punctuation amended by Seward; who also discarded the pronoun *I.* We have altered *one* to *me:* the error of the press is probable, and the sense requires it.

And

And mayst thou die with an unmoisten'd eye,
And no tear follow thee!

[*Exeunt Sham. and Serv.*

Lady. You're wondrous merry, sir;
I would your brother heard you!

Sold. Or my sister[13]; [lady,
I would not, out o' th' way, let fall my words,
For the precisest humour.

Enter Passionate Lord.

Pas. Yea, so close? [can report of 'em;

Sold. They're merry, that's the worst you
They're neither dangerous, nor immodest.

Pas. So, sir!
Shall I believe you, think you?

Sold. Who's this, lady?

Lady. Oh, the duke's cousin; he came late from travel, sir.

Sold. Respect belongs to him.

Pas. For, as I said, lady, [port of 'em;

'They're merry, that's the worst you can re-
'They're neither dangerous, nor immodest.'

Sold. How's this?

Pas. And there I think I left.

Sold. Abuses me! [I lov'd you;

Pas. Now to proceed, lady: perhaps I swore
If you believe me not, you're much the wiser—

Sold. He speaks still in my person, and derides me!

Pas. For I can cog with you—

Lady. You can all do so;
We make no question of men's promptness that way.

Pas. And smile, and wave a chair with comely grace too, [things,
Play with our tassel gently[14], and do fine
That catch a lady sooner than a virtue.

Sold. I never us'd to let man live so long,
That wrong'd me!

Pas. Talk of battalions, wooe you in a skirmish[15];
Discharge my mind to you, lady; and, being sharp-set, [weapon,
Can court you at half-pike; or name your
We cannot fail you, lady.

Enter First Gentleman.

Sold. Now he dies, [him!
Were all succeeding hopes stor'd up within

1 *Gent.* Oh, fy! i' th' court, sir?

Sold. I most dearly thank you, sir.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis rage ill spent upon a Passionate Madman. [sir.

Sold. That shall not privilege him for ever,
A Madman call you him? I've found too much reason
Sound in his injury to me, to believe him so.

1 *Gent.* If ever truth from man's lips may be held
In reputation with you[16], give this confidence!
And this his love-fit, which we observe still
By's flattering; and his fineness, at some other time
He'll go as slovenly as heart can wish.
The love and pity that his highness shews to him,
Makes every man the more respectful of him:
H' has never a passion, but is well provided for,
As this of love; he is full fed in all [tience,
His swinge, as I may term it: have but pa-
And you shall witness somewhat!

Sold. Still he mocks me:
Look you! in action, in behaviour, sir.
Hold still the chair, with a grand mischief to you! [sir—
Or I'll set so much strength upon your heart,

Pas. I feel some power has restrain'd me, lady:
If it be sent from Love, say, I obey it,
And ever keep a voice to welcome it.

SONG.

Thou deity, swift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power;
Thou that mak'st a heart thy tower,
And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise[17];
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,

[13] O *my sister.*] First folio. Subsequent editions, Oh, *my sister*. The text by Seward.

[14] *Play with* our *tassel gently.*] Probably we should read *your* for *our*.

[15] ——— *wooe you in a skirmish;*

Divine *my mind to you.*] *Divine* so entirely loses the metaphor and consequently the humour, that it is most probable a corruption. We should not very willingly strike out a word when we hav'n't one to supply its place somewhat near the trace of the letters; but as we know that words are sometimes totally changed by the inattention of the transcriber or printer, so when the context not only points out but demands a word very unlike what has been hitherto in the text, we ought to submit. This I take to be the present case, and I therefore read,

——— wooe you in a skirmish;
Discharge my mind to you. *Seward.*

[16] *In reputation with you, give this confidence!*
And this his love-fit, which we observe still,
By's flattering and his fineness, at some other time, &c.] Here seems something wanting.

[17] *From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise;*] *i. e.* not only those who are foolishly fond, but the wise also: as it will bear this sense, I let it stand without putting a more obvious antithesis to *wise, fools.* *Seward.*

Fond is used in the sense of *fools*, according to the usage of our old authors.

Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more!

Enter one like a Cupid, offering to shoot at him.

Pas. I prithee hold tho', sweet celestial boy!
I'm not requited yet with love enough
For the first arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an ĕqual archer, Cupid,
Shoot this lady, and twenty more for me.
Lady. Me, sir? [not, lady!
1 *Gent.* 'Tis nothing but device; fear it
You may be as good a maid after that shaft, madam,
As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the boy that draws it, 't has no sting yet. [that draws it,
Cupid [*aside*]. 'Tis like the miserable maid
That sees no comfort yet, seeing him so passionate.
Pas. Strike me the duchess of Valois in love with me, [women!
With all the speed thou canst, and two of her
Cupid. You shall have more. *Exit.*
Pas. Tell 'em, I tarry for 'em.
1 *Gent.* Who would be angry with that walking trouble now,
That hurts none but itself?
Sold. I am better quieted. [time for me
Pas. I'll have all woman-kind struck in
After thirteen once.
I see this Cupid will not let me want;
And let him spend his forty shafts an hour,
They shall be all found from the duke's exchequer.
He's come already.

Enter again the same Cupid, Two Brothers, Six Women, Masquers, Cupid's bow bent all the way towards them, the first Woman singing and playing, and a Priest.

SONG.

Oh, turn thy bow!
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid, turn away thy bow!
They be those golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their sorrows;
And 'till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at maid again!

Pas. What a felicity of whores are here[18]!
And all my concubines struck bleeding new!
A man can in his life-time make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty queans a month.
Cupid. Have you remember'd a priest, honest brothers? [gentleman;
1 *Bro.* Yes, sister, and this is the young
Make you no question of our faithfulness.
2 *Bro.* Your growing shame[19], sister, provokes our care.
Priest. He must be taken in this fit of love, gentlemen?
1 *Bro.* What else, sir? he shall do't.
2 *Bro.* Enough.
1 *Bro.* Be chearful, wench!
[*A dance, Cupid leading.*
Pas. Now, by the stroke of pleasure, (a deep oath) [bear too!
Nimbly hopt, ladies all! What height they
A story higher than your common statures;
A little man must go up stairs to kiss 'em:
What a great space there is
Betwixt Love's dining-chamber and his garret! [methinks:
I'll try the utmost height. The garret stoops,
The rooms are made all bending, I see that,
And not so high as a man takes 'em for.
Cupid. Now, if you'll follow me, sir, I've that power
To make 'em follow you.
Pas. Are they all shot?
Cupid. All, all, sir; every mother's daughter of 'em. [they be
Pas. Then there's no fear of following: if
Once shot, they'll follow a man to th' devil.
As for you, sir—
[*Exit with the Lady and the Masquers.*
Sold. Me, sir?
1 *Gent.* Nay, sweet sir!
Sold. A noise, a threatning! did you not hear it, sir? [hear you.
1 *Gent.* Without regard, sir; so would I
Sold. This must come to something; never talk of that, sir!
You never saw it otherwise.
1 *Gent.* Nay, dear Merit—
Sold. Me, above all men?
1 *Gent.* Troth, you wrong your anger.
Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable lecher—

[18] *What a* felicity of *whores are here!*] Mr. Sympson thinks *felicity* stands as a designed mistake for *multiplicity*. But he does not observe the common conciseness of poetry, which instead of saying, What a felicity it is to have such a number of whores here? expresses it by two words, *felicity of whores*. The very nerves and almost the essence of poetry consists in this conciseness. *Seward.*

Still the expression is rather hard, and very possibly corrupt.

[19] His *growing shame.*] *Growing shame* plainly means the sister's being with child; the change therefore of *his* to *your*, unless we change *sister*, and make them speak to the *Priest*, which would be rather more natural as it would be in the two lines above, and the whole might perhaps have run thus,

Yes, sister, this is the young gentleman [*meaning the Madman.*]
Make you no question of our faithfulness.
2 *Bro.* Her growing shame, sir, provokes all our care. *Seward.*

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Oh, fy, sweet sir! [lumps,
Sold. That devours women's honesties by
And never chew'st thy pleasure.
1 *Gent.* What do you mean, sir?
Sold. What does he mean, t' engross all to himself? [sir.
There's others love a whore as well as he,
1 *Gent.* Oh, an that be part o' th' fury, we have a city
Is very well provided for that case:
Let him alone with her, sir! we have women
Are very charitable to proper men,
And to a soldier that has all his limbs:
Marry, the sick and lame gets not a penny;
Right women's charity! and the husbands follow't too.
Here comes his highness, sir.

Enter Duke and Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool myself. [*Exit.*
Duke. Who's that?
1 *Gent.* The brother of Shamont.
Duke. He's brother then [cretely,
To all the court's love, they that love dis-
And place their friendliness upon desert:
As for the rest, that with a double face
Look upon Merit much like Fortune's visage[20],
That looks two ways, both to life's calms and storms,
I'll so provide for him, chiefly for him,
He shall not wish their loves, nor dread their envies.
And here comes my Shamont.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. That lady's virtues are my only joys;
And he to offer to lay siege to them!
Duke. Shamont! [discourses,
Sham. Her goodness is my pride: in all
As often as I hear rash-tongu'd gallants
Speak rudely of a woman, presently
I give in but her name, and they are all silent,
Oh, who would lose this benefit?
Duke. Come hither, sir. [viner:
Sham. 'Tis like the gift of healing, but di-
For that but cures diseases in the body,
This works a cure on fame, on reputation;
The noblest piece of surgery upon earth!
Duke. Shamont!—He minds me not.
Sham. A brother do't?
Duke. Shamont, I say!
[*Gives him a touch with his switch.*
Sham. Ha!
If he be mortal, by this hand he perishes!
[*Draws.*
Unless it be a stroke from Heav'n, he dies for't!
Duke. Why, how now, sir? 'twas I.
Sham. The more's my misery.
Duke. Why, what's the matter, prithee?
Sham. Can you ask it, sir? [him,
No man else should: stood forty lives before
By this I would have op'd my way to him.
It could not be you, sir; excuse him not,
Whate'er he be, as you are dear to Honour,
That I may find my peace again!
Duke. Forbear, I say!
Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.
Sham. Still miserable!
Duke. Come, come; what ails you, sir?
Sham. Never sat shame cooling so long upon me,
Without a satisfaction in revenge;
And Heav'n has made it here a sin to wish it.
Duke. Hark you, sir!
Sham. Oh, you've undone me!
Duke. How?
Sham. Cruelly undone me;
I've lost my peace and reputation by you!
Sir, pardon me; I can ne'er love you more.
[*Exit.*
Duke. What language call you this, sirs?
1 *Gent.* Truth, my lord,
I've seldom heard a stranger.
2 *Gent.* He is a man of a most curious valour, [tue.
Wondrous precise, and punctual in that vir-
Duke. But why to me so punctual? my last thought
Was most entirely fix'd on his advancement.
Why, I came now to put him in possession
Of his fair fortunes, (what a mis-conceiver 'tis!)
And, from a gentleman of our chamber merely,
Make him vice-admiral; I was settled in't:
I love him next to health. Call him, gentlemen! [much,
Why, would not you, or you, ha' taken as
And never murmur'd? [*Exit First Gent.*
2 *Gent.* Troth, I think we should, my lord;
And there's a fellow walks about the court
Would take a hundred of 'em.
Duke. I hate you all for it;
And rather praise his high-pitch'd fortitude,
Tho' in extremes for niceness: now I think on't, [is he?
I would I'd never done't!—Now, sir, where

Enter First Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* His suit is only, sir, to be excus'd.
Duke. He shall not be excus'd; I love him dearlier: [us.
Say, we entreat him; go! he must not leave
[*Exeunt Two Gentlemen.*
So Virtue bless me, I ne'er knew him paralel'd!
Why, he's more precious to me now than ever.

Enter Two Gentlemen and Shamont.

2 *Gent.* With much fair language we have brought him.
Duke. Thanks!
Where is he?

[20] Fortune's *visage.*] Fortune, like Janus, being double-visag'd, the one face looking on the calms, the other on the storms of life, is a picture, I believe, quite new, but equal, if not superior, to the ancient classical portraitures of this fickle deity. *Seward.*

2 *Gent.* Yonder, sir.
Duke. Come forward, man.
Sham. Pray pardon me; I'm asham'd to be seen, sir: [of?
Duke. Was ever such a touchy man heard
Prithee, come nearer.
Sham. More into the light?
Put not such cruelty into your requests, my lord: [me
First to disgrace me publicly, and then draw
Into men's eye-sight, with the shame yet hot
Upon my reputation.
Duke. What disgrace, sir?
Sham. What?
Such as there can be no forgiveness for,
That I can find in honour.
Duke. That's most strange, sir.
Sham. Yet I have search'd my bosom to find one,
And wrestled with my inclination; [sir!
But 'twill not be: 'would you had kill'd me,
With what an ease had I forgiven you then!
But to endure a stroke from any hand,
Under a punishing angel's, which is justice,
Honour disclaim that man! For my part chiefly,
Had it been yet the malice of your sword,
Tho' it had cleft me, it had been noble to me;
You should have found my thanks paid in a smile,
If I had fell unworded: but to shame me
With the correction that your horse should have,
Were you ten thousand times my royal lord,
I cannot love you, never, nor desire
To serve you more.
If your drum call me, I am vow'd to valour;
But peace shall never know me yours again,
Because I've lost mine own. I speak to die, sir: [off shame,
'Would you were gracious that way to take
With the same swiftness as you pour it on!
And since it is not in the power of monarchs
To make a gentleman, which is a substance
Only begot of merit, they should be careful
Not to destroy the worth of one so rare,
Which neither they can make, nor, lost, repair. [*Exit.*
Duke. You've set a fair light, sir, before my judgment,
Which burns with wond'rous clearness; I acknowledge it, [love,
And your worth with it: but then, sir, my
My love—What, gone again?
1 *Gent.* And full of scorn, my lord.
Duke. That language will undo the man that keeps it,
Who knows no diff'rence 'twixt contempt and manhood.
Upon your love to goodness, gentlemen,
Let me not lose him long?—How now?

Enter a Huntsman.

Hunts. The game's at height, my lord.
Duke. Confound both thee and it! Hence, break it off!
He hates me brings me news of any pleasure.
I felt not such a conflict, since I could
Distinguish betwixt worthiness and blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter the Two Brothers, First Gentleman, with those that were the Masquers, and the Cupid.

1 *Gent.* I HEARTILY commend your project, gentlemen;
'Twas wise and virtuous.
1 *Bro.* It was for the safety
Of precious honour, sir, which near blood binds us to: [riage;
He promis'd the poor easy fool there mar-
There was a good maidenhead lost i' th' belief
Beshrew her hasty confidence! [on't,
1 *Gent.* Oh, no more, sir!—
You make her weep again: alas, poor Cupid!—
Shall she not shift herself?
1 *Bro.* Oh, by no means, sir;
We dare not have her seen yet: all the while
She keeps this shape, it is but thought device,
And she may follow him so without suspicion,
To see if she can draw all his wild passions
To one point only, and that's love, the main point:
So far his highness grants, and gave at first
Large approbation to the quick conceit;
Which then was quick indeed.
1 *Gent.* You make her blush, in sooth.
1 *Bro.* I fear 'tis more the flag of shame than grace, sir. [colour, sir.
1 *Gent.* They both give but one kind of
If it be bashfulness in that kind taken,
It is the same with grace; and there, she weeps again. [bitter, sir;
In truth you are too hard, much, much too
Unless you mean to have her weep her eyes
To play a Cupid truly. [out,
1 *Bro.* Come, ha' done then!
We should all fear to sin first; for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodg'd, tho' entertain'd in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it e'er come forth.
1 *Gent.* Now 'tis so well, I'll leave you.

1 *Bro.*

1 *Bro.* Faithfully welcome[21], sir!
Go, Cupid, to your charge; he's your own now;
If he want love, none will be blam'd but you.
Cupid. The strangest marriage, and unfortunat'st bride
That ever human memory contain'd!
I cannot be myself for't. [*Exit.*

Enter the Clown.

Clown. Oh, gentlemen!
1 *Bro.* How now, sir? what's the matter?
Clown. His melancholy passion is half spent already,
Then comes his angry fit at the very tail on't:
Then comes in my pain, gentlemen; h'has beat me [ful,
E'en to a cullis: I am nothing, right worship-
But very pap and jelly; I've no bones,
My body's all one brewis[22]! they talk of ribs
And chines most freely abroad i' th' world; why, I
Have no such thing; whoever lives to see me
Dead, gentlemen, shall find me all mummy,
Good to fill gallipots, and long dildo glasses;
I shall not have a bone to throw at a dog.
Omnes. Alas, poor vassal, how he goes!
Clown. Oh, gentlemen,
I am unjointed; do but think o' that! [eat
My breast is beat into my maw, that what I
I'm fain to take't in all at mouth with spoons;
A lamentable hearing! and 'tis well known,
My belly's driven into my back. I earn'd
Four crowns a month most dearly, gentlemen:
And one he must have, when the fit's upon him;
The privy-purse allows it, and 'tis thriftiness;
He would break else some forty pounds in casements,
And in five hundred years undo the kingdom:
I've cast it up to a quarrel.
1 *Bro.* There's a fellow [brother,
Kick'd about court, I would he had his place,
But for one fit of his indignation!
2 *Bro.* And suddenly I've thought upon a means for't.
1 *Bro.* I prithee how?
2 *Bro.* 'Tis but preferring, brother,
This stock fish to his service, with a letter
Of commendations, the same way he wishes it,
And then you win his heart; for, o' my knowledge,
He has laid wait this half-year for a fellow
That will be beaten; and with a safe conscience [in't.
We may commend the carriage of this man
Now servants he has kept[23], lusty tall feeders,
But they have beat him, and turn'd themselves away:
Now one that would endure, is like to stay,
And get good wages of him; and the service too [it else:
Is ten times milder, brother; I would not wish
I see the fellow has a sore crush'd body,
And the more need he has to be kick'd at ease.
Clown. Ay, sweet gentlemen, a kick of ease!
Send me to such a master.
2 *Bro.* No more, I say!
We have one for thee, a soft-footed master;
One that wears wool in's toes[24].
Clown. Oh, gentlemen,
Soft garments may ye wear, soft skins may ye wed, [red!
But as plump as pillows, both for white and
And now will I reveal a secret to you,
Since you provide for my poor flesh so tenderly: [window,
H' has hir'd mere rogues, out of his chamber-
To beat the Soldier, monsieur Shamont's brother—
1 *Bro.* That nothing concerns us, sir.
Clown. For no cause, gentlemen,
Unless it be for wearing shoulder-points,
With longer taggs than his.
2 *Bro.* Is not that somewhat?
By'rlakin, sir, the difference of long taggs
Has cost many a man's life, and advanc'd other some.
Come, follow me!
Clown. See what a gull am I!

[21] Faithfully *welcome, sir.*] Sympson, (Mr. Seward says, 'very justly') divides *faithfully* into two words. *'Faith fully welcome.*

[22] *My body's all one* brewis.] I can't fix any idea to *brewis* here that does not make it a mere expletive. I am not so satisfied with my conjecture *bruise*, as not to wish to see a better, tho' as it seems preferable to the old reading, it must take its place 'till it has sufficient reason for resigning it again. Since this was wrote I received Mr. Sympson's conjecture,

—— all o'er bruises.

But *one bruise* is more poetical as well as more comic. *Seward.*

A still more comic expression, and applied to the same occasion, occurs more than once in our authors; *i. e. brewis.* Either that or *bruise* will do here.

[23] Now *servants he has kept.*] The word *now* seems to have been printed here by mistake: it stands in its right place two lines lower.

[24] *We have one for thee a soft-footed*
One that wears wool in's toes.
Clown. *Oh gentlemen,*
Soft garments may you wear, MASTER,
Soft skins may y' wed,
But plump, &c.] Thus, in defiance of measure, sense, and even *rhime*, has this passage been exhibited.

Oh,

Oh, every man in his profession!
I know a thump now as judiciously [none;
As the proudest he that walks, I'll except
Come to a tagg, how short I fall! I'm gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lapet.

Lapet. I have been ruminating with myself,
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
Upon the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour,
The world will confess so much:
Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer, [that.
Where honour never comes? I'd fain know
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the pow'r
To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the duellos out o'th' kingdom:
For they that stand upon their honour most,
When they conceive there is no honour lost,
(As, by a table that I have invented
For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large,
And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
Numbering but twice o'er the letters *patience*,
From *P. A.* to *C. E.*) I doubt not but in small time
To see a dissolution of all blood-shed,
If the reform'd *kick* do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we observe't, for every little justle,
Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
In our meek computation, we must fight forsooth; yes!
If I kill, I'm hang'd; if I be kill'd myself,
I die for't also: is not this trim wisdom?
Now for the *con.* a man may be well beaten,
Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after:
I had a father did it; and, to my power,
I will not be behind him.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Oh, well met! [duly.
Lapet. Now a fine *punch* or two! I look for't
Sham. I've been to seek you.
Lapet. Let me know your lodging, sir:
I'll come to you once a day, and use your pleasure, sir. [society!
Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy
I'll live and die with thee: come, shew me a chamber!
There is no house but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: I've took a blow, sirrah.
Lapet. I would you had indeed! Why, you may see, sir, [out.
You'll all come to't in time, when my book's
Sham. Since I did see thee last, I've took a blow. [forty since.
Lapet. Pho, sir, that's nothing! I ha' took
Sham. What, and I charg'd thee thou
Lapet. Ay, sir, [shouldst not?
You might charge your pleasure; but they would give't me,
Whether I would or no.
Sham. Oh, I walk
Without my peace; I've no companion now!
Prithee resolve me, (for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame, they do thee: yet, having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mayst deliver,
Though't be by chance, the most injurious one.
Lapet. You put me to't, sir; but, to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, little exception.
Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from you! [and foremost,
Lapet. With all the speed I may: first then,
I hold so reverently of the *bastinado*, sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i'th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.
Sham. Go to! I'll pass that then.
Lapet. You're the more happy, sir; 'would I were past it too: [carried.
But being accustom'd to't, it is the better
Sham. Will you forward?
Lapet. Then there's your *souse*, your *wherit*, and your *dowst*, [on't,
Tugs on the hair, your *bob* o'th' lips, a whelp
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *thump*,
A thing deriv'd first from your hemp-beaters,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully[25];
There's nothing that destroys a cholick like it,
For't leaves no wind i'th' body.
Sham. On, sir, on! [with thinking on't.
Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath,
Sham. This is far off yet.
Lapet. For the *twinge* by th' nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my table says,
But helps against the head-ache, wondrous
Sham. Is't possible? [strangely.
Lapet. Oh, your *crush'd nostrils* slakes your opilation, [some sneezes.
And makes your pent pow'rs flush to whole-
Sham. I never thought there had been
In a wrung nose before. [half that virtue
Lapet. Oh, plenitude, sir.

[25] *Takes a man's wind away most spitefully:*
There's nothing that destroys a cholick like it.] The particle *but* between these sentences is so necessary to the humour of the passage, and to distinguish properly the good effects of the *thump* from the bad ones, that I look on it only as an accidental omission of the press. *Seward.*

Now

Now come we lower, to our *modern kick*,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you [plays it:
'Tis a most scornful wrong, 'cause the foot
But mark again, how we that take't requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?
Sham. And is this all?
Lapet. All but a *lug by th' ear*,
Or such a trifle.
Sham. Happy sufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear:
I see the worst, disgrace, thou never felt'st yet:
It is so far from thee thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis so abject.
Lapet. I would you would tho', that I might prepare for't!
For I shall ha't at one time or another.
If't be a *thwack*, I make account of that;
There's no new-fashion'd swap that e'er came up yet,
But I've the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

Enter the Lady and Servants.

Lady. Hast thou enquir'd?
1 *Serv.* But can hear nothing, madam.
Sham. If there[26] be but so much substance in thee
To make a shelter for a man disgrac'd,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman,
That comes with all perfection about her,
So noble that I dare not be seen of her,
Since shame took hold of me: upon thy life,
No mention of me! [*Exit.*
Lapet. I'll cut out my tongue first, [to't.
Before I'll lose my life; there's more belongs
Lady. See, there's a gentleman; enquire of him.
2 *Serv.* For monsieur Shamont, madam?
Lady. For whom else, sir?
1 *Serv.* Why, this fellow dares not see him.
Lady. How!
1 *Serv.* Shamont, madam?
His very name's worse than a fever to him;
And when he cries, there's nothing stills him sooner: [him;
Madam, your page of thirteen is too hard for
'Twas tried i' th' wood-yard.
Lady. Alas, poor grieved merit!
What is become of him? If he once fail,
Virtue shall find small friendship! farewell, then,
To ladies' worths, for any hope in men!
He lov'd for goodness, not for wealth or lust,
After the world's foul dotage; he ne'er courted
The body, but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtship never thinks on:
All his affections were so sweet and fair,
There is no hope for fame, if he despair.
[*Exeunt Lady and Servants.*

Enter the Clown; he kicks Lapet.

Lapet. Good morrow to you again most heartily, sir! [what busy.
Cry you mercy, I heard you not; I was some-
Clown. He takes it as familiarly as an *ave*,
Or precious salutation: I was sick
'Till I had one[27], because I am so us'd to't.
Lapet. However you deserve, your friends and mine here
Give you large commendations i' this letter;
They say you will endure well.
Clown. I'd be loath
To prove 'em liars: I've endur'd as much
As mortal pen and ink can set me down for.
Lapet. Say you me so?
Clown. I know and feel it so, sir;
I have it under black and white already;
I need no pen to paint me out.
Lapet. He fits me,
And hits my wishes pat, pat: I was never
In possibility to be better mann'd;
For he's half lame'd already; I see't plain,
But take no notice on't, for fear I make
The rascal proud, and dear, t'advance his wages.
First, let me grow into particulars with you!
What have you endur'd of worth? let me hear.
Clown. Marry, sir,
I am almost beaten blind.
Lapet. That's pretty well
For a beginning; but many a mill-horse
Has endur'd as much.
Clown. Shame o' th' miller's heart
For his unkindness then!
Lapet. Well, sir, what then?
Clown. I have been twice thrown down stairs, just before supper.
Lapet. Pho! so have I; that's nothing.
Clown. Ay, but, sir,
Was yours, pray, before supper?
Lapet. There thou posest me.
Clown. Ay, marry, that's it; 't had been less grief to me,
Had I but fill'd my belly, and then tumbled;
But to be flung down fasting, there's the dolor!
Lapet. It would have griev'd me, that indeed. Proceed, sir!
Clown. I have been pluck'd and tugg'd by th' hair o' th' head
About a gallery, half an acre long.
Lapet. Yes, that's a good one, I must needs confess;

[26] *If there be but so much substance in thee.*] The verse here wanting a syllable, and a note of exclamation at *Shamont*'s surprise and shame to see his mistress, seeming necessary, it is supposed an omission, and restor'd. *Seward.*
Seward reads, Ha! *if there, &c.*

[27] *I was sick, &c.*] Perhaps *Lapet*'s speech should begin here.

A prin-

A principal good one that, an absolute good one!
I have been trod upon, and spurn'd about,
But never tugg'd by th' hair, I thank my fates.
Clown. Oh, 'tis a spiteful pain.
Lapet. Peace; never speak on't,
For putting men in mind on't!
Clown. To conclude,
I'm bursten, sir; my belly will hold no meat.
Lapet. No? that makes amends for all.
Clown. Unless 't be puddings, [me;
Or such fast food; any loose thing beguiles
I'm ne'er the better for't.
Lapet. Sheep's heads will stay with thee?
Clown. Yes, sir, or chawdrons[28].
Lapet. Very well, sir; [feits.
Your bursten fellows must take head of sur-
Strange things, it seems, you have endur'd.
Clown. Too true, sir. [will endure
Lapet. But now the question is, what you
Hereafter in my service?
Clown. Any thing
That shall be reason, sir, for I'm but froth;
Much like a thing new calv'd; or, come more nearer, sir,
You've seen a cluster of frog-spawns in April;
Ev'n such a starch am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.
Lapet. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.
Clown. Oh, ay, sweet sir!
Lapet. Peace, when thou'rt offer'd well! lest I begin now. [your truth
Your friends and mine have writ here, for
They'll pass their words themselves: and I must meet 'em. [*Exit.*
Clown. Then have you all:
As for my honesty, there's no fear of that[29],
For I have never a whole bone about me.
[*Exit.*

Musick. Enter the Passionate Lord, rudely and carelessly apparelled, unbraced, and untrussed; Cupid following.

Cupid. Think upon love, which makes all creatures handsome,
Seemly for eye-sight! go not so diffusedly[30]:
There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you.
Pas. Grand plagues! Shut in my casements, that the breaths
Of their coach-mares reek not into my nostrils!
Those beasts are but a kind of bawdy fore-runners. [speak ill of fair ladies.
Cupid. It is not well with you, when you
Pas. Fair mischiefs! give me a nest of owls, and take 'em!
Happy is he, say I, whose window opens
To a brown baker's chimney[31]! he shall be sure there
To hear the bird sometimes after twilight[32].
What a fine thing 'tis, methinks, to have our garments
Sit loose upon us thus, thus carelessly!
It is more manly and more mortifying;
For we're so much the readier for our shrouds:
For how ridiculous were't to have death come,
And take a fellow pinn'd up like a mistress!
About his neck a ruff, like a pinch'd lanthorn,
Which school-boys make in winter; and his doublet
So close and pent, as if he fear'd one prison
Would not be strong enough to keep his
But's tailor makes another; [soul in,
And trust me, (for I know't when I lov'd, Cupid)

[28] *Chaldrons.*] The orthography is *chawdrons.* We meet with the expression in Macbeth. Mr. Steevens says it means *entrails*: and that it was 'a word formerly in common use in 'the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of a 'calf's *chaldron.*' *R.*

[29] *As for my honesty, there is no fear of that,*
For I have never a whole bone about me.] Mr. Sympson observes, that this is a very unaccountable reason for a man's being honest. It certainly is so in general, but not in this place. The *Clown* means by *honesty* here, his *veracity* in the account he had given of himself, and all his bones being broke was a pretty strong testimony of it. *Seward.*

[30] Diffusedly;] i. e. *disorderly*, or *negligently*; as in Henry V.
'——swearing and stern looks, *diffus'd attire.*' *R.*

[31] *To a brown baker's chimney.*] We have the same allusion in Shakespeare's Hamlet, where Ophelia, in her distraction, says, 'The owl was a baker's daughter.' *R.*

[32] *To hear the* bird sometimes *after twilight.*] The deficiency of the measure first gave a suspicion of some loss in this line: in the next place *sometimes* seems a degrading expletive, which has, I believe, excluded a noble poetical image. It must be observed that the melancholy fit, which ends in one of the finest songs that ever was penned, is now coming fast upon him, therefore images of solemnity and horror, though yet mixed with some degree of oddity, begin to seize him; and the reader will see what a small change of letters, together with the restoring the monosyllable which seems to have been accidentally dropt, will improve this into a very fine one:

——————he shall be sure there
To hear the *night-bird's summons* after twilight. *Seward.*

The text being sense, an improvement unwarranted ought not to supersede it.—The *bird* refers to the *owl* mentioned two lines above.

He

He does endure much pain, for the poor
Of a neat-sitting suit. [praise
Cupid. One may be handsome, sir,
And yet not pain'd, nor proud.
Pas. There you lie, Cupid, [ness,
As bad as Mercury: there is no handsome-
But has a wash of pride and luxury.
And you go there too, Cupid, away, dissem-
bler! [all:
Thou tak'st the deed's part, which befools us
Thy arrow heads shoot out sinners[33]: hence
away!
And after thee I'll send a powerful charm,
Shall banish thee for ever.
Cupid. Never, never!
I am too sure thine own. [*Exit.*
Pas. [*sings.*] Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet[34] as lovely
melancholy. [*Exit.*

Enter at another door Lapet, the Cupid's Brothers watching his coming.

1 *Bro.* So, so! the woodcock's ginn'd: keep this door fast, brother.
2 *Bro.* I'll warrant this.
1 *Bro.* I'll go incense him instantly;
I know the way to't.
2 *Bro.* Will't not be too soon,
Think you, and make two fits break into one?
1 *Bro.* Pho! no, no; the tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows
As close as the report follows the powder.
Lapet. This is the appointed place, and the hour's struck.
If I can get security for's truth,
I'll never mind his honesty: poor worm!
I durst lay him by my wife, which is a be-
nefit [maid
Which many masters ha' not: I shall ha' no
Now got with child, but what I get myself,
And that's no small felicity; in most places
They're got by th' men, and put upon the
masters:
Nor shall I be resisted when I strike,
For he can hardly stand; these are great
blessings! [a varlet!
Pas. [*within.*] I want my food; deliver me
Lapet. How now! from whence comes that?
Pas. I am allow'd a carcase to insult on;
Where is the villain?
Lapet. He means not me, I hope.
Pas. My maintenance, rascals! my bulk[35], my exhibition!
Lapet. Bless us all!
What names are these? 'Would I were gone again!

The Passionate Lord enters in fury with a truncheon.

Pas. [*sings.*] A curse upon thee, for a slave!
Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
To shew my indignation nigh[36]?
Am I not all foam and fire,
With voice as hoarse as a town-crier?

[33] *Thy arrow* heads *shoot* out *sinners.*] I believe every reader will assent to the change of *out* to *at*; but I have ventured at a greater change, and to read,

Thy arrows shoot *at* sinners;—

Expunging *heads* as spurious, it injuring both sense and measure, tho' it does not absolutely destroy either. The way I suppose it to have crept into the text is this: 'Tis well known that the most common error of transcribers is their taking a word into a line that belongs to the next above or below. I suppose therefore the prompter's copy to have accidentally inserted *deeds* (which had no apostrophe in any former edition) into this line, which making absolute nonsense, the editors of the first edition gave *heads* as an emendation. I find that Mr. Sympson thinks the *deed's part* unintelligible as well as the line I have amended. I am surprised that a married man should be at a loss to know what *deed* Cupid *incites to*. *Seward.*

We are not satisfied with Seward's alteration, particularly his obliteration of *heads*: *Thy arrow heads shoot out sinners*, might mean to continue the idea of *Cupid's taking the deed's part*, and say that *his darts shot forth sin.*

[34] *Nothing's so dainty—*] Milton certainly took many of his sentiments in his *Il Penseroso* from this song. We have here the plan which is there drawn out into larger dimensions, and is one of the finest poetic buildings that England has to boast of. *Seward.*

[35] *Bulk.*] One of the significations affixed to this word by Skinner, in his Etymologicon, is 'Venter, *hinc* Hisp. *Buche*, Ventriculus animalis, Belg. *Buleke*, Thorax.'

[36] *To shew my indignation nigh?*] *i. e.* The effects of indignation in beating the first he could meet with. Mr. Sympson thinks we should read *high*, which is indeed good sense, but not necessary. *Seward.*

How my back opes and shuts together
With fury, as old men's with weather!
Couldst thou not hear my teeth gnash
hither? [been a squirrel
Lapet. No, truly, sir; I thought it had
Shaving a hazel-nut.
Pas. Death, hell, fiends, and darkness!
I will thrash thy mangy carcase.
Lapet. Oh, sweet sir!
Pas. There cannot be too many tortures
Spent upon those lousy quarters.
Lapet. Hold!—oh! [*Falls down for dead.*
Pas. Thy bones shall rue, thy bones shall rue!
Thou nasty, scurvy, mungrel toad,
Mischief on thee!
Light upon thee
All the plagues
That can confound thee,
Or did ever reign abroad!
Better a thousand lives it cost.
Than have brave anger spilt or lost.
[*Exit.*
Lapet. May I open mine eyes yet, and
safely peep? [gone.
I'll try a groan first: Oh!—Nay then, he's
There was no other policy but to die; [sore?
He would ha' made me else. Ribs, are you
I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the Two Brothers.

1 *Bro.* Lapet!
Lapet. Again? [*Falls again.*
1 *Bro.* Look, look! he's flat again,
And stretch'd out like a corse; a handful
longer [Lapet!—
Than he walks, trust me, brother.—Why,
I hold my life we shall not get him speak
now.—
Monsieur Lapet!—It must be a privy token,
If any thing fetch him, he's so far gone.—
We come to pass our words for your man's
truth.
Lapet. Oh, gentlemen, ye're welcome! I've
been thrash'd, i'faith.
2 *Bro.* How, thrash'd, sir?
Lapet. Never was Shrove-Tuesday bird
So cudgell'd, gentlemen.
1 *Bro.* Pray how? by whom, sir?
Lapet. Nay, that I know not.
1 *Bro.* Not who did this wrong? [song.
Lapet. Only a thing came like a warlike
1 *Bro.* What, beaten with a song?
Lapet. Never more tightly, gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then; me-
thinks,
He that endures well, of all waters drinks.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Soldier and First Gentleman.

Sold. YES, yes; this was a madman, sir,
with you,
A Passionate Madman.
1 *Gent.* Who would ha' look'd for this, sir?
Sold. And must be privileg'd; a pox pri-
vilege him!
I was never so dry-beaten since I was born,
And by a litter of rogues, mere rogues; the
whole twenty [too;
Had not above nine elbows 'mongst 'em all
And the most part of those left-handed rascals,
The very vomit, sir, of hospitals,
Bridewells, and spital-houses; such nasty
smellers, [cheons,
That if they'd been unfurnish'd of club-trun-
They might have cudgell'd me with their very
stink,
It was so strong and sturdy: and shall this,
This filthy injury, be set off with *madness*?
1 *Gent.* Nay, take your own blood's coun-
sel, sir, hereafter;
I'll deal no further in't: if you remember,
It was not come to blows, when I advis'd you.
Sold. No; but I ever said 'twould come to
something;
And 'tis upon me, thank him! Were he kin
To all the mighty emperors upon earth,
He has not now in life three hours to reckon!
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

1 *Gent.* Your noble brother, sir. I'll leave
you now. [*Exit.*
Sham. Soldier, I would I could persuade
my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't! Thou hast no
friend here, [them!
But Fortune and thy own strength; trust to
Sold. How! what's the incitement, sir[37]?
Sham. Treachery to Virtue,
Thy treachery, thy faithless circumvention.
Has Honour so few daughters, (never fewer!)
And must thou aim thy treachery at the best?
The very front of Virtue? that bless'd lady,
The duke's sister?
Created more for Admiration's cause,
Than for Love's ends; whose excellency
sparkles

[37] Sold. *How! what's, &c.*] This line is restored from the first folio.

More

More in divinity, than mortal beauty;
And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body,
As 'twixt this earth's poor centre and the sun:
And couldst thou be so injurious to fair goodness,
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is weakness,
Sin, and desire, which she should never hear of? [lege,
Wretch, th' hast committed worse than sacri-
In the attempting on't, and ought'st to die for't!

Sold. I rather ought to do my best to live, sir.
Provoke me not! for I've a wrong sits on me,
That makes me apt for mischief: I shall lose
All respects suddenly of friendship, brotherhood,
Or any sound that way!

Sham. But 'ware me most;
For I come with a two-edg'd injury,
Both my disgrace, and thy apparent falshood!
Which must be dangerous.

Sold. I courted her, sir: [it not!
Love starve me with delays, when I confess

Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a penance fit for that confession.

Sold. But far from any vicious taint.

Sham. Oh, sir,
Vice is a mighty stranger grown to courtship.

Sold. Nay, then, the fury of my wrong light on thee!

Enter First Gentleman, and others.

1 *Gent.* Forbear! the Duke's at hand;
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation!

Sold. I must do something now. [*Exit.*

Sham. I'll follow you close, sir.

1 *Gent.* We must entreat you must not; for the Duke
Desires some conference with you.

Sham. Let me go,
As ye are gentlemen!

2 *Gent.* Faith, we dare not, sir. [dare not

Sham. Dare ye be false to honour, and yet
Do a man justice? Give me leave!

1 *Gent.* Good sweet sir!
H' has sent twice for you.

Sham. Is this brave, or manly?

1 *Gent.* I prithee, be conform'd!

Sham. Death—

Enter Duke.

2 *Gent.* Peace! he's come, in troth.

Sham. Oh, have you betray'd me to my
How am I bound to loath you! [shame afresh?

Duke. Shamont, welcome!
I sent twice.

2 *Gent.* But, my lord, he never heard on't.

Sham. Pray pardon him for his falseness!
I did, sir, [faithless.
Both times: I'd rather be found rude, than

Duke. I love that bluntness dearly: h' has no vice!
But is more manly than some other's virtue,
That lets it out only for show or profit.

Sham. Will't please you quit me, sir? I've urgent business! [for you

Duke. Come, you're so hasty now! I sent
To a better end.

Sham. And if it be an end,
Better or worse, I thank your goodness for't.

Duke. I've ever kept that bounty in condition, [comes
And thankfulness in blood, which well be-
Both prince and subject, that where any wrong
Bears my impression, or the hasty figure
Of my repented anger, I'm a law
Ev'n to myself, and doom myself most strictly
To justice, and a noble satisfaction:
So that what you, in tenderness of honour,
Conceive to be loss to you, which is nothing
But curious opinion, I'll restore again,
Altho' I give you the best part of Genoa,
And take no boot but thanks for your amends.

Sham. Oh, miserable satisfaction! [self!
Ten times more wretched than the wrong it-
Never was ill better made good with worse
Shall it be said, that my posterity
Shall live the sole heirs of their father's shame?
And raise their wealth and glory from my stripes?
You have provided nobly, bounteous sir,
For my disgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-lasting brass or marble!
This is my fear's construction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter:
Yet, I dare swear, I wrong your goodness in't, sir, [rence
And the most fair intent on't; which I reve-
With admiration, that in you, a prince,
Should be so sweet and temperate a condition,
To offer to restore where you may ruin,
And do't with justice; and in me, a servant,
So harsh a disposition, that I cannot
Forgive where I should honour, and am bound to't.
But I have ever had that curiosity[38]

[38] *But I have ever had that* curiosity.] *Curiosity* has both in these authors and Shakespeare been so often put where *courtesy* has seemed to the editors of both the better word, that I begin to doubt whether we have not all been wrong in making the change, as in Lear,

'——————— permit
'The *curiosity* of nations to deprive me.'

I cannot now recollect where it has been altered in this edition. There is certainly a tolerable idea to be affixed to it, particularly in the passage above, so that I'll change it no more. *Seward.*

As *curiosity* has not only 'a *tolerable* idea affixed to it,' but is particularly expressive here, we cannot think Mr. Seward has displayed any *courtesy* in not altering it.

In blood, and tenderness of reputation,
Such an antipathy against a blow— [me!
I cannot speak the rest! good sir, discharge
It is not fit that I should serve you more,
Nor come so near you: I'm made now for privacy,
And a retir'd condition; that's my suit,
To part from court for ever, my last suit;
And, as you profess bounty, grant me that, sir!

Duke. I would deny thee nothing.

Sham. Health reward you, sir! [*Exit.*

Duke. He's gone again already, and takes hold
Of any opportunity: not riches
Can purchase him, nor honours, peaceably,
And force were brutish. What a great worth's gone with him!
And but a gentleman? Well, for his sake,
I'll ne'er offend more 'those I cannot make;'
They were his words, and shall be dear to memory.
Say, I desire to see him once again.
Yet stay! he's so well forward of his peace,
'Twere pity to disturb him: he would groan
Like a soul fetch'd again, and that were injury;
And I've wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the gentlemen of our chamber instantly!

1 *Serv.* [*within.*] I shall, my lord.

Duke. I may forget again,
And therefore will prevent: the strain of this
Troubles me so, one would not hazard more.

Enter First Gentleman and divers others.

1 *Gent.* Your will, my lord?

Duke. Yes, I discharge you all!

2 *Gent.* My lord— [pos'd of.

Duke. Your places shall be otherwise dis-

4 *Gent.* Why, sir?

Duke. Reply not! I dismiss you all:
You're gentlemen; your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor shall your farewell tax me of ingratitude.
I'll give you all noble remembrances,
As testimonies 'gainst reproach and malice,
That you departed lov'd.

3 *Gent.* This is most strange, sir.

1 *Gent.* But how is your grace furnish'd, these dismiss'd?

Duke. Seek me out grooms,
Men more insensible of reputation,
Less curious and precise in terms of honour;
That, if my anger chance let fall a stroke,
As we're all subject to impetuous passions,
Yet it may pass unmurmur'd, undisputed,
And not with braver fury prosecuted. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* It shall be done, my lord.

3 *Gent.* Know you the cause, sir?

1 *Gent.* Not I, kind gentlemen, but by conjectures;
And so much shall be yours when you please.

4 *Gent.* Thanks, sir!

3 *Gent.* We shall i'th' mean time think ourselves guilty
Of some foul fault, thro' ignorance committed.

1 *Gent.* No, 'tis not that, nor that way.

4 *Gent.* For my part,
I shall be disinherited, I know so much.

1 *Gent.* Why, sir? for what?

4 *Gent.* My sire's of a strange humour;
He'll form faults for me, and then swear 'em mine;
And commonly the first begins with lechery;
He knows his own youth's trespass.

1 *Gent.* Before you go, [sirs.
I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all,

3 *Gent.* Thou wert ever just and kind.
[*Exeunt.*

1 *Gent.* That's my poor virtue, sir;
And parcel valiant[39]; but it's hard to be perfect: [me,
The chusing of these fellows now will puzzle
Horribly puzzle me; and there's no judgment
Goes true upon man's outside, there's the mischief. [dross;
He must be touch'd, and tried, for gold or
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too:
But since I'm put in trust, I will attempt it;
The Duke shall keep one daring man about him.

Enter a Gallant.

Soft! who comes here? A pretty bravery this!
Every one goes so like a gentleman,
'Tis hard to find a difference, but by the touch.
I'll try your metal sure. [*Strikes him.*

Gal. Why, what do you mean, sir?

1 *Gent.* Nay, an you understand it not, I do not.

Gal. Yes; 'would you should well know!
I understand it for a box o'th' ear, sir.

1 *Gent.* And, o'my troth, that's all I gave

Gal. 'Twere best it be so! [it for.

1 *Gent.* This is a brave coward,
A jolly threat'ning coward; he shall be captain.
Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i'th' lobby.

Gal. Meet you? the world might laugh at me then, i'faith. [scurvy qualities)

1 *Gent.* Lay by your scorn and pride (they're
And meet me; or I'll box you while I have you,
And carry you gambril'd thither like a mutton.

Gal. Nay, an you be in earnest, here's my hand;
I will not fail you. [hand;

1 *Gent.* 'Tis for your own good—

Gal. Away! [a pox on you!

1 *Gent.* Too much for your own good, sir,

Gal. I prithee curse me all day long so.

1 *Gent.* Hang you!

Gal. I'll make him mad; he's loth to curse too much to me.

[39] *And parcel valiant;*] i. e. In part, or partly valiant. *Seward.*

Indeed

Indeed I never yet took box o' th' ear,
But it redounded, I must needs say so—
1 *Gent.* Will you be gone?
Gal. Curse, curse, and then I go.—
Look how he grins! I've anger'd him to th' kidnies. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* Was ever such a prigging coxcomb seen?
One might have beat him dumb now in this humour,

Enter a Plain Fellow.

And he'd ha' grin'd it out still. Oh, here's one
Made to my hand, methinks looks like a craven[40]: [justle.
Less pains will serve his trial; some slight
Fel. How! Take you that, sir; and if that content you not—
1 *Gent.* Yes, very well, sir; I desire no more.
Fel. I think you need not; for you have not lost by't. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* Who would ha' thought this would have prov'd a gentleman?
I'll never trust long chins and little legs again;
I'll know 'em sure for gentlemen hereafter:
A gristle but in show, but gave his cuff
With such a fetch, and reach of gentry,
As if h' had had his arms before the flood.
I've took a villainous hard task upon me,
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter Lapet, and Clown his Servant, and so habited.

Oh, here comes a tried piece: now the reform'd kick!
The millions of punches, spurns and nips
That he has endur'd! His buttock's all black lead; [Spaniard
He's half a Negro backward; he was past a
In eighty-eight, and more Ægyptian like:
His table and his book come both out shortly,
And all the cowards in the town expect it.
So, if I fail of my full number now,
I shall be sure to find 'em at church corners,
Where dives and the suff'ring ballads hang[41].
Lapet. Well, since thou'rt of so mild a temper, of
So meek a spirit, thou mayst live with me,
'Till better times do smile on thy deserts.—
I'm glad I am got home again.
Clown. I'm happy [hospital.
In your service, sir; you'll keep me from the
Lapet. So! bring me the last proof; this is corrected.
Clown. Ay, you're too full of your correction, sir.
Lapet. Look I have perfect books within
Clown. Yes, sir. [this half-hour!
Lapet. Bid him put all the *thumps* in Pica Roman, [should be.
And with great T's, you vermin, as *thumps*
Clown. Then in what letter will you have your kicks?
Lapet. All in *Italica;* your backward blows
All in *Italica*, you hermaphrodite!
When shall I teach you wit?
Clown. Oh, let it alone,
'Till you have some yourself, sir!
Lapet. You mumble?
Clown. The victuals are lock'd up; I'm kept from mumbling. [*Exit.*
Lapet. He prints my blows upon pot-paper too, the rogue! [pamphlet.
Which had been proper for, some drunken
1 *Gent.* Monsieur Lapet! How the world rings of you, sir!
Your name sounds far and near.
Lapet. A good report it bears,
For an enduring name.
1 *Gent.* What luck have you, sir?
Lapet. Why, what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* I'm but thinking on't!
I've heard you wish this five year for a place;
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too;
And empty yet, and yet you cannot have't.
Lapet. No? what's the reason? I'll give money for't,
Rather than go without, sir.
1 *Gent.* That's not it, sir:
The troth is, there's no *gentleman* must have it,
Either for love or money; 'tis decreed so:
I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you;
Had you not been a gentleman, I had fitted you. [none, sir.
Lapet. Who? I a gentleman? a pox, I'm
1 *Gent.* How! [was?
Lapet. How! why, did you ever think I
1 *Gent.* What! not a gentleman?
Lapet. I would thou'dst put it upon me, i'faith!
Did not my grandfather cry cony-skins?
My father aqua-vitæ? a hot gentleman! [too;
All this I speak on, i' your time and memory
Only a rich uncle died, and left me chattels;
You know all this so well too!
1 *Gent.* Pray excuse me, sir!
Ha' not you arms?

[40] *Craven;*] i. e. *A coward.* So, in Philaster, vol. i.

Thou'rt a craven, *I warrant.*

Again, in Henry V. act iv. sc. 7:

'Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?
'He is a *craven* and a villain else.' *R.*

[41] *The suff'ring ballads;*] i. e. We suppose, *gallows poetry.* So, in Rowley's Noble Spanish Souldier, 1634,

'The king! should I be bitter 'gainst the king,
'I shall have scurvy ballads made of me,
'Sung to the *hanging tune.*' *R.*

Lapet.

Lapet. Yes; a poor couple here,
That serve to thrust in wild-fowl.
1 *Gent.* Herald's arms, [ing;
Symbols of gentry, sir; you know my mean-
They have been shewn and seen.
Lapet. They have?
1 *Gent.* Ay, fex, have they.
Lapet. Why, I confess, at my wife's instigation once, [turally)
(As women love these herald's kickshaws na-
I bought 'em; but what are they, think you? puffs. [being *Lapet*,
1 *Gent.* Why, that's proper to your name,
Which is *La fart*, after the English letter.
Lapet. The herald, sir, had much ado to find it.
1 *Gent.* And can you blame him?
Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the devil.
Lapet. At last, he look'd upon my name again;
And having well compar'd it, this he gave me;
The two cholics playing upon a wind-instrument. [pray tell me,
1 *Gent.* An excellent proper one! But I
How does he express the cholics? they're hard things. [their bellies;
Lapet. The cholics? with hot trenchers at
There's nothing better, sir, to blaze a cholic.
1 *Gent.* And are not you a gentleman by this, sir?
Lapet. No; I disclaim't!
No belly-ache upon earth shall make me one;
He shall not think to put his gripes upon me,
And bring out gentry so, and ten pound first.
If the wind instrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for she was a harper's grandchild!
But, sir, for my particular, I renounce it.
1 *Gent.* Or to be call'd so?
Lapet. Ay, sir, or imagin'd.
1 *Gent.* None fitter for the place: give me thy hand! [a bribe, sir!
Lapet. A hundred thousand thanks, beside
1 *Gent.* You must take heed of thinking toward a gentleman now.
Lapet. Pish! I am not mad, I warrant you! Nay, more, sir;
If one should twit me i' th' teeth that I am a gentleman, [Lammas;
Twit me their worst, I am but one since
That I can prove, if they would see my heart out. [evidence.
1 *Gent.* Marry, in any case, keep me that

Enter Clown.

Lapet. Here comes my servant: sir, Galoshio [upon.
Has not his name for nought; he will be trod
What says my printer now?
Clown. Here's your last proof, sir; [ling.
You shall have perfect books now in a twink-
Lapet. These marks are ugly.
Clown. He says, sir, they're proper;
Blows should have marks, or else they're nothing worth.
Lapet. But why a peel-crow here?
Clown. I told 'em so, sir:
A scare-crow had been better.
Lapet. How, slave!—Look you, sir!
Did not I say, this *wherit* and this *bob*,
Should be both Pica Roman?
Clown. So said I, sir;
Both *picked Romans*, and he has made 'em Welsh bills.
Indeed, I know not what to make on 'em.
Lapet. Heyday! a *souse, Italica?*
Clown. Yes, that may hold, sir:
Souse is a *bona roba*; so is *flops* too. [here?
Lapet. But why stands *bastinado* so far off
Clown. Alas, you must allow him room to lay about him, sir.
Lapet. Why lies this *spurn* lower than that *spurn*, sir? [stairs, sir,
Clown. Marry; this signifies one kick down
The other in a gallery; I ask'd him all these questions. [mind me!
1 *Gent.* Your book's name? prithee, Lapet,
You never told me yet.
Lapet. Marry, but shall, sir:
'Tis call'd The Uprising of the Kick;
And The Downfal of the Duello.
1 *Gent.* Bring that to pass, you'll prove a happy member, [bloods
And do your country service: your young
Will thank you then, when they see fourscore.
Lapet. I hope
To save my hundred gentlemen a-month by't;
Which will be very good for the private house.
Clown. Look you! your table's finish'd, sir, already. [See, see, sir;
Lapet. Why then, behold my master-piece!
Here's all your blows, and blow-men whatsoever,
Set in their lively colours, givers and takers.
1 *Gent.* Troth, wondrous fine, sir!
Lapet. Nay, but mark the postures!
The standing of the takers I admire more than the givers: [I like not them.
They stand scornfully, most contumeliously;
Oh, here's one cast into a comely figure.
Clown. My master means him there that's cast down headlong. [his *dowsi!*
Lapet. How sweetly does this fellow take
Stoops like a camel, that heroic beast,
At a great load of nutmegs: and how meekly
This other fellow here receives his *wherit*.
Clown. Oh, master, here's a fellow stands most gallantly, [ings,
Taking his *kick* in private behind the hang-
And raising up his hips to't. But, oh, sir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on!
'Would I were in thy place, whate'er thou art!
How lovely he endures it!
1 *Gent.* But will not
These things, sir, be hard to practise, think you? [dance.
Lapet. Oh, easy, sir; I'll teach 'em in a
1 *Gent.* How! in a dance?
Lapet. I'll lose my new place else,
Whate'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* And now you put me in mind, I could employ it well, [sin
For your grace, specially: for the duke's cou-
Is by this time in's violent fit of mirth;
And a device must be sought out for suddenly,
To over-cloy the passion.

Lapet. Say no more, sir!
I'll fit you with my scholars, new practition-
Endurers of the time. [ers,
Clown. Whereof I am one, sir.
1 *Gent.* You carry it away smooth: give me thy hand, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter the Two Brothers.

Pas. [*within.*] HA, ha, ha!
2 *Bro.* Hark, hark! how loud his fit's grown!
Pas. Ha, ha, ha! [ply it
1 *Bro.* Now let our sister lose no time, but
With all the power she has!
2 *Bro.* Her shame grows big, brother;
The Cupid's shape will hardly hold it longer;
'Twould take up half an ell of cheyney damask more,
And all too little; it struts per'lously;
There is no tamp'ring with these Cupids longer: [strong.
The mere conceit with woman-kind works
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
2 *Bro.* The laugh comes nearer now;
'Twere good we were not seen yet.
[*Exeunt Brothers.*

Enter Passionate Lord and Base.

Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
And was he bastinado'd to the life? ha, ha, ha!
I prithee say, lord general, how did the rascals
Entrench themselves?
Base. Most deeply, politicly, all in ditches.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
Base. 'Tis thought he'll ne'er bear arms i'th' field again:
H'has much ado to lift 'em to his head, sir.
Pas. I would he had!
Base. On either side round truncheons play'd so thick, [to th' quick.
That shoulders, chines, nay, flanks, were paid
Pas. Well said, lord general! ha, ha, ha!
Base. But pray how grew the diff'rence first betwixt you?
Pas. There was never any, sir; there lies the jest, man!
Only because he was taller than his brother,
There's all my quarrel to him; and methought
He should be beaten for't, my mind so gave me, sir,
I could not sleep for't: ha, ha, ha, ha!
Another good jest quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vain! ply me, oh, ply me,
As you will answer't to my cousin Duke!
Base. Alas, who has a good jest?
Pas. I fall, I dwindle in't.
Base. Ten crowns for a good jest!—Ha' you a good jest, sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. A pretty moral one.
Base. Let's ha't, whate'er it be!
Serv. There comes a Cupid
Drawn by six fools.
Base. That's nothing.
Pas. Help it, help it then!
Base. I ha' known six hundred fools drawn by a Cupid.
Pas. Ay, that, that, that's the smarter moral: ha, ha, ha!
Now I begin to be song-ripe methinks.
Base. I'll sing you a pleasant air, sir, before you ebb.

SONG.

Pas. Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha! [ho, ho!
Base. Oh, how my lungs do tickle! oh, oh,
Pas. Set a sharp jest
Against my breast,
Then how my lungs do tickle!
As nightingales,
And things in cambrick rails,
Sing best against a prickle.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha!
Pas. Laugh!
Base. Laugh!
Pas. Laugh!
Base. Laugh!
Pas. Wide!
Base. Loud!
Pas. And vary!
Base. A smile is for a simpering novice,
Pas. One that ne'er tasted caveare,
Base. Nor knows the smack of dear an- [chovies.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Pas. A giggling waiting-wench for me,
That shews her teeth how white they be!
Base. A thing not fit for gravity,
For theirs are foul and hardly three.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho!

Pas.

Pas. Democritus, thou ancient fleerer,
How I miss thy laugh, and ha-sense[42]!
Base. There you nam'd the famous jeerer,
That e'er jeer'd in Rome or Athens.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha!
Base. Ho, ho, ho!
Pas. How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
Altho' the rate be deeper!
Base. But he that is his own fool, sir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.
Pas. Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break,
Thou art so witty.
Base. 'Tis rare to break at court,
For that belongs to th' city.
Pas. Ha, ha! my spleen is almost worn
To the last laughter.
Base. Oh, keep a corner for a friend;
A jest may come hereafter.

Enter Lapet and Clown, and four others, like Fools, dancing, the Cupid leading, and bearing his table, and holding it up to Lapet at every strain, and acting the postures.

Lapet. Twinge all now! twinge, I say!
2 Strain.
Souse upon Souse.
3 Strain.
Douces single.
4 Strain.
Justle sides.
5 Strain.
Knee belly.
6 Strain.
Kicksee Buttock.
7 Strain.
Lapet. Downderry!

Enter the Soldier, his sword drawn.

Sold. Not angry law, nor doors of brass, shall keep me
From my wrong's expiation! To thy bowels
I return my disgrace; and after turn
My face to any death that can be sentenc'd.
[*Exit.*
Base. Murder! oh, murder! stop the murderer there!
Lapet. I'm glad he's gone! h'has almost trod my guts out:
Follow him who list for me! I'll ha' no hand in't. [squelch'd, master:
Clown. Oh, 'twas your luck and mine to be H'has stamp'd my very puddings into pancakes. [help, oh, help!
Cupid. Oh, brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal!
I'm made the wretched'st woman by this accident,
That ever love beguil'd! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Two Brothers.

2 *Bro.* We are undone, brother;
Our shames are too apparent. Away, receptacle
Of luxury and dishonour! most unfortunate,
To make thyself but lackey to thy spoil[43],
After thy sex's manner!—Lift him up, brother: [wasted
He breathes not to our comfort; he's too
Ever to chear us more. A surgeon speedily!
Hence, the unhappiest that e'er stept aside!
She'll be a mother, 'fore she's known a bride.
Cupid. Thou hadst a most unfortunate conception,
Whate'er thou prov'st to be! In midst of mirth
Comes ruin for a welcome to thy birth.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. This is a beautiful life now! Privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
I see there is no man but may make his Paradise;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit,
Is still in Paradise, and has his innocence
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as stands with justice. Here no eyes
Shoot their sharp-pointed scorns upon my shame:
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or precise dimensions:
Plain down-right honesty is all the beauty
And elegancy of life found amongst shepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,

[42] How *I miss thy laugh, and* ha' since.] After some vain endeavours to make out a meaning here, I am forced to substitute *ha-sense*, instead of *ha' since*, which I own a very odd expression, yet I think not unsuitable to the comic humour of the song. *Ha* is the note of laughter, and therefore *ha-sense* will signify the *laughing sense*, or the sense that was contained in Democritus's laughter. Democritus, like Epicurus, taught that the world was made by chance, and that souls dy'd with the bodies, and used to laugh at the follies of men in hunting fame and wealth with so much toil and trouble, both which they must so soon inevitably part with. *Seward.*

[43] ——*most unfortunate,*
To make thyself but lucky *to thy spoil.*] If there is a sense in this expression, it has escaped me; nor can I hit on any emendation very satisfactory. If we read *lackey* for *lucky* it may become sense, viz. *To make thyself* a lackey, *servant or minister of thy own spoil, a thing which wanton women frequently do.* I'm forced to substitute this, in the room of *lucky*, tho' not without wishing to have hit on something more clear. *Seward.*

With

With which our quainter knowledge doth abuse us.
The name of envy is a stranger here,
That dries men's bloods abroad, robs health and rest: [falshood,
Why, here's no such fury thought on; no, nor
That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our bosom, and betrays us.

Enter First Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Oh, are you here?
Sham. La Nove! 'tis strange to see thee.
1 *Gent.* I ha' rid one horse to death, to find you out, sir.
Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That saw my shame, nor seen long.
1 *Gent.* Good, your attention! [sir,
You ought to be seen now, and found out,
If ever you desire, before your ending,
To perform one good office, nay, a dear one;
Man's time can hardly match it.
Sham. Be't as precious
As reputation, if it come from court,
I will not hear on't.
1 *Gent.* You must hear of this, sir.
Sham. Must?
1 *Gent.* You shall hear it.
Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt die.
1 *Gent.* 'Twere nobler in me, than in you living: you
Will live a murderer, if you deny
This office.
Sham. E'en to death, sir.
1 *Gent.* Why, then, you
Will kill your brother.
Sham. How?
1 *Gent.* Your brother, sir. [brother,
Bear witness, Heav'n, this man destroys his
When he may save him; his least breath may save him!
Can there be wilfuller destruction?
He was forc'd to take a most unmanly wrong,
Above the suff'ring virtue of a soldier;
H'has kill'd his injurer, a work of honour!
For which, unless you save him, he dies speedily.
My conscience is discharg'd: I'm but a friend;
A brother should go forward where I end.
[*Exit.*
Sham. Dies?
Say he be naught! that's nothing to my goodness,
Which ought to shine thro' use, or else it loses
The glorious name 'tis known by. He's my brother;
Yet peace is above blood: let him go! Ay,
But where's the nobleness of affection then?
That must be car'd for too, or I'm imperfect.
The same blood that stood up in wrath against him,
Now, in his misery, runs all to pity:
I'd rather die than speak one syllable
To save myself; but, living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't; the world's humanity
Expects it hourly from me. Curse of fortune!
I took my leave so well too—Let him die!
'Tis but a brother lost—So pleasingly
And swiftly I came off, 'twere more than irksomeness,
To tread that path again; and I shall never
Depart so handsomely. But then where's posterity?
The consummation of our house and name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and shame.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lapet, Clown, Poltrot, Moulbazon, and others, the new Court-officers.

Lapet. Good morrow, fellow Poltrot[44], and Moulbazon;
Good morrow, fellows all!
Polt. Monsieur Lapet!
Lapet. Look, I've remember'd you; here's books apiece for you!
Moul. Oh, sir, we dearly thank you.
Lapet. So you may;
There's two impressions gone already, sirs.
Polt. What! no? in so short a time?
Lapet. 'Tis as I tell you, sir.
My Kick sells gallantly, I thank my stars.
Clown. So does your Table; you may thank the moon too.
Lapet. 'Tis the book sells the table.
Clown. But 'tis the bookseller
That has the money for 'em, I'm sure o' that.
Lapet. 'Twill much enrich the company of stationers;
'Tis thought 'twill prove a lasting benefit,
Like the Wise Masters[45], and the almanacks,
The Hundred Novels[46], and the Book of Cookery:
For they begin already to engross it,
And make it a stock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit and help
For one that's new set up: they know their way,
And make him warden e'er his beard be grey.
Moul. Is't possible such virtue should lie hid,
And in so little paper?
Lapet. How! why, there was the Carpenter,
An unknown thing; an odoriferous pamphlet,
Yet no more paper, by all computation,
Than Ajax Telamon would use at once;

[44] *Poltrot.*] Perhaps it should be *Poltron.*

[45] *The Wise Masters.*] The *Wise Masters of Rome*, a book which hath frequently since been reprinted, and to this day much admired by the lower class of readers. *R.*

[46] *The Hundred Novels.*] Boccace's Decameron. *R.*

Your Herring prov'd the like[47], able to buy
Another Fisher's Folly, and your Pasquil[48]
Went not below the Mad-Caps of that time;
And shall my elaborate Kick come behind,
think you? [*Italica* too,
Clown. Yes, it must come behind; 'tis in
According to your humour.
Lapet. Not in sale, varlet?
Clown. In sale, sir? it shall sail beyond
'em all, I tro.
Lapet. What have you there now? oh,
page the twenty-first.
Clown. That page is come to his years;
he should be a serving-man. [there[49]!
Lapet. Mark how I snap up the *Duello*
One would not use a dog so,
I must needs say; but's for the common good.
Clown. Nay, sir, your commons seldom
fight at sharp,
But buffet in a warehouse.
Lapet. This will save [ing, sirs:
Many a gentleman of good blood from bleed-
I have a curse from many a barber-surgeon;
They'd give but too much money to call t in.
Turn to page forty-five; see what you find
there.
Clown. Oh, out upon him!
Page forty-five! that's an old thief indeed!

Enter Duke, the Lady, and First Gentleman.

Lapet. The Duke! clap down your books!
Away, Galoshio!
Clown. Indeed I am too foul to be i' th'
presence!
They use to shake me off at the chamber-door
still. [*Exit.*
Lady. Good my lord, grant my suit! let
me not rise
Without the comfort on't! I have not often
Been tedious in this kind.
Duke. Sister, you wrong yourself,
And those great virtues that your fame is
made of,
To waste so much breath for a murderer's life.
Lady. You cannot hate th' offence more
than I do, sir,
Nor the offender; the respect I owe
Unto his absent brother makes me a suitor,
A most importunate sister: make me worthy
But of this one request!
Duke. I am deaf
To any importunacy, and sorry
For your forgetfulness: you never injur'd
Your worth so much; you ought to be re-
buk'd for't!
Pursue good ways; end as you did begin!
'Tis half the guilt to speak for such a sin.
Lady. This is Love's beggary right; that
now is ours,
When ladies love, and cannot shew their
powers. [*Exit.*
Duke. La Nove!
1 *Gent.* My lord.
Duke. Are these our new attendants?
Lapet. We are, my lord; and will endure
as much
As better men, my lord; and more, I trust.
Duke. What's he?
1 *Gent.* My lord, a decay'd gentleman,
That will do any service.
Duke. A decay'd one?
1 *Gent.* A renounc'd one, indeed, for this
place only. [charge him instantly!
Duke. We renounce him then: go, dis-
He that disclaims his gentry for mere gains,
That man's too base to make a vassal on.
Lapet. What says the duke?
1 *Gent.* Faith, little to your comfort, sir;
You must be a gentleman again.
Lapet. How!
1 *Gent.* There's no remedy.
Lapet. Marry, the fates forefend! ne'er
while I breathe, sir. [no resisting:
1 *Gent.* The Duke will have it so; there's
He spied it i' your forehead.
Lapet. My wife's doing! [ters now,
She thought she should be put below her bet-
And sued to ha' me a gentleman again.
1 *Gent.* And very likely, sir. [done,
Marry, I'll give you this comfort; when all's
You'll never pass but for a scurvy one;
That's all the help you have. Come, shew
your pace! [lost place:
Lapet. The heaviest gentleman that e'er
Bear witness, I am forc'd to't. [*Exit.*
Duke. Tho' you've a coarser title yet upon
you [blame,
Than those that left your places, without
'Tis in your power to make yourselves the
same.
I cannot make you gentlemen; that's a work
Rais'd from your own deservings: merit,
manners, [ness
And in-born virtue does it: let your own good-
Make you so great, my power shall make you
greater;

[47] *Your Herring.*] Probably either 'Nashe's Lenten Stuff; containing the description and 'first procreation and encrease of the town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk; with a new play 'never played before, of the Praise of the *Red Herring*, &c.' quarto 1599; or else, '*A Her-* 'ring's *Tale;* containing a poetical fiction of divers matters worthie the reading;' quarto, 1598. *R.*

[48] *Pasquil.*] *Pasquil's Mad-Cap*, a pamphlet written by Nicholas Breton, an author who is mentioned before by our authors; see note 50 on Wit Without Money. He wrote a second part of this pamphlet, with the additional title of the 'Fool's Cap, with Pasquil's Passion; 'begun by himself, and finished by his friend Morphorius;' quarto, 1600. *R.*

[49] *The Duello;*] A pamphlet by the famous Mr. Selden, entitled, 'The *Duello*, or Single 'Combat,' &c. first printed in quarto, 1610; reprinted in his Works. *R.*

And,

And, more t'encourage you, this I add again,
There's many grooms now exact gentlemen.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here!
Is there in Nature such an awful power,
To force me to this place? and make me do this?
Is man's affection stronger than his will?
His resolution? was I not resolv'd
Never to see this place more? do I bear
Within my breast one blood that confounds the other? [est?
The blood of love, and will, and the last weak-
Had I ten millions, I would give it all now,
I were but past it, or 'twould never come!
For I shall never do't, or not do't well,
But spoil it utterly betwixt two passions.—
Yonder's the Duke himself: I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their several sufferings in him. [*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that went out now?

Polt. I saw none, my lord.

Duke. Nor you?

Moul. I saw the glimpse of one, my lord.

Duke. What'er it was, methought it pleas'd me strangely,
And suddenly my joy was ready for't.

Polt. and Moul. Troth, my lord, we gave no great heed to't.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be answer'd! [ther:
It brings me hither still, by main force, hi-
Either I must give over to profess humanity,
Or I must speak for him.

Duke. 'Tis here again:
No marvel 'twas so pleasing! 'tis delight
And worth itself. Now it appears unclouded.

Sham. My lord—
He turns away from me! by this hand,
I am ill-us'd of all sides! 'tis a fault
That Fortune ever had, t'abuse a goodness.

Duke. Methought you were saying some-

Sham. Mark the language! [what.
As coy as Fate! I see 'twill ne'er be granted.

Duke. We little look'd in troth to see you here yet. [death, I think.

Sham. Not till the day after my brother's

Duke. Sure some great business drew you.

Sham. No, in sooth, sir;
Only to come to see a brother die, sir,
That I may learn to go too; and, if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a soldier,
Manly, and honestly; and if he weep then,
I shall not think the worse on's manhood for't,
Because he's leaving of that part that has it.

Duke. H'has slain a noble gentleman; think on't, sir!

Sham. I would I could not, sir.

Duke. Our kinsman too.

Sham. All this is but worse, sir.

Duke. When 'tis at worst—
Yet seeing thee, he lives!

Sham. My lord—

Duke. He lives!
Believe it as thy bliss; he dies not for't:
Will this make satisfaction for things past?

Sham. Oh, my lord—

Duke. Will it? speak!

Sham. With greater shame to my unworthiness. [found it harder

Duke. Rise, then! we're even. I never
To keep just with a man: my great work's ended! [sir,
I knew your brother's pardon was your suit,
However your nice modesty held it back.

Sham. I take a joy now to confess it, sir.

Enter First Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* My lord— [news be:

Duke. Hear me first, sir, whatever your
Set free the Soldier instantly.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis done, my lord.

Duke. How!

1 *Gent.* In effect, 'twas part of my news too; [sir.
There's fair hope of your noble kinsman's life,

Duke. What say'st thou?

1 *Gent.* And the most admir'd change
That living flesh e'er had! he's not the man, my lord: [sir,
Death cannot be more free from passions[50],
Than he is at this instant; he's so meek now,
He makes those seem passionate were never thought of, [you, sir,
And for he fears his moods have oft disturb'd
He's only hasty now for his forgiveness:
And here, behold him, sir!

Enter the Passionate Lord, the Cupid, and two Brothers.

Duke. Let me give thanks first!
Our worthy cousin—

Pas. Your unworthy trouble, sir!
For which, with all acknowledg'd reverence,
I ask your pardon; and for injury
More known and wilful: I have chose a wife,
Without your counsel, or consent, my lord.

Duke. A wife? where is she, sir?

Pas. This noble gentlewoman—

Duke. How!

Pas. Whose honour my forgetful times much wrong'd.

Duke. He's madder than he was.

1 *Gent.* I would ha' sworn for him!

Duke. The Cupid, cousin?

Pas. Yes, this worthy lady, sir.

Duke. Still worse and worse!

[50] ——— *He's not the man, my lord,*
Death cannot, &c.] Here seems a line lost here, the sense to this effect;
——— He's not the man, my lord,
HE WAS BEFORE THE SOLDIER WOUNDED HIM.

1 *Bro.* Our sister, under pardon, my lord.
Duke. What! [assume.
2 *Bro.* Which shape Love taught her to
Duke. Is't truth then?
1 *Gent.* It appears plainly now, below the waist, my lord.
Duke. Shamont, didst ever read of a She-Cupid?
Sham Never in fiction yet; but it might hold, sir;
For Desire is of both genders.

Enter the Lady.

Duke. Make that good here!
I take thee at thy word, sir.
Sham. Oh, my lord, [me;
Love would appear too bold and rude from
Honour and admiration are her rights;
Her goodness is my saint, my lord.
Duke. I see
You're both too modest to bestow yourselves:
I'll save that virtue still; 'tis but my pains:
It shall be so. [come,
[*He joins Shamont's hand and his Sister's.*
Sham. This gift does but set forth my poverty.
Lady. Sir, that which you complain of is my riches.

Enter the Soldier.

Duke. Soldier, now every noise sounds peace, thou'rt welcome! [favour,
Sold. Sir, my repentance sues for your blest
Which once obtain'd, no injury shall lose it;
I'll suffer mightier wrongs.
Duke. Rise, lov'd and pardon'd!
For where Hope fail'd, nay, Art itself resign'd,
Th' hast wrought that cure which skill could never find:
Nor did there cease, but to our peace extend;
Never could wrongs boast of a nobler end!
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Our poet bid us say, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his art;
But fears our over-acting passions may,
As not adorn, deface his labour'd play:
Yet still he's resolute, for what is writ
Of Nicer Valour, and assumes the wit;
But for the love-scenes, which he ever meant
Cupid in's petticoat should represent,
He'll stand no shock of censure. The play's good[51],
He says he knows it (if well understood):
But we (blind god) beg, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt shoot thy arrows round; this play was thine.

[51] *The play's good.*] In many respects *the play's good*, and written in the true spirit of our authors; much true poetry, original fancy, uncommon pleasantry, and every thing—but consistency, and nature.

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Gardiner, in his Commendatory Verses, ascribes this Play to Fletcher alone. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. No alteration hath ever been made of it; nor hath it been acted, as we believe, within the memory of any person now living.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

DUKE *of* ORLEANS, *a spleenful detracting Lord.*
EARL *of* AMIENS, *Brother-in-law to Orleans, a noble accomplish'd Gentleman, Servant to Lamira.*
MONTAGUE, *the* Honest Man.
LONGUEVILLE, } *two faithful followers of*
DUBOIS, } *Montague.*
VERAMOUR[1], *the loving and loyal Page of Montague.*
LAVERDINE, *a knavish Courtier.*
LA-POOP, *a cowardly Sea-Captain.*
MALICORN, *a sharking Citizen.*
Two LAWYERS.
Two CREDITORS.
OFFICERS.
SERVANTS.

WOMEN.

DUCHESS *of* ORLEANS, *a virtuous Lady, and chaste (but suspected) Wife to the Duke.*
LAMIRA, *a modest Virgin, rich and noble.*
CHARLOTTE, *Lamira's Woman.*

SCENE, *France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Orleans and Amiens, at several doors.

Ami. MORROW, my lord of Orleans!
Orl. You salute me like a stranger[2];
Brother Orleans were, to me, a title more
Belonging whom you call the husband of
Your sister.
Ami. 'Would the circumstances of
Your brotherhood had never offer'd cause
To make our conversation less familiar!
I meet you like a hindrance in your way!
Your great law-suit is now upon the tongue,
And ready for a judgment.
Orl. Came you from
The hall now?

[1] *Voramer.*] So this name has been generally wrote in all the editions, only in one scene it is spelt *Veramor*, and in another *Veramour;* the one being a Latin, the other a French compound-word signifying *true love.* One of these therefore was undoubtedly the true name, which so well expresses the character. I have preferred the former. *Seward.*

Being a French story, the *latter* seems to be preferable.

[2] *You salute me like a stranger.*] This scene was most part printed as prose, and where the lines were ranged like verse every one of them was wrong, so that the whole is now ranged anew. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's arrangements only extend to *the entrance of Montague, &c.*

Ami.

Ami. Without stay. The court is full;
And such a press of people does attend
The issue, as if some great man were brought
To his arraignment.
Orl. Every mother's son
Of all that multitude of hearers, went
To be a witness *of* the misery
Your sister's fortunes must have come to, if
My adversary, who did love her first,
Had been her husband.
Ami. The success may draw
A testimony from them, to confirm
The same opinion; but they went prepar'd
With no such hope or purpose.
Orl. And did you
Entreat the number of them that are come,
'With no such hope or purpose?'
Ami. Tush! your own
Experience of my heart can answer you.
Orl. This doubtful makes me clearly understand
Your disposition. [*Exit.*
Ami. If your cause be just,
I wish you a conclusion like your cause.
Orl. I can have[3] any common charity
To such a prayer: from a friend I would
Expect a love to prosper in, without
Exceptions; such a love as might make all
My undertakings thankful to't: precisely just
Is seldom faithful in our wishes to
Another man's desires. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Enter Montague, Dubois, Longueville, and Veramour.

Dubois. Here comes your adversary's brother-in-law.
Long. The lord of Amiens.
Dubois. From the hall, I think?
Ami. I did so. Save your lordship!
Mont. That's a wish,
My lord, as courteous to my present state,
As ever honest mind was thankful for;
For now my safety must expose itself
To question: yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation, sir, from you,
Would be unreasonable in me.
Ami. Why?
Mont. Your sister is my adversary's wife;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.
Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearness his alliance claims;
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My lord of Montague.
Mont. Lord of Montague yet;
But, sir, how long the dignity or state
Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon the dangerous passage of this hour;
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or, like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone;
Gone with it, never to be call'd again!
Ami. Justice direct your process to the end!
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds:
Where-ever, may it prosper! [*Exit.*
Mont. Then my thanks[4]
Are proper to you: if a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground,
I have no reason to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion. Longueville,
That lord of Amiens (didst observe him?) has
A worthy nature in him.
Long. Either 'tis
His nature, or his cunning.
Mont. That's the vizard
Of most men's actions, whose dissembled lives
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em; but for him,
Honest behaviour makes a true report
What disposition does inhabit him,
Essential virtue.
Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious Orleans is his brother.
Dubois. He's but his brother-in-law.
Long. Law? that's as bad. [wish
Dubois. How is your law as bad? I rather
The hangman thy executor, than that
Equivocation should be ominous.

Enter Two Lawyers, and Two Creditors.

Long. Some of your lawyers!
1 *Law.* What is ominous?
2 *Law.* Let no distrust trouble your lordship's thought! [land
1 *Law.* The evidences of your question'd
Ha' not so much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your title.
2 *Law.* And your counsel understands
The business fully.
1 *Law.* They are industrious, just—
2 *Law.* And very confident.
1 *Law.* Your state endures
A voluntary trial; like a man
Whose honours are maliciously accus'd.
2 *Law.* The accusation serves to clear his cause—
1 *Law.* And to approve his truth more.
2 *Law.* So shall all
Your adversary's pleadings strengthen your
Possession.
1 *Law.* And be set upon record,

[3] *I can have, &c.*] This speech is obscure, and has been still further obscured by the bad pointing. The sense is this: *Amiens* having wished *Orleans* success if his cause be just, *Orleans* replies, 'that such a wish might proceed from any common acquaintance, but a 'friend would wish a friend success in *all* his undertakings; for he, who confines his good 'wishes to precise justice, is seldom sincere in them.'

[4] *Then my thanks, &c.*] This is also rather obscure, but signifies, 'If you wish well to the 'just cause, you deserve my thanks, for mine is the rightful side.'

To

To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.
2 *Law.* Courage! you have the law.
Long. And you, the profits.
Mont. If discouragement
Could work upon me, your assurances
Would put me strongly into heart again:
But I was never fearful; and let fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepar'd against dejection!
1 *Cred.* So are we. [hope
2 *Cred.* We have receiv'd a comfortable
That all will speed well.
Long. What is he, Dubois?
Dubois. A creditor.
Long. I thought so; for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves—
Long. More to their purses.
Mont. Which you shall not lose.
1 *Cred.* Your lordship—
Dubois. That's another Creditor.
1 *Cred.* Has interest in me.
Long. You have more of him.
1 *Cred.* And I have had so many promises
From these and all your learned counsellors,
How certainly your cause will prosper, that—
Long. You brought no serjeants with you—
Dubois. To attend
His ill success?
Mont. Good sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries,
Or your affections.
1 *Law.* All your land, my lord,
Is at the bar now; give me but ten crowns,
I'll save you harmless.
Long. Take him at his word!
If he does lose, you're sav'd by miracle:
For I ne'er knew a lawyer yet undone.
1 *Law.* Then now you shall, sir, if this prospers not. [voice
Long. Sir, I beseech you do not force your
To such a loudness, but be thrifty now!
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar;
It will be much more profitable in
The satisfaction, than the promise.
1 *Law.* Is
Not this a satisfaction to engage
Myself for this assurance, if he—
Mont. No, sir; my ruin never shall import
Another's loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of:
You are engag'd in nothing but your care.
[*Exeunt Law.*
Attend the procurator to the court;
Observe how things incline, and bring me word!
Long. I dare not, sir; if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.
Mont. Why? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears? [will be
Long. No, but I fear the noise! my hearing
Perish'd by th' noise; it is as good to want
A member, as to lose the use—
Mont. The ornament is excepted.
Long. Well, my lord,
I'll put 'em to the hazard. [*Exit.*
1 *Cred.* Your desires
Be prosperous to you!
2 *Cred.* Our best prayers wait
Upon your fortune. [*Exeunt Creditors.*
Dubois. For yourselves, not him.
Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em; I am in their debts. [whereof
Ver. But had your large expence (a part
You owe 'em) for unprofitable silks
And laces, been bestow'd among the poor,
That would have pray'd the right way, for you,
Not upon you—
Mont. For unprofitable silks
And laces? Now, believe me, honest boy,
Th' hast hit upon a reprehension that
Belongs unto me.
Ver. By my soul, my lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you!
Mont. Why, I love thee for't; [words:
Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy
For once, I do remember, coming from
The mercer's, where my purse had spent itself
On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requested my relief:
I wanted whence to give it; yet his eyes
Spoke for him; those I could have satisfied
With some unfruitful sorrow (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief,
Than eas'd it), but the true compassion that
I should have given I had not: this began
To make me think how many such men's wants
The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
My outside would have cloath'd, and left myself
A habit as becoming. To encrease
This new consideration, there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as these fair dear follies, made
As if it were of purpose to despise
The vanity of show; his purse had still
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.
Dubois. Yet your inclination, sir,
Deserv'd no less to be commended than
His action.
Mont. Prithee, do not flatter me!
He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
That goodness merits. Oh, antiquity,
Thy great examples of nobility
Are out of imitation; or at least
So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
Before this age in virtue, as in time!
Dubois. Sir, it must needs be lamely follow'd, when
The chiefest men who love to follow it
Are for the most part cripples.
Mont. Who are they?
Dubois. Soldiers, my lord, soldiers.

Mont.

Mont. 'Tis true, Dubois:
But if the law disables me no more
For noble actions than good purposes,
I'll practise how to exercise the worth
Commended to us by our ancestors:
The poor neglected soldier shall command
Me from a lady's courtship, and the form
I'll study shall no more be taught me by
The tailor, but the scholar; that expence
Which hitherto has been to entertain
Th' intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste,
Shall fill my table more to satisfy,
And less to surfeit. What an honest work
It would be, when we find a virgin in
Her poverty and youth inclining to [and
Be tempted, to employ as much persuasion
As much expence to keep her upright, as
Men use to do upon her falling!

Dubois. 'Tis charity
That many maids will be unthankful for;
And some will rather take it for a wrong,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Enter Longueville.

Mont. Longueville,
Thou bring'st a chearful promise in thy face;
There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,
To give me fear or knowledge of my loss;
'Tis red and lively. How proceeds my suit?

Long. That's, with leave, sir,
A labour, that to those of Hercules
May add another; or, at least, be call'd
An imitation of his burning shirt:
For 'twas a pain of that unmerciful
Perplexity, to shoulder thro' the throng
Of people that attended your success.
My sweaty linen fix'd upon my skin,
Still as they pull'd me took that with it; 'twas
A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for methought, the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary passage to get out of law.
And to make up the dear similitude,
When I was forth seeking my handkerchief
To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
To make me sweat more; for my purse was
Among their fingers. [lost

Dubois. There 'twas rather found.

Long. By them.

Dubois. I mean so.

Mont. Well, I will restore
Thy damage to thee. How proceeds my suit?

Long. Like one at broker's; I think, for-
Your promising counsel at the first [feited.
Put strongly forward with a labour'd speed,
And such a violence of pleading, that
His fee in sugar-candy scarce will make
His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
He did it; and he carried the whole cause
Before him, with so clear a pallage, that
The people in the favour of your side [him
Cried Montague, Montague! in the spite of
That cried out *silence*, and began to laugh
Your adversary's advocate to scorn;
Who, like a cunning footman, set me forth
With such a temperate easy kind of course,
To put him into exercise of strength,
And follow'd his advantages so close,
That when your hot-mouth'd pleader thought h' had won,
Before he reach'd it he was out of breath,
And then the other stript him.

Mont. So, all's lost?

Long. But how I know not; for, methought, I stood
Confounded with the clamour of the court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of thunder, mix'd
With roaring of the billows, and the thick
Imperfect language of the seamen, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.

Mont. Thou dost bring ill news!

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have
The first reporter. [been

Mont. Didst observe no more?

Long. At least no better.

Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
So well as I am: I can tell thee that
Will please thee; for when all else left my
My very adversaries took my part. [cause,

Long. Whosoever told you that,
Abus'd you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forsook me.

Long. Took it from you?

Mont. Yes:
I mean so: and I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.

Dubois. His spirit would ha' sunk him, ere he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight
So lightly.

Mont. Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so;
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they,
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.

Mont. Sir! [him,

Long. The *Sir* of knighthood may be given
Ere they hear you now.

Mont. Good sir, but a word! [any man

Dubois. How soon the loss of wealth makes
Grow out of knowledge!

Long. Let me see: I pray, sir,
Never stood you upon the pillory?

1 *Law.* The pillory?

Long. Oh, now I know you did not;
You've ears, I thought ye had lost 'em: pray observe; [eyes!
Here's one that once was gracious in your

1 *Law.*

1 *Law.* Oh, oh! my lord[5]!—I have an eye upon him.
Long. But ha' you ne'er a counsel to redeem
His land yet from the judgment?
2 *Law.* None but this;
A writ of error to remove the cause.
Long. No more of error! we have been in
Too much already. [that
2 *Law.* If you will reverse[6]
The judgment, you must trust to that delay—
Long. Delay? indeed, he's like to trust to
With you has any dealing. [that,
2 *Law.* Ere the law
Proceeds to an *habere facias possessionem.*
Mont. That is a language, sir, I understand not.
Long. Thou art a very strange unthankful fellow,
To have taken fees of such a liberal measure,
And then to give a man hard words for's money!
1 *Law.* If men will hazard their salvations,
What should I say? I've other business!
Mont. You are i'th' right; that's it you should say, now
Prosperity has left me.

Enter Two Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Have an eye upon him! if
We lose him now, he's gone for ever: stay,
And dog him! I'll go fetch the officers.
Long. Dog him, you blood-hound? by this point, thou shalt
More safely dog an angry lion, than
Attempt him.
Mont. What's the matter?
Long. Do but stir
To fetch a serjeant, and, besides your loss
Of labour, I will have you beaten till
Those casements in your faces be false lights!
Dubois. Falser than those you sell by!
Mont. Who gave you
Commission to abuse my friends thus?
Long. Sir,
Are those your friends that would betray you?
Mont. 'Tis
To save themselves, rather than betray me.
1 *Cred.* Your lordship makes a just construction of it.
2 *Cred.* All our desire is but to get our own.
Long. Your wives' desires and yours do differ then.
Mont. So far as my ability will go,
You shall have satisfaction. Longueville!
Long. And leave yourself neglected? Every man [honest.
Is first a debtor to his own demands, being
Mont. As I take it, sir,
I did not entertain you for my counsellor.
Long. Counsel's the office of a servant, when
The master falls upon a danger, as
Defence is: never threaten with your eyes!
They are no cockatrices. Do you hear?
Talk with the girdler, or the millener;
He can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades,
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their morglays[7] in their hands; with some of those
A man may make himself a privilege
To ask a question at the prison-gates,
Without your good permission.
2 *Cred.* By your leave! [the time
Mont. Stay, sir! what one example, since
That first you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me, to encourage you
To this presumption? By the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee;
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindnesses, forget
Thou ever didst me any service.—'Tis not fear
Of being arrested, makes me thus incline
To satisfy you; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state:
The curses of a man, to whom I am
Beholding, terrify me more than all
The violence he can pursue me with.—
Dubois, I did prepare me for the worst;
These two small cabinets do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleas'd
Adversity to leave me; one as rich
As th'other, both in jewels: take thou this,
And as the order put within it shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those creditors, and th' other half among
My servants;—for, sir, they're my creditors
As well as you are; they have trusted me
With their advancement. If the value fail
To please you all, my first encrease of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment. Be content
To leave me something; and imagine that
Ye put a new beginner into credit.

[5] *Oh, my lord, have an eye upon him.*] What can this mean? was the *Lawyer* advising *Montague* to have an eye upon his servant *Longueville?* It seems an omission, for two syllables are wanting to the verse; and the *oh* being repeated, which will well suit the solemn contempt of the *Lawyer*'s countenance giving one, the other is absolutely required by the sense. I read therefore

Oh, *oh!* my lord—I have an eye upon him. *Seward.*

Perhaps this is spoken to some of the *Lawyer*'s followers: the same words are repeated by a *Creditor* in the next page.

[6] *If you will* reverse.] Seward reads, *reserve.*

[7] *Morglays.*] *Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton; and from thence a sword, in antient writers, is frequently called by that name. See Every Man in his Humour, act iii. scene 1. *R.*

Cred. So prosper our own blessings, as we
You to your merit! [wish
Mont. Are your silences
Of discontent[8] or of sorrow?
Dubois. Sir,
We would not leave you.
Long. Do but suffer us
To follow you, and what our present means
Or industries hereafter can provide,
Shall serve you.
Mont. Oh, desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintain'd
By those that serve me! Pray begone; I will
Defend your honesties to any man,
That shall report you have forsaken me:
I pray, begone!—Why dost thou weep, my
boy? [*Exeunt Servants and Creditors.*
Because I do not bid thee go too?
Ver. No;
I weep, my lord, because I would not go;
I fear you will command me.
Mont. No, my child,
I will not; that would discommend th' intent
Of all my other actions: thou art yet
Unable to advise thyself a course,
Should I put thee to seek it; after that[9],
I must excuse, or at the least forgive,
Any uncharitable deed than can
Be done against myself.
Ver. Every day,
My lord, I tarry with you, I'll account
A day of blessing to me; for I shall
Have so much less time left me of my life
When I am from you; and if misery
Befal you (which I hope so good a man
Was never born to) I will take my part,
And make my willingness encrease my
strength
To bear it. In the winter I will spare
Mine own cloaths from myself to cover you;
And in the summer carry some of yours,
To ease you: I'll do any thing I can!
Mont. Why, thou art able to make misery
Asham'd of hurting, when thy weakness can
Both bear it, and despise it. Come, my boy!
I will provide some better way for thee
Than this thou speak'st of. 'Tis the com-
fort, that
Ill fortune has undone me into th' fashion;
For now, in this age, most men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Orleans, Servant, and Duchess following.

Orl. Where is she? call her!
Duch. I attend you, sir.
Orl. Your friend, sweet madam—
Duch. What friend, good my lord?
Orl. Your Montague, madam, he will
shortly want
Those courtly graces that you love him for:
The means wherewith he purchas'd this, and
this,
And all his own provisions, to the least
Proportion of his feeding, or his cloaths,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjustly liv'd on; but the law
Has given me right in't, and possession: now
Thou shalt perceive his bravery vanish, as
This jewel does from thee now, and these pearls
To him that owes 'em.
Duch. You're the owner, sir,
Of every thing that does belong to me.
Orl. No, not of him, sweet lady.
Duch. Oh, good Heaven! [and be
Orl. But in a while your mind will change,
As ready to disclaim him, when his wants
And miseries have perish'd his good face,
And taken off the sweetness that has made
Him pleasing in a woman's understanding.
Duch. Oh, Heav'n, how gracious had
creation been
To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors, thro' which
Our husbands might have look'd into our
thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtful!
Orl. Made 'em mad!
Duch. With honest women?
Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue: prithee let
Thy honesty speak freely to me now!
Thou know'st that Montague, of whose land
I am the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength of
friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own consent:
I have undone him! tell me, how thou dost
Consider his ill fortune and my good?
Duch. I'll tell you justly: his undoing is
An argument for pity and for tears,
In all their dispositions that have known
The honour and the goodness of his life;
Yet that addition of prosperity
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the law
Be not abus'd in't. Howsoever, since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonour to you to bear yourself
With any pride or glory over him.
Orl. This may be truly spoken; but in thee
It is not honest.
Duch. Yes; so honest, that
I care not if the chaste Penelope
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter Amiens.

Orl. Who comes there?
Duch. My brother.
Ami. Save you!

[8] *Of* discontent.] Perhaps the original was, *discontent*MENT.
[9] *After that.*] This expression is rather obscure; but signifies, 'Should I dismiss you, '*after that* cruelty, I should have no right to complain of any injury done to myself.'

Orl.

Orl. Now, sir! you have heard
Of prosperous Montague?
Ami. No, sir; I have heard
Of Montague, but of your prosperity.
Orl. Is he distracted?
Ami. He does bear his loss
With such a noble strength of patience, that
Had Fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and, pretending that
She did it but for trial of his worth,
Hereafter ever love him.
Orl. I perceive
You love him; and, because I must confess
He does deserve that, (tho', for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgment)
Yet in mine honour I did still conclude
To use him nobly.
Ami. Sir, that will become
Your reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your alliance.
Orl. I did reserve
The doing of this friendship 'till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesy.
Duch. This change will make me happy!
Orl. 'Tis a change;
Thou shalt behold it: then observé me! When
That Montague had possession of my land,
I was his rival, and at last obtain'd
This lady, who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should have been his wife:
I had her, and with-held her like a pawn,
'Till now my land is render'd to me again;
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her: give him her! [*Draws.*
For, by the faithful temper of my sword,
She shall not tarry with me.
Ami. Give me way!— [*Draws.*
Thou most unworthy man!—God!—Give me way[10]!
Or, by the wrong he does the innocent,
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness
Together!
Duch. Stay, and let me justify
My husband in that! I have wrong'd his bed[11]— [*Exit Amiens.*
Never—all shames that can afflict me, fall
Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you!
Orl. Didst
Thou not confess it?
Duch. 'Twas to save your blood [edge.
From shedding: that has turn'd my brother's
He that beholds our thoughts as plainly as
Our faces, knows it, I did never hurt
My honesty, but by accusing it.
Orl. Women's consents are sooner credited
Than their denials; and I'll never trust
Her body, that prefers any defence
Before the safety of her honour.—Here!

Enter Servant.

Shew forth that stranger.—Give me not a word!
Thou seest a danger ready to be tempted.
Duch. Cast that upon me, rather than my shame;
And, as I am now dying, I will vow
That I am honest!
Orl. Put her out of doors!
But that I fear my land may go again
To Montague, I would kill thee! I am loth
To make a beggar of him that way[12]; or else—
Go! now you have the liberty of flesh;
And you may put it to a double use,
One for your pleasure, th' other to maintain
Your well-beloved; he will want: [*Exit Duch.*
In such a charitable exercise
The virtue will excuse you for the vice. [*Exit.*

Enter Amiens drawn, Montague and Veramour meeting.

Mont. What means your lordship?
Ver. For the love of Heav'n—
Ami. Thou hast advantage of me; cast away
This buckler!
Mont. So he is, sir[13], for he lives
With one that is undone.—Avoid us, boy!
Ver.

[10] *Thou most unworthy man—give me way.*] So former editions.

[11] ——*I have wrong'd his bed.*
[Exeunt Amiens and Orleans.
Enter Orleans in amazement, the servants following him.
Never—all shames, &c.] These stage-directions are not only wrong, but ridiculous. We believe that *Amiens* departs, shocked at the self-accusation of the *Duchess*, and that *Orleans*, with his drawn sword, prepares to kill her, which occasions her immediate recantation. What he says afterwards strongly tends to confirm this interpretation:
Thou seest a danger ready to be tempted.
Her answer conveys the same idea;
Cast that, &c.

[12] *To make a beggar of him that way;*] *i. e.* By forfeiting my life and estate to the king, gave *Montague* an opportunity of begging it from him. If this is not the poet's meaning, it is dark to me. *Seward.*
It seems to be ironical.

[13] *This* buckler.
Mont. *So he is, sir.*] At first sight, we imagined that some words relative to *Veramour*, were wanting after the word BUCKLER: but, on farther consideration of *Montague*'s reply,

Ver. I'll first avoid my safety:
Your rapier shall be button'd[14] with my head,
Before it touch my master.
Ami. Montague!
Mont. Sir?
Ami. You know my sister—
Mont. Yes, sir.
Ami. For a whore. [dare
Mont. You lie! and shall lie lower if you
Abuse her honour.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. I am honest.
Ami. Honest?
Duch. Upon my faith, I am.
Ami. What did then
Persuade thee to condemn thyself?
Duch. Your safety.
Ami. I had rather be expos'd
To danger, than dishonour: th' hast betray'd
The reputation of my family
More basely, by the falseness of that word,
Than if thou hadst deliver'd me asleep
Into the hand of a base enemy. Relief
Will never make thee sensible of thy
Disgraces: let thy wants compel thee to it!
Duch. Oh, I'm a miserable woman!
[*Exit Ami.*
Mont. Why, madam?
Are you utterly without means to relieve you?
Duch. I've nothing, sir, unless by changing of [worst
These cloaths for worse, and then at last the
For nakedness.
Mont. Stand off, boy!—Nakedness
Would be a change to please us, madam, to
Delight us both.
Duch. What nakedness, sir?
Mont. Why, the nakedness
Of body, madam; we were lovers once.
Duch. Never dishonest lovers.
Mont. Honesty
Has no allowance now to give ourselves.
Duch. Nor you allowance against honesty.
Mont. I'll send my boy hence: opportunity
Shall be our servant. Come, and meet me first
With kisses like a stranger at the door,
And then invite me nearer, to receive
A more familiar inward welcome; where,
Instead of tapers made of virgin-wax,
Th' encreasing flames of our desires shall light
Us to a banquet; and, before the taste
Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
A nourishment compos'd of every thing
That bears a natural friendship to the blood,
And that shall set another edge upon't;
Or else, between the courses of the feast
We'll dally out an exercise of time,
That ever as one appetite expires
Another may succeed it.
Duch. Oh, my lord,
How has your nature lost her worthiness?
When our affections had their liberty,
Our kisses met as temperately as
The hands of sisters or of brothers, that
Our bloods were then as moving[15]; then you were
So noble, that I durst have trusted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
And yet come from you undishonour'd: how
You think me alter'd, that you promise your
Attempt success, I know not; but were all
The sweet temptations that deceive us set
On this side, and on that side all the tortures[16],
These neither should persuade me, nor those force.
Mont. Then misery may waste your body.
Duch. Yes;
But lust shall never.
Mont. I have found you still
As uncorrupted as I left you first.
Continue so, and I will serve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand,
Or purse can shew you! And, to justify
That promise, here is half the wealth I have!

So he is, it appeared to convey one of the numerous contemptible puns which disgrace this comedy, particularly that interesting character, and alluding to *Vermour*'s being the *buckler* of a man that is *undone*, i. e. UNBUCKLED. A few lines lower he says, *You* LIE, *and shall* LIE *lower*; and on hearing the decision of the law-suit, he says, *My adversary* TOOK *my part*; meaning punningly, *My adversary* took *my estate* FROM *me*; with various others.

[14] *Button'd.*] Alluding to the *button* on a foil.

[15] ——— that
Our bloods were then as moving.] This seems very dark. To fling light upon it, I believe we should read *tho'* for *that*, and interpret, Tho' our bloods were then, from our being in youth and prosperity, more stirring than they ought to be now. *Seward.*
The words will scarce bear this construction of Seward; at least, without changing *as* to *more*: 'Tho' our bloods were then *more* moving.' We think that the old text may signify, 'That our bloods, like our kisses, were no more moving, sensual, or intemperate, than those 'of brothers and sisters.'

[16] *The sweet temptations that deceive us set*
On this side, and on that side all the waiters.] What is *waiters* in contrast to temptations? it cannot mean merely servants to help him to force her; that is too poor an expression to be admitted. 'Tis most probably corrupt, tho' I cannot find a word near the trace of the letters to supply its place. Several words occur, as *tortures, terrors, racks,*—— or *all that fright us.* I prefer the first. *Seward.*

Take

Take it! you owe me nothing, 'till you fall
From virtue; which the better to protect,
I have bethought me of a present means.—
Give me the letter!—This commends my boy
Into the service of a lady, whose
Free goodness you have been acquainted with,
Lamira.
Duch. Sir, I know her.
Mont. Then believe
Her entertainment will be noble to you.
My boy shall bring you thither, and relate
Your manner of misfortune, if your own
Report needs any witness: so, I kiss
Your hand, good lady!
Duch. Sir, I know not how
To promise; but I cannot be unthankful.
Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
Be yours, to make you the more prosperous!
Farewell, my boy!—I am not yet oppress'd,
Having the pow'r to help one that's distress'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Longueville and Dubois.

Long. WHAT shall we do now? swords are out of use,
And words are out of credit.
Dubois. We must serve. [spend
Long. The means to get a service will first
Our purses; and, except we can allow
Ourselves an entertainment, service will
Neglect us: now, 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the master or the servant gives
The countenance.
Dubois. Then fall in with mistresses!
Long. They keep more servants now, indeed, than men:
But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are
Grown full too.
Dubois. What shall we propound ourselves?
Long. I'll think on't.
Dubois. Do. Old occupations have
Too many setters-up to prosper; some
Uncommon trade would thrive now.
Long. We will ev'n
Make up some half a dozen proper men;
And should not we get more than all
Your female sinners?
Dubois. If the house be seated,
As it should be, privately.
Long. Ay; but that would make
A multitude of witches.
Dubois. Witches? how, prithee?
Long. Thus; the bawds would all
Turn witches to revenge themselves upon us;
And the women that come to us, for disguises
Must wear beards; and that is, they say,
A token of a witch.
Dubois. What shall we then do?
Long. We must study on't with more consideration.
Stay, Dubois! are not the lord of Orleans
And the lord of Amiens enemies?
Dubois. Yes; what of that?
Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men
Should give a promise of advancement now,
To us that want it.
Dubois. Let the plot be thine,
And in the enterprize I'll second thee.
Long. I have it! We will first set down ourselves
The method of a quarrel, and make choice
Of some frequented tavern, or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in,
By way of undertaking, to maintain
The several honours of those enemies:
Thou for the lord of Orleans; I for Amiens.
Dubois. I like the project; and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we follow'd once.
Long. We cannot hope less, after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity:
Yet those are ends I do not aim at most.
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour while such troubles are alive.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine and La-Poop.

La-P. Slander is sharper than the sword!
I've fed these three days upon leaf-tobacco,
For want of other victuals.
Lav. You have liv'd [jected!
The honester, captain. But be not so de-
But hold up thy head, and meat will sooner
In thy mouth. [fall
La-P. I care not so much for meat,
So I had but good liquor, for which my guts
Croak like so many frogs for rain.
Lav. It seems [tain;
You are troubled with the wind-cholic, cap-
Swallow a bullet; it is present remedy,
I will assure you.
La-P. A bullet? I'll tell you, sir[17]!
My paunch is nothing but a pile of bullets:
When I was in any service, I stood between
My general and the shot, like a mud-wall:

[17] *A bullet?* If you be captain,
My paunch, &c.] So first folio.

I am

I am all lead; from th' crown of the head to the
Soal of the foot, not a sound bone about me.
Lav. It seems you've been in terrible hot service,
Captain.
La-P. It has ever been
The fate of the Low-Country wars to spoil
Many a man; I ha' not been the first,
Nor shall not be the last. But, I'll tell you, sir,
(Hunger has brought it into mind) I serv'd
Once at the siege of Brest, ('tis memorable
To this day) where we were in great distress
For victuals; whole troops fainted more for want
Of food than for blood, and died; yet we were
Resolv'd to stand it out. I myself was
But then gentleman of a company, and had
As much need as any man: and indeed
I'd perish'd, had not a miraculous Providence
Preserv'd me.
Lav. As how, good captain?
La-P. Marry, sir,
E'en as I was fainting and falling down
For want of sustenance, the enemy
Made a shot at me, and struck me full
In the paunch with a penny-loaf.
Lav. Instead of a bullet?
La-P. Instead of a bullet.
Lav. That was miraculous indeed!
And that loaf sustain'd you?
La-P. Nourish'd me,
Or I had famish'd wi' the rest.
Lav. You have done shall
Worthy acts, being a soldier. And now you
Give me leave to requite your tale, and to acquaint you
With the most notorious deeds that I've done,
Being a courtier: I protest, captain,
I'll lie no more than you have done.
La-P. I can
Endure no lies.
Lav. I know you cannot, captain,
Therefore I will only tell you of strange things:
I did once a deed of charity, for itself;
I assisted a poor widow in a suit,
And obtain'd it; yet, I protest, I took not
A penny for my labour.
La-P. It is no
Such strange thing.
Lav. By Mars, captain, but it is,
And a very strange thing too, in a courtier;
It may take the upper-hand of your penny-loaf
For a miracle. I could have told you
How many ladies have languish'd for my love,
And how I was once solicited by out of
The mother, the daughter, and grandmother;
The least of which I might have digg'd myself
A fortune; they were all great ladies, for two of them
Were so big I could hardly embrace them;
But I was sluggish in my rising courses,
And therefore let them pass. What means I had,
Is spent upon such as had the wit to cheat me;
That wealth being gone, I've only bought experience
With it, with a strong hope to cheat others.—
But see, here comes the much-declined Montague, body
Who'd all the manor-houses, which were the
Of his estate, o'erthrown by a great wind!

Enter Montague and Mallicorn.

La-P. How! by a great wind?
Was he not overthrown by law?
Lav. Yes, marry was he;
But there was terrible puffing and blowing
Before he was o'erthrown, if you observ'd;
And believe it, captain, there is no wind so dangerous
To a building as a lawyer's breath.
La-P. What's he with him? corn:
Lav. An eminent citizen, monsieur Malli-
Let's stand aside, and listen their design!
Mal. Sir, profit is the crown of labour; 'tis
The life, the soul of the industrious merchant:
In it he makes his Paradise, and for't neglects
Wife, children, friends, parents, nay, all the world, storms,
And delivers up himself to th' violence of
And to be tossed into unknown airs.
As there's no faculty so perilous,
So there is none so worthy profitable[18].
Mont. Sir, I am very well possest of it[19];
And what of my poor fortunes remains,
I would gladly hazard upon the sea; it cannot
Deal worse with me than the land, though't sink

[18] *So there is none so worthy profitable:*] *i. e.* Profit is the most worthily profitable of any faculty. This is little more than to say, *profit is profit*. But the absurdity is not chargeable upon the original. Almost the whole act has been hitherto printed as prose, and where the measure is not easily restored, there the sense too is frequently deficient; and where both fail together, there is the fullest proof of a corruption. Both in this place are very easily amended, by adding or rather restoring two particles:

As there's no faculty so perilous,
So there is none so worthy *as the* profitable. *Seward.*

Seward's addition, in our opinion, injures both measure and sense. The two lines signify, 'As there is no profession incurs so much danger as the merchant, so there is none so re-'putably lucrative.' *Montague*'s answer proves this.

[19] *Possest of it.*] That is, *acquainted with*, or *informed of it*.' So, in Every Man in his Humour, act i. sc. 5, Bobadil says, 'Possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice 'of my lodging.' *R.*

Or

Or throw it in the hands of pirates. I have yet
Five hundred pounds left, and your honest
And worthy acquaintance may make me a young merchant:
The one moiety of what I have I'd gladly
Adventure.
Mal. How! adventure? you shall hazard
Nothing; you shall only join with me in certain
Commodities that are safe arriv'd unto
The quay: you shall neither be in doubt of danger
Nor damage; but, so much money disburs'd,
So much receive. Sir, I would have you conceive
I pursue it not for any good your money will
Do me, but merely out of mine own freeness
And courtesy to pleasure you.
Mont. I can
Believe no less; and you express
A noble nature, seeking to build up
A man so ruin'd as myself.
Lav. Captain, here's subject
For us to work upon, if we have wit:
You hear that there is money yet left, and 'tis
Going to be laid out in rattles, bells,
Hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale [purses,
Commodities; now it would do better in our
Upon our backs in good gold-lace and scarlet;
And then we might pursue our projects, and
Devices towards my lady Annabella. [our
Go to! there is a conceit newly landed:
Hark! I stand in good reputation with him,
And therefore may the better cheat him: captain,
Take a few instructions from me.
Mont. What money
I have's at your disposing; and upon twelve,
I'll meet you at the palace with it.
Mal. I'll there
Expect you; and so I take my leave.
Lav. You apprehend me? [*Exit Mal.*
La-P. Why, d'ye think I'm a dunce?
Lav. Not a dunce, captain;
But you might give me leave to misdoubt that
Pregnancy in a soldier, which is proper and
Hereditary to a courtier: but prosecute it;
I will both second and give credit to it.—
Good monsieur Montague! I would your whole
Revenues lay within the circuit of
Mine arms, that I might as easily bestow,
Or restore it unto you as my courtesy!
La-P. My zealous wishes, sir, do accompany his
For your good fortunes.
Lav. Believe it, sir, our
Affection towards you is a strong bond of friendship. [But, believe me,
Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal.
Gentlemen, in a broken estate the bond
Of friendship oft is forfeited; but that
It is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.
Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myself to your use,
And am very zealously afflicted, as not
One of your least friends, for your crooked fate:
But let it not seize you with any dejection;
You have, as I hear, a sufficient
Competency left, which, well dispos'd,
May erect you as high in the world's
Account as ever.
Mont. I can't live to hope it,
Much less enjoy it: nor is it any part
Of my endeavour; my study is to render
Ev'ry man his own, and to contain myself
Within the limits of a gentleman. [by
Lav. I have the grant of an office given me
Some noble favourites of mine in court;
There stands but a small matter between me
And it: if your ability be such
To lay down the present sum, out of the love
I bear you, before any other man,
It shall be confirm'd yours.
Mont. I've heard you often speak of such a thing;
If 't be assur'd to you, I'll gladly deal in it:
That portion I have I would not hazard
Upon one course, for I see the most certain
Is uncertain.
La-P. Having money, sir,
You could not light upon men that could give
Better direction. There's at this time a friend
Of mine upon the seas (to be plain with you,
He is a pirate) that hath wrote to me
To work his freedom; and by this gentleman's
Means, whose acquaintance is not small at court, [there is
We have the word of a worthy man for't: only
Some money to be suddenly disburs'd;
And if your happiness be such to make it up,
You shall receive treble gain by't,
And good assurance for it.
Mont. Gentlemen,
Out of the weakness of my estate you seem
To have some knowledge of my breast, that would, [tunes,
If it were possible, advance my declin'd for-
To satisfy all men of whom I have
Had credit; and I know no way better
Than these which you propose: I have some money
Ready under my command; some part of it is
Already promis'd, but the remainder is
Yours to such uses as are propounded.
Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting;
For these affairs require expedition. [ing;
Mont. I'll make't my present business.
At twelve I am [lace,
To meet Mallicorn, the merchant, at the pa-
(You know him, sir) about some negociation
Of the same nature; there I will be ready
To tender you that money, upon such
Conditions as we shall conclude of.
Lav. The care
Of it be yours, so much as the affair
Concerns you!

Mont.

Mont. Your caution is ineffectual; and till then
I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Lav. Good Mr. Montague! [pons;
[*Within a clamour,* Down with their wea-

Enter Longueville and Dubois, their Swords drawn; Servants and others between them.

Ser. Nay, gentlemen, what mean you? Pray be quiet!
Have some respect unto the house.
Long. A treacherous slave!
Dubois. Thou dost revile thyself, base Longueville! [rupt one,
Long. I say thou art a villain, and a cor-
That hast some seven years fed on thy master's trencher, [for if thou hadst,
Yet ne'er bred'st good blood towards him;
Thou'dst have a sounder heart.
Dubois. So, sir! you can [sword.
Use your tongue something nimbler than your
Long. 'Would you could use your tongue well of your master, friend! [sword.
You might have better employment for your
Dubois. I say
Again, and I will speak it loud and often,
That Orleans is a noble gentleman,
With whom Amiens is too light to poise the scale. [praise
Long. He is the weaker, for taking of a
Out of thy mouth.
Dubois. This hand shall seal his merit
At thy heart.
Lav. Part them, my masters, part them!
Serv. Part them, sir?
Why do you not part them? you stand by
W'your sword in your hand, and cry, *part 'em!*
Lav. Why,
You must know, my friend, my cloaths are better than yours; [any body.
And, in a good suit, I do ne'er use to part
La-P. And it is discretion.
Lav. Ay, marry is it, captain.
Long. Dubois, tho' this place
Privilege thee, know, where next we meet,
The blood, which at thy heart flows, drops at thy feet!
Dubois. I would not spend it better
[*Exit Long.*
Than in this quarrel, and on such a hazard.

Enter Amiens in haste; his Sword drawn.

Ami. What uproar is this? Must my name here be question'd
In tavern-brawls, and by affected ruffians?
Lav. Not we indeed, sir. [of your fury,
Dubois. Fear cannot make me shrink out
Tho' you were greater than your name doth make you;
I'm one, and the opposer: if your swoln rage
Have aught in malice to enforce, express it.
Ami. I seek thee not; nor shalt thou ever gain [give thee
That credit, which a blow from me would
By my soul, I more detest that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer
To take my honour in his feeble arms,
And spend it in a drinking-room. Which way went he? [after
Lav. That way, sir.—I would you would
For I do fear we shall have some more scuffling. [take him
Ami. I'll follow him; and, if my speed o'er
I shall ill thank him for his forwardness.
[*Exit*
Lav. I'm glad he's gone; for I don't love to see [look
A sword drawn in the hand of a man that
So furious; there's no jesting with edge tools.
How say you, captain?
La-P. I say, 'tis better jesting
Than to be in earnest with them.

Enter Orleans.

Orl. How now?
What is the difference? They say there have been [know
Swords drawn, and in my quarrel: let me
That man, whose love is so sincere to spend
His blood for my sake! I will bounteously
Requite him.
Lav. We were all of your side;
But there he stands begun it.
Orl. What's thy name?
Dubois. Dubois.
Orl. Give me thy hand! Thou hast received no hurt?
Dubois. Not any; nor were this body
Stuck full of wounds, I should not count them hurts,
Being taken in so honourable a cause
As the defence of my most worthy lord.
Orl. The dedication of thy love to me
Requires my ample bounty: thou art mine;
For I do find thee made unto my purposes.
Monsieur Laverdine, pardon my neglect!
I not observed you. And how runs rumour
Lav. Why,
It runs, my lord, like a footman without cloak, [be hid[20]
To shew that what's once rumour'd it can't
Orl. And what say the rabble?
Am not I the subject of their talk?

[20] *To shew that what's once rumour'd* it cannot *be hid.*] Several pages together here have been hitherto printed as prose; even *Longueville*'s speech at his *exit*, which ends in rhyme. Here the reader will see that what contributed to spoil the measure, hurt the sense also, and both are restored together,

To shew that what's once rumour'd *can't* be hid. *Seward.*

Neither the sense or measure would be injured by the old text: the nominative absolute is common in our old writers. A few lines lower we find, *The women* THEY *rail.*

La

Lav. Troth, my lord,
The common mouth speaks foul words.
Orl. Of me,
For turning away my wife, do they not?
Lav. Faith,
The men do a little murmur at it, and say,
'Tis an ill precedent in so great a man.
Marry, the women, they rail outright.
Orl. Out upon them, rampallions[21]! I will keep
Myself safe enough out of their fingers.
But what say my pretty jolly compos'd gallants,
That censure every thing more desperate
Than it is dangerous? what say they?
Lav. Marry, [die;
They're laying wagers what death you shall
One offers to lay five hundred pounds (and yet
H'had but a groat about him, and that was in
Two two-pences too) to any man that would
Make't up a shilling, that you were kill'd with a pistol
Charged with white powder[22]; another offer'd
To pawn his soul for five shillings. (and yet
Nobody would take him) that you were stabb'd to death,
And should die with more wounds than Cæsar.
Orl. And who should be the butchers that should do it?
Montague, and his associates?
Lav. So
It is conjectur'd.
La-P. And, believe it, sweet prince,
It is to be fear'd, and therefore prevented.
Orl. By turning [way?
His purpose on himself? were not that the
Lav. The most direct path for your safety:
For where doth danger sit more furious
Than in a desperate man?
La-P. And being you have
Declin'd his means[23], you have encreas'd his malice.
Lav. Besides the general report that steams
In every man's breath, and stains you all o'er
With infamy, that time, the devourer of all things,
Cannot eat out.
La-P. Ay, for that former familiarity
Which he had with your lady.
Lav. Men speak't as boldly as words of compliment;
Good morrow, good even, or *God save you, sir*,
Are not more usual: if the word *cuckold* had been [letters,
Written upon your forehead in great capital
It could not have been dilated with more confidence.
Orl. He shall not sleep another night: I'll have
His blood, tho't be requir'd at my hands again!
Lav. Your lordship may, and without hazarding [whose looks
Your own person: here's a gentleman in
I see a resolution to perform it.
Dubois. Let his lordship
Give me but his honourable word for my life,
I'll kill him as he walks.
Lav. Or pistol him
As he sits at meat—
La-P. Or at game—
Lav. Or as he's drinking—
Dubois. Any way.
Orl. Wou't thou?
Call what is mine thine own! Thy reputation shall not [life;
Be brought in question for't, much less thy
It shall be nam'd a deed of valour in thee,
Not murder: farewell! [*Exit.*
Dubois. I need no more encouragement;
It is a work I will persuade myself
That I was born to.
Lav. And you may persuade
Yourself too that you shall be sav'd by it,
Being that it is for his honourable lordship.
Dubois. But you must yield me means, how, when, and where.
Lav. That shall be our tasks; nay, more, we will [him,
Be agents with thee: this hour we are to meet
On the receipt of certain monies, which
Indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of.
And that's the main cause I would have him slain:
Who works with safety makes a double gain.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Longueville, Amiens following him.

Ami. Stay, sir! I've took some pains to overtake you.
Your name is Longueville?
Long. I have the word
Of many honest men for't.—I crave your lordship's pardon!
Your sudden apprehension on my steps
Made me to frame an answer unwitting, and
Unworthy your respect.
Ami. D'you know me?
Long. Yes, my lord.
Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleas'd to make [tion
This time, as the affair now stands, the induc-
Of your acquaintance. You're a fighting fellow?
Long. How, my lord?
Ami. I think I too much grace you;
Rather you are a fellow dares not fight,

[21] *Rampallions.*] The meaning of this word is pretty obvious. It is used by Sir John Falstaff, speaking to the Hostess, in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene 1. *R.*

[22] White Powder.] *White Powder* was generally imagined to occasion no sound when used in discharging a pistol. Some of the conspirators in Queen Elizabeth's time, confessed, that their intention was to have murdered the queen with fire-arms charged in this manner. *R.*

[23] *Declin'd his means;*] *i. e.* Been the cause of their declension.

But spit and puff and make a noise, whilst
Your trembling hand draws out your sword, to lay it
Upon andirons, stools, or tables, rather
Than on a man. [yet,
Long. Your honour may best speak this;
With little safety, if I thought it serious.
Ami. Come, you're a very braggart;
And you have given me cause to tell you so:
What weakness have you ever seen in me
To prompt yourself, that I could need your help?
Or what other reasons could induce you to it?
You ne'er yet had a meal's meat from my table,
Nor, as I remember, from my wardrobe
Any cast suit.
Long. 'Tis true.
I ne'er durst yet have such a servile spirit
To be the minion of a full-swoln lord,
But always did detest such slavery:
A meal's meat? or a cast suit? I'd first eat the stones,
And from such rags the dunghills do afford
Pick me a garment.
Ami. I've mistook the man!
His resolute spirit proclaims him generous;
He has a noble heart, as free to utter
Good deeds as to act them; for had he not been right, [curl'd,
And of one piece, he would have crumpled,
And struck himself out of the shape of man
Into a shadow.—But, prithee tell me,
If no such fawning hope did lead thee on
To hazard life for my sake, [speak it,
What was it that incited thee? tell me;
Without the imputation of a sycophant!
Long. Your own desert; and with it was join'd [ever
Th' unfeigned friendship that I judg'd you
Held unto my former lord.
Ami. The noble Montague?
Long. Yes;
The noble and much-injur'd Montague.
Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart shall be
A casket: I will lock thee up there, and
Esteem thee as a faithful friend,
The richest jewel that a man enjoys:
And, being thou didst follow once my friend,
And in thy heart still dost, not with his fortunes
Casting him off, thou shalt go hand in hand
With me, and share as well in my
Ability to love: 'tis not my end
To gain men for my use, but a true friend.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dubois.

Dubois. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no sense of it; his back nor belly
Shall not want warming that can practise me mischief:
I walk now with a full purse, grow high and wanton,
Prune and brisk myself in the bright shine
Of his good lordship's favours; and for what virtue?
For fashionating myself a murderer.
Oh, noble Montague, to whom I owe
My heart, with all my best thoughts, tho' my tongue [destiny,
Have promis'd t' exceed the malice of thy
Never in time of all my service knew I
Such a sin tempt thy bounty! those that did feed
Upon thy charge, had merit or else need.

Enter Laverdine and La-Poop, with disguises.

Lav. Dubois! most prosperously met.
Dubois. How now?
Will he come this way?
Lav. This way, immediately;
Therefore, thy assistance, dear Dubois!
Dubois. What, have you cheated him of the money you spoke of? [wench
Lav. Fough! as easily as a silly country
Of her maidenhead; we had it in a twinkling.
Dubois. 'Tis well. Captain, let me help you; you must be
Our leader in this action.
La-P. Tut! fear not;
I'll warrant you, if my sword hold, we'll make
No sweating sickness of it[24].
Dubois. Why, that's well said.
But let's retire a little, that we may come
On the more bravely. This way, this way.
[*Exeunt.*

[24] *No* sweating sickness *of it.*] The *Sweating Sickness*, called *Sudor Anglicus*, and *Febris Ephemera Britannica*, is by some supposed to have been a disorder peculiarly incident to the English nation. It first appeared in the year 1485, and afterwards in 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551, and each time made a prodigious havock in the human species. Dr. Mead supposes it originally to have been imported by the French troops, brought over by Henry VII. who caught the infection from others, about that time returned from the siege of Rhodes. The violence of the disease eluded every effort made by the physicians to stop the progress of it. Those who were attacked by it seldom lived more than twenty-four hours, and many were carried off in half the time. The most singular circumstance attending it was this, which is related by several writers, that the natives of every other country but England escaped it, and that those natives who fled into foreign climates were pursued by it, and fell victims to its malignity. Dr. Mead supposes it to have been a species of the pestilence.—A very poetical and accurate account of its symptoms and effects may be read in Dr. Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health, book iii. line 532, &c. *R.*

Enter

Enter Montague, in the hands of Three Officers, and Three Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Officers, look to him; and be sure you take
Good security before he part from you!
Mont. Why, but, my friends,
You take a strange course with me! the sums I owe you
Are rather forgetfulness, (they are so slight)
Than want of will or honesty to pay you.
1 *Cred.* Ay, sir, it may be so; but we must be paid,
And we will be paid before you 'scape:
We've wife and children, and a charge; and you
Are going down the wind, as a man may say;
And therefore it behoves us to look to't
In time.
2 *Cred.* Your cloak here would satisfy me;
Mine is not above a three-pound matter,
Besides th' arrest.
3 *Cred.* 'Faith, and mine is much
About that matter too; your girdle and hanger, [it.
And your beaver, shall be sufficient bail for
1 *Cred.* If you have ever a plain black suit at home, [ters,
This silken one, with your silk stockings, gar-
And roses, shall pacify me too; for I
Take no delight, if I've a sufficient pawn,
To cast any gentleman in prison; therefore
'Tis but an untrussing matter, and you are free.
We are no unreasonable creatures, you see:
For mine own part, I protest I'm loth to put
To any trouble for security. [you
Mont. Is there
No more of you? he would next demand my skin.
1 *Cred.* No, sir;
Here are no more of us, nor do any of us
Demand your skin; we know not what to do with it:
But it may be, if you ow'd your glover
Any money, he knew what use to make of it.
Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men, [rits—
That tire[24] upon the hearts of generous spi-
1 *Cred.* You do us wrong, sir; we tire no generous spirits;
We tire nothing but our hacknies.

Enter Mallicorn.

Mont. But here comes one made of another piece!
A man well meriting that free-born name
Of Citizen. Welcome, my deliverer!
I am fallen into the hands of blood-hounds, that
For a sum lesser than their honesties,
Which is nothing, would tear me out of my skin.
Mal. Why, sir, what is the matter?
1 *Cred.* Why, sir,
The matter is, that we must have our money;
Which if we can't have, we'll satisfy ourselves
With his carcase, and be paid that ways.
You had as good, sir, not have been so peremptory.
Officer, hold fast!
1 *Officer.* The strenuous fist
Of vengeance now is clutch'd; therefore fear nothing!
Mal. What may be the debt in gross?
Mont. Some forty crowns;
Nay, rather not so much: 'tis quickly cast.
Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate should have
So low an ebb, to stick at such slight sums.
Why, my friends, you are too strict in your accounts,
And call too sudden on this gentleman;
He has hopes left yet to pay you all.
1 *Cred.* Hopes?
Ay, marry! bid him pay his friends with hopes,
And pay us with current coin! I knew
A gallant once that fed his creditors
Still with hopes, and bid 'em they should fear
Nothing, for he had 'em tied in a string;
And trust me, so he had indeed, for at last
He and all his hopes hopt in a halter.
Mont. Good sir,
With what speed you may, free me
Out of the company of these slaves, that have
Nothing but their names to shew 'em men.
Mal. What would
You wish me do, sir? I protest I ha' not
The present sum (small as it is) to lay down for you;
And for giving my word, my friends no later
Than yesternight, made me take bread and eat it, [ing i' th' world:
That I should not do it for any man breath-
Therefore I pray hold me excus'd!
Mont. You do not speak
This seriously?
Mal. As e'er I said my prayers,
I protest to you.
Mont. What may I think of this?
Mal. Troth, sir, thought's free for any man; we abuse
Our betters in it; I have done it myself.
Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much amaze me!
Pray leave this language; and out of that
Same sum you lately did receive of me,
Lay down as much as may discharge me.
Mal. You're [your
A merry man, sir; and I am glad you take
Crosses so temperately. Fare you well, sir!
And yet I have something more to say to you;

[24] *That* tire *upon, &c.*] So, in Decker's Match Me in London, 1631,
'——— the vulture *tires*
'Upon the eagle's heart.' *R.*

A word in your ear, I pray! To be plain with you,
I did lay this plot to arrest you, to enjoy
This money I have of yours with the more safety.
I'm a fool to tell you this now; but, in good faith,
I could not keep it in; and the money would
Ha' done me little good else. An honest citizen
Cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you;
They grow old before they have true use of them,
Which is a lamentable thing, and truly
Much hardens the hearts of us citizens
Against you. I can say no more, but am
Heartily sorry for your heaviness;
And so I take my leave. [*Exit.*
1 *Cred.* Officers, [corn
Take hold on him again! for monsieur Malli-
Will do nothing for him, I perceive.

Enter Dubois, La-Poop, and Laverdine.

Dubois. Nay, come,
My masters, leave dancing of the old measures,
And let's assault him bravely!
Lav. By no means;
For it goes against my stomach to kill a man
In an unjust quarrel.
La-P. It must needs [time.
Be a clog to a man's conscience all his life-
Lav. It must indeed, captain: besides, do you not [him,
See he has gotten a guard of friends about
As if he had some knowledge of our purpose?
Dubois. Had he a guard of devils, as I think 'em
Little better, my sword should do the message that
It came for.
Lav. If you will be so desperate,
The blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll
Not meddle in't!
Dubois. I am your friend and servant;
Struggle with me, and take my sword.—
[*Dubois runs upon Montague, and struggling yields him his Sword; the Officers draw; Laverdine and La-Poop in the scuffling retire; Montague chaseth them off the Stage, himself wounded.*
Noble sir, make your way! You've slain an officer. [quited me;
Mont. Some one of them has certainly re-
For I do lose much blood.
1 *Officer.* Udsprecious!
We've lost a brother: pursue the gentleman!
2 *Officer.* I'll not meddle with him: you see what comes on't;
Besides, I know he'll be hang'd, ere he be taken.
1 *Officer.* I tell thee, yeoman, he must be taken
Ere he be hang'd.—He is hurt in the guts;
Run afore therefore, and know how his wife
Will rate his sausages a-pound.
3 *Officer.* Stay, brother!
I may live; for surely I find I am but hurt
In the leg, a dangerous kick on the shin-bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Lamira, Duchess, and Veramour.

Lam. YOU see, lady,
What harmless sports our country life affords;
And tho' you meet not here with city dainties,
Or courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.
Duch. Madam, I find here
What is a stranger to the court, content;
And receive courtesies done for themselves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your service.
Lam. Oh, your love!
My homely house, built more for use than show,
Observes the golden mean, equally distant
From glittering pomp, and sordid avarice:
For masques, we will observe the works of nature;
And in the place of visitation, read;
Our physic shall be wholesome walks; our viands
Nourishing, not provoking; for I find
Pleasures are tortures that leave stings behind.
Duch. You have a great estate.
Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank;
Nor am I, I thank Heav'n, so courtly bred
As to employ the utmost of my rents
In paying tailors for fantastic robes;
Or, rather than be second in the fashion,
Eat out my officers and my revenues
With grating usury; my back shall not be
The base on which your soothing citizen
Erects his summer-houses; nor, on th' other side,
Will I be so penuriously wise,
As to make money, that's my slave, my idol;
Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof,
As to abuse our servant.
Duch. Yet, with your pardon,
I think you want the crown of all contentment.
Lam. In what, good madam?
Duch. In a worthy husband.

Lam

Lam. God[25]! it is strange the galley-slave should praise [shipwreck
His oar, or strokes; or you, that have made
Of all delight upon this rock call'd Marriage,
Should sing encomiums on it.
Duch. Madam, tho' [you
One fall from's horse and break his neck, will
Conclude from that, it is unfit to ride?
Or must it follow, because Orleans,
My lord, is pleas'd to make his passionate trial
Of my suspected patience, that my brother
(Were he not so, I might say worthy Amiens)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy[26]
What's truly noble in him?
Lam. I must grant [for
There's as much worth in him as can be look'd
From a young lord; but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty, and consent
To be a servant to it, as wives are
To the imperious humours of their lords.
Methinks, I'm well: I rise and go to bed,
When I think fit; eat what my appetite
Desires, without control; my servants' study
Is my contentment, and to make me merry
Their furthest aims; my sleeps are enquir'd after,
My rising-up saluted with respect:
Command and liberty now wait upon [all,
My virgin state; what would I more? change
And for a husband? no! these freedoms die,
In which they live, with my virginity:
'Tis in their choice, that's rich, to be a wife,
But not, being yoak'd, to chuse the single life.—
Veramour[27]!
Ver. Madam.
Lam. How like you the country?
Ver. I like the air of it well, madam; and the rather,
Because, as on Irish timber your spider will
Not make his web, so, for aught I see yet,
Your cheater, pandar, and informer, being in
Their dispositions too foggy for [rather
This piercing climate, shun it, and chuse
To walk in mists i' th' city.
Lam. Who did you
Serve first, boy?
Ver. A rich merchant's widow; and was
By her preferr'd to a young court-lady.
Duch. And what
Difference found you in their service?
Ver. Very much;
For look, how much my old city madam gave
To her young visitants, so much my lady
Receiv'd from her hoary court-servants.
Lam. And what
Made you to leave her?
Ver. My father, madam, had [thence.
A desire to have me a tall-man, took me from
Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag, from your father.
Ver. Doves beget doves, and eagles eagles, madam;
A citizen here, tho' left ne'er so rich,
Seldom at the best proves a gentleman;
The son of an advocate, tho' dubb'd, like's
Will shew a relish [father,
Of his descent, and the father's thriving practice;
As I've heard, she that of a chambermaid
Is metamorphosed into a madam,
Will yet remember how oft her daughter
By her mother ventur'd to lie upon the rushes,
Before she could get in that which makes many ladies. [master?
Duch. But what think you of your late [*Sighs.*
Ver. Oh, madam!
Lam. Why do you sigh? you're sorry that you left him;
He made a wanton of you.
Ver. Not for that;
Or if he did, for that my youth must love him.
Oh, pardon me, if I say liberty
Is bondage, if compar'd with his kind service;
And but to have power now to speak his worth
To its desert, I should be well content
To be an old man when his praise were ended:
And yet, if at this instant you were pleas'd
I should begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging upon this head
Ere I should bring it to a period.
In brief, he is a man (for Heav'n forbid
That I should ever live to say he *was*)
Of such a shape as would make one belov'd
That never had good thought; and to his body
He hath a mind of such a constant temper,
In which all virtues throng to have a room;
Yet 'gainst this noble gentleman, this Montague,
(For in that name I comprehend all goodness)
Wrong, and the wrested law, false witnesses,

[25] ——*It is strange the galley-slave should praise.*] This verse wants a syllable, which the reader must supply by some note of exclamation at the beginning. It being common in all the editions of our authors to leave dashes for exclamatory particles, and for every species of lesser oaths. *Seward.*

We have supplied the deficiency; and, we do not doubt, with the author's own word.

[26] *That* cannot *fancy.*] Seward silently reads,

That *you can't* fancy, &c.

[27] *But not being yoak'd to chuse the single life.*

Ver. *Madam.*] By this reading *Veramour* should first speak to the lady, which from the propriety of the thing, from the sense of the context, and from the measure, it is plain he did not; but that his name should be inserted in the end of the lady's speech, and she first call to him. *Seward.*

And

And envy sent from hell, have rose in arms,
And, tho' not pierc'd, batter'd his honour'd shield.
What shall I say? I hope you will forgive me,
That if you were but pleas'd to love,
I know no Juno worthy such a Jove[27].

Enter Charlotte, with a Letter.

Lam. It is well yet that I've the second place
In your affection. From whence?
Charl. From the lord Amiens, madam.
Lam. 'Tis welcome, tho' it bear his usual language. [health.
I thought so much; his love-suit speaks his
What's he that brought it?
Charl. A gentleman of good rank, it seems.
Lam. Where is he? [house,
Charl. Receiving entertainment in your
Sorting with his degree.
Lam. 'Tis well.
Charl. He waits
Your ladyship's pleasure.
Lam. He shall not wait long.—
I'll leave you for a while.—Nay, stay you, boy;
Attend the lady. [*Exeunt Lam. and Charl.*
Ver. 'Would I might live once
To wait on my poor master!
Duch. That's a good boy!
This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead;
And in it, as a book, methinks I read
Instructions for myself, that am his debtor,
And would do much that I might be so happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruin'd.
Ver. It were a work a king might glory in,
If he saw with my eyes. If you please, madam,
(For sure to me you seem unapt to walk)
To sit, altho' the churlish birds deny
To give us music in this grove, where they
Are prodigal to others, I'll strain my voice
For a sad song; the place is safe and private.
Duch. 'Twas my desire: begin, good Veramour!

Music, a Song; at the end of it, enter Montague fainting, his Sword drawn.

Duch. What's he, Veramour?
Ver. A goodly personage.

Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my fears borne me? No matter where;
Who hath no place to go to, cannot err!
What shall I do? Cunning calamity,
That others' gross wits uses to refine,
When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine.
Duch. Is not this Montague's voice?
Ver. My master's? fy!
Mont. What sound was that? Pish!
Fear makes the wretch think every leaf o'th' jury. [done it,
What course to live? beg? better men have
But in another kind: steal? Alexander,
Tho' stil'd a conqueror, was a proud thief,
Tho' he robb'd with an army. Fy, how idle
These meditations are! tho' thou art worse
Than sorrow's tongue can speak thee, thou art still,
Or shouldst be, honest Montague.
Duch. 'Tis too true.
Ver. 'Tis he! [flesh
What villain's hands did this? Oh, that my
Were balm! in faith, sir, I would pluck it off
As readily as this! Pray you accept
My will to do you service: I have heard
The mouse once sav'd the lion in his need,
As the poor scarab[28] spoil'd the eagle's seed[29].
Duch. How do you?
Mont. As a forsaken man.
Duch. Do not say so! take comfort;
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To cast you on a hospitable shore,
Where dwells a lady—
Ver. She to whom, good master,
You preferr'd me.
Duch. In whose house, whatsoe'er
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.
Mont. I fear that I'm pursued; and doubt that I,
In my defence, have kill'd an officer.
Ver. Is that all? There's no law under the sun
But will, I hope, confess, one drop of blood
Shed from this arm is recompense enough,
Tho' you had cut the throats of all the catchpoles
In France, nay, in the world.
Mont. I would be loth

[27] *That* if you were but *pleas'd to love,*
I know no Juno worthy such a Jove.] Both the sense and measure of the first line are so lame that there can, I think, be no doubt of a corruption. That which is most natural for *Veramour* to say as a proper compliment to *Lamira*, and a proper wish for restoring his beloved master to wealth and prosperity; this, I say, will exactly fill up the measure; and tho' it departs more than I could wish from the trace of the letters, yet a few blots in the original copy might easily cause such a difference; I hope that I shall only restore that original in reading,

That *unless you yourself* were pleas'd to love.

Lamira's answer evidently requires some reading to this purport. *Seward.*

The *sense* of the first line is clear, and the text should not be violated. *Lamira*'s answer refers to *Veramour*'s affection, not to *Montague*'s.

[28] *Scarab.*] See note 49 on the Elder Brother.

[29] Spil'd *the eagles seed.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

To

To be a burden, or feed like a drone
On the industrious labour of a bee;
And baser far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eat, what's not in me to pay:
Then, since my full fortunes are declin'd[30],
To their low ebb, I'll fashion my high mind.
It was no shame to Hecuba, to serve
When Troy was fir'd: if't be in your power
To be a means to make her entertain me[31],
(And far from that I was; but to supply
My want with habit fit for him that serves)
I shall owe much to you.

Duch. Leave that care to me.

Ver. Good sir, lean on my shoulder. Help, good madam!
Oh, that I were a horse for half an hour,
That I might carry you home on my back!
I hope you'll love me still?

Mont. Thou dost deserve it, boy.
That I should live to be thus troublesome!

Duch. Good sir, 'tis none. [chang'd

Ver. Trouble? Most willingly I would be
Like Apuleius, wear his ass's ear[32],
Provided I might still this burden bear.

Duch. 'Tis a kind boy!

Mont. I find true proof of it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amiens and Longueville, with a Paper.

Ami. You'll carry it?

Long. As I live, altho' my packet
Were like Bellerophon's. What have you seen
In me or my behaviour, since your favours
So plentifully shower'd upon my wants,
That may beget distrust of my performance?

Ami. Nay, be not angry! if I entertain'd
But the least scruple of your love, or courage,
I would make choice of one which my estate
Should do me right in this[33]: nor can you blame me,
If in a matter of such consequence
I am so importunate.

Long. Good my lord,
Let me prevent your further conjurations
To raise my spirit! I know this is a challenge
To be deliver'd unto Orleans' hand;
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I must be your second, and in that
Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
But stand in all your hazards, as our bloods
Ran in the self-same veins; in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrified and useless, cut me off,
And underneath the gallows bury it!

Ami. At full you understand me, and in this
Bind me, and what is mine, to you and yours:
I will not so much wrong you as to add
One syllable more; let it suffice I leave
My honour to your guard, and in that prove
You hold the first place in my heart and love! [*Exit.*

Long. The first place in a lord's affection? very good! [changing
And how long doth that last? perhaps the
Of some three shirts i'th' tennis-court. Well, it were
Very necessary that an order were taken
(If 'twere possible) that younger brothers
Might have more wit, or more money; for now,
Howe'er the fool hath long been put upon him
That inherits, his revenue hath bought him
A spunge, and wiped off the imputation:
And for the understanding of the younger,
Let him get as much rhetorick as he can,
To grace his language, they will see he shall

Enter Dubois.

Have gloss little enough to set out his bark.
Stand, Dubois! Look about! is all safe?

Dubois. Approach not near me but with reverence,

[30] *Then since my* full, &c.] Seward, for the sake of measure, reads,
Then since my ONCE *full* fortunes are declin'd.

[31] *To be a means to make her* entertainment.] This mistake of the substantive *entertainment* for *entertain me*, has run through the former editions. It has been objected to this passage—How could *Montague* be personally unknown, or want a recommendation to *Lamira*, when he had expressly recommended to her both the persons he speaks to? Had the poets foreseen the objection, an additional line might have taken it clearly off. Since it is very common, for persons of remarkable goodness living at great distances, and personally unknown to each other, to contract great friendships merely from character and the intercourse of mutual friends; or perhaps what is still a greater band of friendship, their concurrence in the same works of charity and benevolence. *Seward.*

Surely the absurdity is too gross to be so easily removed.

[32] *Like* Apuleius, &c.] See *Apuleius's Golden Asse*, translated into English by William Adlington, 1571. *R.*

[33] *I would make choice of one* which *my estate*
Should do me right in this.] Thus the former editions, but I believe without a possibility of any rational interpretation: I read,
——— with my estate,
i. e. I would have a *second* in this duel, that should deliver my challenge and join in the fight with boldness and intrepidity, though it cost me my whole estate to procure one. *Longueville*'s answer to this has infinite beauty and energy. *Seward.*

Seward's reading is very bald, and will scarce convey the sense he annexes to it, at least not in the stile of our authors. The old reading would better bear it.

Laurel,

Laurel, and adorations! I have done
More than deserves a hundred thanks.
Long. How now?
What's the matter? [brain,
Dubois. With this hand, only aided by this
Without an Orpheus' harp, redeem'd from
Three-headed porter, our Euridice. [hell's
Long. Nay, prithee, speak sense! this is
Braggart in a play. [like the stale
Dubois. Then, in plain prose, thus, and with as little action as thou canst desire; the three-headed porter were three inexorable catchpoles, out of whose jaws, without the help of Orpheus' harp, bait or bribe (for those two strings make the musick that mollifies those flinty furies), I rescued our Euridice; I mean my old master Montague.
Long. And is this all?
A poor rescue! I thought thou hadst revers'd
The judgment of his overthrow in his suit;
Or wrought upon his adversary Orleans,
Taken the shape of a ghost, frighted his mind
Into distraction, and, for the appeasing of
His conscience, forc'd him to make restitution
Of Montague's lands, or such like. Rescued[34]? 'Slight, I would
Have hired a chrocheteur[35] for two cardecues,
To have done so much with his whip!
Dubois. You would, Sir? [cloths durst do
And yet 'tis more than three on their foot-
For a sworn brother, in a coach.
Long. Besides, [may be
What proofs of it? for aught I know, this
A trick; I had rather have him a prisoner,
Where I might visit him, and do him service,
Than not at all, or I know not where.
Dubois. Well, sir, the end will shew it.
What's that? a challenge? [in jest,
Long. Yes; where is Orleans? tho' we fight
He must meet with Amiens in earnest.—Fall off!
We are discover'd! My horse, garson, ha!
Dubois. Were it not in a house, and in his presence
To whom I owe all duty—
Long. What would it do?
Prate, as it does; but be as far from striking,
As he that owes it, Orleans.
Dubois. How?
Long. I think thou art his porter,
Set here to answer creditors, that his lordship
Is not within, or takes the diet. I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honours of a gentleman, [off]
Which nothing but his heart-blood shall wash.
Dubois. Shall I hear this?
Long. And more; and if I may not
Have access to him, I will fix this here,
To his disgrace and thine—
Dubois. And thy life with it. [posts:
Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on
Like pamphlet-titles, that sue to be sold;
Have his disgrace talk for tobacco-shops,
His picture baffled—
Dubois. All respect away!
Were't in a church— [*Draw both.*
Long. This is the book I pray with.

Enter Orleans.

Orl. Forbear, upon your lives!
Long. What, are you rous'd? [not
I hope your lordship can read (tho' he stain
His birth with scholarship).—Doth it not please you now?
If you're a right monsieur, muster up
The rest of your attendance, which is a page,
A cook, a pander, coachman, and a footman,
(In these days, a great lord's train) pretending I am [of answering it,
Unworthy to bring you a challenge; instead
Have me kick'd.
Dubois. If he does, thou deserv'st it.
Long. I dare you all to touch me! I'll not
What answer you? [stand still.
Orl. That thou hast done to Amiens
The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe.
However, since on honourable terms
He calls me forth, say I will meet with him;
And by Dubois, ere sun-set, make him know
The time and place, my sword's length, and whatever
Scruple of circumstance he can expect.
Long. This answer comes unlooked-for.
Fare you well!
Finding your temper thus, 'would I had said less. [*Exit.*
Orl. Now comes thy love to the test.
Dubois. My lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove itself true gold.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine, La-Poop, Mallicorn, and Servant.

Serv. I will acquaint my lady with your
Please you repose yourself here. [coming.
Mal. There's a tester;
Nay, now I am a wooer, I must be bountiful.

[34] ——— *Or such like* rescue.] The old folio reads,
——— or such like *rescued.*
The late editions have made it tolerable sense, though I believe it a wrong conjecture, the more natural and more spirited reading may be given without changing a letter, only by different points—I read,
——— or such like; *rescued?* Slight
I would have hired, &c. *Seward.*

[35] *Have hired* a crocheteur.] The true word here not being understood, is printed wrong in all the editions, it should be a *chrocheteur*, i. e. *a porter.* *Seward.*

Serv.

Serv. If you would have two three-pences for it, sir,
To give some of your kindred as you ride,
I'll see if I can get them; we use not
('Tho' servants) to take bribes. [*Exit.*
Lav. Then thou'rt unfit
To be in office, either in court or city.
La-P. Indeed corruption is a tree whose branches [every where,
Are of an unmeasurable length; they spread
And the dew that drops from thence hath infected
Some chairs and stools of authority.
Mal. Ah, captain,
Lay not all the fault upon officers; [action,
You know you can shark, tho' you be out of
Witness Montague!
Lav. Hang him! he's safe enough:
You had a hand in't too, and have gain'd by him.
But I wonder you citizens, that keep
So many books, and take such strict accounts
For every farthing due to you from others,
Reserve not so much as a memorandum
For the courtesies you receive.
Mal. Would you have
A citizen book those? Thankfulness is
A thing we are not sworn to in our indentures;
You may as well urge conscience.
Lav. Talk
No more of such vanities! Montague
Is irrecoverably sunk: I would [snake
We had twenty more to send after him. The
That would be a dragon, and have wings, must eat;
And what implieth that, but this, that in
This cannibal age, he that would have
The suit of wealth, must not care whom he feeds on?
And, as I've heard, no flesh battens better
Than that of a professed friend: and he
That would mount to honour, must not make dainty [father,
To use the head of his mother, back of his
Or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment: [most part,
For but observe, and you shall find for th'
Cunning Villainy sit at a feast as principal guest, [servant
And innocent Honesty wait as a contemn'd
With a trencher.
La-P. The ladies.

Enter Montague, Lamira, Duchess, Charlotte, and Veramour.

Mont. Do you smell nothing?
Charl. Not I, sir. [in my nostrils.
Mont. The carrion of knaves is very strong
Lav. We came to admire; and find Fame was a niggard,
Which we thought prodigal in your report[36],
Before we saw you.
Lam. Tush, sir! this courtship's old.
La-P. Ill fight for thee, sweet wench;
This is my tongue, and wooes for me.
Lam. Good man of war, [siege,
Hands off! If you take me, it must be by
Not by an onset: and for your valour, I
Think I have deserved few enemies,
And therefore need it not.
Mal. Thou need'st nothing, sweet lady,
But an obsequious husband; and where wilt thou find him,
If not i' th' city? We are true Muscovites
To our wives, and are ne'er better pleas'd than when [have me!
They use us as slaves, bridle and saddle us:
Thou shalt command all my wealth as thine own; [and
Thou shalt sit like a queen in my warehouse;
My factors, at the return with my ships, shall pay thee
Tribute of all the rarities of the earth:
Thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates; the first [shall—
Peascods, strawberries, grapes, cherries,
Lam. Be mine: I apprehend what you would say. [for,
Those dainties, which the city pays so dear
The country yields for nothing, and as early;
And, credit me, your far-fet[37] viands please not
My appetite better than those that are near hand. [tion
Then, for your promis'd service and subjec-
To all my humours when I am your wife,
(Which, as it seems, is frequent in the city)
I cannot find what pleasure they receive
In using their fond husbands like their maids:
But, of this, more hereafter! I accept
Your proffer kindly, and yours: my house stands open
To entertain you; take your pleasure in it,
And ease after your journey!
Duch. Do you note
The boldness of the fellows?
Lam. Alas, madam!
A virgin must in this be like a lawyer;
And as he takes all fees, she must hear all suitors;
The one for gain, the other for her mirth:
Stay with the gentlemen! we'll to the orchards.
[*Exe. Lamira, Duchess, Ver. and Charlotte.*
La-P. Zounds! what art thou?
Mont. An honest man, tho' poor:
And look they like to monsters? are they so rare?
Lav. Rose from the dead?
Mal. Do you hear, monsieur Serviteur?

[36] *Which we thought prodigal in* our *report.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympson concurred in the correction. *Seward.*

[37] *Far-fet.*] Seward alters *fet* to *fetch'd*; but *fet* is right; it was the language of the times. So, in Roger Ascham's Works, p. 13, 'And therefore, against a desperate evill be-'gan to seeke for a desperate remedie; which was *fet* from Rome, a shop always open to 'any mischief, as you shall perceive in these few leaves, if you marke them well.' *R.*

Didst thou never hear of one Montague,
A prodigal gull, that liveth about Paris?
Mont. So, sir! [estate
Lav. One that, after the loss of his main
In a law-suit, bought an office in the court?
La-P. And should have letters of mart, to have [dies?
The Spanish treasure as it came from the In-
Were not thou and he twins? Put off thy hat;
Let me see thy forehead.
Mont. Though you take privilege
To use your tongues, I pray you hold your fingers!
'Twas your base coz'nage made me as I am;
And, were you somewhere else, I would take off
This proud film from your eyes, that will not
Know I am Montague. [let you

Enter Lamira behind the arras.

Lam. I'll observe this better.
Lav. And art thou he? I'll do thee grace; give me [course:
Thy hand! I'm glad thou hast ta'en so good a
Serve God, and please thy mistress; if I prove
To be thy master, as I'm very likely,
I will do for thee.
Mal. Faith, the fellow [doubt
Is well made for a servingman, and will no
Carry a chine of beef with a good grace.
La-P. Prithee be careful of me in my chamber:
I will remember thee at my departure.
Mont. All this I can endure under this roof;
And so much owe I her, whose now I am,
That no wrong shall incense me to molest
Her quiet house. While you continue here,
I will not be asham'd to do you service
More than to her, because such is her pleasure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two shillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your shop! Do you
If ever I see Paris, tho' an army [hear?
Of musty murrions[37], rusty brown bills and clubs, [tricks.
Stand for your guard—I have heard of your
And you that smell of amber at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat—well, I may live
To meet thee! be it among a troop of such
That are upon the fair face of the court
Like running ulcers, and before thy whore,
Trample upon thee!
La-P. This a language for
A livery? Take heed; I am a captain.
Mont. A coxcomb, are you not? That thou and I, [now
To give proof which of us dares most, were
In midst of a rough sea, upon a piece
Of a split ship, where only one might ride,
I would—— [player.
But foolish anger makes me talk like a
[*Lamira from the arras.*
Lam. Indeed you act a part doth ill become you,
My servant[38]; is this your duty?
Mont. I crave your pardon,
And will hereafter be more circumspect.
Lav. Oh, the power of a woman's tongue! It hath done [undertake;
More than we three with our swords durst
Put a madman to silence.
Lam. Why, sirrah, these
Are none of your comrades, to drink with in the cellar;
One of them, for aught you know, may live
To be your master.
La-P. There is some comfort yet.
Lam. Here's choice of three: a wealthy
Mal. Hem! [merchant—
She's taken; she hath spied my good calf,
And many ladies chuse their husbands by that.
Lam. A courtier that's in grace; a valiant captain; [gone!
And are these mates for you? Away, be-
Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon!
And, to give satisfaction to you, madam,
(Altho' I break my heart) I will confess
That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.
Lam. No; I'll spare that. Go, bid the cook haste supper. [*Exit Mont.*
La-P. Oh, brave lady, thou'rt worthy to have servants, [how
To be commandress of a family, that know'st
To use and govern it.
Lav. You shall have many mistresses
That will so mistake as to take
Their horse-keepers and footmen instead of
Thou art none of those. [their husbands;
Mal. But she that can make [gallants,
Distinction of men, and knows when she hath
And fellows of rank and quality in her house—
Lam. Gallants indeed, if't be the gallants' fashion
To triumph in the miseries of a man,
Of which they are the cause! one that transcends [done)
(In spite of all that fortune hath, or can be,
A million of such things as you!—My doors
Stand open to receive all such as wear

[37] *Of* musty murrions, &c.] So in Philaster, vol. i.

We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our *musty murrions* on,
And trace the streets in terror. *R.*

[38] *Doth ill become* you, *my servant.*] Seward expunges *you*.

The

The shape of gentlemen; and my gentlier nature
(I might say weaker) weighs not the expence
Of entertainment: think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto myself? do not I know,
That you have dealt wi' poor Montague, but like
Needy commanders, cheating citizens,
And perjur'd courtiers? I am much mov'd, else use not
To say so much: if you will bear yourselves
As fits such you would make me think you are,
You may stay; if not, the way lies before you. [*Exit.*
Mal. What think you of this, captain?
La-P. That this is
A bawdy-house, with pinnacles and turrets,
In which this disguis'd Montague goes to rut *gratis*;
And that this is a landed pandress, and makes
Her house a brothel for charity.
Mal. Come, that's no miracle;
But from whence derive you the supposition?
Lav. Observe but th' circumstance[39]! You all know,
That in the height of Montague's prosperity,
He did affect, and had his love return'd by
This lady Orleans: since her divorcement,
And his decay of estate[40], 'tis known they've met;
Not so much as his boy but is wanting; and that this
Can be any thing else than a mere plot for
Their night-work, is above my imagination
To conceive.
Mal. Nay, it carries probability:
Let's observe it better; but yet wi' such caution,
As our prying be not discover'd! here's all things
To be had without cost, and therefore
Good staying here.
La-P. Nay, that is true; I would
We might wooe her twenty years, like Penelope's suitors.
Come, Laverdine! [*Exeunt Mal. and La-P.*
Lav. I follow instantly.—
Yonder he is. The thought of this boy

Enter Veramour.

Hath much cool'd my affection to his lady;
And by all conjectures this is a disguis'd whore:
I'll try if I can search this mine.—Page!
Ver. Your pleasure, sir?
Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.
Ver. And you a brave man:
Now I am out of your debt.
Lav. Nay, prithee stay!
Ver. I am in haste, sir.
Lav. By the faith of a courtier—
Ver. Take heed what ye say! you've taken a strange oath. [pleas'd me better:
Lav. I have not seen a youth that hath
I would thou couldst like me, so far as to leave
Thy lady and wait on me! I would maintain
I'th' bravest cloaths—— [thee
Ver. Tho' you took them up
On trust, or bought 'em at the broker's?
Lav. Or any way. [cleanly—
Then thy employments should be so neat and
Thou shouldst not touch a pair of pantables
In a month; and thy lodging—
Ver. Should be in a brothel.
Lav. No; but in mine arms.
Ver. That may be
The circle of a bawdy-house, or worse.
Lav. I mean thou shouldst lie with me.
Ver. Lie with you? [never
I had rather lie with my lady's monkey! 'twas
A good world, since our French lords learn'd
Of the Neapolitans, to make their pages
Their bedfellows; it doth more hurt to th' suburb ladies, [time, sir.
Than twenty dead vacations. 'Tis supper-
Lav. I thought so!
I know by that 'tis a woman; for because
Peradventure she hath made trial of the monkey,
She prefers him before me, as one unknown: well,
These are strange creatures[41], and have strange desires;
And men must use strange means to quench strange fires. [*Exit.*

ACT

[39] *The* circumstance.] Seward reads, *the* circumstances.

[40] *It is known they have met, not so much as his boy* but *is wanting.*] Here again the text, as hitherto printed, would by no means run into any sort of measure, and the sense is almost as much injured. Striking out *but* will do but little, for there want some words to connect the two sentences; the first evidently relating to the meeting of lady *Orleans* and *Montague* in Paris; and the second to their being at *Lamira*'s country-seat. The words that first occurred, as absolutely necessary to the sense, perfectly suited the measure, and made the whole speech run very easily into it. I read, therefore,

——— 'tis known they've met:
And here they are together, not so much as
His boy is wanting.——— *Seward.*

We think the old text may very probably and aptly signify, '*'Tis known they've met, met alone, his very boy absent*: and this must be a plot for their intrigue.' The old text also is here as reducible to measure, as many other parts of the play.

[41] *These are* standing *creatures, and have strange desires;*
And men must use strange means to quench strange fires.] The old folio had printed this as prose; the late editors found out that these two lines rhymed, and therefore should be

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Montague alone, in mean habit.

Mont. NOW, Montague! who discerns thy spirit now, [cloud
Thy breeding, or thy blood? here's a poor
Eclipseth all thy splendor: who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or lenten suit,
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling itself
In gyves of parchment indissoluble? [means,
The greatest-hearted man, supplied with
Nobility of birth, and gentlest parts,
Ay[42], tho' the right-hand of his sovereign,
If Virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a palace set on fire,
Whose glory whilst it shines but ruins him;
And his bright show, each hour to ashes tending,
Shall at the last be rak'd up like a sparkle,
Unless men's lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants tho', blame I my stars,
But suffering others to cast love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be:
My lady's woman, fair and virtuous,
Young as the present month, solicits me
For love and marriage; now, being nothing worth—

Enter Veramour.

Ver. Oh, master! I have sought you a long hour:
Good faith, I never joy'd out of your sight!
For Heav'n's sake, sir, be merry, or else bear
The buffets of your fortunes with more scorn!
Do but begin to rail; teach me the way,
And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth.
I've known you wear a suit full worth a lordship;
Give to a man, whose need ne'er frighted you [crowns,
From calling of him *friend*, five hundred
Ere sleep had left your senses to consider
Your own important present uses: yet,
Since, I have seen you with a trencher wait,
Void of all scorn; therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. 'Would Heav'n thou wert less honest!

Ver. 'Would to Heav'n [nest!
You were less worthy! I am ev'n wi' ye, sir.

Mont. Is not thy master strangely fallen, when thou
Serv'st for no wages, but for charity?
Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love;
The goodness of thy virtue shewn to me,
More opens still my disability
To quit thy pains: credit me, loving boy,
A free and honest nature may be oppress'd,
Tir'd with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a due in him that, to that end,
Extends his love of duty.

Mont. Little world
Of virtue, why dost love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you thro' all countries[43];
I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse-side,
I'll hold your stirrup when you do alight,
And without grudging wait 'till you return:
I will quit offer'd means, and expose myself
To cold and hunger, still to be with you;
Fearless I'll travel through a wilderness;
And when you're weary, I will lay me down,
That in my bosom you may rest your head;
Where, whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
Shall hurt or trouble you; and thus we'll breed
A story to make every hearer weep, [loves.
When they discourse our fortunes and our

Mont. Oh, what a scoff might men of women make,
If they did know this boy!—But my desire
Is, that thou wouldst not (as thou usest still,
When, like a servant, I 'mong servants sit)
Wait on my trencher, fill my cups with wine:
Why shouldst thou do this, boy? prithee,
I am not what I was. [consider,

Ver. Curs'd be the day
When I forget that Montague was my lord,
Or not remember him my master still!

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath spent
So many hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed,
You never taught me how to handle cards,
To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies;
Those are the worldly qualities to live:
Some of our scarlet gallants teach their boys
These worldly qualities. [thus,
Since stumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue
Let me leave Fortune, ere be vicious!

Mont. Oh, lad, thy love will kill me!

Ver. In truth,
I think in conscience I shall die for you.

printed as verse, but they did not observe, that there was a corrupt word in the first line, equally injurious both to sense and measure, for what is *standing creatures*? We must indisputably read,

——*strange* creatures—— *Seward.*

[42] I *though*, &c.] Folios. Seward, YEA though.

[43] *I will follow*, &c. There is great resemblance in this scene to Philaster and Bellario.

Good

Good master, weep not! do you want aught, sir?
Will you have any money? here's some silver,
And here's a little gold; 'twill serve to play,
And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind:
I pray, sir, take it! I'll get more with singing,
And then I'll bring it you: my lady ga't me;
And, by my soul, it was not covetousness,
But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.
Mont. Alas, boy, thou'rt not bound to tell it me,
And less to give it; buy thee scarfs and garters!
And when I've money, I will give thee a sword:
Nature made thee a beauteous cabinet,
To lock up all the goodness of the earth.

Enter Charlotte.

Ver. I've lost my voice with the very sight of
This gentlewoman! Good sir, steal away! you
Were wont to be a curious avoider
Of women's company.
Mont. Why, boy, thou dar'st trust me
Any where, dar'st thou not?
Ver. I'd rather trust you by
A roaring lion, than a ravening woman.
Mont. Why, boy? [flesh.
Ver. Why, truly, she devours more man's
Mont. Ay, but she roars not, boy?
Ver. No, sir? why she
Is never silent but when her mouth is full.
Charl. Monsieur Montague!
Mont. My sweet fellow! since
You please to call me so.
Ver. Ah, my conscience, she
Would be pleas'd well enough to call you bed-fellow.
Oh, master, do not hold her by the hand so!
A woman is a lime-bush, that catcheth all
She toucheth.
Charl. I do most dangerously suspect
This boy to be a wench: art thou not one?
Come hither, let me feel thee.
Ver. With all my heart.
Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy glove?
Ver. Why, to feel whether
You be a boy, or no.
Charl. Fy, boy! go to!
I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks
Any more, if you talk thus.
Ver. Why, I'll sing to you
No more then.
Charl. Fy upon't, how sad you are!
A young gentleman that was the very sun of
Mont. But I'm [France—
In the eclipse now.
Charl. Suffer himself to be o'er-run with
A lethargy of melancholy and discontent!
Rouze up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:
A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.
I would turn a fool, or poet, or any thing,
Or marry, to make you merry: prithee let's walk!—
Good Veramour, leave thy master and me;
I've earnest business with him.
Ver. Pray do you leave
My master and me! we were very merry before you came.
He does not covet women's company:
What have you to do with him? Come, sir, will you go?
And I'll sing to you again. I'faith, his mind
Is stronger than to credit women's vows,
And too pure to be capable of their loves.
Charl. The boy is jealous. Sweet lad, leave us! my lady [there is
Call'd for you, I swear: that's a good child!
A piece of gold for thee; go, buy a feather!
Ver. There's two pieces for you; do you go and buy one,
Or what you will, or nothing, so you go!—
Nay then, I see you'd have me go, sir! why,
I'faith I will, now I perceive you love her
Better than you do me: but, Heaven bless you!
Whatever you do, or intend, I know you are
A very Honest Man! [*Exit.*
Charl. Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy ears reply
I cannot, or *I will not marry thee?*
Why hast thou drawn the blood out of my cheeks,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh, thou hast bred a fever in my veins,
Call'd Love, which no physician can cure!
Have mercy on a maid, whose simple youth—
Mont. How your example, fairest, teacheth me
A ceremonious idolatry! [*Kneels.*
By all the joys of love, I love thee better
Than I or any man can tell another!
And will express[43] the mercy which thou crav'st;
I will forbear to marry thee. Consider,
Thou'rt Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents'
In fair inheritances: rise with these thoughts,
And look on me; but with a woman's eye:
A decay'd fellow, void of means and spirit.
Charl. Of spirit?
Mont. Yes; could I else tamely live[44],

[43] *And* will *express.*] Seward reads, *And* to *express.*

[44] *Of spirit?*
Yes, could I tamely live.] The syllable wanting here to the measure is equally advantageous to the sense. I therefore read,
Yes, could I *else* tamely live, &c.
The sentiments of the next speech deserve to have been plac'd to a more conspicuous character than a lady's woman. *Seward.*

Forget

Forget my father's blood, wait, and make legs,
Stain my best breeches with the servile drops
That fall from others' draughts?
Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldst hide thy spirit
Is perspective, to shew it plainlier:
This undervalue of thy life, is but [speaks
Because I should not buy thee. What more
Greatness of man than valiant patience,
That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes?
These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,
Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
Which we erroneously do stile the deeds
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
Was dead-ey'd Cowardice, and white-cheek'd Fear;
Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
To death, for dread of death; that soul's most stout,
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
Will you perform your word, and marry me,
When I shall call you to't?

Enter Longueville, with a Riding-Rod.

Mont. I'faith, I will.
Charl. Who's this alights here?
Long. With leave, fair creature,
Are you the lady-mistress of the house?
Charl. Her servant, sir.
Long. I pray then favour me,
To inform your lady, and duke Orleans' wife,
A business of import awaits 'em here,
And craves for speedy answer.
Charl. Are you in post, sir?
Long. No; I'm in sattin, lady;
I would you would be in post. [*Exit.*
Charl. I will return, sweet.
Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the house?—I pray
Be cover'd.
Mont. Yes, sir, I do.
Long. Ha! dream'st thou, Longueville?
Sure it is not he!—Sir, I should know you.
Mont. So should I you, but that I am asham'd: [ville,
But, tho' thou know'st me, prithee, Longue-
Mock not my poverty! Pray remember yourself:
Shews it not strangely for thy cloaths to stand
Without a hat to mine? Mock me no more.
Long. The pox embroider me all over, sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The plague upon me, why should I wear velvet
And silver lace? 'Sdeath, I will tear it off.
Mont. Why, madman?
Long. Put on my hat? Yes, [head,
When I'm hang'd I will! I could break my
For holding eyes that knew not you at first!
But, time and fortune, run your courses with him; [most hate[45]!
He'll laugh and scorn you, when you shew

Enter Lamira, Duchess, Laverdine, La-Poop, Mallicorn, Veramour, and Charlotte.

Lam. You're a fair monsieur.
Long. Do you mock me, lady?
Lam. Your business, sir, I mean.
Duch. Regard yourself,
Good monsieur Longueville!
Lam. You are
Too negligent of yourself and place; cover
Your head, sweet monsieur!
Long. Mistake me not, fair ladies;
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I stand bare.
Lav. Nay, sweet dear monsieur, let it not be to us then!
La-P. A pox of compliment!
Mal. And pox of manners! [do't.
Pray hide your head; your gallants use to
Long. And you your foreheads! Why, you needful accessary rascals,
That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a bawd, a pandar, or a whore,
From one another, how dare you suspect
That I stand bare to you? What make you here?
Shift your house, lady, of 'em; for I know 'em;
They come to steal your napkins, and your spoons:
Look to your silver bodkin, gentlewoman,
'Tis a dead utensil; and, page, beware your pockets!
My reverence is unto this man, my master;
Whom you, with protestations and oaths,
As high as Heav'n, as deep as hell, which would
Deceive the wisest man of honest nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd: but, I may meet you,
And beat you one with th' other!
Mont. Peace! no more!
Long. Not a word, sir.
Lav. I'm something thick of hearing;
What said he?
La-P. I hear him, but regard him not.
Mal. Nor I; I'm never angry fasting.
Long. My love
Keeps back my duty. Noblest lady, if
Husband or brother merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers! this hour brings to trial
Their hereto-sleeping hates: by this time, each
Within a yard is of the other's heart;
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords' points: haste and save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave!
Duch. Oh, my distracted heart! that my wreck'd honour

[45] *He'll laugh and* storm *you.*] How easily *scorn* was altered to *storm* by a mistake of the printer; but how much a properer word *scorn* is in the place, every reader will see, tho' *storm* has hitherto run thro' all the former editions. *Seward.*

Should

Should for a brother's, or a husband's life,
Thro' thy undoing, die!
Lam. Amiens engag'd?
If he miscarry, all my hopes and joys,
I now confess it loudly, are undone:
Caroch, and haste! one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.
[*Exeunt Ladies and Mont.*
Mal. Humph! monsieur Laverdine pursues this boy
Extremely. Captain, what will you do?
La-P. Any thing [captain,
But follow to this land-service: I'm a sea-
You know, and to offer to part 'em, without
We could do't like watermen with long staves,
A quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.
Mal. Why then, let us retire and pray for 'em!
I am resolv'd to stop here; your intent[46]?
Abus'd more than we have been we can't be,
Without they fall to flat beating on's.
[*Exeunt Mal. and La-P.*
Lav. And that were
Unkindly done, i'faith.
Ver. Curse me, but you're
The troublesomest ass that e'er I met with!
Retire! you smell like a woman's chamber,
That's newly up, before she've pinch'd her
In with her cloaths. [vapours
Lav. I will haunt thee like
Thy grandame's ghost; thou shalt ne'er rest for me! [secret from you:
Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a
Believe it, sir, indeed I am a woman.
Lav. Why, la! I knew it; this prophetical tongue
Of mine never fail'd me: my mother
Was half a witch; ne'er any thing that she
Forespake but came to pass. A woman! how happy
Am I! Now we may lawfully come together,
Without fear of hanging! Sweet wench, be gracious!
In honourable sort I wooe, no otherwise.
Ver. Faith, the truth is, I've lov'd you long—
Lav. See, see!
Ver. But durst not open it.
Lav. By Heaven, I think so[47]! [test,
Ver. But, briefly, when you bring it to the
If there be not one gentleman in this house
Will challenge more int'rest in me than you can,
I am at your disposure. [*Exit.*
Lav. Oh, Fortunatus,
I envy thee not for cap, or pouch! this day
I'll prove my fortune,
In which your lady doth elect her husband,
Who will be Amiens; 'twill save my wedding-dinner.
Pauvre La-Poop and Mallicorn! If all fail,
I will turn citizen: a beauteous wife
Is the horn-book to the richest tradesman's life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dubois, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, two Lacquies, a Page with two Pistols.

Dubois. Here's a good even piece of
Will you fix here? [ground, my lords:
Orl. Yes; any where.—Lacquey,
Take off my spurs!—Upon a bridge, a rail
But my sword's breadth, upon a battlement,
I'll fight this quarrel!
Dubois. O' the ropes, my lord?
Orl. Upon a line.
Dubois. So all our country duels
Are carried, like a firework on a thread.
Orl. Go, now; stay with the horses! And, do you hear?
Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way!
Dubois. Except you see
Strangers or others, that by chance or purpose
Are like to interrupt us.
Orl. Then give warning. [is so small,
Long. Who takes a sword? The advantage
As he that doubts hath the free leave to chuse.
Orl. Come, give me any, and search me: 'tis not [make
The ground, weapon, or seconds, that can
Odds in those fatal trials, but the cause.
Ami. Most true; and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our swords!
And if my sister have out-liv'd her honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.
Orl. Your sister, Amiens, is a whore, at once! [before,
Ami. You oft have spoke that sense to me
But never in this language, Orleans; [you
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told
That it was possible you might be abus'd:
But now since you forget your manners, you shall find,
If I transgress my custom, you do lie!
And are a villain! which I had rather yet
My sword had prov'd, than I been forc'd to speak.— [haughtily
Nay, give us leave!—And since you stand so
And highly on your cause, let you and I,
Without engaging these two gentlemen,
Singly determine it!
Long. My lord, you'll pardon us!
Dubois. I trust your lordships
Mayn't do us that affront.
Ami. As how?
Dubois. We kiss [here
Your lordship's hand, and come to serve you
With swords.
Long. My lord, we understand ourselves.
Dubois. We've had the honour to be call'd unto

[46] *I am resolv'd to stop your intent.*] Amended by Seward.
[47] *I* think *so.*] Seward reads, I *thought* so.

The

The business, and we must not quit it
On terms.
Ami. Not terms of reason?
Long. No;
No reason for the quitting of our calling.
Dubois. True;
If I be call'd to't, I must ask no reason.
Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less:
It is a favour, if my throat be cut,
Your lordship does me; which I never can,
[*A noise within, crying,* Down with your swords!
Nor must have hope how to requite.—What noise?
What cry is that? My lord, upon your guard!
Some treachery is afoot.

Enter Duchess, Lamira, and Montague.

Duch. Oh, here they are!
My lord—Dear lady, help me! help me all!
I have so woeful interest in both,
I know not which to fear for most; and yet
I must prefer my lord. Dear brother,
You are too understanding, and too noble,
To be offended when I know my duty,
Tho' scarce my tears will let me see to do it.
Orl. Out, loathed strumpet!
Duch. Oh, my dearest lord,
If words could on me cast the name of whore,
I then were worthy to be loathed: but,
Know your unkindness cannot make me wicked; [me.
And therefore should less use that power upon
Orl. Was this your art, to have these actors come, [man!
To make this interlude? Withdraw, cold
And, if thy spirit be not frozen up,
Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance!
Ami. Thou shalt have strokes, and strokes, thou glorious man[47],
'Till thou breath'st thinner air than that thou talk'st.
Lam. My Lord! count Amiens!
Duch. Princely husband!
Orl. Whore! [that I had
Lam. You wrong her, impudent lord! Oh,
The bulk of those dull men! look how they stand,
And no man will revenge an innocent lady!
Ami. You hinder it, madam.
Lam. I would hinder you;
Is there none else to kill him?
Duch. Kill him, madam? [pent,
Have you learn'd that bad language? Oh, re-
And be the motive rather both kill me[48].
Orl. Then die, my infamy!
Mont. Hold, bloody man!
Orl. Art thou there, basilisk?
Mont. To strike thee dead, [hang
But that thy fate deserves some weighte
Dubois. Sweet my lord!
Orl. Oh, here's a plot! [tres
You bring your champions with you! the adu
With the adulterer! Out, howling—
Dubois. Good my lord! [lady
Orl. Are you her grace's countenancer
The receiver to the poor vicious couple?
Dubois. Sweet my lord! [false fellow
Orl. Sweet rascal, didst thou not tell me
This Montague here was murder'd?
Dubois. I did so;
But he was falser, and a worthless lord,
Like thy foul self, that would have had it so:
Long. Orleans, 'tis true; and shall be prov'd upon thee. [wicked nature
Mont. Thy malice, duke, and this thy
Are all as visible as thou; but I,
Born to contemn thy injuries, do know,
That tho' thy greatness may corrupt a jury,
And make a judge afraid, and carry out
A world of evils with thy title, yet
Thou art not quiet at home; thou bear'st about thee [thee too.
That that doth charge thee, and condemn
The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed [ness
Displease me, is, to think that so much base-
Stands here to have encounter'd so much honour. [spake,
Pardon me, my lord, what late my passion
When you provok'd my innocence!
Orl. Yes, do!
Oh, flattery becomes him better than
The suit he wears; give him a new one,
Ami. Orleans, [Amiens!
'Tis here no time nor place to jest or rail
Poorly with you; but I will find a time to
Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place,
As shall not hold a second interruption.
Mont. I hope your lordship's honour and your life
Are destin'd unto higher hazards; this
Is of a meaner arm.
Dubois. Yes, faith, or none. [sword:
Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest
A prince, and lie?
Dubois. And slander? and hire men
To publish the false rumours he hath made?
Long. And stick 'em on his friends and innocents? [their fames?
Dubois. And practise 'gainst their livesafter
Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness, [strous!
Bawds, thieves, and cheaters, it were mon-
Dubois. But in a man of blood how more
Ami. Can this be? [conspicuous!
Duch. They do slander him.

[47] *Glorious;*] i. e. *Vain, proud,* in the sense of the French *glorieux.*

[48] *And be the motive, rather both kill me;*] *i. e.* And rather persuade them *both to kill me.* The expression, for want of *that* being inserted, is so obscure, that the former editors did not understand it, and therefore added a comma, which utterly deprived it of all meaning. *Seward.*

Orl.

Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hangbies!
Long. How! Stand, Orleans! stay! Give me my pistols, boy!
Hinder me not! by Heavens, I will kill him!
Duch. Oh, stay his fury!
Ami. Longueville, my friend! [kind,
Long. Not for myself, my lord, but for man-
And all that have an interest to virtue,
Or title unto innocence.
Ami. Why, hear me!
Long. For Justice' sake—
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To punish
His wife's, your honour's, and my lord's wrongs here,
Whom I must ever call so: for your loves,
I swear, I'll sacrifice—
Ami. Longueville,
I did not think you a murderer before.
Long. I care not what you thought me!
Ami. By Heaven, if thou attempt
His life, thy own is forfeit!
Mont. Foolish frantick man,
The murder will be of us, not him.
Duch. Oh, Heav'n! [would not take
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we
The justice out of Fate's—Singe but
A hair of him, thou diest!
Long. No matter. [*Shoots.*
Ami. Villain!
Dubois. My lord, your sister's slain.
Ami. Biancha!
Mont. Oh, hapless and most wretched chance!
Lam. Stand'st thou
Looking upon the mischief thou hast made?
Thou godless man, feeding thy bloodshot-eyes
With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd
To stone with horror? Hence, and take the
Of thy black infamy, to carry thee [wings
Beyond the shoot of looks, or sound of curses,
Which will pursue thee[49] till thou hast out-
All but thy guilt. [fled
Orl. Oh, wish it off again; for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel!
If you could know the mountain I sustain
With horror[50], you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me. I can't stand! forgive
Where I have wrong'd, I pray!
Ami. Look to him, Montague. [well,
Long. My lords and gentlemen, the lady's
But for fear; unless that have shot her:
I have the worst of it, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts.
Look to her! she'll be well: it was but powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted sooner; but I'm glad
He's come at last.
Lam. How is Biancha? Well?
Ami. Lives she? See! Sister! Doth she breathe[51]? [breathe,
Duch. Oh, gentlemen, think you I can
That am restored to the hateful sense
Of feeling in me my dear husband's death?
Oh, no, I live not: life was that I left,
And what you have call'd me to is death indeed:
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed!
Dubois. Pardon me, madam; he is well.
Duch. Ha! my husband? [shame
Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or
Be greater; but I thank the Heav'ns for both.
Oh, look not black upon me, all my friends!
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow
Unto this earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave;
And I will think them too most manly tears,
If they do move your pities. It is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.
Lam. My lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected: [hands.
Here, take your honour'd wife, and join your
She hath married you again!
And, gentlemen, I do invite you all
This night to take my house; where, on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feast,
I'll make myself a husband and a guest.
[*Exeunt.*

[49] *Which will pursue thee* still:
Thou hast out fled, &c.] Amended by Seward.
[50] ——*The mountain I sustain*
With *horror, you would each, &c.*] Seward reads,
——The mountain I sustain
Of horror, &c.
[51] Lam. *How is Biancha? well?*
Ami. *Lives she? See sister, doth she breathe?*] Seward reads,
Lam. How is Biancha? well
Lives she? See—
Ami. Sister—she doth breathe.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Montague and Charlotte.

Charl. WELL, now, I'm sure you're mine.
Mont. I'm sure I'm glad
I've one to own then; you will find me honest,
As these days go, enough; poor without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat,
And I shall do my work, else knock my shoes off,
And turn me out again.
Charl. You are a merry fellow.
Mont. I have no great cause.
Charl. Yes, thy love to me.
Mont. That's as we make our game.
Charl. Why, you repent then? [be;
Mont. Faith, no; worse than I am I cannot
Much better I expect not: I shall love you,
And, when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack-Merlin[51],
Learn to love ale, and play at two-hand Irish;
And there's then all I aim at.
Charl. Nay, sweet fellow,
I'll make it something better.
Mont. If you do,
You'll make me worse:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that course! of all the king's creatures, [me!
I hate his coin: keep me from that, and save
For if you chance, out of your housewifery,
To save a hundred pound or two[52], bestow it
In plumb-broth ere I know it; else I take it,
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry *noble Mon-*
And so I stand again at livery! [*tague!*
Charl. You've pretty fancies, sir; but, married once,
This charity will fall home to yourself.
Mont. I would it would! I am afraid my looseness [work on
Is yet scarce stopt, tho' it have nought to
But the mere air of what I have had.
Charl. Pretty! [marry me;
Mont. I wonder, sweetheart, why you'll
I can see nothing in myself deserves it,
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters,
Necessity will not let me lose.
Charl. I see, sir, [band,
A great deal more; a handsome man, a hus-
To make a right good woman truly happy.
Mont. Lord, where are my eyes? Either you are foolish,
As wenches once a year are, or far worse,
Extremely virtuous: can you love a poor man
That relies on cold meat, and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing, [Tristram?
But what will be the next coat will pose
If I should levy from my friends a fortune,
I could not raise ten groats to pay the priest now. [money
Charl. I'll do that duty: 'tis not means nor
Makes me pursue your love; were your mind
I would ne'er love you. [bankrupt,

Enter Lamira.

Mont. Peace, wench! here's my lady.
Lam. Nay, never shrink i'th' wetting, for my presence!
D'ye find her willing, Montague?
Mont. Willing, madam? [I know
Lam. How dainty you make of it! Do not
You two love one another?
Mont. Certain, madam,
I think ye've revelations of these matters:
Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her.
Lam. But she can, sir.
Mont. But she will not, madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy-money,
They get no more close kisses.
Lam. Thou art wanton.
Mont. Heav'n knows I need not; yet I would be lusty;
But, by my soul, my provender scarce pricks me.
Lam. It shall be mended, Montague: I'm
You're grown so merry. [glad
Mont. So am I too, madam.
Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome consort.
Mont. Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not.
Lam. Your fiddle! why your fiddle? I warrant, thou mean'st madly. [love!
Mont. Can you blame me? Alas, I am in
Charl. 'Tis very well, sir!
Lam. How long have you been thus?
Mont. How? thus in love?
Lam. You're very quick, sir! No;
I mean thus pleasant.
Mont. E'er since I was poor. [then?
Lam. A little wealth would change you,
Mont. Yes, lady,
Into another suit, but never more
Into another man; I'll bar that mainly.

[51] *Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack Merling;*] *i. e.* Turn talk'ner, a *Merlin*, being a species of hawk. The measure was all confus'd in the former editions. *Seward.*
The first folio reads, BLACK *Merling.*
[52] *To* leave *a hundred pound.*] So former editions.

The

The wealth I get henceforward shall be charm'd
For ever hurting me; I'll spend it fasting.
As I live, noble lady, there is nothing,
I've found, directly cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlock: when I had store of money, [wise,
I simper'd sometime, and spoke wondrous
But never laugh'd out-right; now I am empty,
My heart sounds like a bell, and strikes at both sides.
Lam. You're finely temper'd, Montague.
Mont. Pardon, lady,
If any way my free mirth have offended!
'Twas meant to please you; if it prove too saucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever silenc'd.
Lam. I like it passing well; pray follow it!
This is my day of choice, and shall be your's too;
'Twere pity to delay you. Call to the steward,
And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you
Five hundred crowns; make yourself handsome, Montague; [dit:
Let none wear better cloaths; 'tis for my cre-
But pray be merry still!
Mont. If I be not,
And make a fool of twice as many hundreds,
Clap me in canvas, lady! [*Exeunt.*

Enter La-Poop, Laverdine, and Mallicorn.

Lav. I'm strangely glad I've found the mystery
Of this disguis'd boy out; I ever trusted
It was a woman, and how happily
I've found it so! and for myself, I'm sure,
One that would offer me a thousand pound now
(And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)
In ready gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her. She's a dainty wench,
And such a one I find I want extremely,
To bring me into credit: beauty does it.
Mal. Say we should all meach here[53], and stay the feast now, [knaves;
What can the worst be? We have play'd the
That's without question.
La-P. True; and, as I take it, [and
This is the first truth we told these ten years,
For any thing I know, may be the last:
But, grant we're knaves, both base and beastly knaves—
Mal. Say so then. [ly
Lav. Well.
La-P. And likewise
Let it be consider'd, we have wrong'd,
And most maliciously, this gentlewoman
We cast to stay with, what must we expect now? [pect good eating.
Mal. Ay, there's the point; we would ex-
La-P. I know we would, but we may find good beating. [soul,
Lav. You say true, gentlemen; and by my
Tho' I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if a beat a God's name[54], [palate.
Such crab-sauce to my meat will turn my
Mal. There's all the hazard; for the frozen Montague [him,
Has now got spring again and warmth in
And, without doubt, dares beat us terribly.
For, not to mince the matter, we are cowards,
And have, and shall be beaten, when men
To call us into cudgeling. [please
La-P. I feel
We're very prone that way.
Lav. The sons of Adam. [question;
La-P. Now, here then rests the state o'th'
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a sound dog-whip (for, I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less), or quietly
Take a hard egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch? this we may do securely;
For, to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.
Mal. But, pray ye hear me: is not this the day
The virgin lady doth elect her husband?
Lav. The dinner is to that end.
Mal. Very well then; [whipping,
Say we all stay, and say we all 'scape this
And be well entertain'd, and one of us
Carry the lady!
La-P. 'Tis a seemly saying,
I must confess; but if we stay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourselves (i'th' end)
Will ask a Christian fear: I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of art or nature (lay aside our lying,
Whoring and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this lady.
Mal. Yet women go not by the best parts
That I have found directly. [ever;
Lav. Why should we fear then?
They chuse men as they feed: sometimes they settle [gallant,
Upon a white-broth'd face, a sweet smooth
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a goose; sometimes a grosser meat,
A rump of beef, will serve 'em at some season,
And fill their bellies too, tho' without doubt
They're great devourers; stock-fish is a dish,
If it be well dress'd, for the toughness' sake
Will make the proudest of 'em long and leap for't; [starve.
They'll run mad for a pudding, ere they'll
La-P. For my own part, I care not, come what can come;
If I be whipt, why so be it! if cudgell'd,
I hope I shall out-live it: I am sure [so,
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been serv'd
And yet, I thank Heav'n, I'm here.
Mal. Here's resolution!

[53] *Meach.*] See note 55 on the Scornful Lady. The word is variously spelt.
[54] *If a* eat *a God's name.*] The sense requires us to read, *If a* BEAT *a God's name.*

La-P. A little patience, and a rotten apple,
Cures twenty worse diseases: what say you, [sir?
Lav. Marry, I say, sir, if I had been acquainted [been,
With lamming[55] in my youth, as you have
With whipping, and such benefits of nature,
I should do better; as I am, I'll venture:
And if it be my luck to have the lady,
I'll use my fortune modestly; if beaten,
You shall not hear a word; one I am sure of,
And if the worse fall, she shall be my physick.
Let's go then, and a merry wind be with us!
Mal. Captain, your shoes are old; pray put e'm off,
And let one fling 'em after us. Be bold, sirs;
And howsoe'er our fortune falls, let's bear
An equal burden! if there be an odd lash,
We'll part it afterwards.
La-P. I'm arm'd at all points. [*Exeunt.*

Enter four Servants, with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Then my lady will have a bedfellow to-night? [arm-full
2 *Serv.* So she says: Heav'n, what a dainty
Shall he enjoy, that has the launching of her!
What a fight she will make!
3 *Serv.* Ay, marry, boys, [grappling!
There will be sport indeed! there will be
She has a murderer lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main-mast, Robin.
4 *Serv.* Who dost thou think shall have her, of thy conscience?
Thou art a wise man.
3 *Serv.* If she go the old way,
The way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all
Without question.
1 *Serv.* She has lost a friend of me else.
What think ye of the courtier?
2 *Serv.* Hang him, hedge-hog! [phues[57],
H'has nothing in him but a piece of Eu-
And twenty dozen of twelvepenny ribband, all
About him; he is but one pedlar's shop
Of gloves and garters, pick-teeth and pomander.
3 *Serv.* The courtier! marry, God bless her, Steven, she is not
Mad yet; she knows that trindle-tail too well;
He's crest-fallen, and pin-buttock'd, with leaping laundresses.
4 *Serv.* The merchant? sure she will not
To have him. [be so base
1 *Serv.* I hope so; Robin, he'll sell us all
To th'Moors to make mummy. Nor the captain?
4 *Serv.* Who? potgun? that's a sweet
Will he stay, think ye? [youth, indeed!
3 *Serv.* Yes, without question,
And have half din'd too ere the grace be done.
He's good for nothing in the world but eating,
Lying and sleeping; what other men devour
In drink he takes in pottage: they say h'has been
At sea; a herring-fishing, for without doubt
He dares not hail an eel-boat, i'th' way of war.
2 *Serv.* I think so; they would beat him off with butter.
3 *Serv.* When he brings in a prize, unless it be
Cockles, or Calais sand to scour with,
I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
And all the hidden art I have in carving,
To teach young birds to whistle Walsingham[58]:
Leave him to the lime-boats! Now, what
Of the brave Amiens? [think you
1 *Serv.* That's a thought indeed. [feed
2 *Serv.* Ay, marry, there's a person fit to
Upon a dish so dainty; and he'll do't,
I warrant him, i'th' nick, boys; h'has a body
World without end.
4 *Serv.* And such a one my lady
Will make no little of. But is not Montague
Married to-day?
3 *Serv.* Yes, faith, honest Montague
Must have his bout too.
2 *Serv.* He's as good a lad
As ever turn'd a trencher: must we leave him?
3 *Serv.* He's too good for us, Steven. I'll give him health
To his good luck to-night i'th' old beaker,
And it shall be sack too.
4 *Serv.* I must have a garter;
And, boys, I have bespoke a posset; somebody
Shall give me thanks for't! 't has a few toys in't
Will raise commotions in a bed, lad.
1 *Serv.* Away! my lady.
[*Exeunt.*

[55] *Lamming;*] i. e. *Beating.*

[57] *A piece of* Euphues.] *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, was the title of a romance wrote by Lilly, author of several plays in queen Elizabeth's reign. His stile was stiff, pedantic, and affected, but was in such vogue that Mr. Blount, who published six of his plays, says, that Lilly's *Euphues* and his *England* taught the court a new language, and the lady who could not *parle Euphuism* was as little regarded as she that now there speaks not French. Here is a banter upon the court for this practice; but it would much have improved it if *Lazerdine* had frequently made use of this affected stile, and *Euphuism* had made part of his character through the whole play. The account of Lilly is taken from Mr. Dodsley's Preface to his Collection of Old Plays, and Mr. Sympson quotes it also from Langbain. *Seward.*

[58] *To whistle* Walsingham.] *Walsingham*, in Norfolk, a place formerly famous for the pilgrimages to the rood, or cross, of Our Lady there. *R.*

Enter

Enter Orleans and Duchess, arm in arm, Amiens, Lamira, Charlotte like a bride, Montague brave, Laverdine, Longueville, Dubois, Maillicorn, and La-Poop.

Lam. Seat yourselves, noble lords and gentlemen;
You know your places. Many royal welcomes
I give your grace! How lovely shews this change!
My house is honour'd in this reconcilement.
Orl. Thus, madam, must you do;
My lady now shall see you made a woman,
And give you some short lessons for your voyage.
Take her instructions, lady; she knows much.
Lam. This becomes you, sir.
Duch. My lord must have his will.
Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweetheart.
Fair lady,
This to your happy choice!—Brother Amiens,
You are the man I mean it to.
Ami. I'll pledge you.
Orl. And with my heart.
Ami. With all my love I take it.
Lam. Noble lords,
I'm proud ye've done this day so much content,
And me such estimation, that this hour
(In this poor house) shall be a league for ever;
For so I know ye mean it.
Ami. I do, lady.
Orl. And I, my lord.
Omnes. You've done a work of honour.
Ami. Give me the cup! Where this health stops, let that man
Be either very sick or very simple;
Or I am very angry. Sir, to you!
Madam, methinks this gentleman might sit too;
He would become the best on's.
Orl. Pray sit down, sir:
I know the lady of the feast expects not
This day so much old custom.
Lam. Sit down, Montague!
Nay, never blush for th' matter.
Mont. Noble madam,
I have two reasons 'gainst it, and I dare not:
Duty to you first, as you are my lady,
And I your poorest servant; next, the custom
Of this day's ceremony.
Lam. As you are my servant,
I may command you then?
Mont. To my life, lady.
Lam. Sit down, and here! I'll have it so.
Ami. Sit down, man;
Never refuse so fair a lady's offer.
Mont. It is your pleasure, madam, not my pride,
And I obey. I'll pledge you now, my lord.
Monsieur Longueville!
Long. I thank you, sir.
Mont. This to my lady,
And her fair choice to-day, and happiness!
Long. 'Tis a fair health; I'll pledge you, tho' I sink for't. [I'll add
Lam. Montague, you are too modest: come,
A little more wine t' you; 'twill make you merry.
This to the good I wish you! [
Mont. Honour'd lady,
I shall forget myself with this great bounty.
Lam. You shall not, sir. Give him some wine.
Ami. By Heav'n, [
You are a worthy woman; and that man
Is blest can come near such a lady.
Lam. Such a blessing
Wet weather wishes[59].
Mont. At all! I'll not go
A lip less, my lord.
Orl. 'Tis well cast, sir.
Mal. If Montague
Get more wine, we are like to hear of it.
Lav. I do not like that sitting there.
Mal. Nor I;
Methinks he looks like a judge.
La-P. Now have I
A kind of grudging of a beating on me;
I fear my hot fit.
Mal. Drink apace; there's nothing
Allays a cudgel like it.
Lam. Montague, now
I'll put my choice to you: who do you hold,
In all this honour'd company, a husband
Fit to enjoy thy lady? speak directly.
Mont. Shall I speak, madam?
Lam. Montague, you shall.
Mont. Then, as I have a soul, I'll speak my conscience.
Give me more wine! in *vino veritas:*
Here's to myself[60], and—

[59] *Such a blessing wet weather* washes.] I believe an extreme genteel answer of *Lamira*'s has been turned into absolute nonsense in all the editions, by the odd connection of the printer's or transcriber's ideas between *wet weather and washing*. Instead of receiving *Amiens*'s compliment in the sense he meant it, of the man being blest who should *come near*, i. e. marry and enjoy *Lamira;* she answers, a traveller caught in a shower of rain might indeed *wish* such a blessing, i. e. of coming near me, as I have a warm house to receive him. 'Tis the great excellency of poetry to express this so concisely by personating *wet weather*, and making that instead of the traveller be the *wisher* of this blessing. But this being probably above the transcriber's reach, he altered it into the nonsensical reading of the late text. Much the greatest part of this scene, as well as the greatest part of the play in general, was either printed as prose, or when the measure was attempted, and the lines ranged as verse, most of them were wrong. *Seward.*

[60] *Here's to myself, and* Montague *have a care.*] This whole line has been hitherto given to *Montague*, not sure with much propriety. It is much more so to make *Lamira* check him, and this is a reason for his immediately quitting his self-recommendation. *Seward.*

Lam.

Lam. Montague, have a care!
Speak to the cause.
Mont. Yes, madam.
First, I'll begin to thee!
Lav. Have at us!
La-P. Now for a psalm of mercy!
Mont. You, good monsieur,
You that belie the noble name of *courtier*,
And think your claim good here, hold up your hand!
Your worship is indicted here for a
Vainglorious fool—
Lav. Good! oh, sir!
Mont. For one whose wit
Lies in a ten-pound waistcoat, yet not warm.
You've travell'd like a fidler to make faces,
And brought home nothing but a case of toothpicks.
You would be married, and no less than ladies,
And of the best sort, can serve you! Thou silk-worm,
What hast thou in thee to deserve this woman?
Name but the poorest piece of man, good manners, [hast none;
There's nothing sound about thee; faith, th'
It lies pawn'd at thy silk-man's, for so much lace
Thy credit with his wife cannot redeem it[61];
Thy cloaths are all the soul thou hast, for so
Thou sav'st them handsome for the next great tilting, [christen'd
Let who will take the other; thou wert ne'er
(Upon my conscience) but in barber's water;
Thou art ne'er out o' th' basou, thou art rotten,
And, if thou dar'st tell truth, thou wilt con—Thy skin [fess it;
Looks of a chesnut colour, greaz'd with amber;
All women that on earth do dwell thou lov'st,
Yet none that understand love thee again,
But those that love the spital. Get thee home,
Poor painted butterfly! thy summer's past.
Go, sweat, and eat dry mutton; thou may'st live
To do so well yet, a bruis'd chambermaid
May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
You have your sentence!—Now it follows,
I treat of you. [captain,
La-P. Pray Heav'n I may deserve it!
Orl. Beshrew my heart, he speaks plain.
Ami. That's plain dealing.
Mont. You are a rascal, captain!
La-P. A fine calling.
Mont. A water-coward!
Ami. He would make a pretty stuff.
Mont. May I speak freely, madam?
Lam. Here's none ties you.
Mont. Why shouldst thou dare come hither with a thought
To find a wife here fit for thee? are all
Thy single-money whores, that fed on carrots,
And fill'd the high grass with familiars,
Fall'n off to footmen? Prithee tell me truly,
(For now I know thou dar'st not lie) couldst thou not
Wish thyself beaten well with all thy heart now,
And out of pain? say that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy nose off, were't not merciful
For this ambition?
La-P. Do your pleasure, sir;
Beggars must not be chusers.
Orl. He longs for beating.
Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts possess my soul, [fish,
Than such brown biscuit, such a piece of dog-
Such a most mangy mackrel-eater as thou art,
That dares do nothing that belongs to th' sea
But spew and catch rats, and fear men of war,
Tho' thou hast nothing in the world to lose
Aboard thee, but one piece of beef, one musquet [barrel—
Without a cock for peace-sake, and a pitch-
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more precious
Than thus to lose it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
The merchant there of catskins, till my words,
Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches [too
To all the world hereafter! You would fain
Venture your bills of lading for this lady:
What would you give now for her? Some five frail [sir?
Of rotten figs, good Godson, would you not,
Or a parrot that speaks High-Dutch? Can all thou ever saw'st
Of thine own fraughts from sea, or cozenage
(At which thou art as expert as the devil),
Nay, sell thy soul for wealth too, as thou wilt do,
Forfeit thy friends, and raise a mint of money,
Make thee dream all these double could procure
A kiss from this good lady? Canst thou hope
She would lie with such a nook of hell as thou art, [dog-bolts!
And hatch young merchant-furies? Oh, ye
That fear no hell but Dunkirk, I shall see you
Serve in a lousy lime-boat, ere I die,
For mouldy cheese, and butter Billingsgate
Would not endure, or bring in rotten pippins
To cure blue eyes, and swear they came from China.
Lam. Vex 'em no more; alas, they shake!
Mont. Down quickly
Upon your marrow-bones, and thank this lady;
I would not leave you thus else! there are blankets, [still!
And such delights for such knaves: but fear
'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?
La-P. Surely no great mind now.

[61] *Thy credit* with his wife *cannot, &c.*] First folio exhibits, *Thy credit* which is worse *cannot, &c.*

Mont.

Mont. Nor you?
Mal. Nor I, I take it.
Mont. Two eager suitors!
Lav. Troth, 'tis wondrous hot;
Heav'n bless us from him!
Lam. You've told me, Montague,
Who are not fit to have me; let me know
The man you would point out for me.
Mont. There he sits;
My lord of Amiens, madam, is my choice:
He's noble every way, and worthy a wife
With all the dowries of—
Ami. Do you speak, sir,
Out of your friendship to me?
Mont. Yes, my lord,
And out of truth; for I could never flatter.
Ami. I would not say how much I owe you for it, [you,
For that were but a promise; but I'll thank
As now I find you, in despite of fortune,
A fair and noble gentleman.
Lam. My lords,
I must confess the choice this man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: yet, because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes,
Give me a little liberty to see [now
How I could fit myself, if I were put to't.
Ami. Madam, we must.
Lam. Are ye all agreed?
Omnes. We be. [here!
Lam. Then, as I am a maid, I shall chuse
Montague, I must have thee. [more
Mont. Why, madam, I have learn'd to suffer
Than you can (out of pity) mock me with,
This way especially.
Lam. Thou think'st I jest now;
But, by the love I bear thee, I will have thee!
Mont. If you could be so weak to love a fall'n man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall! Dear lady, look but this way
Upon that lord, and you will tell me then
Your eyes are no true chusers of good men.
Ami. Do you love him truly?
Lam. Yes, my lord:
I will obey him truly, for I'll marry him;
And justly think he that has so well serv'd me
With his obedience, being born to greatness,
Must use me nobly of necessity,
When I shall serve him.
Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross you. Noble Montague,
I wish ye all content, and am as happy
In my friend's good as it were merely mine!
Mont. Your lordship does ill to give up your right!
I am not capable of this great goodness:
There sits my wife, that holds my troth.
Charl. I'll end all: [my title.'
I woo'd you for my lady, and now give up
Alas, poor wench, my aims are lower far.
Mont. How's this, sweetheart?
Lam. Sweetheart, 'tis so; the drift was mine, to hide
My purpose till it struck home.
Omnes. Give you joy! [I'll have thee!
Lam. Prithee leave wondring! by this kiss,
Mont. Then, by this kiss, and this, I'll ever serve you! [hope
Long. This gentleman and I, sir, must needs
Once more to follow you.
Mont. As friends and fellows;
Never as servants more.
Long. Dub. You make us happy!
Orl. Friend Montague, you've taught me so much honour,
I've found a fault i' myself; but thus I'll purge
My conscience of it: the late land I took
By false play from you, with as much contrition[62]
As with entireness of affection
To this most happy day, again I render:
Be master of your own; forget my malice,
And make me worthy of your love, lord Montague! [your name.
Mont. You have won me and honour to
Mal. Since [follow.
Your lordship has begun good deeds, we'll
Good sir, forgive us! We are now those men
Fear you for goodness' sake: those sums of money
Unjustly we detain from you, on your pardon
Shall be restor'd again, and we your servants.
La-P. You're very forward, sir! it seems you've money: [you.
I pray you lay out; I'll pay you, or pray for
As the sea works.
Lav. Their penance, sir, I'll undertake, so please you
To grant me one concealment[63].
Long. A right courtier,
Still a-begging.
Mont. What is it, sir?
Lav. A gentlewoman.
Mont. In my gift?
Lav. Yes, sir, in yours.
Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her. [*Exit Lav.*
Lam. What wench would he have?
Mont. Any wench, I think.

[62] *With as much contrition*, and *entireness of Affection to this most happy day again, I render.*] This being all printed as prose, ran readily into its true measure, except in the part—and *entireness of affection;* and here the reader will observe, that there is certainly one mistake, for without changing *and* to *as*, the comparative *as* in the first part wants its responsive *as* in the second, to make out the comparison. The repetition of *with* too (which is all that is wanting to complete the measure) is an additional beauty to the language, whether in verse or prose. *Seward.*

[63] *Concealment.*] See note 14 on the Humorous Lieutenant.

Enter

Enter Laverdine, and Veramour like a Woman.

Lav. This is the gentlewoman.
Mont. 'Tis my page, sir.
Ver. No, sir; I am a poor disguised lady,
That like a page have follow'd you full long
For love, God wot.
Omnes. A lady!
Lav. Yes, yes; 'tis a lady. [gether,
Mont. It may be so; and yet we've lain to-
But, by my troth, I never found her lady.
Duch. Why wore you boys' cloaths?
Ver. I will tell you, madam; [methought
I took example by two or three plays, that
Concern'd me.
Mont. Why made you not me acquainted
With it?
Ver. Indeed, sir, I knew it not myself,
Until this gentleman open'd my dull eyes,
And by persuasion made me see it.
Ami. Could
His power in words make such a change?
Ver. Yes;
As truly woman as yourself, my lord. [man?
Lav. Why, but hark you? are not you a wo-
Ver. If hands and face make it not evident,
You shall see more.
Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine!
La-P. 'Tis not enough; women may wear
Search further, courtier. [those cases;
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! [wouldst thou come
La-P. Oh, thou fresh-water gudgeon,
To point of marriage with an ignoramus?
Thou shouldst have had her urine to the doc-
tor's; [plain
The foolishest physician could have made
The liquid Epicœne[63]; a blind man by the
hand [stone.—
Could have discover'd the ring from the
Boy, come to sea with me; I'll teach thee
to climb,
And come down by the rope, nay, to eat rats.
Ver. I shall devour my master before the
prison then[64];
Sir, I've began my trade.
Mal. Trade! to the city, child;
A flap-cap will become thee.
Mont. Gentlemen,
I beseech you molest yourselves no further
For his preferment; 'tis determined.
Lav. I'm much ashamed; and if my cheek
Giveth not satisfaction, break my head.
Mont. Your shame is enough, sir.
Ami. Montague[65],
Much joy attend thy marriage-bed! By thy
Example of true goodness, Envy is exil'd;
And to all honest men that truth intend,
I wish good luck! fair Fate be still thy friend!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[63] *The liquid* Epicœne.] There is great humour in this, which will escape those who are not acquainted with the technical words in grammar: the *Epicœne gender* is the *doubtful*, or where the sex is not distinguished. The adjective and substantive are therefore jocosely inverted, and the *liquid Epicœne*, is the same as the *dubious liquid*. *Seward.*

We do not remember meeting with a stranger observation, than is contained in the above note.

[64] *I shall devour my master before the prison then.*] This is a passage that has puzzled Mr. Sympson and myself. He proposes to read *poison* for *prison*, but he owns himself not satisfied with the change; nor, indeed, do I see, what advance towards sense we can make by it. I am very far from being satisfied with what I am going to propose. It is very clear, that Veramour designs to call La-Poop a *rat*, and his natural answer should be, "—I shall "then devour my master the first of all his crew." I read, therefore,

————before *his prisoners* then.

The *rats* of the ship may be called such. *Seward.*

[65] *Montague, much joy attend thy marriage bed;*
By thy *example of true goodness, Envy is exil'd,*
And to all honest men that truth intend,
I wish good luck, fair Fate be still thy *friend.*] The reader will here see another instance, how much corrupted the measure was in those parts of the play which were rang'd as verse; which generally arose from the printers making the beginning of most speeches the beginning of a verse, when they are often a conclusion of some foregoing verse, as in this instance. Hence they were forced to curtail the next lines, to bring two lines and a half into two; and I hope, that the original is only restored in stretching them again into due dimensions. In the last line, I believe, for *thy friend*, we should read *their friend*, else we should make a fuller point than a comma before it. The former seems most natural.

Seward.

Seward reads,

Montague, much joy
Attend thy marriage bed; by *th'* example
Of *thy* true goodness, Envy is exil'd,
And, &c.

Scarcely any of Mr. Seward's divisions, which he so often mentions, are adopted in the present edition.

THE MASQUE

OF

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,

GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE;

Presented before His Majesty, the Queen's Majesty, the Prince, Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their Highnesses, in the Banqueting-House at Whitehall, on Saturday the 20th day of February, 1612.

This Masque was undoubtedly the production of Beaumont alone. There is a quarto edition of it without a date; and it is also printed in the folio of 1647.

DEDICATION.

To the Worthy Sir Francis Bacon, His Majesty's Solicitor-General; and the Grave and Learned Bench of the ancient-allied Houses of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple, the Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn.

YOU that spared no time nor travel, in the setting forth, ordering, and furnishing of this Masque, (being the first fruits of honour, in this kind, which these two Societies have offered to his majesty), will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work: for that whereof the success was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciously accepted; and that which you were then to think of in straits of time, you may now peruse at leisure: and you, Sir Francis Bacon, especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Masque was appointed to have been presented the Shrove-Tuesday before[1], at which time the masquers with their attendants, and divers other gallant young gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester-house (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about seven of the clock at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph; the gentlemen masquers being placed by themselves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights placed in such order as might make best show.

They were attended with a number of barges and gallies, with all variety of loud musick, and several peals of ordnance, and led by two admirals.

Of this show his majesty was graciously pleased to take a view, with the prince, the count Palatine, and the lady Elizabeth their highnesses, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy stairs; where they were most honourably received by the lord chamberlain, and so conducted to the vestry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principal ladies, and other noble persons, were not yet come in, whereby it was foreseen that the room would be so scanted as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majesty was most graciously pleased, with the consent of the gentlemen masquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this special favour and privilege, that there should be no let, as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both their houses, who, coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the right honourable the earl of Northampton, lord-privy-seal.

[1] *This Masque was appointed, &c.*] The marriage of the count Palatine of the Rhine with the lady Elizabeth, daughter to James I., was celebrated on Valentine's Day, in the year 1613. The Masque then exhibited by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple was performed with much splendor and magnificence, and at a great expence to both those societies. In Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, 1671, p. 286, we find the following accounts of the charges attending this representation, extracted from the records of each society.—'*Gray's Inn.* In the 10th of King James, the gentlemen of this house were (together with 'those of the other inns of court) actors in that great Masque at Whitehall, at the marriage 'of the king's eldest daughter unto Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine; the charge in 'apparel for the actors in which Masque, was supported by the society: the readers being 'each man assessed at 4*l.*; the ancients, and such as at that time were to be called ancients, at 2*l.* 10*s.* apiece; the barristers at 2*l.* a man; and the students at 20*s.*; out of 'which so much was to be taken as the Inner-Temple did then allow.

'Which being performed, there was an order made, 18 Maii then next following, that the 'gentlemen who were actors in that Masque should bring in all their masqueing apparel, so 'provided at the charge of the house.'

Ibid. p. 340. '*Lincoln's Inn.* The third upon a Masque in 11 Jac. presented by this 'society before the king, at the marriage of the lady Elizabeth his daughter, to the prince 'Elector Palatine of the Rhine, which cost no less than mlxxxvi*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*' *R.*

THE MASQUE

OF

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,

GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE.

THE DEVISE OR ARGUMENT.

JUPITER and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers, Thamesis and Rhine, employ their messengers severally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpose. They meet and contend: then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-masque all of spirits or divine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (because that had been so much in use heretofore) but, as it were, in consort, like to broken music: and preserving the propriety of the devise; for that rivers in nature are maintained either by springs from beneath, or showers from above, he raiseth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds, to dance. Hereupon, Iris scoffs at Mercury, for that he had devised a dance but of one sex, which could have no life: but Mercury, who was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four statues of gold and silver to dance with the nymphs and stars: in which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the statues having but half life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the music and paces. This was the first anti-masque.

Then Iris, for her part, in scorn of this high-flying devise, and in token that the match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate (for that the months of flowers are likewise the months of sweet showers and rainbows) to bring in a May dance, or rural dance, consisting likewise not of any suited persons, but of a confusion or commixture of all such persons as are natural and proper for country sports. This is the second anti-masque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vieing one upon the other, seem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the consent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating, that Jupiter having, after a long discontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest and activest persons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to these nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main masque.

The fabric was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses.

At the entrance of the king, the first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pendant of a hill to life, with divers boscages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill, four delicate fountains running with water, and bordered with sedges and water flowers.

Iris first appeared; and presently after Mercury, striving to overtake her.

Iris appareled in a robe of discoloured taffeta, figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and tresses.

Mercury in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, speaking to Iris as followeth:

Mercury. STAY, stay!
Stay, light-foot Iris! for thou striv'st in vain;
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.
Iris. Away,
Dissembling Mercury! my messages
Ask honest haste; not like those wanton ones
Your thundring father sends.
Merc. Stay, foolish maid!
Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,
In all the painted glory that thou hast,
And never cease to clap my willing wings,
Till I catch hold of thy discolour'd bow,
And shiver it, beyond the angry power
Of your curst[2] mistress to make up again.

[2] *Curst;*] i. e. *Cross, peevish.* The word occurs in Philaster, and several other places.

Iris. Hermes, forbear! Juno will chide and strike.
Is great Jove jealous that I am employ'd
On her love-errands? She did never yet
Clasp weak mortality in her white arms,
As he hath often done: I only come
To celebrate the long-wish'd nuptials
Here in Olympia, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly rivers, which have mix'd
Their gentle-rising waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streams, great as themselves.
I need not name them, for the sound is loud
In Heav'n and earth; and I am sent from her,
The queen of marriage, that was present here,
And smil'd to see them join, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go!

Merc. Nay, you must stay; Jove's message is the same, [thunder,
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is
Whose breath is any wind he will; who knows
How to be first on earth, as well as Heav'n.

Iris. But what hath he to do with nuptial rites?
Let him keep state upon his starry throne,
And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,
Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes!

Merc. Alas, when ever offer'd he t'abridge
Your lady's power, but only now, in these,
Whose match concerns his general government?
Hath not each god a part in these high joys?
And shall not he, the king of gods, presume
Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,
That when enamour'd Jove first gave her power
To link soft hearts in undissolving bands,
He then foresaw, and to himself reserv'd,
The honour of this marriage. Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,
Will summon up, with my all-charming rod,
The nymphs of fountains, from whose watry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and increase)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.
Ye nymphs, who bathing in your loved springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd so see them, when their circled heads
Refresh'd the air, and spread the ground with flowers; [feet
Rise from your wells, and with your nimble
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in these plains you to Alphëus did,
When passing hence, thro' many seas unmix'd,
He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

Immediately upon which speech, four Naiades arise gently out of their several fountains, and present themselves upon the stage, attired in long habits of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal intermixt with powdering of silver resembling drops of water, blewish tresses on their heads, garlands of water-lilies. They fall into a measure, dance a little, then make a stand.

Iris. Is Hermes grown a lover? By what power,
Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades?

Merc. Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee dance,
'Till thou forgot'st thy lady's messages,
And ran'st back crying to her! Thou shalt know
My power is more; only my breath, and this,
Shall move fix'd stars, and force the firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern showers,
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful bow.
Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times
Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,
Descend, and pour your blessing on these streams,
Which, rolling down from Heav'n-aspiring hills,
And now united in the fruitful vales,
Bear all before them, ravish'd with their joy,
And swell in glory, till they know no bounds!

Five Hyades descend softly in a cloud from the firmament, to the middle part of the hill, appareled in sky-coloured taffeta robes, spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on their head; from thence descend to the stage, at whose sight the Naiades seeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.

Iris. Great wit and power hath Hermes, to contrive
A lifeless dance, which of one sex consists!

Merc. Alas, poor Iris! Venus hath in store
A secret ambush of her winged boys;
Who lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First struck these lovers with their equal darts;
Those Cupids shall come forth, and join with these
To honour that which they themselves began.

Enter four Cupids from each side of the boscage, attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold; chaplets of flowers on their heads, hoodwinked with tiffany scarfs, who join with the nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, Mercury speaks.

Merc. Behold the statues which wise Vulcan plac'd[3]
Under the altar of Olympian Joy,
And gave to them an artificial life,

[3] Iris. *Behold, &c.*] The argument, as well as what follows, proves beyond contradiction that this speech belongs to *Mercury*, though hitherto erroneously allotted to *Iris*.

Shall

all dance for joy of these great nuptials[4].
e how they move, drawn by this heav'nly joy,
ke the wild trees, which follow'd Orpheus' harp!

he Statues enter, supposed to be before descended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call.
hese Statues were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodies, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal, tresses of hair as they had been of metal embossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or moulded out of the metal: at their coming, the musick changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c., and the air of the musick was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the Statues placed in such several postures, sometimes all together in the centre of the dance, and sometimes in the four utmost angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty. And so concluded the first anti-masque.

Merc. And what will Juno's Iris do for her?
Iris. Just match this show, or my invention fails:
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing comets, clouds and falling stars,
And all my kindred meteors of the air,
To have excell'd it; but I now must strive
To imitate confusion: therefore thou,
Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st [plants
Encrease of sweetness in those blooming
On which the horns of my fair bow decline,
Send hither all the rural company
Which deck the May-games with their coun-
Juno will have it so. [try sports!

The second anti-masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of, a Pedant, May Lord, May Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown, or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in.
All these persons, appareled to the life, the men issuing out of one side of the boscage, and the women from the other. The musick was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the musick.

The dance likewise was of the same strain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part so naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then past on to the other, he could not satisfy himself which did best. It pleased his majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first anti-masque; but one of the Statues by that time was undressed.

Merc. Iris, we strive,
Like winds at liberty, who should do worst[5]
Ere we return. If Juno be the queen
Of marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done, in honour of the state
She governs!
Iris. Hermes, so it may be done
Merely in honour of the state, and these
That now have prov'd it; not to satisfy
The lust of Jupiter, in having thanks
More than his Juno; if thy snaky rod
Have power to search the Heav'ns, or sound the sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring in any thing that may do grace
To us, and these; do it, we shall be pleas'd.
Merc. Then know, that from the mouth of Jove himself, [borne,
Whose words have wings, and need not to be
I took a message, and I bare it thro'
A thousand yielding clouds, and never stay'd
'Till his high will was done: the Olympian games,
Which long have slept, at these wish'd nuptials
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their tents
Rest on this hill; upon whose rising head
Behold Jove's altar, and his blessed priests
Moving about it! Come, you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That 'till Jove's music call them to their games,
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are again begun.

The main Masque.—The second traverse is drawn, and the higher ascent to the mountain is discovered; wherein, upon a level, after a great rise of the hill, were placed two pavillions: open in the front of them, the pavillions were to sight as of cloth of gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls; and behind the tents there were represented, in prospective, the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In these pavillions were placed fifteen Olympian knights, upon seats a little embowed near the form of a crescent, and the knights appeared

[4] *Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials:*
And gave to them an artificial life.] The transposition of these lines seems indispensably necessary.

[5] *Who should do* worst.] The sense seems to require us to read *most* for *worst*; unless it means which should *worst* the other.

first,

first, as consecrated persons, all in veils, like to copes, of silver tiffany, gathered, and falling a large compass about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were so high, that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seen but veil. In the midst between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candlesticks burning upon it; and the four statues, two of gold, and two of silver, as supporters, and Jupiter's priests in white robes about it. Upon the sight of the king, the veils of the knights did fall easily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.

The Knights' attire.—Arming doublets of carnation sattin, embroidered with blazing stars of silver plate, with powderings of smaller stars betwixt; gorgets of silver mail; long hose of the same, with the doublets laid with silver lace spangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation silk stockings embroidered all over; garters and roses suitable; pumps of carnation sattin embroidered, as the doublets; hats of the same stuff, and embroidery cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into scallops, answering the skirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of silver in form of garlands of wild olives, white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the same stuff and embroidered with the doublet; silver swords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with silver; fair long tresses of hair.

The Priests' habits.—Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the high-priest a cap of white silk shag close to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midst rising in form of a pyramis, in the top thereof a branch of silver; every priest playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

The Priests descend and sing this song following; after whom the Knights likewise descend, first laying aside their veils, belts, and swords.

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow!

The Knights by this time are all descended and fallen into their place, and then dance their first measure.

On, blessed youths! for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a pray'r,
Each song a sacrifice.

The Knights dance their second measure.

[*Solo.*] More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If ladies mov'd as well as knights;
Run every one of you, and catch
A nymph, in honour of this match;
And whisper boldly in her ear,
Jove will but laugh, if you forswear!

[*Chorus.*] And this day's sins, he doth resolve,
That we his priests should all absolve.

The Knights take their ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantos, &c. and lead them to their places; then loud musick sounds, supposed to call them to their Olympian games.

Ye should stay longer if we durst:
Away! Alas, that he that first
Gave time wild wings to fly away,
Hath now no power to make him stay!
But tho' these games must needs be play'd,
I would this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Could catch his scythe as he doth pass,
And cut his wings, and break his glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The Knights dance their parting measure, and ascend, put on their swords and belts; during which time, the Priests sing the fifth and last song.

Peace and silence be the guide
To the man, and to the bride!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder!
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.

This Masque is here printed from the quarto edition. All the other copies of it are extremely erroneous and imperfect: none of the descriptive parts are inserted in them; and to point out the blunders and other omissions, would require almost as many notes as the Masque contains lines.

FOUR PLAYS,

OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,

IN ONE.

This Drama was first printed in the folio edition. No circumstances appear to ascribe it in particular to either Author; it was probably a joint production.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EMANUEL, *King of Portugal and Castile.*
ISABELLA, *his Queen.*
LORDS.
FRIGOSO, *a Courtier.*
RINALDO, *his Acquaintance.*
} *Spectators of the Play at the Celebration of the Nuptials.*

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

MARTIUS, *a Roman General.*
VALERIUS, *his Brother.*
SOPHOCLES, *Duke of Athens.*
NICODEMUS, *a cowardly Corporal.*
CORNELIUS, *a Wittol Sutler.*
CAPTAIN.

DIANA.
DORIGEN, *Sophocles's Wife, the example of chastity.*
FLORENCE, *Wife to Cornelius.*

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

CUPID.
RINALDO, *Duke of Milan.*
BENVOGLIO, RANDULPHO, } *Brothers, Lords of Milan.*
GERRARD, FERDINAND, } *Sons of the Duke, supposed lost.*

ANGELINA, *Wife to Benvoglio.*
VIOLANTE, *her Daughter, Gerrard's Mistress*
DOROTHEA, *Violante's Attendant.*
CORNELIA, *the obscured Duchess.*

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

DUKE OF ANJOU.
LAVALL, *his lustful Heir.*
GENTILLE, *a Courtier, Father to Perolot.*
PEROLOT, *contracted to Gabriella.*
Two GENTLEMEN.
A SPIRIT.
SHALLOONE, *Servant to Lavall.*

GABRIELLA, *the despised Wife of Lavall.*
HELLENA, *his second Wife.*
CASTA, *Daughter to Gentille.*
MARIA, *a Servant attending on Gabriella.*

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

JUPITER.
MERCURY.
PLUTUS.
TIME.
ATROPOS.
DESIRE.

VAIN-DELIGHT.
BOUNTY.
POVERTY.
HONESTY.
SIMPLICITY.
FAME.

Enter

Enter Frigoso. [*Noise within.*]

Fri. AWAY with those bald-pated rascals there!
Their wits are bound up in vellum; they are
Not current here. Down with those city gentlemen! &c. [their wives
Out with those cuckolds, I say, and in with
At the back door! Worship and place, I am weary of ye;
Ye lie on my shoulders like a load of gold
On an ass's back. A man in authority
Is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted
Or blown out, than under a bushel.—How now!
What's the matter? who are you, sir?

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. Who am I, sir?
Why, do you not know me?
Fri. No, by my faith, do I not.
Rin. I am sure we din'd together to-day.
Fri. That's all one: [paid
As I din'd with you in the city, and as you
For my dinner there, I do know you, and am
Beholding to you: but as my mind is since
Transmigrated into my office, and as you come
To court to have me pay you again, and be
Beholding to me, I know you not,
I know you not!
Rin. Nay, but look you, sir!
Fri. Pardon me! [years,
If you had been my bedfellow these seven
And lent me money to buy my place, I must
Not transgress principles: this very talking
With you is an ill example.
Rin. Pish!
You are too punctual a courtier, sir!
Why, I'm a courtier too; yet never understood
The place or name to be so infectious
To humanity and manners, as to cast
A man into a burning pride and arrogance,
For which there is no cure. I am a courtier,
And yet I will know my friends, I tell you.
Fri. And I tell you,
You will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.
Rin. But, hark you, signor Frigoso! you shall first understand,
I have no friends with me to trouble you.
Fri. Humh! that's a good motive.
Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.
Fri. That's an excellent motive.
Rin. No, my sweet don,
Nor to ask what you owe me.
Fri. Why, that
Is the very motive of motives why I ought
And will know thee: and if I had not wou
thee [th
Up to this promise, I would not have know
These fifteen years, no more than the arrant
Or most founder'd Castilian that
Follow'd our new queen's carriages a-foot.
Rin. Nor for any thing, dear don, but th
you would [nigh
Place me conveniently to see the play t
Fri. That shall I, signor Rinaldo.
But would you had come sooner: you see
How full the scaffolds are! there is scant roo
For a lover's thought here.—Gentlewomen,
Sit close, for shame! Has none of ye
A little corner for this gentleman?
I'll place you, fear not. And how did our bra
king
Of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himself to-day?
You saw the solemnity of the marriage.
Rin. Why, like a fit husband for so gracio
And excellent a princess, as his worthy
Mate Isabella, the king of Castile's daughte
Doth, in her very external lineaments,
Mixture of colours, and joining dove-like be
haviour,
Assure herself to be. And I protest,
My dear don, seriously, I can sing
Prophetically nothing but blessed hymns,
And happy occasions to this sacred union
Of Portugal and Castile, which have so wise
And mutually conjoined two such virtuous
And beautiful princes as these are; and i
all opinion,
Like to multiply to their very last minute.
Fri. The king is entering: signor, hove
hereabout;
And as soon as the train is set, clap into me
We'll stand near the state. If you have
Any creditors here, they shall renew [touc
Bonds a twelvemonth on such a sight: but t
The pomel of the king's chair, in the sight
Of a citizen, is better security
For a thousand double-ducats, than three
Of the best merchants in Lisbon. Beside
signor, [play her
We will censure, not only the king in th
That reigns his two hours, but the king himsel
That is to rule his life-time. Take my coun
sel!— [bl
I have one word to say to this noble assem
And I am for you.
Rin. Your method shall govern me.
Fri. Prologues are huishers bare before th
wise[1];
Why may not then a huisher prologuise?

[1] *Prologues are* bad *huishers before the wise.*] If prologues are *bad* huishers, how doe the consequence follow, that therefore an huisher or *usher* should prologuise? I believe *ba* a corruption, and that we should read *but*, which renders the whole easy and intelligible. *Seward*

The present text is from the first edition. *Bare* seems used in the sense of *but*, or *mere* It is also sense, in the acception of *uncovered*, in this place.

Here

Here's a fair sight; and were ye oftner seen
Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our king and queen.
Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all
To Lisbon, and the court of Portugal;
Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights
Than preparations made for kings' delights.
We wish to men content, the manliest treasure;
And to the women, their own wish'd-for pleasure! [*Flourish.*

Enter Emanuel and Isabella, Lords, and Attendants.

Eman. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams
The propagation of two kingdoms flows,
Never contention rise in either's breast,
But contestation whose love shall be best!
Isab. Majestick ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary rivulet;
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Dost gild and dance upon these humble streams;
Curs'd be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
When back your love-floods I forget to pay!
Or if this breast of mine, your crystal brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or e'er produce unto your grace
A strange reflection, or another's face,
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a story, but your own;
A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, only dissolv'd to you!
Eman. Oh, who shall tell the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lie?
I look thro' this hour like a perspective,
And far off see millions of prosperous seeds,
That our reciprocal affection breeds.
Thus, my white rib, close in my breast with me,
Which nought shall tear hence, but mortality!
Lords. Be kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them! [*Flourish.*
Fri. Whist! signor! My strong imagination
Shews me love, methinks, bathing in milk
And wine in her cheeks. Oh, how she clips him,
Like a plant of ivy!
Rin. Ay; could not you be content
To be an owl in such an ivy-bush,
Or one of the oaks of the city, to be so clipt?
Fri. Equivocal don, tho' I like the clipping well,
I could not be content either to be your owl,
Or your ox of the city.—The play begins.
[*Flourish.*

Enter a Poet with a Garland.

Poet Prologue. Low at your sacred feet our poor muse lays
Her, and her thunder-fearless verdant bays.
Four several Triumphs to your princely eyes,
Of Honour, Love, Death, and Time, do rise
From our approaching subject; which we move
Tow'rds you with fear, since that a sweeter love,
A brighter honour, purer chastity,
March in your breasts this day triumphantly,
Than our weak scenes can shew: then how dare we
Present, like apes and zanies, things that be
Exemplified in you, but that we know
We ne'er crav'd grace which you did not bestow?

Enter in triumph with Drums, Trumpets, Colours, Martius, Valerius, Sophocles bound, Nicodemus, Cornelius, Captains and Soldiers.

Mar. What means proud Sophocles?
Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his officer:
I never waited yet on any man.
Mar. Why, poor Athenian duke, thou art my slave;
My blows have conquer'd thee.
Soph. Thy slave, proud Martius?
Cato thy countryman (whose constancy,
Of all the Romans, I did honour most)
Ripp'd himself twice to avoid slavery,
Making himself his own anatomy.
But look thee, Martius; not a vein runs here
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam, and
Like a spring-garden[3] shoot his scornful blood
Into their eyes, durst come to tread on him.
As for thy blows, they did not conquer me:
Seven battles have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound, [tire:
And, 'till thou taught'st me[4], knew not to re-
Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong;
Thy blows then, Martius, cannot conquer me.
Val. What is it then?
Soph. Fortune.
Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.
Soph. Young sir, you err: if fortune could be call'd
Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil,
For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth;
But she but jests with man, and in mischance
Abhors all constancy, flouting him still
With some small touch of good, or seeming good,
Midst of his mischief; which vicissitude

[3] *And like a* spring garden.] *Spring*-GARDEN appears to be corrupt. Perhaps the line should run,

And like a *spring* GUN shoot, &c.

[4] *Thou taught'st me.*] The context seems to require FATE *taught me*, or words to that effect.

Makes him strait doff his armour, and his fence
He had prepar'd before, to break her strokes.
So from the very zenith of her wheel,
When she has dandled some choice favourite,
Giv'n him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
And all the various delicacies of earth,
That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.
Mar. Art sure we have taken him? is this Sophocles?
His fetter'd arms say no; his free soul, ay.
This Athens nurseth arts, as well as arms.
Soph. Nor glory, Martius, in this day of thine!
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to-morrow;
Who knows what fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has: the man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favour least.
Mar. Methinks, a graver thunder than the skies
Breaks from his lips: I am amaz'd to hear;
And Athens' words, more than her swords do fear. [*Aside.*
Slave Sophocles—
Soph. Martius[5], couldst thou acquire
And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit
To gather all the valour of the Cæsars
Thy predecessors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go less, not pare
With all their swords one virtue from my soul:
How am I vassal'd then? make such thy slaves,
As dare not keep their goodness past their graves.
Know, general, we two are chances on
The die of Fate; now thrown, thy six is up,
And my poor one beneath thee; next, the throw
May set me upmost, and cast thee below.
Mar. Yet will I try thee more: calamity [*Aside.*
Is man's true touchstone.—Listen, insolent prince,
That dar'st contemn the master of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy city-walls
With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife
To see it, and then after send her—
Soph. Ha, ha, ha! [ground,
Mar. And then demolish Athens to the
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave succession neither stone nor name.
Soph. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Dost thou deride me?
Val. Kneel! ask Martius
For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy still!
Soph. Kneel, and ask mercy? Roman, art a god?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd, of any else.
Thou art a fool! and I will lose no more
Instructions on thee, now I find thy ears
[*Solemn musick.*

Enter Dorigen, Ladies bearing a Sword.

Are foolish, like thy tongue.—My Dorigen
Oh, must she see me bound?
1 *Capt.* There's the first sigh
He breath'd since he was born, I think.
2 *Capt.* Forbear,
All but the lady his wife!
Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace my Dorigen!
Val. Turn but thy face,
And ask thy life of Martius thus, and thou,
With thy fair wife, shalt live; Athens shall stand,
And all her privileges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better Athens perish'd, and my wife
(Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one),
Than Sophocles should shrink of Sophocles,
Commit profane idolatry, by giving [man!
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown
Mar. Rough, stubborn cynick!
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coarser wale, fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity. [thee
Thou seest my mere neglect hath rais'd in
A storm more boistrous than the ocean's;
My virtue, patience, makes thee vicious.
Mar. Why, fair-ey'd lady, do you kneel?
Dor. Great general, [maid
Victorious, godlike Martius, your poor hand-
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot; speaks

[5] Soph. *Martius, slave Sophocles, couldst thou* acquire.] A transposition here has rendered this absolute darkness. *Martius* being struck with admiration at *Sophocles*'s intrepidity, is resolved to put it to a farther trial by scoffs and insults; he therefore begins with calling him *slave*, as the answer evidently shews. There is therefore scarce a doubt of the true reading being as the text is now reformed, making the first part of the speech spoke aside, and then,

Slave Sophocles.

Soph. Martius, couldst thou *acquire*, &c.

But there is, I believe, a great corruption still remaining in the word *acquire*, to *acquire to gather*, is bad English; besides as the sentence stands, the acquisition precedes the prayers. 'Tis therefore most probable that the true word is *aspire*, which seems clear of all objections. *Seward.*

Acquire is, in our opinion, preferable.

Thus

Thus humbly, that he may not. Listen, Roman!
Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee Roman
To every nation, and whose deeds assure it,
Behold a princess, whose declining head,
Like to a drooping lily after storms,
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the slave,
To keep her husband's greatness unabated;
All which doth make thy conquest greater! for,
If he be base in aught whom thou hast taken,
Then Martius hath but taken a base prize:
But if this jewel hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer than in that he hath won.
Oh, make him such a captive as thyself
Unto another wouldst, great captain, be!
'Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.

Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought [Jove
Old crabbed Saturn to sweet sleep, when
Did first incense him with rebellion!
Athens doth make women philosophers;
And sure their children chat the talk of gods.

Val. Rise, beauteous Dorigen!

Dor. Not until I know
The general's resolution.

Val. One soft word
From Sophocles would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showers after tempestuous winds.

Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word, [ment,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judg-
And the divine composure of his mind:
All which I therefore do; and here present
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian sword,
Trophies of conquest, which, great Martius, wear,
And be appeas'd! Let Sophocles still live!

Mar. He would not live.

Dor. He would not beg to live:
When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, Martius: and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.

Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the face of Athens and thy friends!
Self-will'd, stiff Sophocles, prepare to die,
And by that sword thy lady honour'd me,
With which herself shall follow. Romans, friends, [with me
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part
Half Athens, and my half of victory.

Capt. By Heaven, not we!

Nic. Corn. We two will do it, sir.

Soph. Away, ye fish-fac'd rascals!

Val. Martius, [fame[6];
To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy
Valerius thy brother shall for once
Turn executioner: give me thy sword.
Now, Sophocles, I'll strike as suddenly
As thou dar'st die.

Soph. Thou canst not! and, Valerius,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me,
Than bid me kneel to Martius: 'tis to murder
The fame of living men[7], which great ones do
Their studies strangle; poison makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the play.

Val. Art thou prepar'd?

Soph. Yes.

Val. Bid thy wife farewell!

Soph. No; I will take no leave!—My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee; prithee haste!

Dor. Stay, Sophocles! with this tie up my sight:
Let not soft Nature so transformed be
(And lose her gentler-sex'd humanity)

[6] *To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame.*] This is so obscure, that many readers may think it requires an explication. The sense seems to be—*Sophocles*, whilst he lives, will be a great eclipse to thy fame, and thy fame is now labouring to eclipse him in thy turn, therefore thy brother shall be his executioner. *Seward.*

[7] ——————*'Tis to murder*
The fame of living men, which great ones do;
Their studies strangle, poison makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the play.] Though false pointings have rendered this quite dark, yet if the printers have not made some mistake that I cannot discover, the poet himself was very obscure, and however proper the sentiment, 'tis certainly ill expressed. By making the first part of the sentence end at *strangle*, the following sense may be deduced from it. To make their fellow-creatures kneel to them, as great men frequently do, is worse than murdering them; it renders them servile and slavish, debases them below the dignity of their nature, murders therefore their fame and fetters, and strangles their *studies*, *i. e.* the free exertions of their rational faculties. Whereas poison makes away or destroys a man without injuring his fame, or diminishing the dignity of his soul; and the wretched despicable hangman only puts an end to the part we act upon the stage of this world. This sentiment is continued and improved in Sophocles's next speech upon death. *Seward.*

Probably we should point,
——————which great ones do
Their studies strangle.
The sense is, 'You will dishonour me less by killing me, than bidding me kneel to *Martius*. Great men exert themselves to murder the fame of the living; which is greater 'cruelty than poison or hanging, which but concludes our misery.' The expression, however, in any sense, is certainly obscure.

To make me see my lord bleed!—So! 'tis well:
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles.
Farewell! Now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?
Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die
Is to begin to live: it is to end
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better: 'tis to leave
Deceitful knaves, for the society [part
Of gods and goodness: thou thyself must
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.
Val. But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus? [sent
Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being
To them I ever lov'd best? Now I kneel;
But with my back towards thee. 'Tis the last
This trunk can do the gods. [duty
Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth!
This is a man; a woman! Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
Oh, Love! thou doubly hast afflicted me,
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.
Val. What ails my brother?
Soph. Martius, oh, Martius!
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.
Dor. Oh, star of Rome! what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?
Mar. Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen?
Val. You are observ'd.
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune, and of death,
Captiv'd himself, hath captivated me:
And tho' my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul:
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think!
He hath no flesh, and spirit can't be gyv'd:
Then we have vanquish'd nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.
Soph. How fares the noble Roman?
Mar. Why?
Dor. Your blood [eyes
Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright
Have lost their splendor.
Mar. Baser fires go out
When the sun shines on 'em.—I am not well;
An apoplectick fit I use to have[8],
After my heats in war carelessly cool'd.
Soph. Martius shall rest in Athens with his friends, [Roman!
'Till this distemper leave him. Oh, great
See Sophocles do that for thee he could not
Do for himself, weep. Martius, by the gods,
It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer
Under the body's weak infirmity.
Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.
Dor. Kingly sir,
I am your nurse and servant.
Mar. Oh, dear lady, [Heav'n!
My mistress, nay, my deity! Guide me,
Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,
To change a Martius for a Sophocles:
Can it not be done, Valerius, with this boot[9]?
Inseparable affection, ever thus
Colleague with Athens Rome!
Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
Whilst Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow
With one victorious wreath more!
Soph. And Sophocles
Thus girds his sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn, but cut out victory!
Lords. For ever be it thus! [*Exeunt.*
Corn. Corporal Nicodemus,
A word with you.
Nic. My worthy sutler
Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus
The Roman officer to parley with
A fellow of thy rank; th' affairs of the empire
Are to be occupied.
Corn. Let the affairs of
The empire lie awhile unoccupied!
Sweet Nicodemus, I do require the money at
Thy hands, which thou dost owe me; and if fair means
Cannot attain, force of arms shall accomplish.
Nic. Put up, and live.
Corn. I have put up too much already,
Thou corporal of concupiscence; for I
Suspect thou hast dishonour'd my flock-bed,
And with thy foolish eloquence, and that
Bewitching face of thine, drawn my wife,
The young harlotry baggage, to prostitute
Herself unto thee. Draw, therefore; for thou
Shalt find thyself a mortal corporal! [will
Nic. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear: I
Rather descend from my honour, and argue
These contumelies with thee, than clutch thee
(Poor fly) in these eaglet claws of mine; or draw
My sword of fate on a peasant, a besognio[10],
A cocoloch, as thou art. Thou shalt
First understand this foolish eloquence,
And intolerable beauty of mine
(Both which, I protest, are merely natural)

[8] *An* apoplectick *fit.*] Whether there is any lesser degree of the apoplexy that does not deprive a man of his senses, I am not physician enough to know; but to make a man accustomed to apoplectick fits seems improper, since the third stroke is generally held fatal. I rather believe the poets wrote *epileptick*, a distemper that Shakespeare from history gives to two very great soldiers, Julius Cæsar and Henry IV. *Seward.*

[9] *With this* boot:] *i. e.* With this *advantage* in exchange.

[10] Besognio.] See note 12 on the Martial Maid.

Are

Are the gifts of the gods, with which I have
Neither sent bawdy sonnet, nor amorous glance,
Or (as the vulgar call it) a sheep's eye
To thy betrothed Florence.
Corn. Thou liest! [born
Nic. Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus
To bear these braveries from a poor provant?
Yet when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.
Corn. A pox o'your poetical vein! this versifying [Cod's-head,
My wife has hornified me. Sweet corporal
No more standing on your punctilio's and punketto's [truth is,
Of honour, they are not worth a louse; the
Thou art the general's bigamy, that is,
His fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant
And recreant; not an horse-boy in the legions,
But has beaten thee; thy beginning was knap-sack,
And thy ending will be halter-sack[11].
Nic. Methinks
I am now Sophocles the wise, and thou
Art Martius the mad.
Corn. No more of your tricks,
Good corporal Leather-chops! I say thou hast
Dishonour'd me; and since honour now-a-days
Is only repair'd by money, pay me,
And I am satisfied; even reckoning keeps
Long friends.
Nic. Let us continue friends then,
For I have been even with thee a long time;
And tho' I have not paid thee, I've paid thy wife. [flower'd her, Tarquin!
Corn. Flow forth, my tears! thou hast de-
The garden of my delight, hedged about,
In which there was but one bowling-alley
For mine own private procreation. [hedge,
Thou hast, like a thief i'th' night, leaped the
Enter'd my alley, and without my privity
Play'd thine own rubbers, [snore?
Nic. How long shall patience thus securely
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes
This budding chin, or rosy-colour'd cheek,
This comely body, and this waxen leg,
Have drawn her into a fool's paradise?
By Cupid's god-head I do swear (no other[12])
She's chaster far than Lucrece, her grand-mother;
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash it[13],
Whiter than lady's smock, when she did wash it: [commandress)
For well thou wot'st (tho' now my heart's
I once was free, and she but the camp's laundress, [part
Corn. Ay; she then came sweet to me; no
About her but smelt of soap-suds; like a dryad
Out of a wash-bowl[14]. Pray, or pay!
Nic. Hold! [nyworths small?
Corn. Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy pen-
Was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt, [bed soft, and
And thy stupe fill'd like a tide? was not thy
Thy bacon fatter than a dropsy? Come, sir!
Nic. Mars then inspire me with the fencing skill
Of our tragedian actors! Honour pricks;
And, sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks. [lavalto fall;
Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all!

Enter Florence.

Flor. Oh, that ever I was born! why, gent!
Corn. Messaline of Rome;
Away, disloyal concubine! I will
Be deafer to thee than thou art to others:
I will have [rant whore
My hundred drachma's he owes me, thou ar-
Flor. I know he is an hundred drams o'th' score[15]; [nelius!
But what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet Cor-
Oh, my heart! o'my conscience, 'tis fall'n thorow [Didymus,
The bottom of my belly! Oh, my sweet
If either of ye miskill one another,
What will become of poor Florence? Pacify
Yourselves, I pray!
Corn. Go to! my heart's not stone;
I am not marble: dry your eyes, Florence!—
The scurvy ape's face knows my blind side well enough.—

[11] *And thy ending will be* halter-sack.] The junction of *sack* and *halter* here, is only to preserve a jingle of words without meaning. We may, perhaps, restore a quibble with some little sense in it, if we read *halter-sick*. *Seward.*

[12] *By Cupid's —— I do swear (no other).*] With this *hiatus* the line has been hitherto printed; *bow* or *arrow* were probably the original, but what is *(no other)*, and why in a parenthesis? The parenthesis, I believe, belongs to *I do swear*; and the insertion of the preposition *by* makes out a comic hobbling verse.

By Cupid's bow (I swear *by* no other). *Seward.*

A hiatus is not likely to have been put for *bow* or *arrow*, but very likely for the word we have inserted, which equally suits sense, measure, and parenthesis.

[13] *Ere the rider* dash *it.*] Unless *dash* is here used in the sense of *splash* with dirt, this passage seems unintelligible. *R.*

[14] *Like a* dryad *out of a wash-bowl.*] This was probably a designed mistake of *dryad* for *naiad*, and therefore Mr. Sympson, who quarrels with the printer for making the author talk so improperly, seems to be angry without reason. It is not the author but *Cornelius* talks nonsense. *Seward.*

[15] Drachma's *o' th' score.*] So former copies.

Leave

Leave your puling: will this content you? let him taste [take off again.
Thy nether lip; which, in sign of amity, I thus
Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder[16].
Nic. Lily of concord!—And now, honest sutler, [ture,
Since I've had proof as well of thy good na-
As of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee
With a project shall fully satisfy thee
For thy debt. Thou shalt understand,
I'm shortly to be knighted.
Corn. The devil thou art!
Nic. Renounce me else! for the sustenance of which worship [nance)
(Which worship many times wants suste-
I have here the general's grant to have the
Two hundred men. [leading of
Corn. You jest, you jest!
Nic. Refuse me else to the pit. [self?
Corn. Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot your-
By your swearing you should be knighted already.
Nic. Damn me, sir, here's his hand!
Read it.
Corn. Alas, I cannot.
Nic. I know that.—
'T has pleas'd the general to look upon [in
My service. Now, sir, shall you join with me
Petitioning for fifty men more, in regard
Of my arrearages to you; which, if granted,
I will bestow th' whole profit of those fifty
Men on thee, and thine heirs for ever,
'Till Atropos do cut this simple thread.
Corn. No more, dear corporal! Sir Nicodemus [cy[17]!
That shall be! I cry your worship's mer-
I am your servant, body and goods,
Moveables and immoveables; use my house,
Use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list. [an old pass,
Nic. A figment is a candied lie: this is
Mark, what follows[18]! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Martius and Two Captains.

Mar. Pray leave me! you are Romans, honest men;
Keep me not company; I am turn'd knave,
Have lost my fame and nature. [*Exe. Capt.*
—Athens, Athens,
This Dorigen is thy Paladium!
He that will sack thee, must betray her first,
Whose words wound deeper than her husband's sword;
Her eyes make captive still the conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
Oh, subtle devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way! [to field!
Why, foolish Sophocles, brought'st thou not
Thy lady, that thou might'st have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths
That hang like jewels on the seven-fold hill,
And bid Rome send him out to fight with men, [Fate:
(For that she knew he durst) and not 'gainst
Or deities; what mortal conquers them?
Insatiate Julius, when his victories
Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,
There he had stopp'd the legend of his deeds,
Laid by his arms, been overcome himself,
And let her vanquish th' other half; and Fame
Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not! no; my tears,
Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:
He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter Dorigen, with Ladies.

Dor. Great sir, my lord commands me visit you;
And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds
From some distaste of worthless entertainment. [d'ye do, sir?
Will't please you take your chamber? How
Mar. Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood
Doth ocean-like o'erflow the shallow shore,
Of my weak virtue: my desire's a vane,
That the least breath from her turns every way.
Dor. What says my lord?
Mar. Dismiss
Your women, pray, and I'll reveal my grief.
Dor. Leave me! [*Exeunt Ladies.*

[16] *Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.*] As all the rest of the speech is a burlesque sublimity of stile, and the whole was easily restored to its droll measure, there is reason to suspect this sudden fall of stile and loss of metre to arise from some omissions, which, I hope, will be restored. There is no particular propriety in her providing a *cow's udder* rather than any other dish; but as milk is the emblem of peace, and she is immediately after called *Lily of concord*, there is great humour in celebrating their treaty of friendship by a libation of milk to the goddess of Peace. I read therefore,

——— which in sign of amity
I thus take off again, go thy ways, and
Provide *the friendly juice of* the cow's udder. *Seward.*

This is an unwarrantable alteration; and the measure may be preserved without it. *Juice of the* UDDER is too bad.

[17] *I cry your* wishes *mercy.*] If this be genuine, the meaning is, I beg pardon of your expectations, in which you are already a knight. But it will be more intelligible to read *worship's mercy.* He calls him afterwards before Martius,

His *worship* Sir Nicodemus. *Seward.*

[18] There seems in this scene to be some indifferent imitation of Shakespeare's Pistol, &c. *Mar.*

Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love itself
ight be enjoy'd) are languishing delays.
ere is a secret strange lies in my breast,
will partake with you, which much con-
cerns
our lord, yourself, and me. Oh!
Dor. Strange secrets, sir,
ould not be made so cheap to strangers; yet
your strange secret do no lower lie
han in your breast, discover it.
Mar. I will.
h! can you not see it, lady, in my sighs?
Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore
who can see? [Alcides,
Mar. Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks!
hat master'd monsters, was by beauty
tam'd;
mphale smil'd his club out of his hand,
nd made him spin her smocks. Oh, sweet,
I love you;
nd I love Sophocles: I must enjoy you;
nd yet I would not injure him.
Dor. Let go! [Martius?
ou hurt me, sir! Farewell!—Stay! is this
will not tell my lord: he'll swear I lie;
oubt my fidelity, before thy honour.
low hast thou vex'd the gods, that they
would let thee
hus violate friendship, hospitality,
nd all the bonds of sacred piety[18]?
ure thou but try'st me, out of love to him,
nd wouldst reject me if I did consent.
h, Martius, Martius! wouldst thou in one
minute
last all thy laurels, which so many years
hou hast been purchasing with blood and
sweat?
Iath Dorigen never been written, read,
Without the epithet of *chaste, chaste* Do-
rigen,
And wouldst thou fall upon her chastity,
Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
When men shall read the records of thy
valour,
Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach
Highly content yet) to this foul assault
Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
They shall throw down the book, and read
no more,
Tho' the best deeds ensue, and all conclude
That ravell'd the whole story[19], whose sound
heart [leprous part.
(Which should have been) prov'd the most
Mar. Oh, thou confut'st divinely, and thy
words
Do fall like rods upon me! but they have
Such silken lines and silver hooks, that I
Am faster snar'd: my love has ta'en such hold,
That (like two wrestlers) tho' thou stronger
be,
And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after:
I must, or perish.
Dor. Perish, Martius, then!
For I here vow unto the gods, these rocks,
These rocks we see so fix'd, shall be remov'd,
Made champain field, ere I so impious prove,
To stain my lord's bed with adultrous love.

Enter Valerius.

Val. The gods protect fair Dorigen!
Dor. Amen!
From all you wolvish Romans! [*Exit.*
Val. Ha! what's this? [doubts
Still, brother, in your moods?—Oh, then my
Are truths. Have at it! I must try a way
To be resolv'd.
Mar. How strangely dost thou look?
What ail'st thou?
Val. What ail'st thou?
Mar. Why, I am mad. [thy sword,
Val. Why, I am madder!—Martius, draw
And lop a villain from the earth; for if
Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place
I'll hang myself! Valerius shall not live
To wound his brother's honour, stain his
country,
And branded with ingratitude to all times[20].
Mar. For what can all this be?
Val. I am in love.
Mar. Why, so am I. With whom? ha?
Val. Dorigen. [her? speak!
Mar. With Dorigen? How dost thou love
Val. Even to the height of lust; and I
Or else I die. [must have her,
Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring traitor.
On all the confines I have rid my horse,
Was there no other woman for thy choice
But Dorigen? Why, villain, she is mine:
She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and
'Tis I must have her, or I die. [fool;
Val. Oh, all ye gods,
With mercy look on this declining rock
Of valour and of virtue! breed not up,
From infancy, in honour, to full man,
As you have done him, to destroy! Here,
strike! [patch!
For I have only search'd thy wound; dis-
Far, far be such love from Valerius!
So far, he scorns to live to be call'd *brother*
By him that dares own such folly and such vice.
Mar. 'Tis truth thou speak'st; but I do
hate it: peace!
If Heav'n will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destin'd to be odious
In his old age, must undergo his fate.

[18] *And all the* bounds *of sacred piety?*] Tho' this be good sense, yet as *bonds* is the more natural and better word, I believe it the original. *Seward.*

[19] *That ravell'd, &c.*] We don't clearly understand these two last lines; there seems to be some omission.

[20] *And branded.*] Former editions. I read, *brand* it. *Seward.*
Branded is best: Valerius shall not live *branded*, &c.

Enter

Enter Cornelius and Nicodemus.

Corn. If you don't back me, I shall never do't.
Nic. I warrant you.
Corn. Humh, humh!—Sir! my lord! my lord!
Mar. Ha! what's the matter?
Corn. Humh!—Concerning the odd fifty,
My lord, an't please your generality,
His worship sir Nicodemus—
Mar. What's here? a pass? you would for Rome? You lubbers!
Doth one day's laziness make you covet home?
Away, ye boarish rogues! ye dogs, away!

Enter Florence.

Corn. Oh, oh, oh!
Flor. How now, man[21]? are you satisfied?
Corn. Ay, ay, ay;
A pox o'your corporal! I am paid soundly;
I was ne'er better paid in all my life.
Flor. Marry, the gods' blessing on his honour's heart!
You've done a charitable deed, sir; many more
May you live to do, sir! The gods keep you, sir,
The gods protect you!
[*Exit with Corn. and Nic.*
Mar. These peasants mock me sure!—Valerius,
Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
And tell fair Dorigen, (she that but now
Left me with this harsh vow, sooner these rocks
Should be remov'd, than she would yield)
Was yet so loving, on her gift to die!
Val. Oh, Jupiter, forbid it, sir, and grant
This my device may certify thy mind!
You are my brother, nor must perish thus;
Be comforted! Think you fair Dorigen
Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
By skill could be remov'd, or by fallacy
She made believe so?
Mar. Why, she could not chuse;
Th' Athenians are religious in their vows,
Above all nations.
Val. Soft! down yonder hill
The lady comes this way. Once more to try
If she persist in obstinacy, by my skill,
Learn'd from the old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who train'd me in the mathematicks, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means.
Be confident; this engine shall at least,
'Till the gods better order, still this breast.
[*Exit.*
Mar. Oh, my best brother, go; and for reward
Chuse any part o' th' world, I'll give it thee
Oh, little Love[22], men say thou art a god;
Thou might'st have got a fitter fool than I.

Enter Dorigen.

Dor. Art thou there, basilisk? Remove thine eyes;
For I am sick to death with thy infection.
Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me! save him, lady,
Whose single arm defends all Rome, whose
Hath sav'd thy husband's and thy life!
Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honours? No; my vow is fix'd,
And stands as constant as these stones do, still
Mar. Then pity me, ye gods! you only may
Move her, by tearing these firm stones away.
[*Solemn musick.*
[*A mist ariseth, the rocks remove.*

Enter Valerius like Mercury, singing.

Val. Martius, rejoice! Jove sends me from above,
His messenger, to cure thy desp'rate love,
To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny.
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be!
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield; lest, for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.
[*Exit.*
Dor. What strange delusion's this? what sorcery
Affrights me with these apparitions?
My colder chastity's nigh turn'd to death.
Hence, lewd magician! dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust? will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em. Jupiter,
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white swan,
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,
Had bought mine honour. Turn me into stone!
For being good, and blush when thou hast done!
[*Exit Dorigen.*

[21] Wife. *Oh! oh! oh!*

How now man——] As it is plain the wife, by her question, knows not of her husband's disappointment or beating, the *ohs!* are improper to her, and evidently belong to *Cornelius. Seward.*

[22] *O little* Rome, *men say thou art a god.*] *Rome* in this place is in every light absurd. For why was the mistress of the world to be called *little?* Why a god, when she was always represented as a female and a goddess? And lastly, tho' he was become a fool, it was not *Rome* that made him so. For these reasons it is almost self-evident, that *love* was the true reading. I had wrote this before I saw, that at five lines below, *all Rome* is mentioned with a particular emphasis, this having been marked for Italicks, might draw the printer's eye to it, and a small degree of absence cause him to insert it in this place. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Valerius.

Mar. Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do:
Unless I could so draw mine honesty
Down to the lees to be a ravisher.
She calls me witch, and villain!
Val. Patience, sir!
The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe,
And ruminate on this strange sight!—Time decays
The strongest, fairest buildings we can find;
But still, Diana, fortify her mind! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophocles and Dorigen.

Soph. Weep not, bright Dorigen; for thou hast stood [and men,
Constant and chaste, it seems, 'gainst gods
When rocks and mountains were remov'd.
These wonders
Do stupify my senses! Martius,
This is inhuman. Was thy sickness lust?
Yet were this truth, why weeps she? Jealous soul, [rocks,
What dost thou thus suggest? Vows, magick,
Fine tales, and tears? She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her visit him; she often did, [oh!
Had many opportunities. Humh! 'tis naught:
No way but this. Come, weep no more;
I've ponder'd
This miracle; the anger of the gods,
Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius:
He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
Lest worse fates follow us: go, keep thy oath!
For *chaste*, and *whore*, are words of equal length.
But let not Martius know that I consent.—
Oh, I am pull'd in pieces!
Dor. Ay? say you so?
I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men!
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles!
Forgive me, Sophocles—Yet why kneel I
For pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient servant, antedating
My lord's command? Sir, I have often, and already given
This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear lord is pleas'd with it;
Whose gentle honourable mind I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You're sad, sir! Martius loves me,
And I love Martius, with such ardency
As never married couple could: I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, sir, send for me;
'Till then, make use of your philosophy! [*Exit.*
Soph. Stay, Dorigen! Oh, me, inquisitive fool!
Thou that didst order this congested heap
When it was chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms,
Forming it to this vast rotundity,
Dissolve it now; shuffle the elements,
That no one proper by itself may stand!
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
The sun drink up the sea! Day, ne'er come down,
To light me to those deeds that must be done! [*Exit.*

Enter Martius, Valerius, Captains and Soldiers, with drums and colours, at one door; and Dorigen with Ladies, at another.

Dor. Hail, general of Rome! From Sophocles,
That honours Martius, Dorigen presents
Herself to be dishonour'd: do thy will;
For Sophocles commands me to obey.
Come, violate all rules of holiness,
And rend the consecrated knot of love!
Mar. Never, Valerius, was I blest 'till now!
Behold the end of all my weary steps,
The prize of all my battles. Leave us, all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin!
In zealous love a minute's loss is sin.
Val. Can Martius be so vile? or Dorigen?
Dor. Stay, stay! and, monster, keep thou further off! [much loath'd
I thought thy brave soul would have much,
To have gone on still on such terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
While my chaste name lives to posterity.
Mar. Live, live, thou angel of thy sex! Forgive,
'Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd
Alive to Heav'n; for thy corruption's
So little, that it cannot suffer death.
Was ever such a woman? Oh, my mirror!
How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
Which now I hate; and when I next attempt thee,
Let all the fires in the zodiack
Drop on this cursed head!
Omnes. Oh, bless'd event!
Dor. Rise like the sun again in all his glory,
After a dark eclipse!
Mar. Never, without a pardon.

Enter Sophocles, and two or three with him.

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven yourself.
Soph. Behold their impudence! are my words just?
Unthankful man, viper to arms, and Rome
Thy natural mother! have I warm'd thee here
To corrode ev'n my heart? Martius, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.
Mar. Why, Sophocles,
Then prithee kill me; I deserve highly;
For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men and gods;
But am repentant now, and in best case
T'uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh;
Which, tho' (gods witness) ne'er was actually

Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her goodness that restrain'd and held me now:
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it!
Val. By the gods of Athens,
These words are true, and all direct again.
Soph. Pardon me, Dorigen!
Mar. Forgive me, Sophocles,
And Dorigen too, and every one that's good!
Dor. Rise, noble Roman. Belov'd So- [phocles,
Take to thy breast thy friend! [enough
Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchless wife! Heav'n has not stuff
To make another such; for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake,
(Oh, thou infinity of excellence) [take
Henceforth in men's discourse Rome shall not
The wall of Athens, as 'tofore. But when
In their fair honours we to speak do come,
We'll say 'twas so in Athens and in Rome.
[*Exeunt in pomp.*

Diana descends.

Diana. Honour, set ope thy gates, and with thee bring,
My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen;
Let her triumph with him, her lord and friend,
Who, tho' mis-led, still honour was their end!
[*Flourish.*

Enter the show of Honour's Triumph; a great flourish of trumpets and drums within; then enter a noise[23] *of trumpets sounding chearfully; then follows an armed Knight bearing a crimson banneret in hand, with the inscription* Valour; *by his side a Lady bearing a watchet banneret, the inscription* Clemency; *next, Martius and Sophocles with coronets; next, two Ladies, one bearing a white banneret, the inscription* Chastity, *the other a black, the inscription* Constancy; *then Dorigen crowned; last, a chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a person crowned, with a scepter on the top, in an antick escutcheon is written* Honour. *As they pass over, Diana ascends.*

Rin. How like you it? [it again!
Fri. Rarely; so well, I would they would do
How many of our wives now-a-days
Would deserve to triumph in such a chariot?
Rin. That's all one; you see they triumph in caroches. [neither;
Fri. That they do, by the mass; but not all
Many of them are content with carts. But, signor,
I have now found out a great absurdity, i'faith.
Rin. What was't?
Fri. The Prologue, presenting four Triumphs,
Made but three legs to the king[24]: a three-
'Twas monstrous. [legg'd Prologue!
Rin. 'Thad been more monstrous
To have had a four-legg'd one. Peace! the king speaks.
Eman. Here was a woman, Isabel!
Isab. Ay, my lord,
But that she told a lie to vex her husband;
Therein she fail'd.
Eman. She serv'd him well enough;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousy for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with soldiers, and with scholars too.
Isab. In Martius, clemency and valour shewn,
In the other, courage and humanity;
And therefore in the Triumph they were
By Clemency and Valour. [usher'd
Eman. Rightly observ'd;
As she by Chastity and Constancy.
What hurt's now in a play, against which some rail
So vehemently? thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use, methinks: I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousy,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet poetry's
A flower, where men, like bees and spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax away.
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will!
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still.
[*Flourish.*

Cupid descends.

Cupid. Stay, clouds! ye rack too fast. Bright Phœbus, see,
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity:
Give love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affections fly not from his bow.
Produce the sweet example of your youth,
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your truth.
[*Flourish.*

Enter Violante (with-child) and Gerrard.

Vio. Why does my Gerrard grieve?
Ger. Oh, my sweet mistress,
It is not life (which, by our Milan law,
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;
That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burden from least hurt,
Because your blood is in't: but since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty;
And can Heaven think fit you die for me?
For Heav'n's sake, say I ravish'd you! I'll swear it,
To keep your life safe and repute unstain'd[25].
Vio. Oh, Gerrard, thou'rt my life and faculties,

[23] *A noise of trumpets;*] i. e. *A* concert *of trumpets.* See note 25 on Wit at Several Weapons.

[24] *Three legs;*] i. e. *Three bows.* See note 28 on the Queen of Corinth.

[25] *To keep your life* and your *repute unstain'd.*] The text from first folio.

(And

(And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own)
The thought of whom sweetens all miseries.
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death!
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment?
It was so far from rape, that, Heav'n doth know,
If ever the first lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush!

Ger. Oh, but, my rarest Violante, when
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim,
That my poor aunt, and me, which his free alms [tua
Hath nurs'd, since Milan by the duke of Man-
(Who now usurps it) was surpriz'd! that time
My father and my mother were both slain,
With my aunt's husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me: only this I know,
Since I could understand, your honour'd uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education
That his own son might look for, had he one;
Now will he say, Dost thou requite me thus?
Oh! the thought kills me.

Vio. Gentle, gentle Gerrard, [father,
Be cheer'd, and hope the best! My mother,
And uncle, love me most indulgently,
Being the only branch of all their stocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
With this unwelcome news, shall ever hear
Violante's tongue reveal, much less accuse,
Gerrard to be the father of his own:
I'll rather silent die, that thou may'st live
To see thy little offspring grow and thrive.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Mistress, away! your lord and father seeks you:
I'll convey Gerrard out of the back door.
H' has found a husband for you, and insults
In his invention, little thinking you [too.
Have made your own choice, and possess'd him

Vio. A husband? it must be Gerrard, or my death.
Farewell! be only true unto thyself, [be,
And know, Heav'n's goodness shall prevented
Ere worthiest Gerrard suffer harm for me.

Ger. Farewell, my life and soul! Aunt, to your counsel [art
I flee for aid. Oh, unexpressible love! thou
An undigested heap of mix'd extremes
Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Benvoglio, Angelina, and Ferdinand.

Benv. My Angelina, never dist thou yet
So please me, as in this consent; and yet
Th' hast pleas'd me well, I swear, old wench! ha, ha!
Ferdinand, she's thine own; thou'st have her, boy;
Ask thy good lady else.

Ferd. Whom shall I have, sir?

Benv. Whom do you think, i' faith?

Ang. Guess!

Ferd. Noble madam,
I may hope (prompted by my shallow merit)
Thro' your profound grace, for your chambermaid.

Benv. How's that? how's that?

Ferd. Her chambermaid, my lord[26].

Benv. Her chamber-pot, my lord!—You modest ass!
Thou never shew'dst thyself an ass 'till now:
'Fore Heav'n, I'm angry with thee! Sirrah, sirrah,
This whitmeat spirit's not yours legitimate[27]:
Advance your hope, an't please you! guess again. [aim them right,

Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher;
Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white[28].

Ferd. If I may be so bold then, my good lord,
Your favour doth encourage me to aspire
To catch my lady's gentlewoman.

Benv. Where?
Where would you catch her?—
Do you know my daughter Violante, sir?

Ang. Well said; no more about the bush!

Ferd. My good lord,
I've gaz'd on Violante, and the stars,
Whose heav'nly influence I admir'd, not
Nor ever was so sinful to believe [knew;
I might attain't.

Benv. Now you're an ass again;
For, if thou ne'er attain'st, 'tis only long
Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.

[26] Ferd. *Her chambermaid, my lord.*
Benv. *Her, &c.*] This lection, which redeems the passage from being the rankest nonsense, is only in first folio. Other copies read,
Ferd. *Her chamber-pot, my lord. You modest ass.*

[27] *This* whitmeat *spirit's not yours, legitimate.*] I put a hyphen to *whitmeat*, it being a compound word like *Whit-Sunday, i. e. White-Sunday*, alluding to the white garments the newly-baptised used to wear. It would be an affront to the reader's understanding to explain the meaning *of whit-meat spirit;* he will observe that I scratch out a comma after *yours*, understanding *legitimate* adverbially, as if he had said,—This weak effeminate spirit is not legitimately yours, you had it not from your father. *Seward.*

We cannot see the use of the hyphen. *Whitmeat* means *white meat*, which is the most simple innocent food. His modesty is what *Benvoglio* here means to reprehend.

[28] *Sir, you may* hit; *you have the fairest* white.] *To hit the white*, is a term frequently used in our authors' time: it is taken from archery. *R.*

She is your lord's heir, mine, Benvoglio's heir,
My brother's too, Randulpho's; her descent
Not behind any of the Millanois.
And, Ferdinand, altho' thy parentage [up
Be unknown, thou know'st that I've bred thee
From five years old; and (do not blush to hear it) [cess
Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair suc-
So full in all my affairs, that I am fitter
To call thee master than thou me thy lord:
Thou can'st not be but sprung of gentlest blood; [sun,
Thy mind shines thro' thee, like the radiant
Altho' thy body be a beauteous cloud.
Come! seriously this is no flattery; [blood
And well thou know'st it, tho' thy modest
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear't:
Sir, I can speak in earnest. Virtuous service,
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,
(Yet bashful still, and silent?) should extract
A fuller price than impudence exact:
And this is now the wages it must have;
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.

Ferd. Good madam, pinch! I sleep! does my lord mock,
And you assist? Custom's inverted quite;
For old men now-a-days do flout the young.

Benv. Fetch Violante!—As I intend this
Religiously, let my soul find joy or pain!
[*Exit Angelina.*

Ferd. My honour'd lord and master, if I hold
That worth could merit such felicity,
You bred it in me, and first purchas'd it;
It is your own, and what productions
In all my faculties my soul begets,
Your very mark is on; you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in debt to you.
You sav'd my life, sir, in the massacre;
There you begot me new, since foster'd me:
Oh! can I serve too much, or pray for you?
Alas, 'tis slender payment to your bounty.
Your daughter is a Paradise, and I
Unworthy to be set there; you may chuse
The royal'st seeds of Milan.

Benv. Prithee, peace!
Thy goodness makes me weep. I am resolv'd;
I am no lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
To sordid muck; I have enough; my name,
My state, and honours, I will store in thee,
Whose wisdom will rule well, keep and encrease:
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminish every day.
Thou art her prize-lot then[29], drawn out by fate;
An honest wise man is a prince's mate.

Ferd. Sir, Heav'n and you have overcharg'd my breast
With grace beyond my continence; I shall burst!
The blessing you have given me, witness saints,
I would not change for Milan!—But, my lord,
Is she prepar'd?

Benv. What needs preparative,
Where such a cordial is prescrib'd as thou?
Thy person and thy virtues, in one scale,
Shall poise hers with her beauty and her wealth:
If not, I add my will unto thy weight;
Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys;
And let thy preparation for this marriage,
(This welcome marriage) long determin'd here,
Be quick, and gorgeous.—Gerrard!

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. My good lord,
My lord your brother craves your conference
Instantly, on affairs of high import.

Benv. Why, what news?

Ger. The tyrant, my good lord,
Is sick to death of his old apoplexy;
Whereon the states advise, that letters missive
Be straight dispatch'd to all the neighbour-countries,
And schedules too divulg'd on every post,
To enquire the lost duke forth: their purpose is
To re-instate him.

Benv. 'Tis a pious deed.—
Ferdinand, to my daughter! This delay,
Tho' to so good a purpose, angers me;
But I'll recover it. Be secret, son!
Go wooe with truth and expedition. [*Exit.*

Ferd. Oh, my unsounded joy! How fares my Gerrard,
My noble twin-friend?—Fy, thy look is heavy,
Sullen, and sour; blanch it! Didst thou know
My cause of joy, thou'dst never sorrow more,
I know thou lov'st me so. How dost thou?

Ger. Well;
Too well! my fraught of health my sickness is;
In life, I'm dead; by living, dying still.

Ferd. What sublunary mischief can predominate
A wise man thus? or doth thy friendship play
(In this antipathous extreme) with mine,
Lest gladness suffocate me? I, I, I do feel
My spirits turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
And I am like a purified essence
Tried from all drossy parts!

Ger. Were't but my life,
The loss were sacrifice[30]; but Virtue must
For me be slain, and Innocence made dust!

Ferd. Farewell, good Gerrard!

Ger. Dearest friend, stay! [me now,

Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for

[29] Price *lot.*] So former copies.

[30] *The loss were* sacrific'd, *but Virtue*
Must for me be slain, and Innocence made dust.] It is no wonder, that the editors should not much regard the sense, who were so totally negligent of the measure. How can a loss be *sacrific'd?* I read *sacrifice, i. e.* my life would not then be such a loss as a sacrifice for the sake of the person I love. The correction of the metre is very obvious:

The loss were *sacrifice*, for Virtue must
For me be slain, and Innocence made dust. *Seward.*

Much

Much less sad words: thy bosom binds some secret,
Which do not trust me with! for mine retains
Another, which I must conceal from thee.
Ger. I would reveal it; 'tis a heavy tale:
Canst thou be true, and secret still!
Ferd. Why, friend,
If you continue true unto yourself,
I have no means of falshood. Lock this door;
Come, yet your prisoner's sure.
Ger. Stay, Ferdinand!
Ferd. What is this trouble? love?
Why, thou art capable of any woman.
Doth want oppress thee? I will lighten thee.
Hast thou offended law? my lord and thine,
And I, will save thy life. Does servitude
Upbraid thy freedom, that she suffers it?
Have patience but three days, and I will make thee
Thy lord's companion. Can a friend do more?
Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?
Ferd. First, let
This cabinet keep your pawn, and I will trust;
Yet, for the form of satisfaction,
Take this my oath to boot: by my presum'd
Gentry, and sacred known Christianity,
I'll die, ere I reveal thy trust!
Ger. Then hear it!
Your lord's fair daughter, Violante, is [me;
My betroth'd wife, goes great with-child by
And, by this deed, both made a prey to law.
How may I save her life? advise me, friend.
Ferd. What did he say? Gerrard, whose voice was that?
Oh, death unto my heart, bane to my soul!
My wealth is vanish'd like the rich man's store:
In one poor minute, all my dainty fare
But juggling dishes; my fat hope, despair.
Ger. Is this so odious? where's your mirth?
Ferd. Why, thou
Hast robb'd me of it! Gerrard, draw thy sword:
And if thou lov'st my mistress's chastity,
Defend it, else I'll cut it from thy heart,
Thy thievish heart that stole it, and restor't;
Do miracles to gain her!
Ger. Was she thine? [ther's vow,
Ferd. Never, but in my wish, and her fa-
Which now he left with me; on such sure terms,
He call'd me *son*, and wish'd me to provide
My wedding preparation.
Ger. Strange!
Ferd. Come, let's
Kill one another quickly!
Ger. Ferdinand,
My love is old to her, thine new-begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine oath! [hand
Ferd. It manacles me, Gerrard; else this
Should bear thee to the law. Farewell for ever!
Since friendship is so fatal, never more
Will I have friend: th'hast put so sure a plea,
That all my weal's litigious made by thee.
[*Exit.*

Ger. I did no crime to you.—His love transports him!
And yet I mourn that cruel destiny
Should make us two thus one another's cross.
We've lov'd since boys; for the same time cast him
On lord Benvoglio, that my aunt and I
Were succour'd by Randulpho: men have call'd us
The parallels of Milan; and some said
We were not much unlike. Oh, Heav'n divert,
That we should (ever since that time) be breeding
Mutual destruction.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Oh, where are you? [der
You have made a fair hand! By Heav'n, yon-
Is your aunt with my lady: she came in,
Just as she was wooing your mistress for another;
And what did me she, but out with her purse,
And shew'd all the naked truth, i'faith. Fy upon you! [secret;
You should never trust an old woman with a
They can't hold, they cannot hold so well as we,
An you'd hang 'em. First, there was swearing and staring;
Then there was howling and weeping,
And *Oh, my daughter!* and *Oh, my mother!*
Ger. The effect, the effect?
Dor. Marry, no way, but one with you!
Ger. Why, welcome!
Shall she 'scape?
Dor. Nay, she has made her 'scape already.
Ger. Why, is she gone?
Dor. The 'scape of her virginity, [ceive
I mean. You men are as dull, you can con-
Nothing; you think it is enough to beget.
Ger. Ay;
But surely, Dorothea, that 'scap'd not;
Her maidenhead suffer'd.
Dor. And you were
The executioner.
Ger. But what's the event?
Lord, how thou starv'st me, Doll!
Dor. 'Lord, how thou starv'st me, Doll?'
By Heav'n, I would fain see you cry a little!
Do you stand now, as if you could get a child?
Come, I'll rack you no more; this is the heart of the business—
Always provided, signor, that if it please
The Fates to make you a lord, you be not proud, [was
Nor forget your poor handmaid, Doll, who
Partly accessary to the incision of
This Holofernian maidenhead.
Ger. I will forget
My name first. Speak!
Dor. Then thus: My lady knows all;
Her sorrow is reasonably well digested;
Has vow'd to conceal it from my lord,
'Till delay ripen things better; wills you
To attend her this evening at the back-gate:
I'll let you in, where her own confessor
Shall put you together lawfully, ere

The

The child be born; which birth is very near,
I can assure you. All your charge is your vigilance; [convey
And to bring with you some trusty nurse, to
The infant out of the house.
Ger. Oh, beam of comfort!
Take! Go, tell thy lady
I pray for her as I walk. My joys so flow,
That what I speak or do, I do not know!
[*Exeunt.*

Dumb Show.

Enter Violante at one door, weeping, supported by Cornelia and a Friar; at another door, Angelina weeping, attended by Dorothea. Violante kneels down for pardon. Angelina shewing remorse, takes her up, and cheers her; so doth Cornelia. Angelina sends Dorothea for Gerrard. Enter Gerrard with Dorothea; Angelina and Cornelia seem to chide him, shewing Violante's heavy plight. Violante rejoiceth in him; he makes signs of sorrow, entreating pardon: Angelina brings Gerrard and Violante to the Friar; he joins them hand in hand, takes a ring from Gerrard, puts it on Violante's finger, blesseth them; Gerrard kisseth her; the Friar takes his leave. Violante makes show of great pain, is instantly conveyed in by the woman; Gerrard is bid stay; he walks in meditation, seeming to pray. Enter Dorothea, whispers him, sends him out. Enter Gerrard with a Nurse blindfold; gives her a purse. To them enter Angelina and Cornelia, with an Infant; they present it to Gerrard, he kisseth and blesseth it, puts it into the Nurse's arms, kneels, and takes his leave. Exeunt all severally.

Enter Benvoglio and Randulpho.

Benv. He's dead, you say then?
Rand. Certainly; and to hear
The people now dissect him now he's gone,
Makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: such libels,
Such elegies and epigrams they've made,
More odious than he was!—Brother, great men
Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With virtue's rule; sound with the weight of judgment
Their privat'st action: for tho' while they live,
Their power and policy masque their villainies,
Their bribes, their lust, pride, and ambition,
And make a many slaves to worship 'em,
That are their flatterers, and their bawds in these; [beasts die,
These very slaves shall, when these great
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.
Benv. 'Fore Heav'n 'tis true. But is Rinaldo, brother,
Our good duke, heard of living?
Rand. Living, sir,
And will be shortly with the senate: has
Been close conceal'd at Mantua, and reliev'd.
But what's become of his, no tidings yet!
But, brother, 'till our good duke shall arrive,
Carry this news here. Where's your Ferdinand?
Benv. Oh, busy, sir, about this marriage:
And yet my girl o'th' sudden is fall'n sick.
You'll see her ere you go?
Rand. Yes. Well I love her;
And yet I wish I had another daughter
To gratify my Gerrard, who, by Heav'n,
Is all the glory of my family,
But has too much worth to live so obscure:
I'll have him secretary of estate
Upon the duke's return; for, credit me,
The value of that gentleman's not known:
His strong abilities are fit to guide
The whole republic; he hath learning, youth,
Valour, discretion, honesty of a saint.
His aunt is wondrous good too.

Violante discovered in a bed; Angelina and Dorothea sitting by.

Benv. You have spoke
The very character of Ferdinand: [ter?
One is the other's mirror.—How now, daugh-
Rand. How fares my niece?
Vio. A little better, uncle, than I was,
I thank you.
Rand. Brother, a mere cold!
Ang. It was [thank'd,
A cold and heat, I think; but, Heav'n be
We've broken that away.
Benv. And yet, Violante,
You'll lie alone still, and you see what's got.
Dor. Sure, sir, when this was got, she had a bed-fellow. [belly?
Rand. What, has her cholic left her in her
Dor. 'T has left her, but she has had a sore fit. [herent to us
Rand. Ay, that same cholic and stone's in-
O'th' woman's side! our mothers had them
Dor. So has she had, sir.— [both.
How these old fornicators talk! she had
More need of mace-ale, and Rhenish-wine caudles,
Heav'n knows, than your aged discipline.
Benv. Say.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ang. She will have the man; and on recovery,
Will wholly be dispos'd by you. [dinand,
Benv. That's my wench! [tractedly?
How now! what change is this? Why, Ferdi-
Are these your robes of joy should be indu'd?
Doth Hymen wear black? I did send for you
To have my honourable brother witness
The contract I will make 'twixt you and her.
Put off all doubt; she loves you: what d'ye say?
Rand. Speak, man; why look you so dis-
Ferd. There are your keys, sir: I'll no contract, I.—
Divinest Violante, I will serve you
Thus on my knees, and pray for you,
Juno Lucina, fer opem.

My

My inequality ascends no higher:
I dare not marry you.
Benv. How's this?
Ferd. Good night!
I have a friend has almost made me mad:
I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh;
Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly
Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these! are they not?
And wherefore all this? shall I tell you? no!
Thorough mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught;
And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew
My grief to any, for it has no cure.—
On, wandring steps, to some remote place move!
I'll keep my vow, tho' I have lost my love.
[*Exit.*
Benv. 'Fore Heav'n, distracted for her!
Fare ye well!
I'll watch his steps; for I no joy shall find,
'Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind.
[*Exit.*
Rand. He's overcome with joy.
Ang. 'Tis very strange. [time's busy.
Rand. Well, sister, I must leave you; the
Violante, chear you up! And I pray Heav'n
Restore each to their love, and health again.
[*Exit.*
Vio. Amen, great uncle!—Mother, what
Unluckily is added to my woe, [a chance
In this young gentleman!
Ang. True, Violante;
It grieves me much.—Doll, go you instantly,
And find out Gerrard! tell him his friend's hap,
And let him use best means to comfort him;
But, as his life, preserve this secret still!
Viol. Mother—I'd not offend you—might not Gerrard
Steal in, and see me in the evening?
Ang. Well;
Bid him do so.
Vio. Heav'n's blessing o' your heart!—
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?
Ang. Yes.
Vio. It well may be: the bare-foot traveller
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me;
And yet, how disobedient have I been!
Ang. Peace, Violante; thou hast always
Gentle and good. [been
Vio. Gerrard is better, mother:
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your pray'rs.
I see no reason but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for Ferdinand
To wooe himself; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative: my uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.
Ang. No, not for th' world!
Since his intent is cross'd, lov'd Ferdinand
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,
His madness would pursue ye both to death!
Vio. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of ease; I'll sleep.
Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, and Benvoglio privately after him.

Ferd. Oh, blessed solitude! Here my griefs may speak;
And, sorrow, I will argue with thee now.
Nothing will keep me company! the flowers
Die at my moan; the gliding silver streams
Hasten to flee my lamentations;
The air rolls from 'em; and the golden sun
Is smother'd pale as Phœbe with my sighs;
Only the earth is kind, that stays: then, earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens
Impose upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy[31]?
Before fruition was impossible,
I did not thirst it: Gerrard, she is thine,
Seal'd and deliver'd; but 'twas ill to stain
Her virgin state, ere ye were married.
Poor infant, what's become of thee? thou know'st not [earth,
The woe thy parents brought thee to. Dear
Bury this close in thy sterility;
Be barren to this seed, let it not grow!
For if it do, 'twill bud no violet,
Nor gilly-flower, but wild brier, or rank rue,
Unsavoury and hurtful.
Benv. Ferdinand, [my heart.
Thy steel hath digg'd the earth, thy words
Ferd. Oh, I have violated faith, betray'd
My friend and innocency!
Benv. Desperate youth,
Violate not thy soul too! I have showers
For thee, young man; but, Gerrard, flames for thee! [honour,
Was thy base pen made to dash out mine
And prostitute my daughter? bastard, whore?
Come, turn thy female tears into revenge,
Which I will quench my thirst with, ere I see
Daughter or wife, or branded family.
By Heaven, both die! and, for amends,
Ferdinando, be my heir! I'll to my brother,
First tell him all, then to the duke for justice;
This morning he's receiv'd[32]. Mountains nor seas

[31] *Impose* upon *me love what I can ne'er enjoy?*] i. e. *Force me* to love *what I cannot obtain.* The editors of 1750 expunge the word *upon*, for which we can see no reason; and print *love* as a substantive, though it is so obviously a verb.

[32] *This morning he's* receiv'd.] Mr. Sympson would read *arriv'd*, but surely *receiv'd* is infinitely more expressive, as it not only speaks his arrival, but his being recogniz'd by all his subjects as duke of Milan. *Seward.*

Shall

Shall bar my flight to vengeance! the foul stain
Printed on me, thy blood shall rinse again.
[*Exit.*

Ferd. I have transgress'd all goodness, witlessly
Rais'd mine own curses from posterity!
I'll follow, to redress in what I may;
If not, your heir can die as well as they.
[*Exit.*

Dumb Show.

Enter Duke Rinaldo with attendants, at one door; States, Randulpho, and Gerrard, at another: they kneel to the Duke, he accepts their obedience, and raises them up; they prefer Gerrard to the Duke, who entertains him; they seat the Duke in state. Enter Benvoglio and Ferdinand: Benvoglio kneels for justice; Ferdinand seems to restrain him. Benvoglio gives the Duke a paper; Duke reads, frowns on Gerrard, shews the paper to the States, they seem sorry, consult, cause the guard to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then Randulpho and Benvoglio seem to crave justice; Duke vows it, and exit with his attendants. Randulpho, Benvoglio, and Ferdinand confer. Enter to them Cornelia, with two Servants; she seems to expostulate; Randulpho in scorn causeth her to be thrust out poorly. Exit Randulpho. Benvoglio beckons Ferdinand to him, with much seeming passion, swears him, then stamps with his foot. Enter Dorothea with a cup, weeping, she delivers it to Ferdinand, who with discontent exit, and exeunt Benvoglio and Dorothea.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Gerrard not come? nor Dorothy return'd?
What adverse star rul'd my nativity?
The time to-night hath been as dilatory
As languishing consumptions. But 'till now,
I ne'er durst say, my Gerrard was unkind.
Heav'n grant all things go well! and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear! My dreams
Have been portentous: I did think I saw
My love array'd for battle with a beast,
A hideous monster, arm'd with teeth and claws,
Grinning, and venomous, that sought to make
Both us a prey; on's tail was lash'd in blood
Law; and his forehead I did plainly see
Held characters that spell'd *authority.*
This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul
Ran searching up and down my dismay'd breast, [cold;
To find a port t'escape. Good faith, I'm
But Gerrard's love is colder: here I'll sit,
And think myself away.

Enter Ferdinand, with a Cup and a Letter.

Ferd. The peace of love
Attend the sweet Violante! Read;
For the sad news I bring I do not know:
Only I am sworn to give you that, and this.
Vio. Is it from Gerrard? Gentle Ferdinand,
How glad am I to see you thus well restor'd!
In troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you:
Knew not my father's meaning 'till of late;
Could never have known it soon enough: for, sir,
Gerrard's and my affection began
In infancy: my uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither; you were such another;
The little boy would kiss me, being a child,
And say he lov'd me, give me all his toys,
Bracelets, rings, sweetmeats, all his rosy smiles:
I then would stand, and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I lov'd him too;
For sure, methought, he was a little love!
He woo'd so prettily in innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,
Both which, time since hath made a flame and flood.
Ferd. Oh, gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child still, whose white simplicity
Never arriv'd at sin. Forgive me, lady!
I have destroy'd Gerrard and thee; rebell'd
Against Heav'n's ordinance; dis-pair'd two doves, [cleft
Made 'em sit mourning; slaughter'd love, and
The heart of all integrity. This breast
Was trusted with the secret of your vow,
By Gerrard, and reveal'd it to your father.
Vio. Ha!
Ferd. Read, and curse me!
Vio. Neither: I will never
Nor write, nor read again!
Ferd. My penance be it!
'Your labyrinth is found, your lust proclaim'd.'
[*Reads.*
Vio. Lust? hum!
My mother sure felt none when I was got.
Ferd. 'I, and the law, implacably offended;'
'Gerrard's imprison'd, and to die.'
Vio. Oh, Heav'n! ['scoffs,
Ferd. 'And you to suffer, with reproach and
'A public execution. I have sent you
'An antidote 'gainst shame, poison, by him
'You have most wrong'd: give him your
'penitent tears.'
Vio. Hum! 'tis not truth.
Ferd. 'Drink, and farewell for ever!
'And tho' thy whoredom blemish thy whole
'line, ['mine.'
'Prevent the hangman's stroke, and die like
Vio. Oh, woe is me for Gerrard! I have brought
Confusion on the noblest gentleman
That ever truly lov'd. But we shall meet
Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy
A more refin'd affection than here;

No

No law nor father hinders marriage there
'Twixt souls divinely affied as (sure) ours were;
There we will multiply and generate joys,
Like fruitful parents.—Luckless Ferdinand,
Where's the good old gentlewoman, my husband's aunt?
Ferd. Thrust from your uncle, to all poverty.
Vio. Alas, the pity! Reach me, sir, the cup:
I'll say my prayers, and take my father's physic.
Ferd. Oh, villain that I was, I had forgot
To spill the rest, and am unable now
To stir to hinder her!
Vio. What ail you, sir?
Ferd. Your father is a monster, I a villain,
This tongue has kill'd you!—Pardon, Violante!
Oh, pardon, Gerrard! and for sacrifice
Accept my life, to expiate my fault:
I have drunk up the poison.
Vio. Thou art not so
Uncharitable! a better fellow far;
Th'hast left me half. Sure death is now a-dry,
And calls for more blood still to quench his thirst.
I pledge thee, Ferdinand, to Gerrard's health!
Dear Gerrard, poor aunt, and unfortunate friend!
Ah me, that love should breed true lovers' end!
Ferd. Stay, madam, stay! help, hoa! for Heav'n's sake, help!
Improvident man! that good I did intend
For satisfaction, saving of her life,
My equal cruel stars made me forget[33].

Enter Angelina with two Servants.

Ang. What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!
Vio. My dearest mother, I am dead: I leave
Father, and friends, and life, to follow love.
Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.
Fy, how men lie, that say, death is a pain!
Or has he chang'd his nature? like soft sleep
He seizes me. Your blessing! Last, I crave,
That I may rest by Gerrard in his grave.
Ferd. There lay me too. Oh, noble mistress, I
Have caus'd all this, and therefore justly die.
That key will open all.
Ang. Oh, viperous father!—
For Heav'n's sake, bear 'em in! Run for physicians,
And medicines quickly! Heav'n, thou shalt not have her
Yet; 'tis too soon: alas, I have no more;
And taking her away, thou robb'st the poor!
[*Exeunt.*

[*Flourish.*
Enter Rinaldo, States, Randulpho, Benvoglio, Gerrard, Executioner, and Guard.

Rin. The law, as greedy as your red desire,
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent parts are swallow'd up
In one foul wave. Is Violante sent for?
Our justice must not lop a branch, and let
The body grow still.
Benv. Sir, she will be here,
Alive or dead, I am sure. [ments death!
Ger. How chearfully my countenance com-
That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear
Like to an ornament. Oh, Violante!
Might my life only satisfy the law,
How jocundly my soul would enter Heav'n!
Why shouldst thou die? thou wither'st in thy bud,
As I have seen a rose, ere it was blown.—
I do beseech your grace, the statute may
(In this case made) be read: not that I hope
T' extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to see whether it lay hold on her.
And since my death is more exemplary
Than just, this publick reading will advise
Caution to others.
Rin. Read it.
Rand. Brother, does not
Your soul groan under this severity?
Sec. [*reads.*] 'A statute provided in case 'of unequal matches, marriages against 'parents' consent, stealing of heirs, rapes, 'prostitutions, and such-like: that if any 'person meanly descended, or ignorant of 'his own parentage, which implies as much, 'shall, with a foul intent, unlawfully solicit 'the daughter of any peer of the dukedom, 'he shall for the same offence forfeit his 'right-hand: but if he further prostitute her 'to his lust, he shall first have his right-hand 'cut off, and then suffer death by the com-'mon executioner. After whom, the lady 'so offending shall likewise the next day, in 'the same manner, die for the fact.'
Ger. This statute has more cruelty than sense!
I see no ray of mercy. Must the lady
Suffer death too? Suppose she were enforc'd,
By some confederates borne away, and ra-
Is she not guiltless? [vish'd;
Rin. Yes, if it be prov'd.
Ger. This case is so: I ravish'd Violante.
State. Who ever knew a rape produce a child? [command
Benv. Pish! these are idle. Will your grace
The executioner proceed?
Rin. Your office!

[33] *My* equal *cruel stars, &c.*] Mr. Sympson would read,
My *unequal* cruel stars———
but as *equal* is good sense, I don't change the text; I understand *equal* adverbially, *viz.* my stars *equally cruel* in this instance as in all others. *Seward.*

Ger. Farewell to thy enticing vanity,
Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye! [broke,
The wise man knows, when open thou art
The treasure thou includ'st is dust and smoke;
Even thus, I cast thee by. My lords, the law
Is but the great man's mule; he rides on it,
And tramples poorer men under his feet:
Yet when they come to knock at yon bright gate,
One's rags shall enter 'fore the other's state.
Peace to ye all!—Here, sirrah, strike!—This hand
Hath Violante kiss'd a thousand times;
It smells sweet ever since: this was the hand
Plighted my faith to her; do not think thou canst
Cut that in sunder with my hand. My lord,
As free from speck as this arm is, my heart
Is of foul lust, and every vein glides here
As full of truth.—Why does thy hand shake so?
'Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm;
For it was ever constant.

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Hold! your sentence
Unjustly is pronounc'd, my lord! This blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours,
But Violante's, given in holy marriage
Before she was deliver'd, consummated
With the free will of her mother, by her
In lord Benvoglio's house. [confessor,
Ger. Alas, good aunt,
That helps us nothing; else I had reveal'd it.
Rin. What woman's this?
Benv. A base confederate
In this proceeding, kept of alms long time
By him; who now, expos'd to misery,
Talks thus distractedly. Attach her, guard!
Rand. Your cruelty, brother, will have end.
Cor. You'd best
Let them attach my tongue.
Rin. Good woman, peace! [phew:
For, were this truth, it doth not help thy ne-
The law's infring'd by their disparity;
That forfeits both their lives.
Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
Had your grace ever children?
Rin. Thou hast put [heart!
A question, whose sharp point toucheth my
I had two little sons, twins, who were both
(With my good duchess) slain, as I did hear,
At that time when my dukedom was surpriz'd.
Cor. I have heard many say, my gracious lord,
That I was wondrous like her. [lord,
Omnes. Ha!
Rin. By all man's joy, it is Cornelia,
My dearest wife!
Cor. To ratify me her,
Come down, Alphonso, one of those two twins,
And take thy father's blessing! Thou hast broke
No law, thy birth being above thy wife's:
Ascanio is the other, nam'd Fernando,
Who, by remote means, to my lord Benvoglio
I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,
(You fled, and th' innovation laid again)
I wrought myself into Randulpho's service,
With my eldest boy; yet never durst reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,
Until the tyrant's death.
Rin. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded sail! I cannot speak!
Ger. Fetch Violante and my brother.
Benv. Run,
Run like a spout, you rogue! A pox o' poison!
That little whore I trusted will betray me.
Stay, hangman! I have work for you: there's gold;
Cut off my head, or hang me, presently!

Soft musick. Enter Angelina, with the bodies of Ferdinand and Violante on a bier; Dorothea carrying the cup and letter, which she gives to Rinaldo; he reads, seems sorrowful; shews it to Cornelia and Gerrard, they lament over the bier. Randulpho and Benvoglio seem fearful, and seem to report to Angelina and Dorothea what hath passed before.

Rand. This is your rashness, brother!
Rin. Oh, joy, thou wert too great to last;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes!
Unnatural father! poor Ascanio!
Ger. Oh, mother! let me be Gerrard again,
And follow Violante!
Cor. Oh, my son—— [swer this.
Rin. Your lives yet, bloody men, shall an-
Dor. I must not see 'em longer grieve.—My lord,
Be comforted; let sadness generally
Forsake each eye and bosom: they both live;
For poison, I infus'd mere opium;
Holding compulsive perjury less sin
Than such a loathed murder would have been.
Omnes. Oh blessed maiden!
Dor. Musick, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep!
Morpheus, command thy servant sleep
In leaden chains no longer keep
This prince and lady! Rise, wake, rise,
And round about convey your eyes!
Rise, prince; go, greet thy father and thy mother; [brother.
Rise thou, t'embrace thy husband and thy
Rin. Cor. Son, daughter!
Ferd. Father, mother, brother[34]!

Ger.

[34] Ferd. *Father, mother, brother.*

Ger. Right.] According to this reading, *Ferdinand*, whose senses were but just recovered, knows perfectly all that has past whilst he was asleep; although he afterwards asks how can this be. I first thought a note of interrogation might solve it, by supposing *Cornelia* to have informed him in a whisper, and then he might ask the question.

Father?

Ger. Wife!
Vio. Are we not all in Heav'n?
Ger. Faith, very near it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Rin. Hear it! [seen
Dor. If I had serv'd you right, I should have
Your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.
Benv. Oh wench! [thee:
Oh, honest wench! if my wife die, I'll marry
There's my reward[35].
Rin. 'Tis true.
Ferd. 'Tis very strange[36].
Ger. Why kneel you, honest master?
Ferd. My good lord!
Ger. Dear mother!
Rin. Rise, rise! all are friends. I owe ye
For all their boards: and, wench, take thou
the man [merit.
Whose life thou sav'dst; less cannot pay thy
How shall I part my kiss? I cannot! let
One generally therefore join our cheeks.
A pen of iron, and a leaf of brass,
To keep this story to eternity,
And a Promethean wit!—Oh, sacred Love,
Nor chance, nor death, can thy firm truth
remove. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*
Eman. Now, Isabella?
Isab. This can true love do.
I joy they all so happily are pleas'd!
The ladies and the brothers must triumph.
Eman. They do;
For Cupid scorns but t'have his Triumph too.
[*Flourish.*

The Triumph.

Enter divers musicians, then certain singers bearing bannerets inscribed, Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord; *next Gerrard and Ferdinand with garlands of roses; then Violante; last, a chariot drawn by two Cupids, and a Cupid sitting in it.*

Flourish. Enter Prologue.

Prol. Love and the strength of fair affection, [won
Most royal sir, what long seem'd lost, have
Their perfect ends, and crown'd those constant hearts
With lasting triumph, whose most virtuous parts,
Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.
Now turn we round the scene; and, great sir, lend
A sad and serious eye to this of *Death.*
This black and dismal triumph; where man's breath,
Desert, and guilty blood, ascend the stage;
And view the tyrant, ruin'd in his rage.
[*Exit. Flourish.*

Enter Lavall, Gabriella, and Maria.

Gab. No, good my lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me: all those affections
You came first clad in to my love, like summer,
Lusty and full of life; all those desires
That like the painted spring bloom'd round about ye,
Giving the happy promise of an harvest,
How have I seen drop off, and all forgotten!
With the least lustre of another's beauty,
How oft, forgetful lord, have I been blasted!
Was I so easily won? or did this body
Yield to your false embraces, with less labour
Than if you'd carried some strong town?
Lav. Good Gabriella! [betray me,
Gab. Could all your subtilties and sighs
The vows ye shook me with, the tears ye
drown'd me, [riage?
'Till I came fairly off with honour'd mar-
Oh, fy, my lord!
Lav. Prithee, good Gabriella!
Gab. 'Would I had never known you, nor
your honours! [women,
They're stuck too full of griefs. Oh, happy
That plant your love in equal honest bosoms,
Whose sweet desires, like roses set together,
Make one another happy in their blushes,
Growing and dying without sense of greatness,
To which I am a slave! and that blest sacrament
That daily makes millions of happy mothers,
Link'd me to this man's lust alone, there
left me:
I dare not say I am his *wife*, 'tis dangerous;
His *love*, I cannot say. Alas, how many—
Lav. You grow too warm; pray you be
content! You best know
The time's necessity, and how our marriage,
Being so much unequal to mine honour,
While the duke lives, I standing high in favour, [dom)
(And, whilst I keep that safe, next to the duke-
Must not be known, without my utter ruin.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream,
wench,
The glory of a duchess.—How she tires me!
How dull and leaden is my appetite
To that stale beauty now! Oh, I could curse
And crucify myself for childish doting
Upon a face that feeds not with fresh figures
Every fresh hour; she's now a surfeit to me!—

Father? mother? brother?
But putting the whole into *Gerrard*'s mouth, takes away the difficulty much more easily. *Seward.*

We think the old reading best, and don't understand the objection.

[35] *There's* thy *reward.*] Text from first folio. It means MY rewarding YOU.

[36] Ferd. *'Tis true.*
Rin. *'Tis very strange.*] Here again the speakers were evidently wrong, and had changed places. *Seward.*

Enter Gentille.

Who's that? Gentille?—I charge ye, no acquaintance, [course,
You nor your maid, with him, nor no dis-
'Till times are riper!
Gent. Fy, my noble lord!
Can you be now a stranger to the court,
When your most virtuous bride, the beauteous Hellena,
Stands ready like a star to gild your happiness?
When Hymen's lusty fires are now a-lighting,
And all the flower of Anjou—
Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me so slow, Gentille; which now in readiness,
I am for court immediately.
Gent. Take heed, sir!
This is no time for trifling, nor she no lady
To be now entertain'd with toys; 'twill cost you—
Lav. You're an old cock, Gentille.
Gent. By your lordship's favour—
Lav. Prithee, away! 'twill lose time.
Gent. Oh, my lord,
Pardon me that, by all means!
Lav. We have business
A-foot, man, of more moment!
Gent. Than my manners?
I know none, nor I seek none.
Lav. Take to-morrow!
Gent. Even now, by your lordship's leave.
—Excellent beauty,
My service here I ever dedicate,
In honour of my best friend, your dead father,
To you, his living virtue; and wish heartily,
That firm affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying root, and flourish
Betwixt my daughter Casta, and your goodness,
Who shall be still your servant.
Gab. I much thank you.
Lav. Pox o' this dreaming puppy!—Will you go, sir?
Gent. A little more, good lord!
Lav. Not now, by Heaven!
Come, I must use you.
Gent. Goodness dwell still with you!
[*Exeunt Gent. and Lav.*
Gab. The sight of this old gentleman, Maria,
Pulls to mine eyes again the living picture
Of Perolot his virtuous son, my first love,
That died at Orleans.
Maria. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extremes, poor lady! for young Perolot,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durst not make known his love to friend or father;
My lord Lavall being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.
Gab. No more! let's in, wench;
There let my lute speak my laments! they've tir'd me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Two Courtiers.

1 *Court.* I grant, the duke is wondrous provident
In his now planting for succession; [too,
I know his care as honourable in the choice
Marine's fair virtuous daughter: but what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof is so rotten?
2 *Court.* You have hit it now indeed; for,
He is untemperate. [if fame lie not,
1 *Court.* You express him poorly,
Too gentle, sir: the most debosh'd and barbarous,
Believe it; the most void of all humanity,
Howe'er his cunning cloke it to his uncle,
And those his pride depends upon.
2 *Court.* I have heard too,
Given excessively to drink.
1 *Court.* Most certain, [these things
And in that drink most dangerous: I speak
To one I know loves truth, and dares not wrong her.
2 *Court.* You may speak on.
1 *Court.* Uncertain as the sea, sir,
Proud and deceitful as his sin's great master;
His appetite to women, (for there he carries
His main-sail spread) so boundless and abominable, [spoken,
That but to have her name by that tongue
Poisons the virtue of the purest virgin.
2 *Court.* I am sorry for young Gabriella then,
A maid reputed, ever of fair carriage;
For he has been noted visiting.
1 *Court.* She is gone then;
Or any else, that promises, or power,
Gifts, or his guileful vows, can work upon:
But these are but poor parcels.
2 *Court.* 'Tis great pity!
1 *Court.* Nor want these sins a chief saint to befriend 'em:
The devil follows him; and, for a truth, sir,
Appears in visible figure often to him;
At which time he's possess'd with sudden trances, [science,
Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the con-
Tormented strangely, as they say.
2 *Court.* Heav'n turn him!
This marriage-day may'st thou well curse, fair Hellen.—
But let's go view the ceremony.
1 *Court.* I'll walk with you. [*Exeunt.*

Musick. Enter Gabriella and Maria above; and Lavall, Bride, States in solemnity as to marriage, and pass over, viz. Duke, Marine and Longaville.

Maria. I hear 'em come!
Gab. 'Would I might never hear more!
Maria. I told you still; but you were so incredulous—
See, there they kiss! [
Gab. Adders be your embraces!
The poison of a rotten heart, oh, Hellen,

Blast

Blast thee as I have been! Just such a flattery,
With that same cunning face, that smile upon't,
(Oh, mark it, Mary, mark it seriously!)
That master smile caught me.
Maria. There's th' old duke, and
Marine her father.
Gab. Oh!
Maria. There Longaville;
The ladies now.
Gab. Oh, I am murder'd, Mary!—
Beast, most inconstant beast!
Maria. There—
Gab. There I am not; [Heav'n!
No more—I am not there. Hear me, oh,
And, all you pow'rs of justice, bow down to me!
But you of pity, die. I am abus'd;
She that depended on your providence,
She is abus'd! your honour is abus'd!
That noble piece ye made, and call'd it *man*,
Is turn'd to devil; all the world's abus'd!
Give me a woman's will, provok'd to mischief,
A two-edg'd heart; my suffering thoughts to wildfires,
And my embraces to a timeless grave turn!
Maria. Here I'll step in; for 'tis an act of merit.
Gab. I am too big to utter more.
Maria. Take time then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gentille and Casta.

Gent. This solitary life at home undoes thee, [thee;
Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer
Next, fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years [ness:
Must not arrive at yet; they choke thy sweet-
Follow the time, my girl; and it will bring thee,
Even to the fellowship of the noblest women,
Hellen herself, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage,
(Which I am only able yet to reach at)
Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.
Casta. Good sir, be not so cruel as to seek
To kill that sweet content you've bred me to.
Have I not here enough to thank Heav'n for?
The free air, uncorrupted with new flattery?
The water that I touch, unbrib'd with odours
To make me sweet to others? the pure fire
Not smother'd up, and choak'd with lustful incense [and high,
To make my blood sweat? but burning clear
Tells me my mind must flame up so to Heav'n.
What should I do at court? wear rich apparel?
Methinks these are as warm, and, for your state, sir,
Wealthy enough: is it, you'd have me proud,
And, like a pageant, stuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path; for fear, sir,
Your dry bones, after death, groan in your grave
The miseries that follow. [
Gent. Excellent Casta!
Casta. When shall I pray again, a courtier?
Or, when I do, to what god? what new body
And new face must I make me, with new manners [mistress
(For I must be no more myself)? whose
Must I be first? with whose sin-offering season'd?
And when I'm grown so great and glorious
With prostitution of my burning beauties,
That great lords kneel, and princes beg for favours, [gentleman's,
Do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor
Or know you for my father?

Enter Lavall.

Gent. My best Casta! [within thee!
Oh, my most virtuous child! Heav'n reigns
Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a saint still.—
The lord Lavall! stand by, wench.
Lav. Gabriella—
She cannot, nor she dares not make it known;
My greatness crushes her, whene'er she offers:
Why should I fear her then?
Gent. Come; let's pass on, wench.
Lav. Gentille, come hither!—Who's that gentlewoman? [custom,
Gent. A child of mine, sir, who, observing
Is going to the monastery to her prayers.
Lav. A fair one, a most sweet one! fitter far
To beautify a court, than make a votarist.—
Go on, fair beauty, and in your orizons
Remember me: will you, fair sweet?
Casta. Most humbly. [*Exit with Gent.*
Lav. An admirable beauty! how it fires me!

Enter a Spirit.

But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked.—
I feel my wonted fit: defend me, goodness!
Oh! it grows colder still, and stiffer on me;
My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink;
Help me, good Heav'n, and good thoughts dwell within me!
Oh, get thee gone, thou evil, evil spirit;
Haunt me no more, I charge thee!
Spirit. Yes, Lavall;
Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief:
I blast thee with new sin. Pursue thy pleasure!
Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing beauty;
Set thy desires afire, and never quench 'em
'Till thou enjoy'st her! make her all thy Heav'n,
And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness.
Thou'rt powerful; use command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.
Lav. Oh, help me, help me!
Spirit. Her virtue like a spell, sinks me to darkness. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Gentille and Casta.

Gent. He's here still.—How is't, noble lord? Methinks, sir,
You look a little wildly?—Is it that way?
Is't her you stare on so? I've spied your fire, sir,
But dare not stay the flaming: come!
Lav. Sweet creature,
Excellent beauty, do me but the happiness
To be your humblest servant.—Oh, fair eyes!
Oh, blessed, blessed sweetness, divine virgin!
Casta. Oh, good my lord, retire into your honour! [helm
You're spoken good and virtuous, plac'd at
To govern others from mischances; from example
Of such fair chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or sure we should, direct our lives.
I know you're full of worth; a school of virtue,
Daily instructing us that live below you,
I make no doubt, dwells there.
Lav. I cannot answer;
Sh' has struck me dumb with wonder.
Casta. Goodness guide you! [*Exeunt.*
Lav. She's gone, and with her all light, and has left me
Dark as my black desires. Oh, devil lust,
How dost thou hug my blood, and whisper to me,
There is no day again, no time, no living,
Without this lusty beauty break upon me!
Let me collect myself; I strive like billows,
Beaten against a rock, and fall a fool still.
I must enjoy her, and I will; from this hour
My thoughts, and all my business shall be nothing,

Enter Maria.

My eating, and my sleeping, but her beauty,
And how to work it.
Maria. Health to my lord Lavall!—
Nay, good sir, do not turn with such displeasure!
I come not to afflict your new-born pleasures.
My honour'd mistress—Neither let that vex you,
For nothing is intended, but safe to you.
Lav. What of your mistress? I am full of business.
Maria. I will be short, my lord. She, loving lady,
Considering the unequal tie between ye,
And how your ruin with the duke lay on it,
As also the most noble match now made,
By me sends back all links of marriage,
All holy vows, and rights of ceremony,
All promises, oaths, tears, and all such pawns
You left in hostage; only her love she cannot,
For that still follows you, but not to hurt you;
And still beholds you, sir, but not to shame you:
In recompense of which, this is her suit, sir,
Her poor and last petition, but to grant her,
When weary nights have cloy'd you up with kisses,
(As such must come) the honour of a mistress,
The honour but to let her see those eyes,
(Those eyes she dotes on, more than gods on goodness)
And but to kiss you only; with this prayer,
(A prayer only to awake your pity)
And on her knees she made it, that this night
You'll bless her with your company at supper.
Lav. I like this well; and, now I think on't better,
I'll make a present use from this occasion—
Maria. Nay, good my lord, be not so cruel to her,
Because she has been yours!
Lav. And to mine own end
A rare way I will work.
Maria. Can love for ever,
The love of her, my lord, so perish in you?—
As you desire in your desires to prosper!
What gallant under Heav'n, but Anjou's heir, then
Can brag so fair a wife, and sweet a mistress?
Good, noble lord!
Lav. You misapply me, Mary;
Nor do I want true pity to your lady:
Pity and love tell me, too much I've wrong'd her
To dare to see her more: yet if her sweetness
Can entertain a mediation,
(And it must be a great one that can cure me)
My love again, as far as honour bids me,
My service, and myself—
Maria. That's nobly spoken! [know her;
Lav. Shall hourly see her; want shall never
Nor where she has bestow'd her love, repent
Maria. Now whither drives he? [her.
Lav. I have heard, Maria,
That no two women in the world more lov'd,
Than thy good mistress and Gentille's fair daughter. [heard a truth, my lord;
Maria. What may this mean?—You've
But since the secret love betwixt you two,
My mistress durst not entertain such friendship:
Casta is quick, and of a piercing judgment,
And quickly will find out a flaw.
Lav. Hold, Mary: [banquet,
Shrink not; 'tis good gold, wench: prepare a
And get that Casta thither; for she's a creature
So full of forcible divine persuasion,
And so unwearied ever with good office,
That she shall cure my ill cause to my mistress,
And make all errors up.
Maria. I'll do my best, sir:
But she's too fearful, coy, and scrupulous,
To leave her father's house so late; and bashful
At any man's appearance, that, I fear, sir,
'Twill prove impossible.
Lav. There's more gold, Mary;
And fain thy mistress wondrous sick, to death, wench!

Maria.

Maria. I have you in the wind now, and I'll pay you. [charity,

Lav. She cannot chuse but come; 'tis The chief of her profession: undertake this, And I am there at night; if not, I leave you.

Maria. I will not lose this offer, tho' it fall out Clean cross to that we cast.—I'll undertake it; I will, my lord; she shall be there.

Lav. By Heaven?

Maria. By Heaven, she shall.

Lav. Let it be something late then, [her. For being seen!—Now force or favour wins My spirits are grown dull; strong wine, and store, Shall set 'em up again, and make me fit To draw home at the enterprize I aim at.

[*Exit.*

Maria. Go thy way, false lord! if thou hold'st, thou pay'st [there, The price of all thy lusts. Thou shalt be Thou modest maid, if I have any working, And yet thy honour safe; for which this thief I know has set this meeting; but I'll watch him.

Enter Perolot.

Per. Maria! [bless me!

Maria. Are mine eyes mine own? or— Am I deluded with a flying shadow?

Per. Why do you start so from me?

Maria. It speaks sensibly, And shews a living body; yet I'm fearful.

Per. Give me your hand, good Maria.

Maria. He feels warm too.

Per. And next your lips.

Maria. He kisses perfectly: [Perolot? Nay, an the devil be no worse—You are

Per. I was, and sure I should be: can a small distance, And ten short months, take from your memory The figure of your friend, that you stand wond'ring?

Be not amaz'd! I am the self-same Perolot, Living and well, son to Gentille, and brother To virtuous Casta; to your beauteous mistress, The long-since poor betroth'd, and still-vow'd servant. [your master,

Maria. Nay, sure he lives!—My lord Lavall, Brought news long since to your much-mourning mistress, [too, You died at Orleans; bound her with an oath To keep it secret from your aged father, Lest it should rack his heart.

Per. A pretty secret, [come To try my mistress' love, and make my wel- From travel of more worth; from whence, Heav'n thank'd, [purpose, My business for the duke dispatch'd to th' And all my money spent, I am come home, wench. How does my mistress? for I have not yet seen Any, nor will I, 'till I do her service.

Maria. But did the lord Lavall know of Before he went? [your love, sir,

Per. Yes; by much force he got it, But none else knew; upon his promise too, And honour, to conceal it faithfully 'Till my return: to further which, he told me, My business being ended, from the duke He would procure a pension for my service, Able to make my mistress a fit husband.

Maria. But are you sure of this?

Per. Sure as my sight, wench.

Maria. Then is your lord a base dissembling villain, A devil lord, the damn'd lord of all lewdness, And has betray'd you, and undone my mistress, My poor sweet mistress (oh, that lecher lord!) Who, poor soul, since was married!

Per. To whom, Maria? [him!

Maria. To that unlucky lord, a plague upon Whose hot horse-appetite being allay'd once With her chaste joys, married again (scarce cool'd, The torches yet not out the yellow Hymen Lighted about the bed, the songs yet sounding) Marine's young noble daughter Hellena, Whose mischief stands at door next. Oh, that recreant!

Per. Oh, villain! oh, most unmanly falshood! Nay, then, I see my letters were betray'd too. Oh, I am full of this, great with his mischiefs, Loaden and burst! Come, lead me to my lady.

Maria. I cannot, sir; Lavall keeps her conceal'd: [man. Besides, her griefs are such, she will see no

Per. I must, and will go to her; I will see her: [furthest! There be my friend, or this shall be thy

Maria. Hold, and I'll help thee! But first you shall swear to me, As you are true and gentle, as you hate This beastly and base lord, where I shall place you, [you, (Which shall be within sight) 'till I discharge Whate'er you see or hear, to make no motion.

Per. I do, by Heaven!

Maria. Stay here about the house then, 'Till it be later; yet, the time's not perfect: There at the back-door I'll attend you truly.

Per. Oh, monstrous, monstrous, beastly villain! [*Exit.*

Maria. How cross this falls, and from all expectation! [knows: And what the end shall be, Heav'n only yet Only I wish, and hope. But I forget still; Casta must be the bait, or all miscarries.

[*Exit.*

Enter Gentille with a torch, Shalloone above.

Gent. Holla, Shalloone!

Shal. Who's there?

Gent. A word from th' duke, sir.

Shal. Your pleasure? [straight.

Gent. Tell your lord he must to court

Shal. He's ill at ease; and prays he may be pardon'd The occasions of this night.

Gent. Belike he's drunk then.

He

He must away; the duke and his fair lady,
The beauteous Hellena, are now at cent.
Of whom she has such fortune in her carding,
The duke has lost a thousand crowns, and swears,
He will not go to bed, 'till by Lavall
The tide of loss be turn'd again. Awake him!
For 'tis the pleasure of the duke he must rise.
Shal. Having so strict command, sir, to the contrary,
I dare not do it: I beseech your pardon.
Gent. Are you sure he is there?
Shal. Yes.
Gent. And asleep?
Shal. I think so. [him, Shalloone?
Gent. And are you sure you will not tell
Shal. Yes, very sure.
Gent. Then I am sure, I will:
Open, or I must force.
Shal. Pray you stay! he is not, [it.
Nor will not be this night: you may excuse
Gent. I knew he was gone about some woman's labour. [comfortable!
As good a neighbour, tho' I say it, and as
Many such more we need, Shalloone. Alas, poor lady, [monsieur,
Thou'rt like to lie cross-leg'd to-night. Good
I will excuse your master for this once, sir,
Because sometimes I've lov'd a wench myself too.
Shal. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.
Gent. But for your lie, Shalloone, [ing;
If I had you here, it should be no good hear-
For your pate I would pummel.
Shal. A fair good night, sir! [*Exit.*
Gent. Good night, thou noble knight, Sir Pandarus[36]! [dulness
My heart is cold o' th' sudden, and a strange
Possesses all my body; thy will be done, Heav'n! [*Exit.*

Enter Gabriella, Casta, and Maria with a taper.

Casta. 'Faith, friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your maid told me of your sudden sickness:
But from my grave (so truly I love you)
I think your name would raise me. You look ill [lour;
Since last I saw you, much decay'd in co-
Yet, I thank Heav'n, I find no such great danger [rage,
As your maid frighted me withall: take cou-
And give your sickness course! Some grief you have got
That feeds within upon your tender spirits,
And, wanting open way to vent itself,
Murders your mind, and choaks up all your sweetness. [to trouble you,
Gab. It was my maid's fault, worthy friend,
So late, upon so light a cause; yet, since I
Oh, my dear Casta— [have you,
Casta. Out with it, i'God's name!
Gab. The closet of my heart I will lock here[37], wench, [*Lavall knocks within.*
And things shall make you tremble.—Who's that knocks there?
Maria. 'Tis Lavall.
Gab. Sit you still!—Let him in.—
I am resolv'd; and, all you wronged women,
You noble spirits, that, as I, have suffer'd
Under this glorious beast, insulting man[38],
Lend me your causes, then your cruelties;
For I must put on madness above women!
Casta. Why do you look so ghastly?
Gab. Peace! no harm, dear.

Enter Lavall.

Lav. There, take my cloak and sword.—Where is the banquet?
Maria. In the next room. [me!
Casta. How came he here? Heav'n bless
Lav. Give me some wine, wench; fill it full and sprightly—
Gab. Sit still, and be not fearful.
Lav. Till my veins swell, [Centaur,
And my strong sinews stretch like that brave
That at the table snatch'd the bride away
In spite of Hercules.
Casta. I am betray'd! [I come,
Lav. Nay, start not, lady! 'tis for you that
And for your beauty: 'tis for you, Lavall
Honours this night; to you the sacred shrine
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;
To you I live.
Gab. In with the powder quickly!
So; that and the wine will rock you.
Lav. Here; to the health
Of the most beauteous and divine fair Casta,
The star of sweetness!

[36] *Sir Pandarus.*] See Troilus and Cressida. *R.*

[37] *The closet of my heart, I will* lock *here, wench.*] It is more natural to read,
——— I will *unlock*, wench,
as Mr. Sympson would read, and at first sight the same change occurred to me, but the old reading is certainly sense, and a stronger sense, *viz.* That she would lock up all her secrets in *Casta*'s breast, which she must lay her hand on or point to while she speaks. *Seward.*

[38] *Under this glorious* beast-insulting *man.*] This compound word must be strained very much, to force into any meaning that will suit the context. Mr. Sympson therefore agrees with me in supposing it corrupt. I had read,
Under this glorious *beast; insulting* man,
but his conjecture, though not quite so near the trace of letters, makes better sense, and I therefore prefer it,
Under this glorious *base* insulting man. *Seward.*
He is called *beast* more than once before: *base* comes in but poorly here.

Gab.

Gab. Fear him not; I'll die first.—
And who shall pledge you?
Lav. Thou shalt, thou tann'd gipsey!
And worship to that brightness give, cold Tartar!—
By Heaven, you shall not stir! You are my mistress,
The glory of my love, the great adventure,
The mistress of my heart, and she my whore!
Gab. Thou liest, base, beastly lord! drunker than anger,
Thou sous'd lord, got by a surfeit, thou liest basely!
Nay, stir not! I dare tell thee so.—Sit you still.—
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art so absolute and full a villain,
No sacrament can save that piece tied to thee.
How often hast thou wooed, in those flatteries,
Almost those very words, my constancy?
What goddess have I not been, or what goodness?
What star, that is of any name in Heaven,
Or brightness? Which of all the virtues
(But drunkenness, and drabbing, thy two morals)
Have not I reach'd to? what spring was ever sweeter?
What Scythian snow so white? what crystal chaster?
Is not thy new wife now the same too?
Base bigamist, thou honour of ill women[39]!
Casta. How's this? Oh, Heav'n defend me!
Gab. Thou salt-itch,
For whom no cure but ever-burning brimstone
Can be imagin'd!
Lav. Ha, ha, ha!
Gab. Dost thou laugh, thou breaker
Of all law, all religion? of all faith
Thou foul contemner!
Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman!—
And sit by me, sweet.
Gab. By the devil?
Lav. Come,
And lull me with delights.
Gab. It works amain now.
Lav. Give me such kisses as the queen of shadows
Gave to the sleeping boy she stole at Latmos;
Look round about[40], in snaky wreaths close-folded,
Those rosy arms about my neck, oh, Venus!
Gab. Fear not, I say.
Lav. Thou admirable sweetness,
Distil thy blessings like those silver drops,
That, falling on fair grounds, rise all in roses;
Shoot me a thousand darts from those fair eyes,
And thro' my heart transfix 'em all, I'll stand 'em;
Send me a thousand smiles, and presently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by Love's power
Turn 'em to Cupids all, and fling 'em on thee.
How high she looks, and heav'nly!—More wine for me!
Gab. Give him more wine; and, good friend, be not fearful!
Lav. Here on my knee, thou goddess of delights,
This lusty grape I offer to thy beauties:
See how it leaps to view that perfect redness
That dwells upon thy lips! now, how it blushes
To be out-blush'd! Oh, let me feed my fancy!
And as I hold the purple god in one hand,
Dancing about the brim, and proudly swelling,
Deck'd in the pride of Nature, young and blowing,
So let me take fair Semele in the other,
And sing the loves of gods, then drink their nectar,
Not yet desir'd!
Casta. Oh!
Lav. Then, like lusty Tarquin,
Turn'd into flames with Lucrece' coy denials,
His blood and spirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for mine own. chastity!
Casta. Oh, help me, justice! help me, my
Lav. Now I am bravely quarried.
Perolot above.
Per. 'Tis my sister! not carried.
Gab. No, bawdy slave, no, treacher, she's
Exit Casta.
Per. She's loose again, and gone. I'll keep my place still. cannot hurt you.
Maria. Now it works bravely. Stand! he
Lav. Oh my sweet love, my life!
Maria. He sinks.
Lav. My blessing!
He falls down and sleeps.
Maria. So; now he is safe awhile.
Gab. Lock all the doors, wench;
Then for my wrongs!
Per. Now I'll appear to know all.
Gab. Be quick, quick, good Maria, sure and sudden.
Per. Stay! I must in first.
Gab. Oh, my conscience!
It is young Perolot: oh, my stung conscience!
It is my first and noblest love.
Maria. Leave wondering,
And recollect yourself: the man is living;
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that devil.
Per. 'Tis most true, lady; your unhappy fortune
I grieve for as for mine own; your fault forgive too,
If it be one. This is no time for kisses:
I have heard all, and known all, which mine ears rish'd.
Are crack'd a-pieces with, and my heart pe-
I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury,
And am a-fire 'till I have found his heart out.
What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.

[39] *Base bigamist, thou* honour *of* ill *women.*] Seward reads,
——— Thou *horror* of *all* women:
But HONOUR *of* ILL *women* may mean a man in request with prostitutes: so he is afterwards called SALT-*itch*, &c. and immediately before, *Base bigamist.*

[40] Look *round about*, &c.] So all copies but first folio.

Gab. To make his death more horrid, for he shall die—
Per. He must, he must.
Gab. We'll watch him 'till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.
Per. 'Tis nothing! [pentance,
No; take him dead-drunk now, without re-
His lechery inseam'd upon him[41].
Gab. Excellent! [provide ye;
Per. I'll do it myself; and when 'tis done,
For we'll away for Italy this night.
Gab. We'll follow thro' all hazards.
Per. Oh, false lord, [thee!
Unmanly, mischievous! how I could curse
But that but blasts thy fame: have at thy heart, fool! [out.
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life
Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?
Per. Nay, then!
Lav. Murder!
Nay, then, take my share too.
Per. Help! oh! h' has slain me.
Bloody intentions must have blood.
Lav. Ha!
Per. Heav'n—— [*Dies.*
Gab. He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks!
Oh, Fortune! [me!
Oh, Sorrow! how like seas thou flow'st upon
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, Maria,
Weep this young man's misfortune. Oh, thou truest—

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?
Spirit. That that has mark'd thy soul, man.
Lav. And art thou come again, thou dismal Spirit?
Spirit. Yes, to devour thy last.
Lav. Mercy upon me!
Spirit. Thy hour is come: succession, honour, pleasure,
And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for,
Must here have end: summon thy sins before thee.
Lav. Oh, my affrighted soul!
Spirit. There lies a black one;
Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain:
Thy drunkenness procur'd it; there's another:
Think of fair Gabriella! there she weeps;
And such tears are not lost.
Lav. Oh miserable! [Casta.
Spirit. Thy foul intention to the virtuous
Lav. No more, no more, thou wildfire!
Spirit. Last, thy last wife,
Think on the wrongs she suffers.
Lav. Oh, my misery!
Oh, whither shall I fly?
Spirit. Thou hast no faith, fool.
Hark to thy knell! [*Sings, and vanishes.*
Lav. Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now; [Horror,
Murders, ambitions, lust, false faiths: Oh,
In what a stormy form of death thou rid'st now!
Methinks I see all tortures, fires, and frosts,
Deep-sinking caves, where nothing but despair dwells,
The baleful birds of night hovering about 'em;
A grave, methinks, now opens, and a hearse,
Hung with my arms, tumbles into it. Oh!
Oh, my afflicted soul! I cannot pray;
And the least child that has but goodness in him [powers:
May strike my head off, so stupid are my
I'll lift mine eyes up tho'.
Maria. Cease these laments! [lives yet.
They are too poor for vengeance: Lavall
Gab. Then thus I dry all sorrows from these eyes; [devil!
Fury and rage possess 'em now! Damn'd
Lav. Ha!
Gab. This for young Perolot!
Lav. Oh, mercy, mercy!
Gab. This for my wrongs!
Lav. But one short hour to cure me!
[*Knock within.*
Oh, be not cruel: Oh! oh!
Maria. Hark, they knock!
Make haste, for Heav'n's sake, mistress!
Gab. This for Casta!
Lav. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*He dies.*
Maria. He's dead; come, quickly! let's away with him,
'Twill be too late else.
Gab. Help, help, up to the chamber!
[*Exeunt with Lavall's body.*

Enter Duke, Hellena, Gentille, Casta, and Attendants with lights.

Duke. What frights are these?
Gent. I'm sure here's one past frighting.
Bring the lights nearer: I've enough already.
Out, out, mine eyes! Look, Casta.
Lord. 'Tis young Perolot! [tlewoman!
Duke. When came he over? Hold the gen-
She sinks; and bear her off.
Casta. Oh, my dear brother! [*Exit.*
Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I
And very shortly. Murder'd? [hope too,
[*Gabriella, Maria, with Lavall's body, above.*

[41] *Take him* dead-drunk, *&c.*] This horrid sentiment seems to have been adopted from a similar one in Hamlet; where that prince, debating on the purposed death of the King, says,

'When he is *drunk*, asleep, or in his rage;
'Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed,
'At gaming, swearing; or about some act
'That has no relish of salvation in't:
'Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven;
'And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
'As Hell, whereto it goes.' R.

Duke.

Duke. Who's above there?
Gab. Look up and see.
Duke. What may this mean?
Gab. Behold it!
Behold the drunken murderer
Of that young gentleman; behold the rankest,
The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd!
Duke. Who kill'd him?
Gab. I; and there's the cause I did it:
Read, if your eyes will give you leave.
Hel. Oh, monstrous!
Gab. Nay, out it shall: there, take this false heart to ye,
The base dishonour of a thousand women!
Keep it in gold, duke; 'tis a precious jewel.
Now to myself! for I have liv'd a fair age,
Longer by some months than I had a mind to.
Duke. Hold! [tracted!
Gab. Here, young Perolot, my first-con-
True love shall never go alone.
Duke. Hold, Gabriella!
I do forgive all.
Gab. I shall die the better. [with me!
Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames
Maria. Nor shalt thou alone, my noble mistress:
Why should I live, and thou dead?
Lord. Save the wench there! [written.
Maria. She is, I hope; and all my sins here
Duke. This was a fatal night.
Gent. Heav'n has his working,
Which we cannot contend against.
Duke. Alas!
Gent. Your Grace has your *alas* too.
Duke. 'Would 'twere equal!
For thou hast lost an honest noble child.
Gent. 'Tis heir enough h' has left, a good remembrance[42].
Duke. See all their bodies buried decently;
Tho' some deserv'd it not!—How do you do, lady?
Hel. Even, with your grace's leave, ripe for a monastery;
There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
And never know what man is more.
Duke. Your pleasure.
How does the maid within?
Lord. She is gone before, sir,
The same course that her lady takes.
Gent. And my course [grace
Shall be my beads at home, so please your
To give me leave to leave the court.
Duke. In peace, sir;
And take my love along!
Gent. I shall pray for you.
Duke. Now to ourselves: retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each sin!
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. By this we plainly view the two imposthumes [wantonness;
That choak a kingdom's welfare; ease and
In both of which Lavall was capital: [nour,
For, first, ease stole away his mind from ho-
That active noble thoughts had kept still working;
And then deliver'd him to drink and women,
Lust and outrageous riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we see example.
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of Virtue's schools,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools. [*Flourish.*

The Triumph.

Enter Musicians; next them, Perolot, with the wound he died with; then Gabriella and Maria, with their wounds; after them four Furies with bannerets, inscribed, Revenge, Murder, Lust, *and* Drunkenness, *singing; next them, Lavall wounded; then a chariot with Death, drawn by the Destinies.* [*Flourish.*

Enter Prologue.

Prol. From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,
And see old Time, helping triumphantly,
Helping his master Man: view here his vanities; [flies,
And see his false friends, like those glutted
That, when they've suck'd their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a shade!
And last, view who relieves him! and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our play is done.
[*Flourish.*

Enter Anthropos, Desire, Vain-Delight, and Bounty.

Anth. What hast thou done, Desire? and how employ'd
The charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
For our supplies?
Desire. I have done all, yet nothing;
Tried all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried:
There dwells a sordid dulness in their minds,
Thou son of earth, colder than that thou'rt made of.
I came to Craft; found all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and set[43]; his sly self
And greedy Lucre at a serious conference
Which way to tie the world within their statutes:

[42] *'Tis heir enough* has lost *a good remembrance.*] Corrected by Sympson.
[43] ——— *all his hooks about him,*
And all his nets baited and set.] Mr. Sympson says, that to bait and set nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have *hooks* and *nets* change places: but *nets* are sometimes baited and set as well as hooks, as for cray fish, grigs, &c., so that the change is not necessary. *Seward.*

Business of all sides[44] and of all sorts swarming, [clar'd
Like bees broke loose in summer; I de-
Your will and want together, both enforcing
With all the power and pains I had, to reach
Yet all fell short. [him;
Anth. His answer?
Desire. This he gave me: [plies
Your wants are never ending; and those sup-
That came to stop those breaches, are ever lavish'd,
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gewgaws, and gilded puppets. Vain-Delight,
He says, has ruin'd you, with clapping all
That comes in for support, on cloaths and coaches [mistress,
Perfumes and powder'd pates; and that your
The lady Pleasure, like a sea devours
At length both you and him too. If you have houses, [hear you,
Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll
And will be ready to supply occasions;
If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.
From him, I went to Vanity, whom I found
Attended by an endless troop of tailors,
Mercers, embroiderers, feather-makers, fumers,
All occupations opening like a mart,
That serve to rig the body out with bravery;
And thro' the room new fashions flew, like flies,
In thousand gaudy shapes; Pride waiting on her,
And busily surveying all the breaches
Time and decaying Nature had wrought in her,
Which still with art she piec'd again and strengthen'd: [head-tires,
I told your wants; she shew'd me gowns and
Embroider'd waistcoats, smocks seam'd thro' with cut-works, [paintings,
Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders,
Dogs, monkies, parrots, which all seem'd to shew me
The way her money went. From her to Plea-
I took my journey. [sure
Anth. And what says our best mistress?
Desire. She danc'd me out this answer presently: [ready.
Revels and masques had drawn her dry al-
I met old Time too, mowing mankind down,
Who says you are too hot, and he must purge you.
Anth. A cold *quietus!* Miserable creatures,
Born to support and beautify your master,
The god-like Man, set here to do me service,
The children of my will, why, or how dare ye,
Created to my use alone, disgrace me?
Beasts have more courtesy; they live about me,
Offering their warm wool to the shearer's hand
To cloath me with, their bodies to my labours;
Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,
And proudly press with garlands to the altars,
To fill the gods' oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downy sails to do me service,
Their sweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,
And to my rest their plumy softs they send me.
Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own cursed kind, obey their ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,
Into whose stony hearts, neglect of duty,
Squint-ey'd Deceit and Self-love are crept closely!
None feel my wants? not one befriend me[45]?
Desire. None, sir. [friend, Flattery;
Anth. Thou hast forgot, Desire, my best
He cannot fail me.
Delight. Fail? he'll sell himself,
And all within his power, close to his skin first.
Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first venture;
But found him in a young lord's ear so busy,
So like a smiling shower pouring his soul
In at his portals; his face in thousand figures,

[44] *Business of all sides and of all sorts.*] Mr. Sympson thinks the common expression was the original here,

Business of all *size* and of all sorts,

or else *of all sizes.* But I can by no means admit either into the text, for the old reading is perfect good sense. And the first change proposed is scarce English; the other hurts the measure; and its being a vulgar expression is the very reason why a poet would not use it. *Seward.*

We think Sympson's first conjecture not inelegant, and very plausible. Or *all sides,* is very vulgar.

[45] ——— *are crept closely:*
None feel my wants, not one mend with *me.*
Desire. *None, sir?*] The next line shews evidently that all the points here were wrong. The last line of *Anthropos*'s speech should be disjoined from the foregoing, and be a question which *Desire* should answer, but these were not the worst of the mistake in this passage, for what is

——not one mend with me?

One might force a sort of sense out of it, but 'tis much more probable that it is a mistake of the press, and that we should read either,

——— not one *friend* with me?
or, ——— not one *befriend* me?

The former is nearest the trace of the letters, but the latter gives a more easy sense. *Seward.*

The first is, we think, the best of the two.

Catching

Catching the vain mind of the man: I pull'd him, [him;
But still he hung like bird-lime; spoke unto
His answer still was, 'By the lord, sweet lord,'
And 'By my soul, thou master-piece of honour!' [your flood's gone,
Nothing could stave him off: he has heard
And on decaying things he seldom smiles, sir.
Anth. Then here I break up state, and free my followers,
Putting my fortune now to Time and Justice:
Go seek new masters now; for Anthropos,
Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.
Desire, to Avarice I here commend thee,
Where thou may'st live at full bent of thy wishes.
And, Vain-Delight, thou feeder of my follies,
With light Fantastickness be thou in favour!
To leave thee, Bounty, my most worthy servant,
Troubles me more than my own misery;
But we must part: go plant thyself, my best friend,
In honourable hearts that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thyself, a virtue!
But leave this place, and seek the country;
For Law and Lust, like fire, lick all up here.
Now none but Poverty must follow me,
Despis'd patch'd Poverty; and we two married,
Will seek Simplicity, Content, and Peace out,

Enter Poverty.

And live with them in exile. How uncall'd on
My true friend comes!
Pov. Here hold thee, Anthropos!
Thou art almost arriv'd at rest[46]: put this on,
A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures;
Off with that vanity!
Anth. Here, Vain-Delight,
And, with this, all my part to thee again
Of thee I freely render.
Pov. Take this staff now,
And be more constant to your steps hereafter!
The staff is Staidness of Affections.
Away, you painted flies, that with man's summer
Take life and heat, buzzing about his blossoms!
When growing full, ye turn to caterpillars,
Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly, shadows! [*Exeunt Desire and Delight.*
Now to Content I'll give thee, Anthropos,
To Rest and Peace: no Vanity dwells there,
Desire, nor Pleasure, to delude thy mind more;
No flattery's smooth-fil'd tongue shall poison thee.
Anth. Oh, Jupiter, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning altars but one sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-ey'd Juno smil'd upon;
If ever, to thine honour, bounteous feasts,
Where all thy statues sweat with wine and incense,
Have by the son of Earth been celebrated;
Hear me (the child of Shame now) hear, thou helper, [justice,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Against his master done, against thy order;
And raise again, thou father of all honour,
The poor, despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature!
Raise from his ruins once more this sunk cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it! [*Exeunt.*

Jupiter and Mercury descend severally. Soft Musick.

Jup. Ho! Mercury, my winged son!
Merc. Your servant.
Jup. Whose powerful prayers were those that reach'd our ears,
Arm'd in such spells of pity now[47]? [thropos;
Merc. The sad petitions
Of the scorn'd son of Earth, the god-like An-
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,
And pil'd upon your altars thousand heifers;
He that (beguil'd by Vanity and Pleasure,
Desire, Craft, Flattery, and smooth Hypocrisy)
Stands now despis'd and ruin'd, left to poverty.
Jup. It must not be; he was not rais'd for ruin; [perish:
Nor shall those hands heav'd at my altars
He is our noblest creature. Flee to Time;
And charge him presently release the bands
Of poverty and want this suitor sinks in:
Tell him, among the sun-burnt Indians,
That know no other wealth but peace and pleasure,
He shall find golden Plutus, god of riches,
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries:
Bid him compel him to his right use, honour,
And presently to live with Anthropos.
It is our will. Away!
Merc. I do obey it.
[*Jupiter and Mercury ascend again. Musick.*

Enter Plutus, with a troop of Indians singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him; which ended, enter Time.

Time. Rise, and away! 'tis Jove's command.
Plutus. I will not! [das,
Ye have some fool to furnish now; some Mi-
That to no purpose I must choak with riches.
Who must I go to?
Time. To the son of Earth;
He wants the god of wealth.
Plutus. Let him want still!

[46] *Thou art almost* arm'd *at rest.*] Amended by Sympson.

[47] *Arm'd in such spells of* pity.] The *spells* were undoubtedly those of *piety*, which might awake *pity* in *Jupiter*, but could not for that reason be called *the spells of pity*. *Seward.*
We see no reason for variation.

I was

I was too lately with him, almost torn
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers:
I could not sleep, but Craft or Vanity
Were filing off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleasure would cast herself into my belly,
And there surprize my heart.
Time. These have forsaken him:
Make haste then! thou must with me. Be not angry,
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.
Plutus. I do obey then: but will change my figure;
For when I willingly befriend a creature,
Goodly and full of glory I shew to him;
But when I am compell'd, old and decrepid,
I halt and hang upon my staff. Farewell, friends!
I will not be long from ye: all my servants
I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.
[*Exeunt Indians, with a dance.*
Oh, Time, what innocence dwells here, what goodness! [hug me.
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet
Away! I'll follow thee: but not too fast, Time!
[*Exeunt Plutus and Time.*

Enter Anthropos, Honesty, Simplicity, Humility, and Poverty.

Humil. Man, be not sad; neither let this divorce
From Mundus, and his many ways of pleasure,
Afflict thy spirits! which consider'd rightly,
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.
Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee?
What matter left for Craft or Covetize
To plot against thee? what Desire to burn thee? [thee!
Hon. Oh, son of Earth, let Honesty possess
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker;
See thro' those gaudy shadows, that like dreams [goodness,
Have dwelt upon thee long; call up thy
Thy mind and man within thee, that lie shipwreck'd; [fections,
And then how thin and vain these fond af-
How lame this worldly love, how lump-like,
And ill-digested, all these vanities [raw,
Will shew, let Reason tell thee!
Simpl. Crown thy mind[48] [suff'ring,
With that above the world's wealth, joyful
And truly be the master of thyself,
Which is the noblest empire! and there stand
The thing thou wert ordain'd, and set to govern!
Pov. Come, let us sing the world's shame: hear us, Anthropos!

Song: And then enter Time and Plutus.

Hon. Away! we are betray'd.
[*Exeunt all but Pov.*
Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare companion! go for ever,
For ever, I conjure thee. Make no answer!
[*Exit Pov.*
Anth. What mak'st thou here, Time? thou that to this minute
Never stood still by me?
Time. I've brought thee succour;
And now, catch hold, I'm thine: the god of riches
(Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,
The ever-just and wakeful Jove) at length
Is come unto thee; use him as thine own;
For 'tis the doom of Heav'n, he must obey [thee.
Anth. Have I found pity then?
Time. Thou hast, and justice
Against those false seducers of thine honour.
Come, give him present helps! [*Exit Time.*

Industry and the Arts discovered.

Plutus. Come, Industry,
Thou friend of life! and next to thee, rise, Labour! [*Plutus stamps, Labour rises.*
Rise presently; and now to your employments!
But first conduct this mortal to the rock.
[*They carry Anthropos to a rock, and fall a-digging.*
What see'st thou now?
[*Plutus strikes the rock, and flames fly out.*
Anth. A glorious mine of metal.
Oh, Jupiter, my thanks!
Plutus. To me a little.
Anth. And to the god of wealth, my sacrifice!
Plutus. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, son,
You are afloat again, lest Mundus catch you!
Anth. Never betray me more! [lies buried,
Plutus. I must to India,
From whence I came, where my main wealth
And these must with me. Take that book and mattock[49],
And, by those, know to live again!
[*Exeunt Plutus, Industry, Labour, &c.*
Anth. I shall do.

[48] *Crown thy mind*
With that *above the world's wealth, joyful suff'ring.*] I read
With that's *above*——
i. e. with that which is above the world's wealth, joyful suffering. It might be still better English to say,
With what's above the world's wealth,
but the other expression is very frequent with our authors. *Seward.*
The old text is best, and most poetical.

[49] *Take that book and mattock.*] Mr. Sympson would read *hook and mattock*, as the two emblems of industry; but knowledge and virtue being as necessary to *Anthropos* as industry, I understand *book* as an emblem of them. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Fame, sounding.

Fame. Thro' all the world the fortune of great Anthropos
Be known and wonder'd at; his riches envied,
As far as sun or time is; his power fear'd too! [*Exeunt.*

[*Musick.*

Enter Delight, Pleasure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, &c. dancing (and masqued) towards the rock, offering service to Anthropos. Mercury from above. Musick heard. One half of a cloud drawn, singers are discovered; then the other half drawn. Jupiter seen in glory.

Merc. Take heed, weak man! those are the sins that sunk thee; [Jupiter.
Trust 'em no more: kneel, and give thanks to
Anth. Oh, mighty power!
Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poisons!—
Now look upon 'em, son of Earth, and shame 'em;
Now see the faces of thy evil angels;
Lead 'em to Time, and let 'em fill his triumph!
Their memories be here forgot for ever.
Anth. Oh, just, great god! how many lives of service,
What ages only given to thine honour,
What infinities of vows and holy prayers
Can pay my thanks?
Jup. Rise up! and, to assure thee
That never more thou shalt feel want; strike Mercury,
Strike him; and by that stroke he shall for ever
Live in that rock of gold, and still enjoy it.
Be't done, I say! Now sing in honour of him. [*Song.*

Enter the Triumph. First, the Musicians: then Vain-Delight, Pleasure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, and other of the vices: then a chariot with the person of Time sitting in it, drawn by four persons, representing Hours, singing. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. By this we note, sweetheart, in kings and princes,
A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms,
And often to be master'd by abuses.
Our nature's here describ'd too, and what humours
Prevail above our reasons to undo us:
But this the last and best: when no friend stands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Now as the husbandman, whose costs and pain,
Whose hopes and helps, lie buried in his grain,
Waiting a happy spring to ripen full
His long'd-for harvest to the reaper's pull,
Stand we expecting (having sown our ground
With so much charge, the fruitfulness not found)
The harvest of our labours: for we know
You are our spring; and when you smile we grow.
Nor charge nor pain shall bind us from your pleasures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our measures!

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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